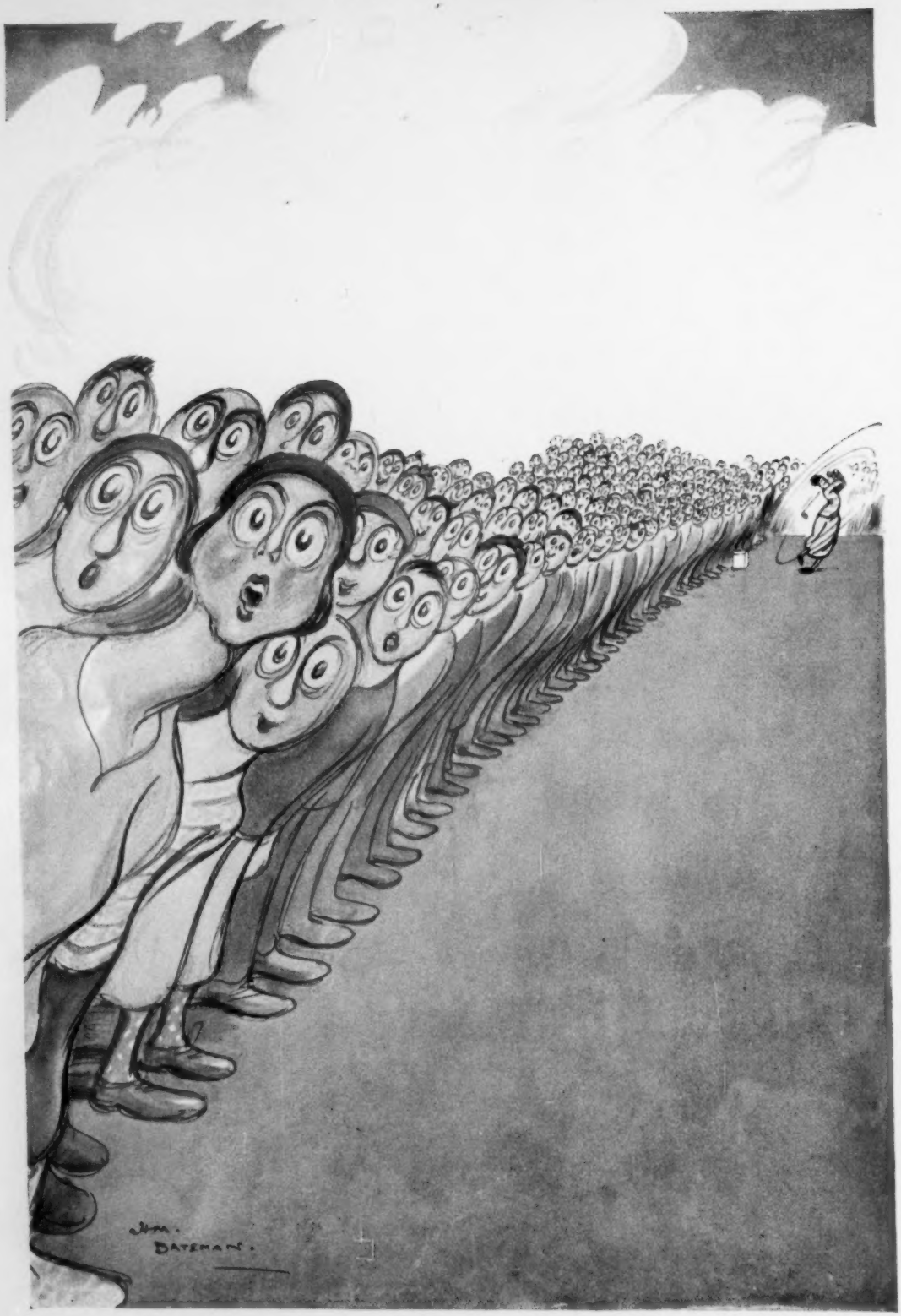
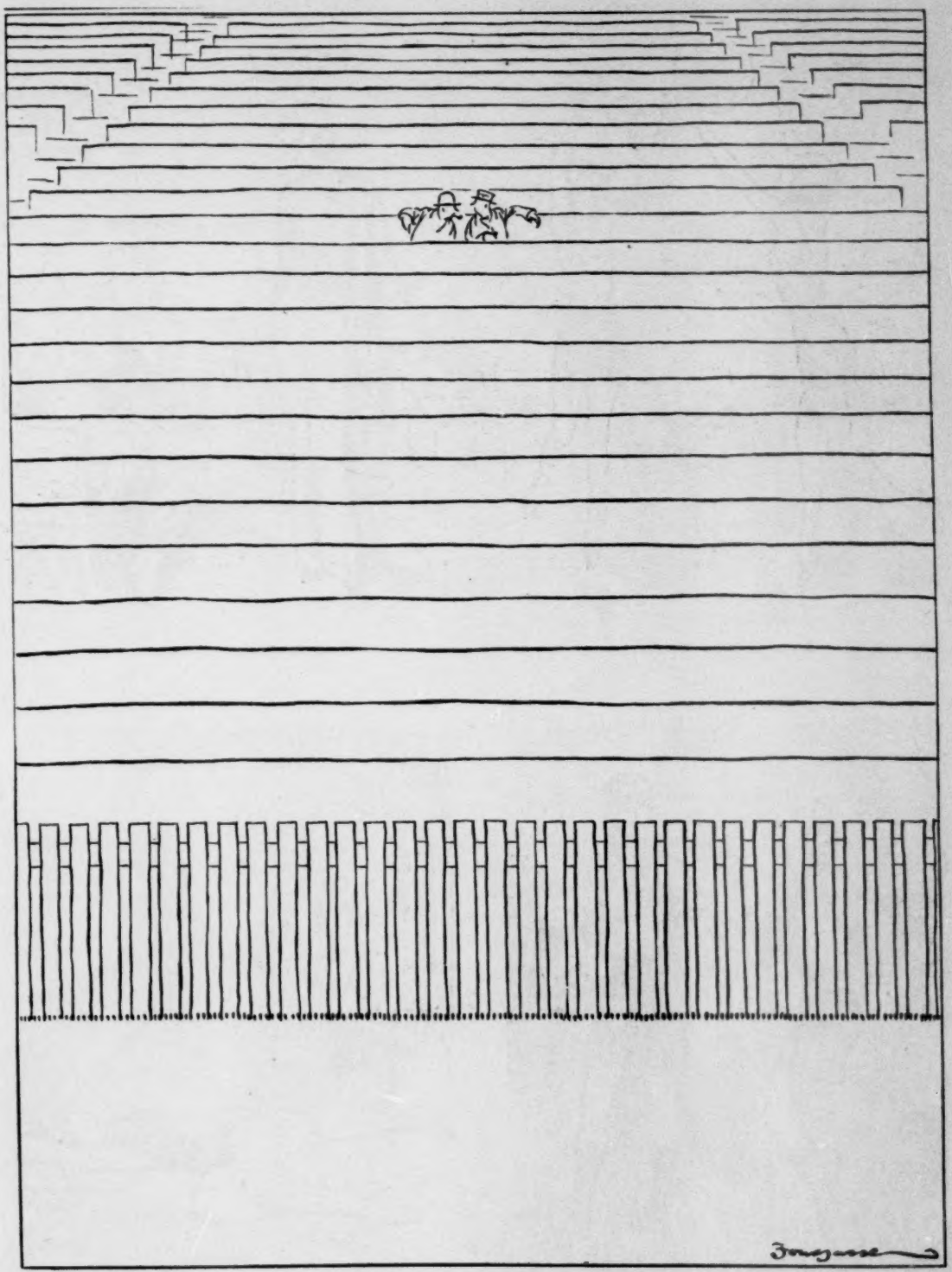


LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 10, BOUVERIE STREET, E.C.4.
1932


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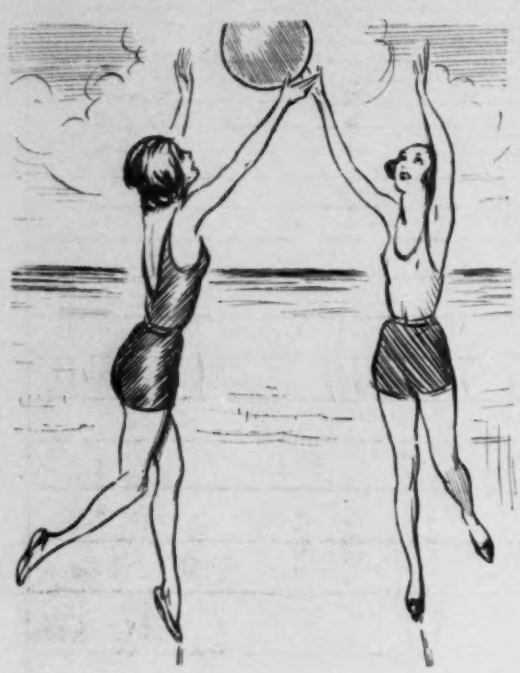


THE DRIVE.



"OF COURSE, THERE'S ONE THING THAT NO FOREIGNER WILL EVER UNDERSTAND, AND THAT'S OUR ENTHUSIASM FOR CRICKET."

HAVING IMAGINED A SERIES OF HOLIDAY-SKETCHES WITH PLEASING TITLES, OUR ARTIST (*continued on next page*)



LA CULTURE PHYSIQUE.



A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES.



THE HAPPY HIKERS.



THE SUN-BATHERS.

UNFORTUNATELY DECIDES TO STUDY HIS SUBJECTS FROM LIFE, WITH THE RESULT THAT HE HAS TO MODIFY BOTH DRAWINGS AND TITLES.



PHYSICAL JERKS.



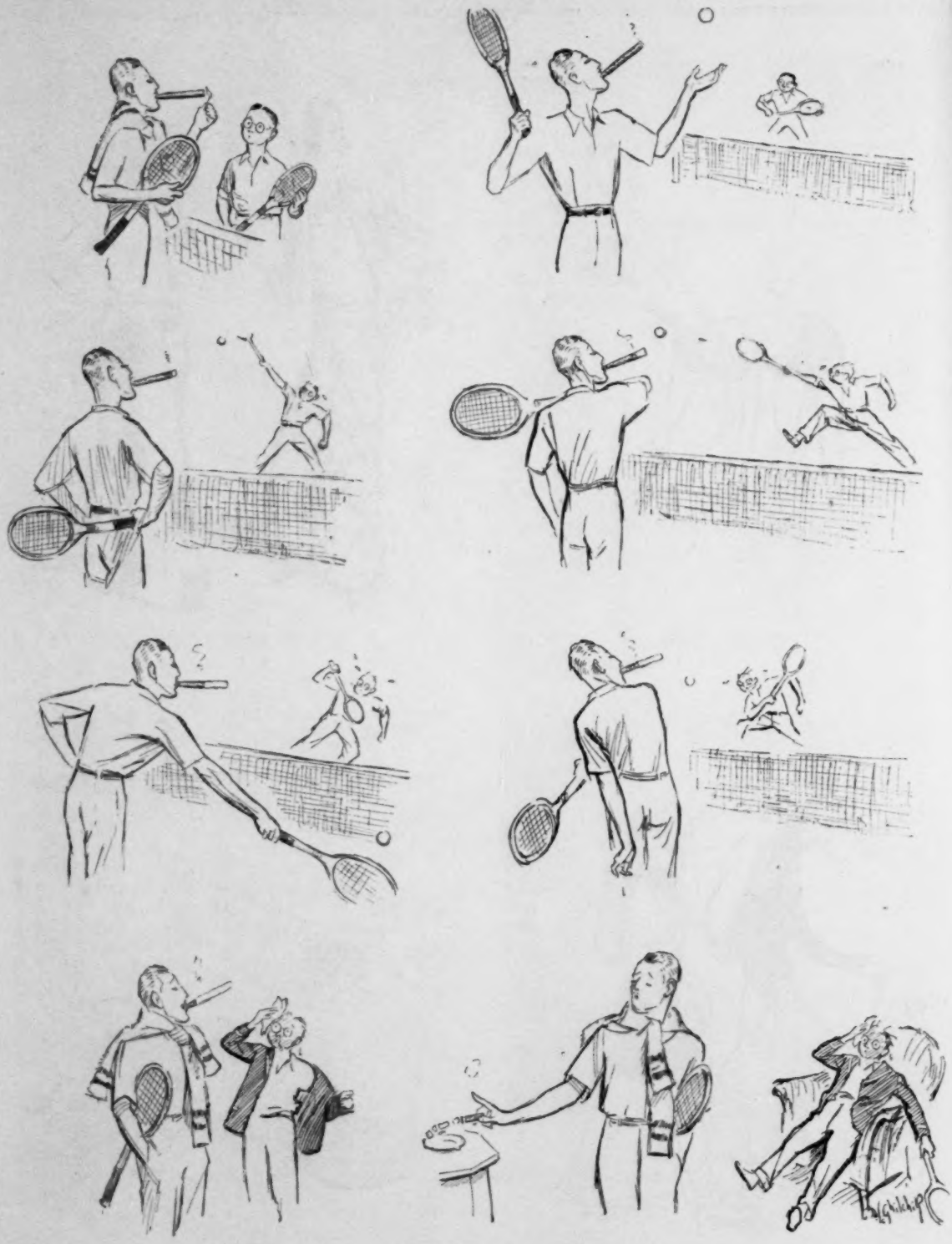
EYESORES.



THE HIKING HORRORS.



THE SHY-MAKERS.



NONCHALANCE.



DISTANT PROSPECT OF THE SILLY SEASON.

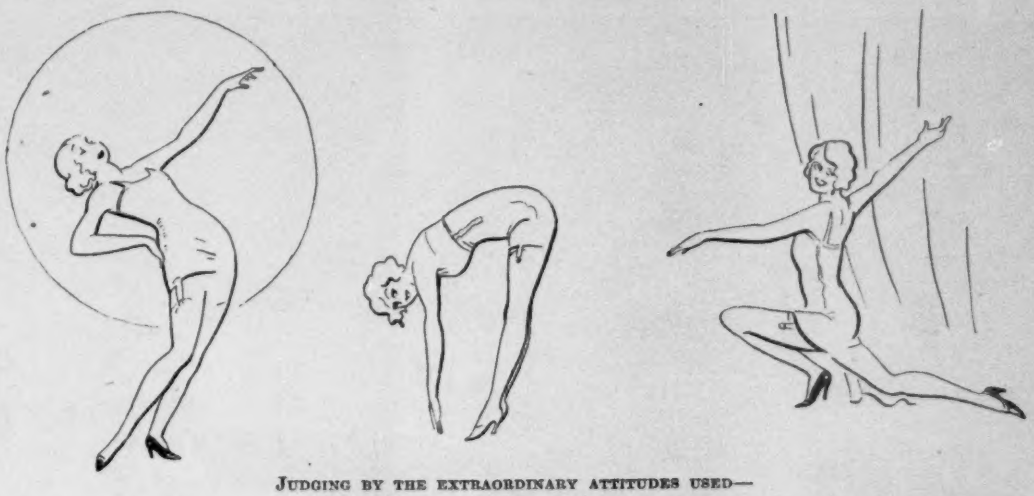
GIANT GOOSEBERRIES ARE SAID TO BE THE BEST BAIT FOR CATCHING SEA-SERPENTS.



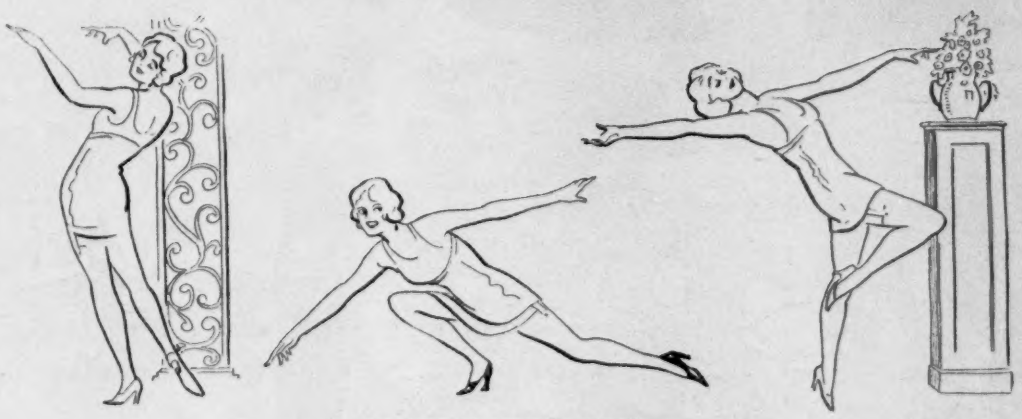
"Is it true that rats always desert a sinking ship?"
"Dunno, Mum; I never waited to see."



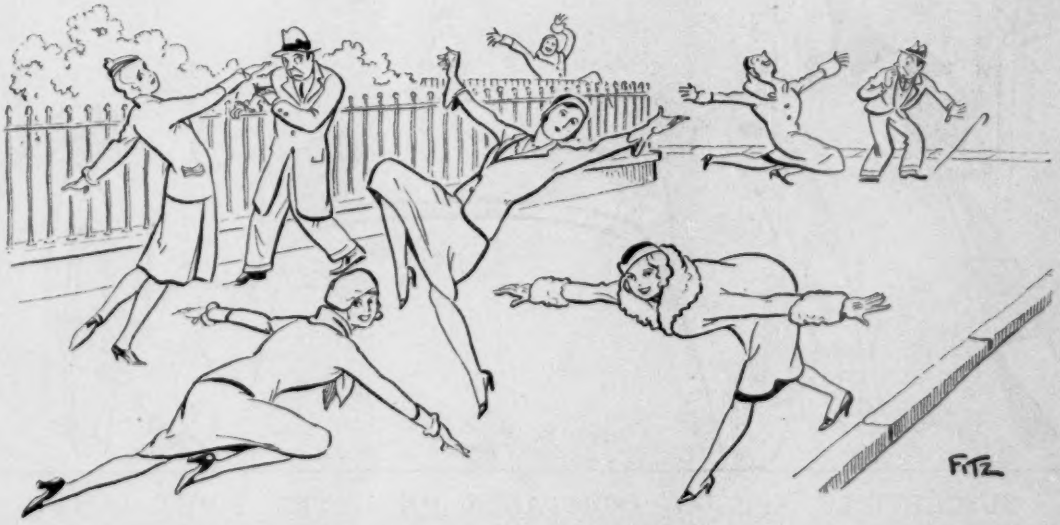
Hiker. "Good-morning, Boniface."
Innkeeper. "Bunnyface yerself!"



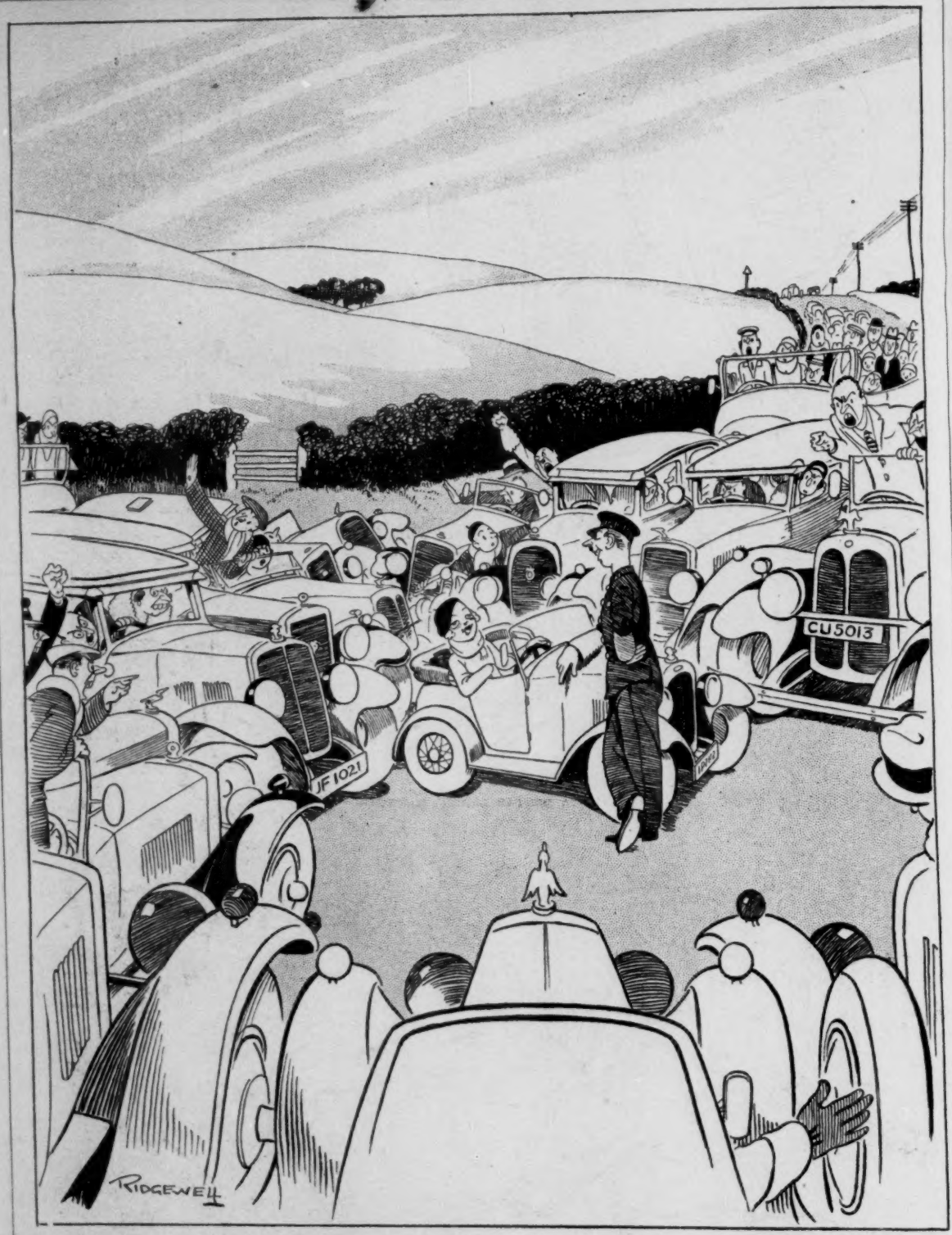
JUDGING BY THE EXTRAORDINARY ATTITUDES USED—



TO DISPLAY LADIES' CORSETS—



ONE WOULD THINK THAT WOMEN WERE IN THE HABIT OF WALKING ABOUT LIKE THIS.



SUSCEPTIBLE SPECIAL CONSTABLE ON EXTRA POINT DUTY MEETS A FRIEND.



Wife of Professional Strong Man. "WHY CAN'T YOU GIVE OVER THAT SILLY 'ABIT OF CHUCKING STONES INTO THE SEA, BERT?"



SUSCEPTIBLE SPECIAL CONSTABLE ON EXTRA POINT DUTY MEETS A FRIEND.



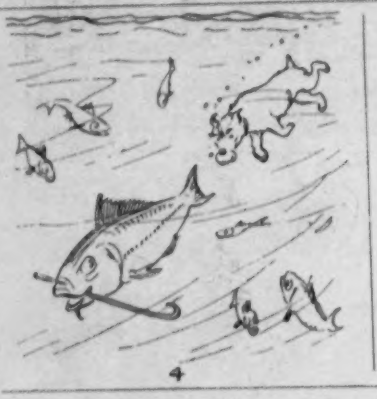
Wife of Professional Strong Man. "WHY CAN'T YOU GIVE OVER THAT SILLY 'ABIT OF CHUCKING STONES INTO THE SEA, BERT?"

THE SEA-DOG.


1


2


3


4


5


6


7


8


9


10


11


12

PLEASING ONE'S PUBLIC.



Miss Felicity Fanfare, the famous revue-artist, grants an interview to Press photographers—



and poses for "The Fashion's Herald"



"Footlight News"—



"The Literary Weekly"—



"Domestic Chat"—



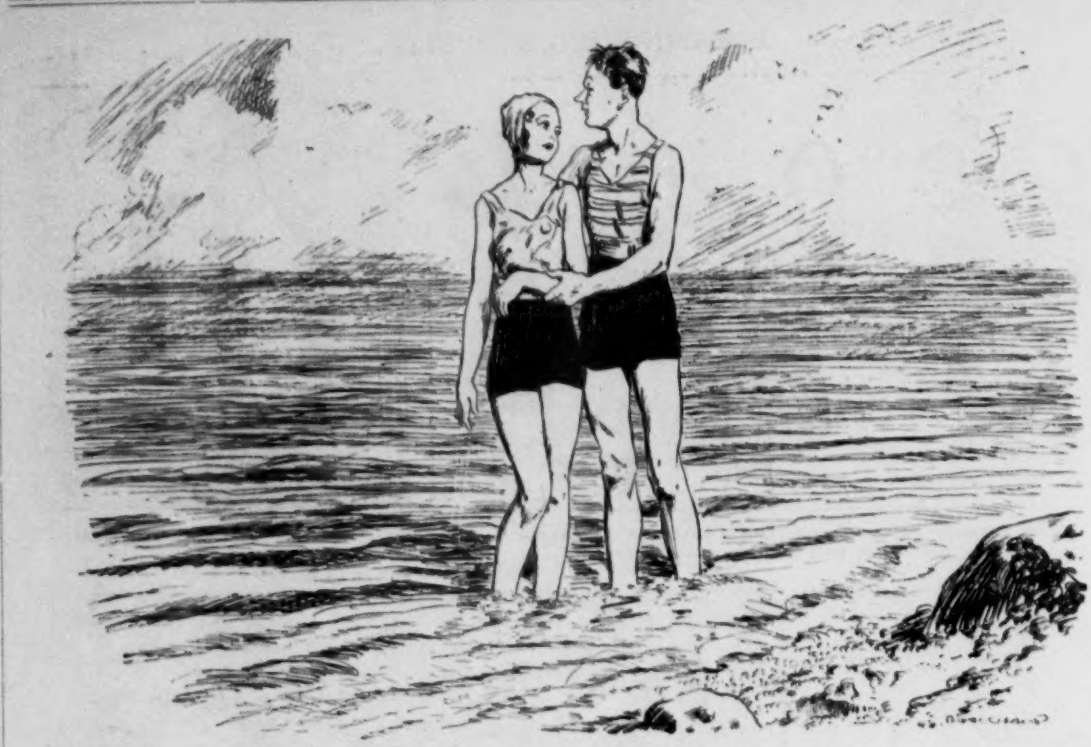
"Sporting Cuts"—



"The World's Worker"—



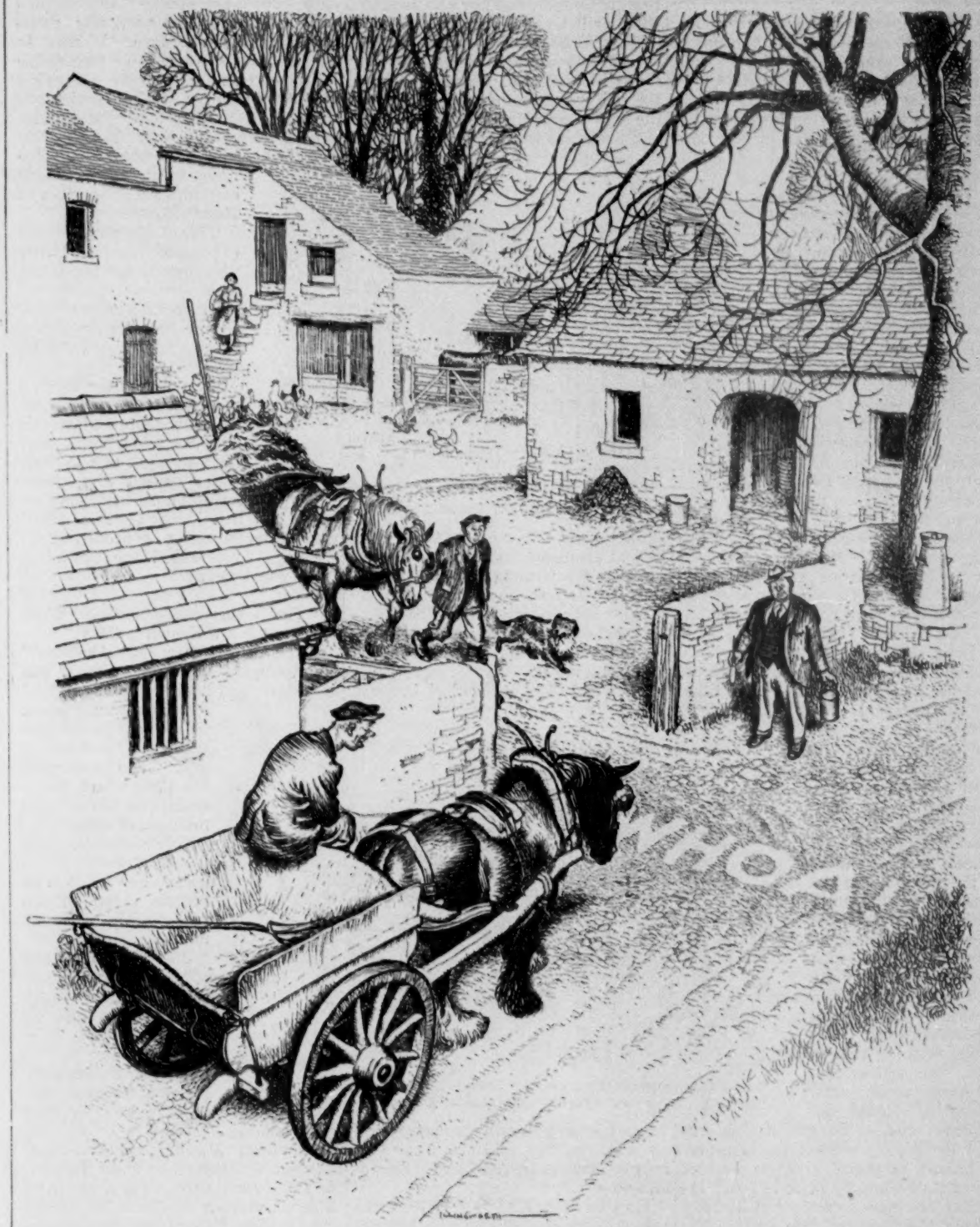
and "Our Dumb Pets."



Youth (who has rescued girl from drowning). "JUST IN TIME—WHAT?"
Girl. "ONLY JUST. I'M GOING HOME TO-MORROW."



Jobbing Gardener. "THIS GARDEN 'S OVER-RUN WITH SLUGS, SIR. I CAN'T KEEP PACE WITH 'EM."
Owner. "YES, I 'VE NOTICED THEM WHIZZING PAST YOU."



THE FARMER IS INSPIRED BY SAFETY-FIRST NOTICES SEEN IN TOWN.

THE MAROONING OF MR. PETHERWICK.

The haggard appearance of Mr. George Petherwick, his shrunken figure, the shabbiness of his clothes, his awful boots, his too terrible ties, would have announced immediately to anyone familiar with the great world the unhappy condition of life into which Providence had called him.

He was one of the victims of our ruthless commercial system. He was a financier—a multi-millionaire. He swayed the commodity markets of two hemispheres. Perpetually engaged in mastering zinc or restoring the political stability of Hungary, he had no time to brush his hair. When his secretary, who was called Miss Plum and adored him, said, "Do go to your tailor," he would be certain to answer, "I can't this morning. I am rationalising wool."



"He had no time to brush his hair."

She was a beautiful girl with ultramarine eyes, but Mr. Petherwick was far too busy to notice them. When she smiled at him he would always be looking into copper or be wholly immersed in lard.

Long, long ago, as an errand-boy earning eight-and-sixpence a week, he had been smart, whistling and blithe. He had dreamed of adventures—adventures on tropical islands and in Southern seas. His neat clothes, his carefree manner in those days would have attracted attention anywhere. But the shades of the prison-house had closed about him until with every trust he absorbed he became more emaciated, with every company he started he felt more dreadfully alone, more wretched in soul.

He took no recreation. He seldom ate. At enormous banquets, when he regaled his business enemies on *pâté de foie gras* and caviar, he himself would nibble a biscuit or have a single banana brought to him on a plate of gold. He owned two Scotch castles but had forgotten their names. He had a villa near Mentone, but he had never found out where Mentone was. In a fit of abstraction he had once bought an ocean-going yacht, but he had lent it to a glue emperor and he had no notion whether it had been returned.

When he travelled, as he was forced to travel, from capital to capital, following the trail of molasses or sending a flutter through rye, he was compelled to occupy the largest suites in the most expensive and luxurious hotels for fear of being turned away as a tramp. Once when he had dismissed his chauffeur he was arrested for stealing his own motor-car. He had no licence and they refused to believe his address. The magistrate asked him his occupation.

"At the moment," he answered, "I am unemployed."

Then he looked at the clock in court.



"The plenipotentiaries of the Little Entente were kneeling before his abominable boots."

"But I hope you will discharge me," he went on, "as at 10.25 I have an appointment to finance Central Europe and Greece."

He was allowed to go. At 10.27 the plenipotentiaries of the Little Entente were kneeling before his abominable boots.

A life so strenuous and at the same time so sad might in any case have led to a nervous breakdown. But the furious hostility of two particular rivals precipitated the débâcle. Worried to death by the intrigues of two of his bitterest enemies, who were juggling with Siberian eggs, Mr. Petherwick was persuaded at last by Miss Plum to consult a nerve specialist. Taking with him the little collapsible typewriter which he always carried, he went on foot to Harley Street.

"We don't give nothing to beggars," said the butler who opened the big front-door.

"I am not a beggar," said George Petherwick simply, holding out his card; "I am a Butter King."

Ushered into the doctor's presence, he explained that he had not had a moment's sleep for seven years, that the very sight of a mutton cutlet caused him agony unspeakable, and that his head went "*Blip-blip*" every time he tried to concentrate.

"Blip-blip?" asked the specialist. "Are you certain?"

"Yes."

"That's very serious indeed. What you want is a thorough holiday."

"I haven't had any kind of holiday," said George Petherwick, "since I was seventeen, and I can't afford one now."

"If you don't take a holiday," said the specialist, "you will go *phut*;" and he snapped his thumb and finger to explain the medical meaning of the word.

Mr. Petherwick shook his head sadly, put a hundred-and-five pounds down on the table and went out to merge tin.

Just as he turned out of Harley Street something hit him violently on the head and he knew no more.

* * *

"*A deep trough of depression,*" said the wireless announcer—"*I beg your pardon. I have one S.O.S. message to begin with. Missing from his suites of rooms at the Magnificent Hotel, London, the Hôtel Incroyable in Paris, the Hotel Götterdämmerung in Berlin, the Uplift Hotel in New York and the Hotel Sumptuoso in Buenos Ayres, Mr. George Petherwick, the well-known and popular plutocrat; aged forty-seven; slight build;*

hair grizzled; height, five-foot-seven-and-a-half; wearing an old sugar-loaf hat, grey coat torn at the back, rather short navy-blue trousers and elastic-sided boots; carrying a small leather case and an unrolled umbrella. Will anyone who has information as to his whereabouts communicate with the offices of Petherwick and Blain, in any of the principal cities in Europe, Asia, and America, as it is feared that some harm may have befallen him?"

Nobody communicated. Mr. George Petherwick had totally disappeared.

* * *

On the steam-yacht *Mandragora*, forging rapidly towards Haiti, two sinister-looking men conversed in undertones.

"Has he consented to sell?" asked one of them.

"Not yet," muttered the second. "And if he doesn't, the Czecho-Slovakian Cabinet——"

"I know. Not to mention Roumania. The best thing we can do is to lose him."

"Lose him?"

"The seas are very wide," said the first speaker significantly with a sweep of his hand towards the horizon.

* * *

In a little clearing on the island of Fu-fu sat a man. A parrot perched on his shoulder and a tame python was curled at his feet. An umbrella shaded his head. The vegetation about him consisted mainly of wi-wi trees, with here and there a clump of ha-ha bushes or a patch of some other re-duplicated herb. Plantains abounded and the luscious tango opened its delightful seed-pods at every turn. The place, in fact, was a paradise.

The man sat lolling on a couch of turves and leaves. He wore a slightly dented and greatly dishevelled sugar-loaf hat. A pair of short ragged blue trousers encased his nether limbs. Otherwise he was dressed in hibiscus blooms. He was smoking a cigar. The man was George Petherwick.

But how changed from the George Petherwick of Petherwick and Blain! Gone were the haggard features, the woebegone air. He was inclined to stoutness, but there was nothing flabby about the inclination. On the contrary, his brown body glowed with the radiance of perfect health and unstinted vitamins. He had acquired, so to speak, a superiority convex. From his chin flowed a black beard worn *au naturel* and his face was beaming with goodwill.



"'THE SEAS ARE VERY WIDE.'"



"HAPPY IN HIS ISLAND HOME."

Was he completely happy in his island home? Did he never regret civilisation and the busy markets of the world? Occasionally. But when that fit seized him he had found a means of overcoming the nostalgia. As the lovely tropical morning wore on to noon he clapped his hands. Two long-tailed monkeys scampered into the clearing. One of them took George Petherwick's typewriter from George Petherwick's typewriter-case, set it on the fallen trunk of a go-go tree and began to tap the keys with an earnest preoccupied air. But there was no paper in the typewriter. The other, proceeding to a rudely-constructed telephone apparatus carved with a pocket-knife out of wi-wi wood, placed the receiver to its ear and chattered busily into the transmitter. But there was no wire connecting the telephone to anything at all.

George Petherwick smiled happily. He was enjoying the atmosphere of Big Business and High Finance without their nerve-racking responsibilities. He dozed. The monkeys, tiring at last of their duties, scampered away into the plantain-trees.

Two hours later George Petherwick woke. It was the hour for his bathe. He walked to the edge of his island, undressed and dived from a coral reef into the translucent water of his favourite pool. He splashed, swam, shouted for joy. Sometimes the black triangular fin of a shark sailed near him, but George Petherwick had no fear. He knew every shark in those waters. They would come when he called them, and he had given them names.

"Globwitz!" he would say, "Mulligatawny!" and the sharks, swimming nearer to him, would smile. The names were those of the two great operators on the exchanges of the world who had kidnapped him, carried him to the island of Fu-fu and left him there. He had found he could master all the wild things of nature by kindness and personal charm.

Leaving the water at last, he lay down to bask a little, and then, as he was lazily fastening his hibiscus blossoms, he saw in the distance the sight that he had dreaded for almost a year. It was the smoke of a steamer.

"So they have found me," he sighed.

They had.

Nitrates had rocked so convulsively since Mr. George Petherwick's disappearance, zinc had been so restless, rails so nervous and hogs so wild that it had become necessary to ransack every corner of the world and find the one man who could keep them steady. Seven directors chosen from his various companies had undertaken the quest. They came ashore in a body and advanced up the coral beach.

They were not a little amazed at his appearance.

"Welcome," said George Petherwick "to my home from home!" and he took them first of all to his office, where the two monkeys, tired of playing amongst the trees, now resumed work with the typewriter and the telephone, and then to his dining-room, a wigwam of plaited leaves.

"I usually have my guavas about seven," he told them. "I hope you can stay to dine?"

But they would not. They were too much concerned with the tottering finances of the world. So George Petherwick consented to go back.

* * *

The vast offices of Petherwick and Blain were in a tumult. For well-nigh a year everything had been rocking and now a collapse was imminent. A pallid commissionaire stood muttering at the portico; office-boys fainted; lift-operators reeled. Such was the scene of consternation when, still carrying his little portable typewriter, bronzed and bearded, exuding *bonhomie* and dressed in a complete suit of ready-made reach-me-downs, Mr. George Petherwick, stepping from a taxi-cab, arrived to take charge. The seven directors followed him in a large limousine. Even as the millionaire was whirled up in the satinwood elevator a loud crash resounded through the building.

"What's that?" he said to the clerk who was with him.

The man blanched. "I am afraid the bottom has fallen out of the lead-market," he replied.

Mr. George Petherwick was completely undismayed. He took the reins; he resumed control. With a few quiet words he rehabilitated lead. He went on to tranquillise cotton and restore the



"They would come when he called them."

confidence of maize. In an hour or two's quiet work he turned the chaos of the world into solidity and peace. Brazil became buoyant. Wall Street went out to luncheon. The inhabitants of Central Europe held a regatta on the Danube. Rails rallied, Collar-studs declared a dividend. Tokyo breathed again.

"And now," said Mr. Petherwick when it was all over, "give me a list of the South Pacific sailings."

"What for?" cried the seven directors, aghast.

"The world is calm. I am returning to Fu-fu at once."

He had hardly spoken when a boy brought a message from the tape-machine. It ran:—

"The uninhabited tropical island of Fu-fu was submerged this morning by a volcanic wave."

"Bother!" said Mr. Petherwick.

So that dream was ended. The future stretched blankly before him. He must return to the sordid drudgery of being a billionaire. Then, glancing round, his eyes caught those of his secretary, Miss Plum, and a strange feeling of warmth flooded his heart. She looked more beautiful than ever. Was there not some message he had been meaning to give her? Of course there was.

"Take!" he said sharply.

Miss Plum brought out her dictation pad and poised her indelible pencil, awaiting his command. Mr. Petherwick hesitated for a moment. Then he made up his mind.

"Me," he went on softly. "I have been intending to ask you for eight years."

"Certainly, Mr. Petherwick," she replied.

"I shall substitute," said Mr. Petherwick, turning briskly to the seven directors, "the romance of love for the delights of solitude."

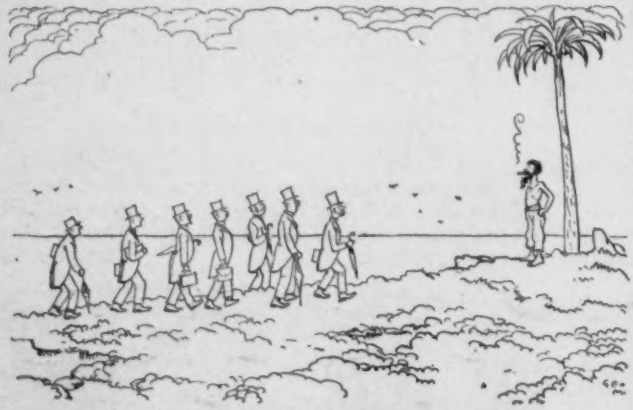
"Not at all a bad idea," replied the directors, looking greatly relieved and rubbing their fourteen hands.

"And where would you like to be married?" he went on, turning back to Miss Plum.

"St. George's, Hanover Square," she answered firmly; "with eight bridesmaids; on Tuesday, the eleventh *prox*, twelve noon," and she made a note on the little pad.

"Splendid!" said George Petherwick with a genial smile, and taking up his telephone he unloaded rice.

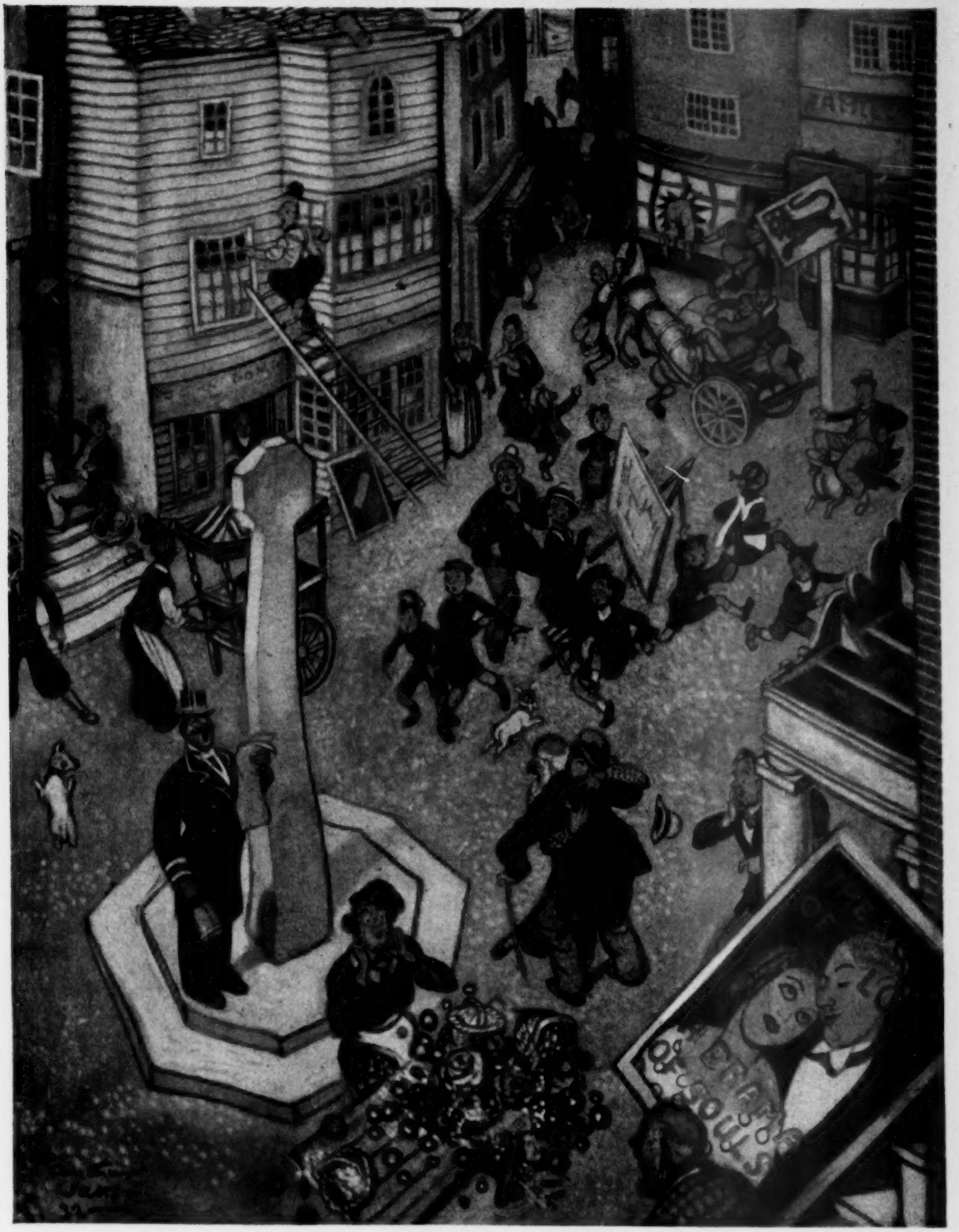
EVOE.



"Seven directors came ashore in a body."



"His eyes caught those of his secretary."



OUR EX-SERGEANT-MAJOR GETS THE POST OF TOWN-CRIER.

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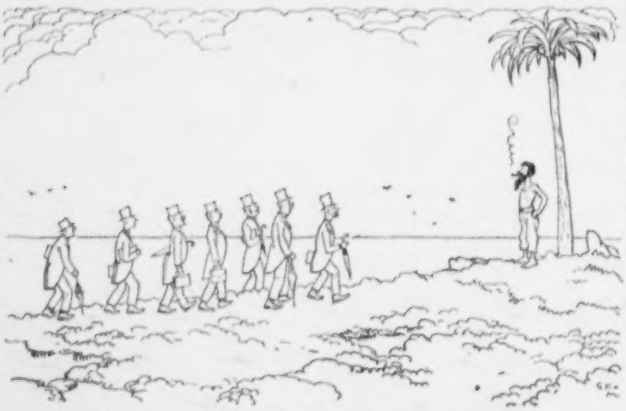
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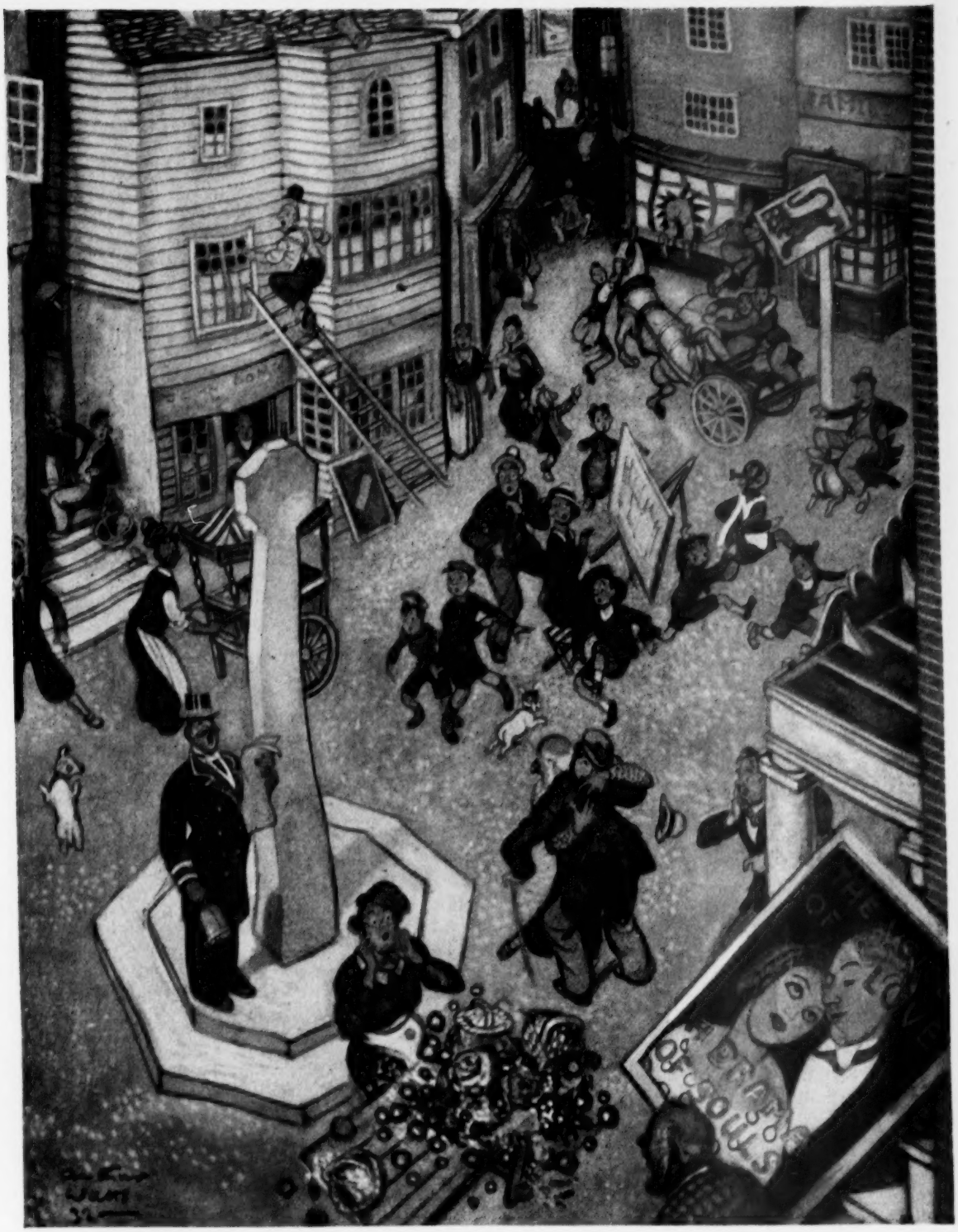
EVOE.



"SEVEN DIRECTORS CAME ASHORE IN A BODY."



"HIS EYES CAUGHT THOSE OF HIS SECRETARY."



OUR EX-SERGEANT-MAJOR GETS THE POST OF TOWN-CRIER.

SIGHTS ONE MISSES THROUGH HOLIDAY-MAKING IN ENGLAND.













SIGHTS ONE MISSES THROUGH HOLIDAY-MAKING IN ENGLAND.



LEWIS BAUMER.

GOLF AND ART.



JONES IS A PAINTER OF THE OLD SCHOOL AND IS ALWAYS TALKING LANDSCAPE—



EVEN WHEN I'M PUTTING.



WHEN I'M IN THE ROUGH HE SAYS, "WHAT JOLLY COLOUR!"



WHEN THE WIND TAKES MY BALL OUT OF BOUNDS HE SAYS, "HOW DAVID COX WOULD HAVE REVELLED IN A DAY LIKE THIS!"

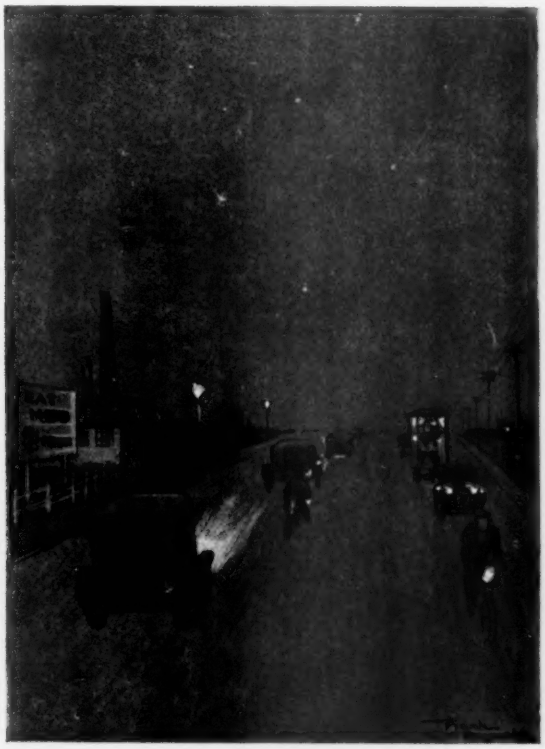
GOLF AND ART.



OR, HOW THIS WOULD HAVE APPEALED TO CONSTABLE.



HE WINS MY HALF-CROWN AND SAYS, "HOW TURNERESQUE!"—



BUT HE HAS NOTHING TO SAY OF THE ARTERIAL ROAD WHICH TAKES US HOME.



GLORIA SWANSON GETS HER TEETH INTO IT.



BUSTER KEATON HAS HIS FACE DROPPED.



TOM MIX GOES MORE WOOLLY AND FURTHER WEST.



JACK HULBERT DOES MORE CHIN WORK.



SLIM SUMMERVILLE GOES IN FOR SLIMMING.



JOAN CRAWFORD SHOWS MORE EYEBALL—



TALLULAH BANKHEAD STAYS PERMANENTLY IN BED.



JACKIE COOPER BECOMES STILL MORE MATURE.



MAURICE CHEVALI GIVES US A BIT MO OF HIS LIP—

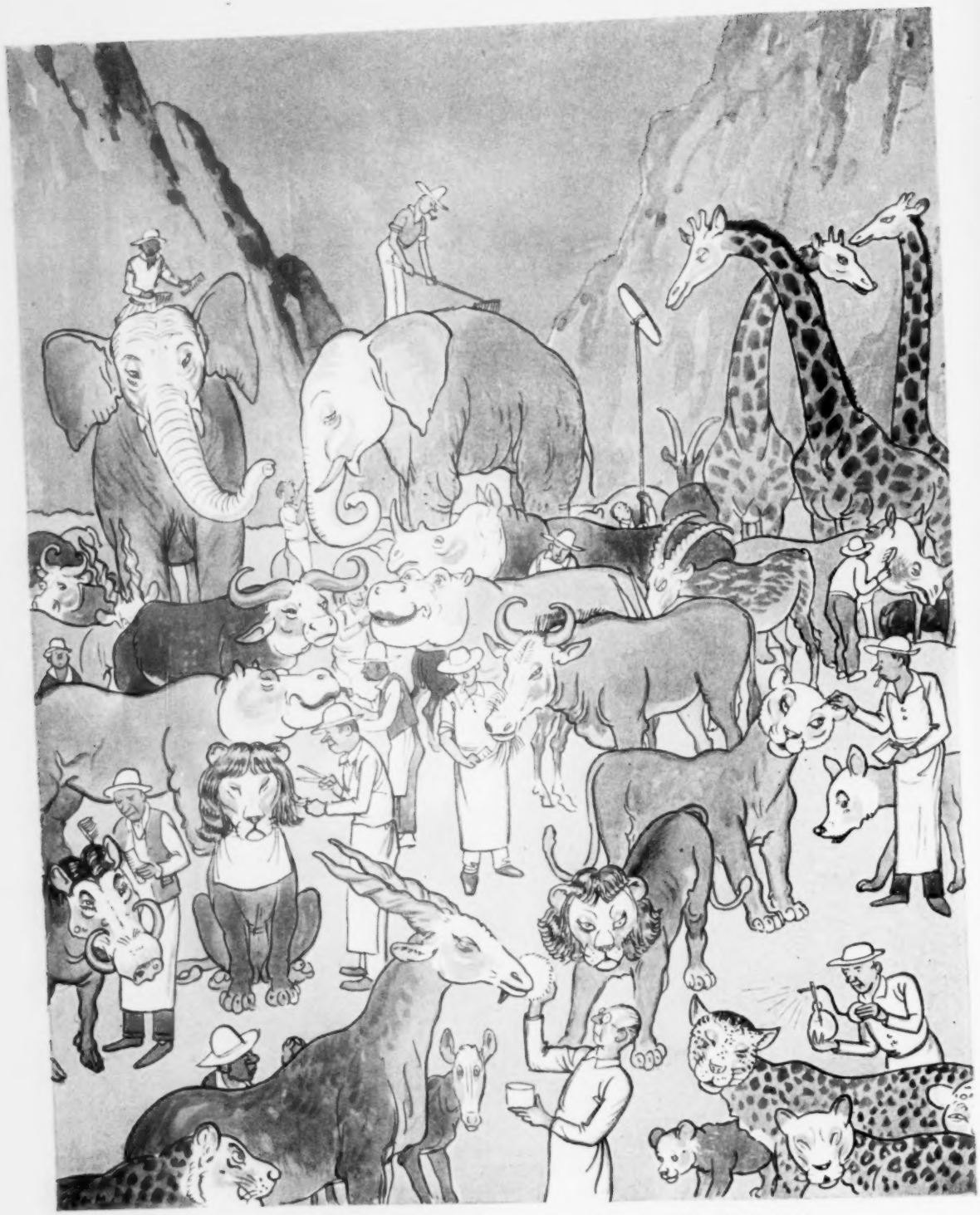
BRIGH ST

IN THE PRESENT WORLD CRISIS, WHICH DEMANDS INCREASED EFFORT, OUR FILM AR VE F

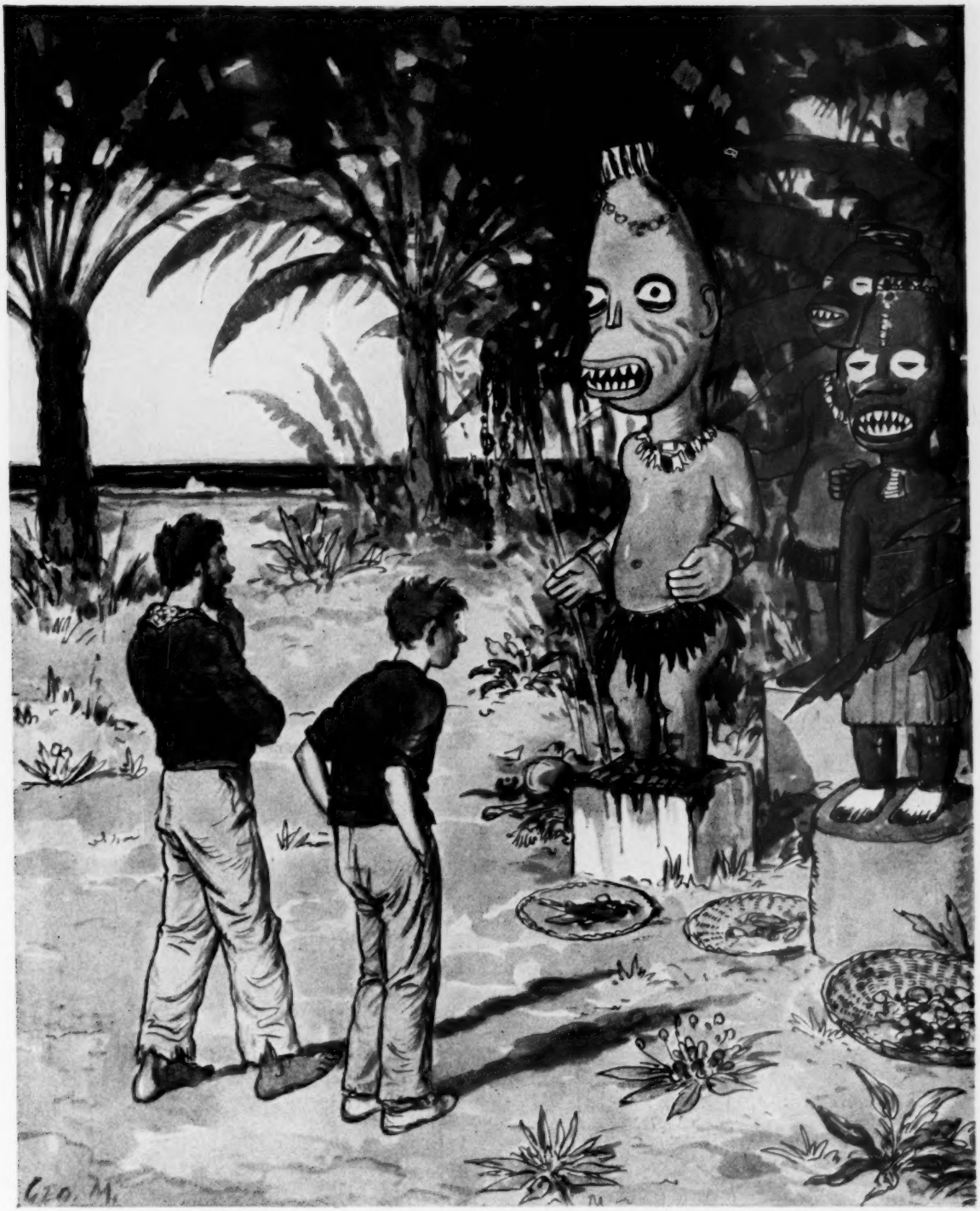


IGH STARS.

M AR VE FELT IT INCUMBENT UPON THEM TO GO ONE BETTER THAN THEIR PREVIOUS BEST.



THE BEAUTY PARLOUR IN A BIG GAME RESERVATION.



Castaway Sailor. "WELL, AT ANY RATE THIS PLACE IS NOT UNINHABITED. AND WHAT'S MORE, THEY SEEM TO HAVE SOME KIND OF A RELIGION."

His Comrade (dolefully). "AY! BUT ACCORDIN' TO APPEERANCES I'M THINKIN' THEY 'RE NO' PRESBYTEERIANS!"











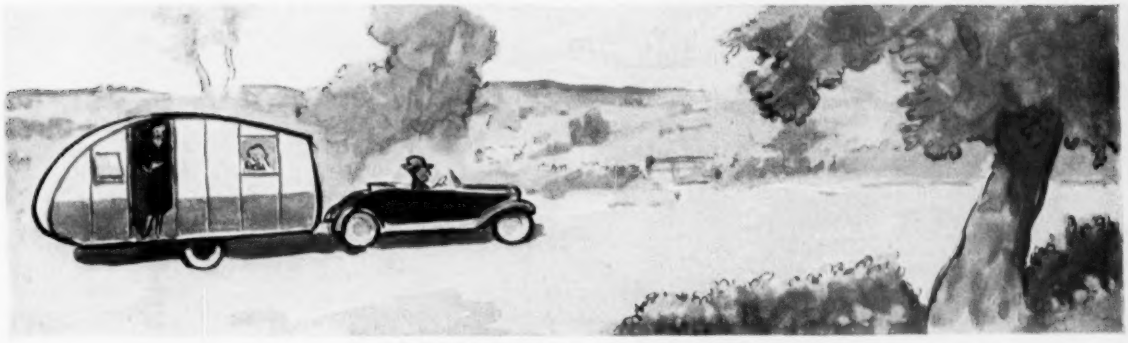


AMBITIOUS MOTHER SELECTS SUITABLE SCHOOL FOR SMALL SON.

THE BREAKAWAY.



AFTER A YEAR OF SEMI-DETACHED PROPINQUITY—



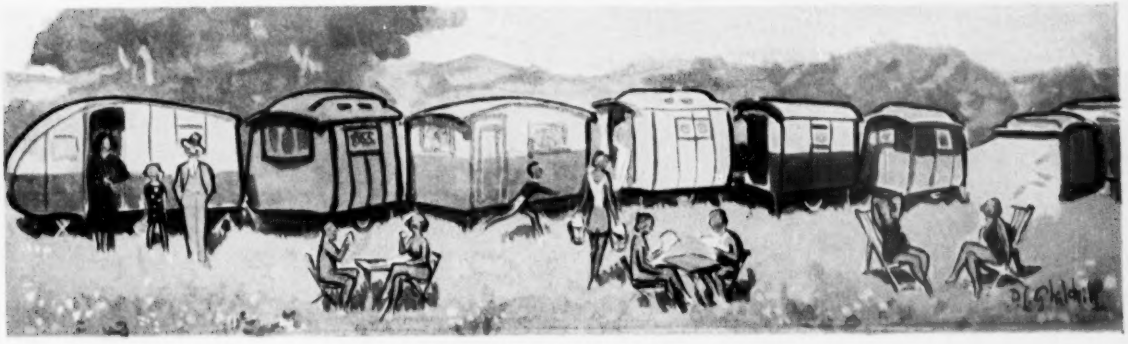
A CARAVAN HOLIDAY IS A HAPPY RELEASE—



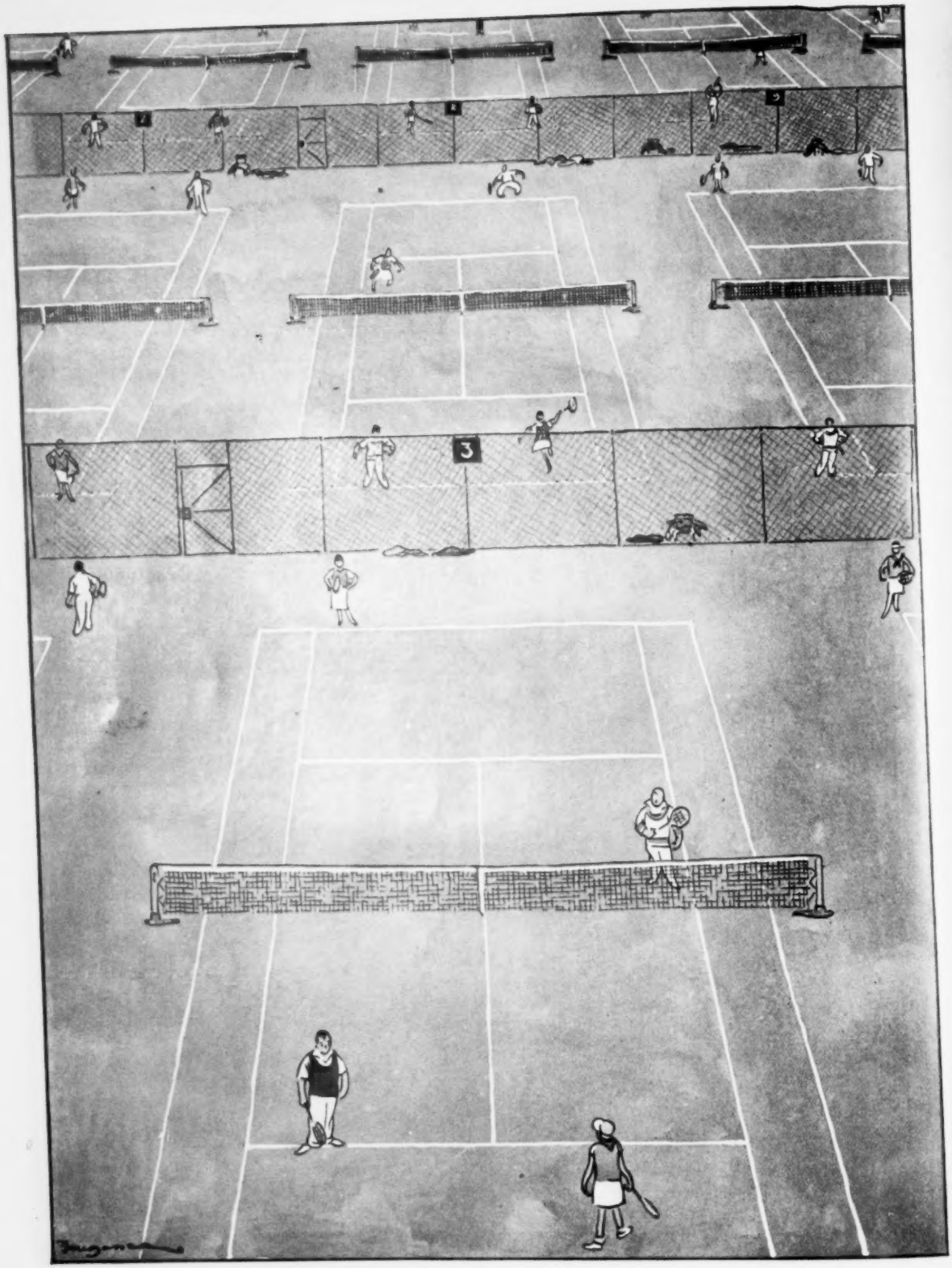
AND THOUGH IT'S NOT ALWAYS EASY TO FIND CAMPING-GROUND—



THERE *ARE* FARMERS WHO CATER FOR THIS SORT OF THING—



AND ONE ENJOYS THE CHANGE.



"WHY DO THEY CALL IT 'LAWN TENNIS,' ALFRED? IS IT SOMETHING TO DO WITH A LAWN?"

SIR TRISTRAM GOES WEST.

Chapter I.

Three men sat and talked at the long table in the library of Moat Place. Many dramatic conversations had occurred in that mellow and celebrated room, some of them radically affecting whole pages of English history; but none so vital as this to the old house itself. For its passport was being viséd to the United States.

Lord Mullion sighed gently. He was wondering whether, if a vote could be taken amongst his ancestors—most of whose florid portraits had already crossed the Atlantic—they would condemn or approve his action. Old Red Roger, his grandfather, would have burnt the place round him rather than sell an inch of it. But then Red Roger had never been up against an economic crisis. And at that moment, the afternoon sun flooding suddenly the great oriel window, a vivid shaft of light stabbed the air like a rapier and illuminated Mr. Julius Plugg's cheque-book, which was lying militantly on the table.

"Would you go to forty thousand?" asked Lord Mullion.

Mr. Plugg's bushy eyebrows climbed a good half-inch. When they rose further a tremor was usually discernible in Wall Street.

"I'll say it's a tall price for such an old joint," he said. "Well—I might."

Lord Mullion turned to the Eminent Architect. "You're absolutely certain that the house can be successfully replanted in Mr. Plugg's back-garden, like a damned azalea?"

The Eminent Architect, whose passion happened to be Moat Place, also sighed. "Bigger houses than this have been moved. It'll be a cracking job, but there's no real snag. I recommend that for greater safety the library be sent by liner. The main structure can go by cargo-boat."

The shaft of sunlight was still playing suggestively on the golden cover of the cheque-book. Sadly Lord Mullion inclined his head.

"Very well, Mr. Plugg. It's yours," he said.

A gasp of childish delight escaped the Pokerface of American finance. "That's swell," he cried, "that's dandy! And now it's fixed would you give me the low-down on a yarn I've heard about a family spook? Punk?"

"On the contrary," said Lord Mullion, "he's quite the most amusing ghost in this part of the country. But I shouldn't think he'll bother you."

"Anyone ever seen him?"

"I saw him yesterday, sitting over there by the window."

Mr. Plugg sprang round apprehensively. "Doing what?" he demanded.

"Just dreaming. He was a poet, you know."

"A poet? Hey, Earl, are you getting funny?"

"Not a bit. We know all about him. Sir Tristram Mullion, laid out by a Roundhead pike at Naseby. He must have been pretty absent-minded; probably he forgot about the battle until somebody hit him, and then it was too late. The story goes that his father, a fire-eating old Royalist, got so bored at always finding his eldest son mooning about the library when he might have been out trailing Cromwell that when he was dying he laid a curse on Tristram which could only be expunged by a single-handed act of valour. Tristram rode straight off to Naseby and got it in the neck in the first minute. So he's still here, wandering about this library, never getting a chance to do anything more heroic than a couplet. And he wasn't even a particularly good poet."



"'Frightfully sorry to interrupt.'"

Mr. Plugg had regained command of himself. "I seem to have read somewhere of a ghost crossing the Atlantic with a shack," he said, "but that won't rattle a tough baby like me, and I doubt if your spook and I'd have much in common. How about having the lawyers in and signing things up?"

Chapter II.

The s.s. *Extravaganza* was carving her way steadily through the calm and moonlit surface of the Atlantic. The thousand portholes in her steep sides blazed, and the air was sickly with the drone of saxophones. It was as though a portion of the new Park Lane had taken to the water.

Down in the dim light of No. 3 Hold a notable event had just taken place. Sir Tristram Mullion had emerged from nowhere and was standing there, very nearly opaque with surprise and irritation. His activities had been confined to the Moat Place library for so long that he could think of no good reason why he should suddenly materialise in this strange dungeon. That it was a dungeon he had little doubt. Its sole furniture was a number of large packing-cases marked "Julius Plugg, Ararat, U.S.A.," and they were too high for even a ghost to sit upon with comfort. Tristram decided to explore.

The first person he encountered in the upper reaches of the ship was Alfred Bimsting, a young steward, who cried, "The fancy-dress ain't on till to-morrow, Sir," and then pardonably fainted as he saw Tristram pass clean through a steel partition. . . .

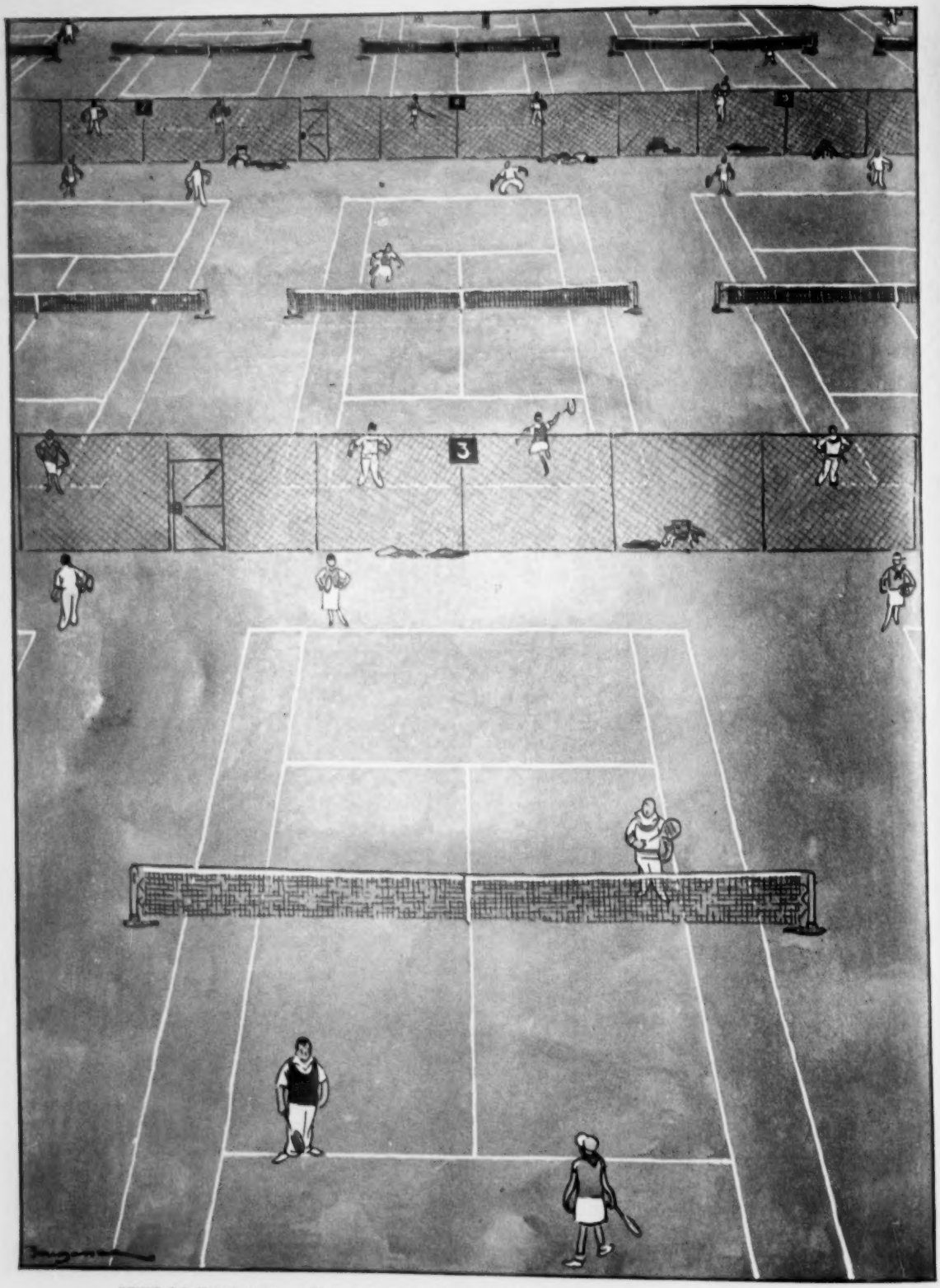
Sitting up on high stools at the bar, Professor Gupp, the historian, and an unknown Colonel were getting all argumentative over the *Extravaganza's* special brown sherry.

"My dear fellow," the Professor was saying, "whatever you may say about Marston Moor, Naseby showed Rupert to be a very great cavalry leader. Very great indeed."

"Nonsense!" growled the Colonel. "A hot-headed young fool. Fairfax was the better soldier in every way."

"I tell you——" the Professor began when he became aware of a presence at his elbow—a handsome young man in the clothes of a Cavalier.

"Frightfully sorry to interrupt," said Tristram (for acquaintance with the young Mullions had kept his idiom level with the fashion), "but as a



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matter of fact I used to know Rupert and Fairfax pretty well, and you can take it from me they were a couple of insufferable bores. Rupert was a shockin' hearty, always slappin' you on the back, and Fairfax was a pompous old fool. As for Naseby, it was a hell of a mess."

Professor Gupp hiccupped. "Young man," he said reprovingly, "I am driven to conclude that you have been drinking to excess. It may interest you to know that I am the author of the standard monograph on Naseby."

"It may interest *you* to know," Tristram cried rather dramatically, "that I was killed there." And he faded through the black glass wall of the refrigerator with such startling ease that neither Professor Gupp nor the Colonel could ever face Very Old Solera again. . . .

After the dazzle of strip-lights and chromium Tristram was glad to find himself out on the promenade deck, which was deserted. It was nearly three hundred years since he had been to sea, returning from the French Court in considerable disgrace, having lost his dispatches; but, aided by the traditional adaptability of the ghost and the aristocrat, he noted with unconcern the tremendous pace at which the waves were flying past, and the vast scarlet funnels, towering above, which seemed to him to salute the moon so unsuitably (he was a poet, remember) with great streamers of heavy black smoke. As he paced the deck he meditated the opening rhymes of a brief ode to the heavens. . . .

Meanwhile, in the convenient shadow of Lifeboat 5, a stout politician was surprised to find himself proposing marriage to his secretary, who with a more practised eye had seen it coming ever since Southampton. He was warming up to it nicely. Not for nothing had he devoted a lifetime to the mastery of circumambient speech.

"And though I cannot offer you, my dear, either the frivolities of youth or the glamour of an hereditary title, I am asking you to share a position which I believe to carry a certain distinction—" Here he broke off abruptly as Tristram appeared in the immediate neighbourhood and leaned dreamily over the rail.

There was an embarrassing silence, of which the secretary took advantage to repair the ravages of the politician's first kiss.

"Would you oblige me, Sir, by going away?" he boomed in the full round voice that regularly hypnotised East Dimbury into electing him.

Tristram made no answer. He was trying hard to remember if "tune" made an impeccable rhyme to "moon."

"Confound you, Sir," cried the Politician, "are you aware that you are intruding upon a sacred privacy?"

Tristram genuinely didn't hear. He was preparing to let "boon" have it, or, if necessary, "loon."

The Politician heaved his bulk out of his deck-chair and fetched Tristram a slap on the shoulder. But of course, as you can't do that with a properly disembodied matured-in-the-wood ghost, all that happened was that the Politician's hand sank through Tristram like a razor through dripping and was severely bruised on the rail. It was left to the secretary to console him, for Tristram was gone.



"'Would you oblige me, Sir, by going away?'"

And then, rumours of Tristram's strange interludes percolating through the ship, all at once he became the centre of a series of alarming enfilading movements. The young Tuppenny-Berkeleys and their friends, who had been holding a sausage-and-*peignoir* party in the swimming-bath, bore down upon him waving *Leberwursts* and crowing "Tally-ho! The jolly old Laughing Cavalier!" Cavalierly was the way he treated them. Sweeping off his hat to young Lady Catherine, he nodded coldly to the others and walked straight through her brother, a young Guardsman, who was to dine out on the experience for nearly half-a-century.

The main staircase was already blocked with excited passengers. At the top of it stood the Chief Stewardess, a vast and imposing figure. Just for fun (for he was beginning to enjoy his little outing, and so would you if you had been stuck in a mouldy library for three hundred years) Tristram flung his arms gallantly round her neck and cried, "Your servant, Madam!" The poor woman collapsed mountainously into the arms of a Bolivian millionaire, who consequently collapsed too, in company with the three poorer millionaires who were behind him.

At this point the Captain arrived and advanced majestically. To the delight of the company Tristram picked up a large potted palm and thrust it dustily into his arms.* Then, with a courtly bow to the crowd and a valedictory gesture of osculation, he disappeared backwards through a massive portrait of Albert the Good.

On his way back to No. 3 Hold he sped through the Athenian Suite. In it the new lord of Moat Place lay on his bed in his pink silken underwear, pondering on the triumph with which in a few months he would spring upon the markets the child of his dreams, his new inhumane killer for demolishing the out-of-date buildings of the world, Plugg's Pneumatic Pulveriser.

Tristram took one look at him and disliked him at sight. On the bed table lay a basin of predigested gruel. Inverting it quickly over Mr. Plugg's head, he passed on to disappear into the bowels of the ship.

Chapter III.

Blowzy Bolloni and Redgat Ike sat at a marble-topped table sinking synthetic gin with quiet efficiency. They had spent the afternoon emptying several machine-guns into a friend, so they were rather tired.

"I've given Bug and Toledo the line-up," Bolloni said. "It's a wow. Toledo's in cahoots with one of Plugg's maids and she spilled the beans. The stuff's in his new safe in the library—see? Any hop-head could fetch it out. Is that oke?"

"Mebbe it'll mean a grand all round, eh?" asked Redgat.

"Or two." And Bolloni winked.

"That'll be mighty nice. You want my ukulele?"

*N.B.—Can a ghost grip? I say it can.

"Yeah. But I got a hunch heaters 'll be enough."

They called for another snort of hooch, testing its strength in the approved gangster way by dipping a finger in it. The nail remaining undissolved they drank confidently.

CHAPTER IV.

In the library of the reassembled Moat Place, Julius Plugg squirmed on a divan and cursed his folly in not entrusting the secret plans of his Pulveriser to the strong-room of his factory. Only a simp would have asked for it by bringing them home, he told himself bluntly. But it was too late now to do anything about them, for he was roped down as tightly as a thrown steer. Also he was gagged with his own handkerchief, a circumstance which gave him literally a pain in the neck.

Mrs. Plugg, similarly captive in the big arm-chair, had shed her normal dignity in a way which would have startled the Ararat Branch of the Women's Watch and Ward Fellowship, over which she presided. Her head was completely obscured by a large wicker waste-paper-basket, and through it there filtered strange canine noises.

As for Hiram Plugg, the leader of sophomore fashion, he was lashed so firmly to the suit of armour in the corner that it positively hurt him to blink; for before the high rewards of ace-gunning had attracted Blowzy Bolloni to the civilisation of the West he had helped his father with his fishing-nets in Sicily, and it was now his boast that he could tie a victim up quicker and more unpleasantly than any other gangster in the States.

At the back of the library Redgat Ike lounged gracefully on the table with a finger curled ready round the trigger of a Thompson sub-machine-gun, trained on the door. He grinned amiably as he thought how bug-house the servants had looked as they went down before his little chloroform-squirt, the cook clutching a rolling-pin and the butler muttering he'd rung the cops already—the poor bozo not knowing the wire had been cut an hour before. Oh, it was a couple of grands for nothing, a show like this. Redgat couldn't think why everyone wasn't a gangster.

Bolloni and Toledo and the Bug, who had been searching the panels for signs of the safe, gave it up and gathered round the prostrate form of Mr. Plugg, who snarled at them as fiercely as he could manage through his nose.

"Come on, Mister," said Bolloni, "we ain't playing Hunt the Slipper any more. You 'd better squawk where that tin box is *and* its combination. Otherwise my boy-friend over there might kinda touch his toy by mistake, and that 's good-bye to that teapot dome of yours." He smiled evilly at Redgat, who smiled back and swung the machine-gun into line with Mr. Plugg's bald head.

"Have his comforter out and see what he says," suggested Toledo. But, shorn of much pungent criticism of the gangsters and their heredity, all Mr. Plugg said was, "There 's no safe here, you big bunch of saps."



"TRISTRAM . . . ONLY GOT FRESHER AFTER A WHOLE DRUM OF SLUGS."

Most sailormen are practical and many are crude. Bolloni was both. Replacing the gag in Mr. Plugg's champing jaws, he drew from his pocket a twelve-bore shot-gun sawn off at the breech, and pressed it persuasively against Mr. Plugg's ample stomach. With his other hand he took a firm grip of the magnate's moustache and began to heave.

"When you sorta remember about the safe," he said, "give three toots on your nose."

Who would blame Mr. Plugg? Gathering together his remaining breath he let out a first toot which would have done honour to a Thames tug. He was filling up with air for a second one when suddenly the three gangsters sprang round as if stung. Painfully he turned his head, to see a strange figure standing by the book-shelves. (You 've got it first guess. It *was*.)

Tristram hadn't noticed the others. He was poring over a set of SPENSER when Redgat slid back his trigger, and it was not until a heavy ·45 bullet tore the books from his hands that he realised that something was happening. A stream of lead was hurtling through him and turning a priceless edition of BOCCACCIO to pulp, but he felt nothing. He was filled only with resentment at such ill-mannered interruption.

None of the gangsters had ever seen a man take fifty bullets in the chest and remain perpendicular. The sight unnerved them. Redgat continued to fire as accurately as before, but the other three stood irresolute.

Before Bolloni could dodge him Tristram had picked up what was left of *The Faëry Queen* and brought it down with terrific force on his head, dropping him like a skittle. Boiling with rage, Tristram grabbed up *The Anatomy of Melancholy* and set about Toledo and the Bug. One of them discharged the shot-gun full in his face, but not with any great hope—— Gee! a ritzy guy in fancy-dress who only got fresher after a whole drum of slugs!

It was soon over. Redgat clung to his beloved machine-gun to the end, unable to believe that a second drum wouldn't take effect. But he too went down to a thundering crack on the jaw from an illustrated *Apocrypha*. . . .

Tristram began to feel very odd. For a moment he surveyed the scene, not quite comprehending what it all meant. Mrs. Plugg had swooned, which merely caused the waste-paper-basket on her head to drop from the vertical to the horizontal. Her son was clearly about to be sick. Julius Plugg himself, supine but undaunted, was making wild signals with his famous eyebrows to be released.

Then, something in his nebulous inside going queerly click, Tristram realised what was happening. At last he had been a hero. At last he was free. The hail of bullets had smashed up not only BOCCACCIO but his father's curse. . . .

Debating, with the exquisite detachment of the poet, whether the Pluggs would get free before the gangsters recovered, he faded imperceptibly and left them to it.

ERIC.

DRESS-REVOLUTION.



GIVEN A PROPITIOUS DAY, WE MAY SEE BEACH-PYJAMAS AND BATHING-COSTUMES AT THE ETON AND HARROW MATCH,



OR PLUS-FOURS AND SPORTS-SUITINGS AT A FASHIONABLE WEDDING.

DRESS-REVOLUTION.



PERHAPS HIKERS' KIT AT ASCOT.



BUT WE DO TRUST THAT DRESS-REVOLUTION WILL NOT PENETRATE THE ECCLESIASTICAL GARDEN-PARTY.

HOW TO FEEL ABROAD AT HOME;

OR, THE CONTINENTALIZING OF BRITAIN.

OUR seaside towns have donned this year
A Continental atmosphere;
They greet you in the foreign style
With nod and beck and wreathéd smile
(Not, as of old, with faces sour and glum
Which made you feel they wished you
hadn't come).



Observe this wild hilarious beano—
Shove-ha'p'ny at the Pier Casino;
While, to appeal to bolder hearts,
There's Daddlums too and even Darts.
(The law of England rightly boggles at
Roulette and nasty wicked games like that).

How pleasant, when your bathe is done,
To loll at leisure in the sun
And order from a saucy maid
Your cocoa, milk or lemonade!
(In vain you crave a brown and foaming
quart;
Thirst may be long but "hours," alas! are
short).

HOW TO FEEL ABROAD AT HOME;

OR, THE CONTINENTALIZING OF BRITAIN.

Gone are those chairs that used to nip
Your fingers in a painful grip;
This year all visitors recline
On mattresses of gay design.
(And if they're awkward for rheumatic
knees—
Well, really, guests are *very* hard to please).



Wear, if you like, upon the *plage*
Your latest sun-suit *décolletage*;
Anoint each other's backs with oil
For fear your careful tan should spoil.
(But bear in mind that it would be a pity
To shock the local Vigilance Committee).

Enough! I'm sure you'll all agree
A trip to Shingleton-on-Sea
Is just as *chic*—and not so *cher*—
As one to Bouillabaisse-sur-mer.
(Let's hope they won't provide a final
thrill
By adding *taxe-de-séjour* to your bill).

JAN.



"Look, Edith—isn't that a pretty sight?"



Lady Magistrate. "Officer, who is the constable that will keep on bringing in those dreadful ruffians?"



WHY NOT GAYER REGISTRY OFFICES?

TRIALS OF A STEWARD.

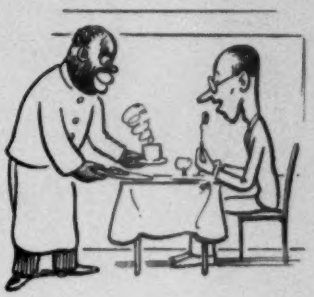


THE ROUND TRIP.

A slight tribute to the Dining Car Service of U.S.A.



New York (depart).



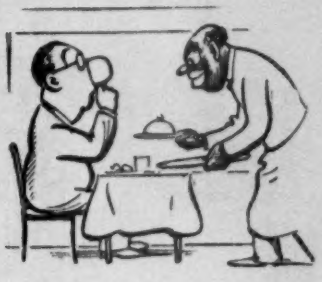
Boston.



Chicago.



Minneapolis.



Seattle.



San Francisco.



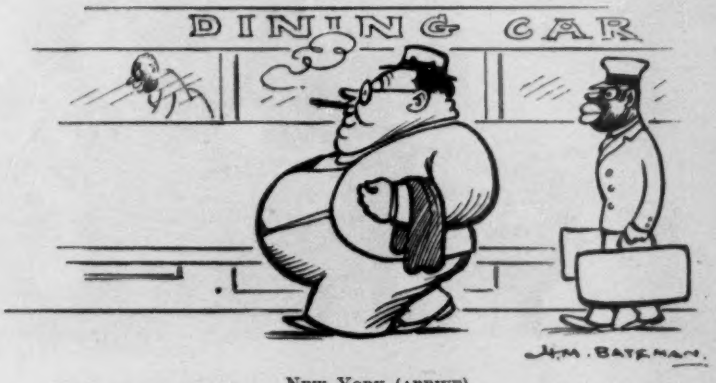
Los Angeles.



New Orleans.



Washington.



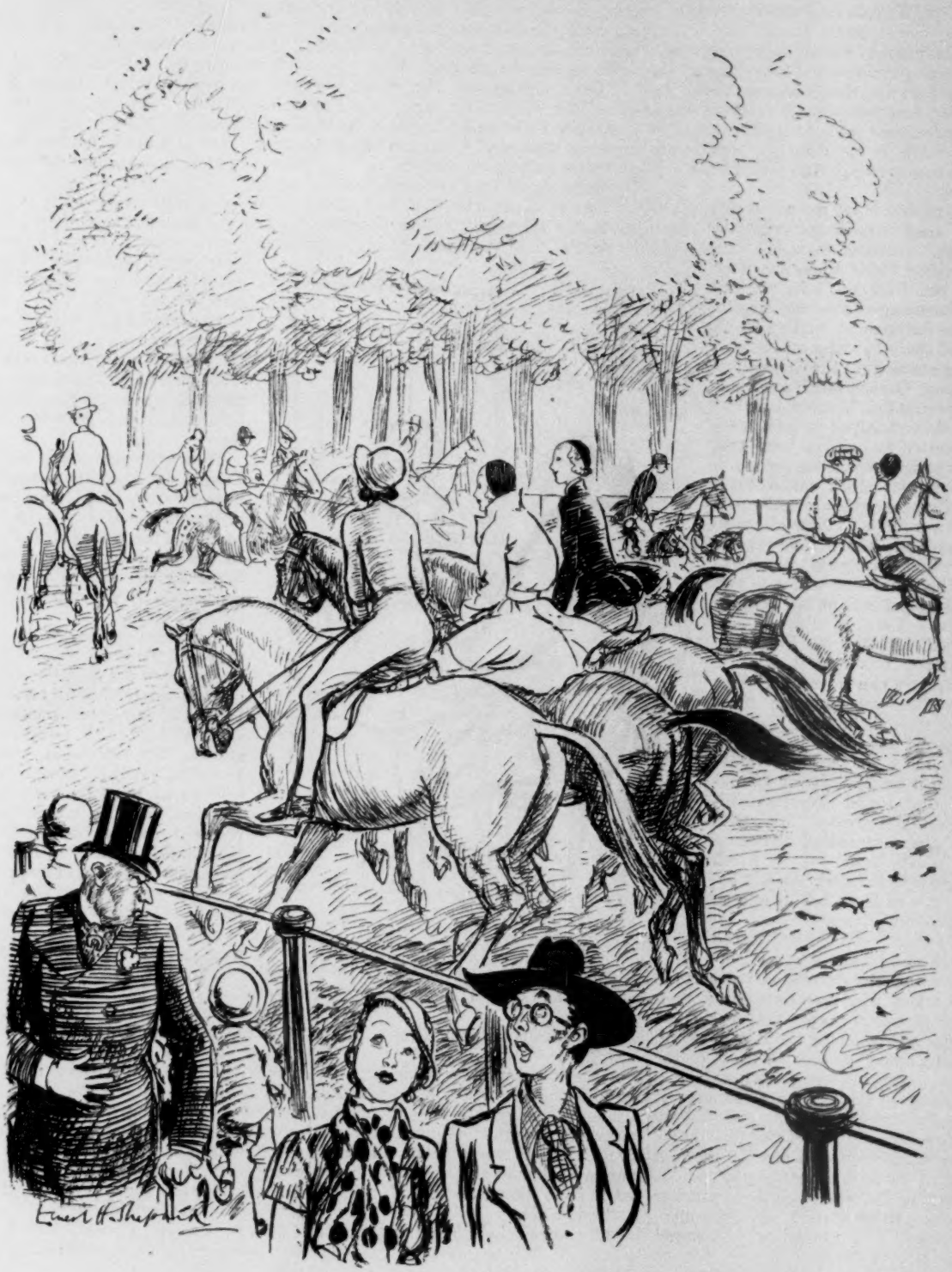
New York (arrive).

MANNERS AND MODES IN THE ROW.



HAUTE ÉCOLE, 1882.

MANNERS AND MODES IN THE ROW.



BASSE ÉCOLE, 1932.

THE QUEST;

OR, WHERE DO FUNNY STORIES COME FROM?

LAST night I heard a new funny story. It was quite new and very funny. My host told it in the dining-room after the ladies had left, though in these days, I understand, it might equally well have been told in the drawing-room before the men arrived. And for all I know it was.

Anyway it set me wondering where all these anecdotes originally come from. Some of them, of course—the kind my Uncle Ebenezer down at the Club can't be stopped from telling—have been in existence for years; probably NOAH used them to while away those long evenings in the Ark's after-saloon. Others, which seem new to you at first hearing, turn out on closer analysis to be a mere variation on one you were told last year; for you can recognise the parent stock underneath. But others again are really new and very good. Now *where* do those come from? *How* exactly does that latest good story start?

The fellow who told it to you said he got it from old Jenkins at the Club; Jenkins, questioned, had it from Potterby; Potterby was told it by . . . well, you can go on for days like this, yet someone must have started the thing. And if someone started it that someone must have deliberately made it up himself; or assuming that somebody else inadvertently provided him with the raw material of the story he must have put in much original brain-work upon it before it was fit to tell in public, or even in private.

In short, you are led to the conclusion that there are unknown master-minds somewhere in our midst who doubtless spend their days in solitary rooms inventing, revising and polishing up their material, finally trying it over in front of the glass, perhaps with fruit, nuts and a decanter of port at hand to give it a suitable setting. Then, when they have beaten a few good ones into shape, they sally forth and are the life and soul of the next dinner-party.

But, again, where are these peculiar geniuses to be found? Are they mere accidents of heredity scattered through every walk of life? Or do they come from one particular section of the community possessed of unique facilities for the invention of stories? This latter theory, as I discovered in my efforts to probe the matter to its core, is the one that is held by the majority, the only snag being that there is no unanimity of opinion as to which is the section responsible.

"Don't you know? They make 'em up on the Stock Exchange," said the first fellow I interrogated, after embarking upon my quest. I thanked him and promptly rang up my broker.

"Got any stories?" I asked.

"One moment," he said, and after about five minutes' rustling of papers he began: "Do you mean Storey and Fuller's £1 Ordinary? They're only a nominal market. I shouldn't advise you . . . ."

"No, stories. Funny stories. New ones."

A sort of hoar-frost suddenly crept over his voice. "What a time to ask a fellow!" he grumbled, and after a moment's thought he remarked tentatively, "There's one about an Irishman, a Scotsman and a Jew who went out to have dinner and . . ."

"That's *old*."

"Of course it is," he said testily. "I haven't heard a new one for weeks."

"Don't you get them from friends on the Stock Exchange? Or even make them up yourself?"

"If you think we've nothing better to do than invent stories . . ." he snapped and hung up.

A little curt, I thought. The quest had received a set-back.

Next, someone told me that all the new stories definitely emanated from Army Messes. "Those young subalterns have nothing to do all day," he added, just as though he considered there ought to be a war at least once a month.

With some difficulty I got an invitation to a battalion guest-night. But directly after dinner, before I could hear even a whisper of "I say, here's a new one! There was once a man who . . ." I was buttonholed by five subalterns whose idea was that I should tell *them* the latest from London. "We never hear any good ones, stuck down here," they added before I could mention my quest.

They were nice young chaps, I must say, and they laughed at every story I told them, even at the old one about—— but no matter. Finally they drifted off to the piano and so not very hopefully I tried the older generation in the shape of the Colonel.

The older generation in the shape of the Colonel—and you know what a Colonel's shape often is—seemed hardly able to believe his ears at being actually *asked* to tell some new funny stories. His expression seemed to indicate that he thought the millennium must have arrived. He went at once into a long personal anecdote of something that had happened to him in Nepaul in '04—1904, I assumed—which was neither new nor funny, and after a while seemed hardly to be even a story, panning out more at two-volume-novel length. He was still telling it when either he or I left—I forget which.

Acting on information received, I made the Universities my next hunting-ground, and went up to one of them for a week-end. This was the most delightful part of my quest. It was fine to see the same old buildings and courts, walk down the same old streets, in some cases see the same old dons—and in every case hear the same old stories. No, wherever else they may start, it is certainly not at the Universities.

It was, however, my old tutor there who gave me further inside information. "My boy," he said, "all these stories, into the origin of which you inquire, emanate from comic actors.



"TRYING IT OVER IN FRONT OF THE GLASS."



Bill Smasher, the famous tennis star—



does an occasional little article for the Press.

Their minds are always alert to make up—er—gags—is that the word? Their anecdotes are either broader renderings of their invented gags, or their gags are bowdlerised versions of their invented anecdotes. Why, even the strolling player of the sixteenth century was . . ."

So I consorted with actors. Here I did hear one new story, but I never could ascertain who had really invented it. The three persons who told it me in the same day—that's what happens to a new story in dramatic circles—all vehemently claimed it as their own; but when I heard it twice more the following day it was prefaced by, "Have you heard Jack Jorum's latest?"—Jack Jorum being a well-known stage raconteur; and that's the next thing that happens to a new story in dramatic circles. On the third day the same man that originally told me the new story related, with exactly the same protestations of the thing having happened to him personally, one from my Uncle Ebenezer's vintage bin.

I taxed him with this corpse-snatching, explaining further my interest in the question, and he at once informed me that everybody knew that all the funny stories really originated in women's clubs. When the women came home they told their husbands; and the husbands, after applying some drastic censorship to redress the feminine tendency to swamp humour with narrative detail, then passed them on to their male acquaintances, by whom the anecdotes were hailed as hot from the pan. This, he added, was the inside dope on the whole question, believe him or not. Here I made my error. I did believe him, and set out on a new line of inquiry. . . .

Well, I just avoided arrest, but that was about all. I had better draw a veil over that part of my quest.

With some relief I then turned to the next hunting-ground suggested to me, namely, the Law—having only narrowly avoided it in its professional capacity. Solicitors and barristers, I was informed, when they foregather between cases and by their serious looks appear to be saying, "Of course, *In re* Gumwhistle *v.* Catamaran, plaintiff has already attempted to replevy the impounded chattels, and so a *nolle prosequi* . . ." and stuff like that, are in reality murmuring, "Heard a good one last night. There was once a girl who . . ." Well, it took me about five days to get near enough to any lawyer to overhear, but I did it at last, even though I could see one of them was looking at me out of the corner of his eye. I extended an ear and just managed to catch the remark: "There's an ugly-looking egg just behind you trying to overhear what our line of defence is. For two pins I'd get . . ." But by then I had moved out of ear-shot again.

Baffled at every point, I had some days later practically given up my quest, but as a last resort looked in at my Club, even though I felt I knew all the stories there by heart. I hadn't been there five minutes before my Uncle Ebenezer ankled in—Uncle Ebenezer, who has never been known even to see the point of a story that hasn't had the moth in it for ten years, let alone tell it to others. He dug me in the ribs and said, "Got a new one for you, me boy. Best I've heard for some time."

Crushing down a desire to ask if he was going to repeat his 1925 success, I turned up the whites of my eyes and said, "Shoot."

"Well," he began, "one day there was a young ass who wanted to find out where funny stories came from, and someone told him women's clubs started 'em. So off he went and . . ."

For once one of Uncle Ebenezer's tales was a new one on me all right—both new *and* on me. Questioned, he said he had it from Jenkins, who had got it from Potterby, who had . . . It was at that point I abandoned my quest for good.

A. A.

TO-DAY'S IMPOSSIBLE PICTURE.



Regulator of Traffic (*to delinquents*). "... AND THE NEXT TIME YOU SEE AN OFFICER IN UNIFORM AT A CROSSROAD PERHAPS YOU'LL OBEY HIS INSTRUCTIONS."



THE CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE.

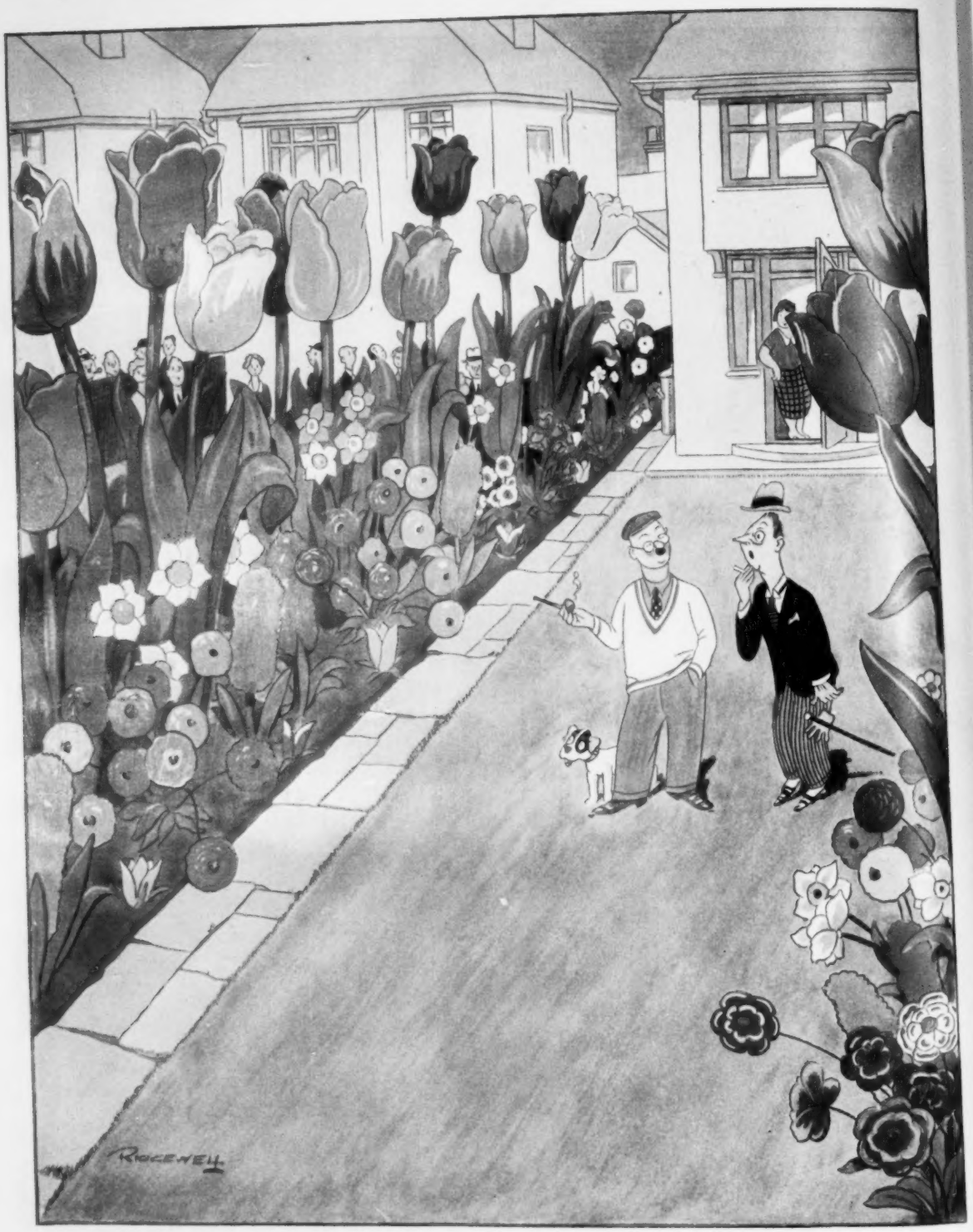
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THE CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE.



AS ADVERTISED;

OR, THE BULB CATALOGUE THAT FULFILLED ITS PROMISE.



STRAWS IN THE WIND.

THOUGH I grieve for the workers of Luton
When, urged by the pressure of need,
Undercut by the Slav and the Teuton,
For preference loudly they plead,
Still I never considered the "boater,"
So often the sport of the breeze,
As a sure or effective promoter
Of comfort and ease.

Though smart, it is hard and unyielding,
And proved by experience unfit
For bowling or batting or fielding
As part of the cricketer's kit;
While for tennis, in spite of the merry
BOROTRA's regretted collapse,
It cannot compete with the *béret*
Or close-fitting caps.

That marvellous man, Mr. PHILBY,
Our errant Arabian Knight,
Wore neither a straw nor a Trilby
When facing the sun at its height;
While Kent's multitudinous hoppers,
Whose industry matches the mole's,
Dispensing with bowlers or toppers,
Work under bare polls.

Our stalwart and shockheaded hikers,
Our bonny sun-worshipping brats,
Are most of them resolute strikers
Against the dominion of hats;
And, though Harrow still finds in its "boater"
A source of peculiar bliss,
At the risk of committing a floater
I give it a miss.

C. L. G.

HOW TO BRIGHTEN THE COUPON SYSTEM.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—May I claim a little of your valuable space to put before your readers a proposition of undoubted merit?

In these days of economy most of us have had to cut down our expenditure. An immediate and distressing result of this is that many of us have found that the rate at which we can collect the free-gift coupons that are supplied with many articles of every-day use has been greatly restricted. Thousands of our worthy citizens suffer the hardship of waiting far longer than the normal time before they can collect the number of coupons required to secure their free wireless-sets or ping-pong outfits. The remedy is simple, involving nothing more than the fusion of the free-gift coupon system with another equally well-established feature of our civilisation; I refer, of course, to the popular purchase-by-instalments plan.

Briefly, then, my suggestion is that the firms who offer coupons to their customers should establish a system whereby the chosen gift would be delivered to the customer on receipt of the first five coupons; the balance of four hundred and ninety-five, or of four thousand nine hundred and ninety-five as the case might be, being paid off in weekly or monthly instalments of five or ten.

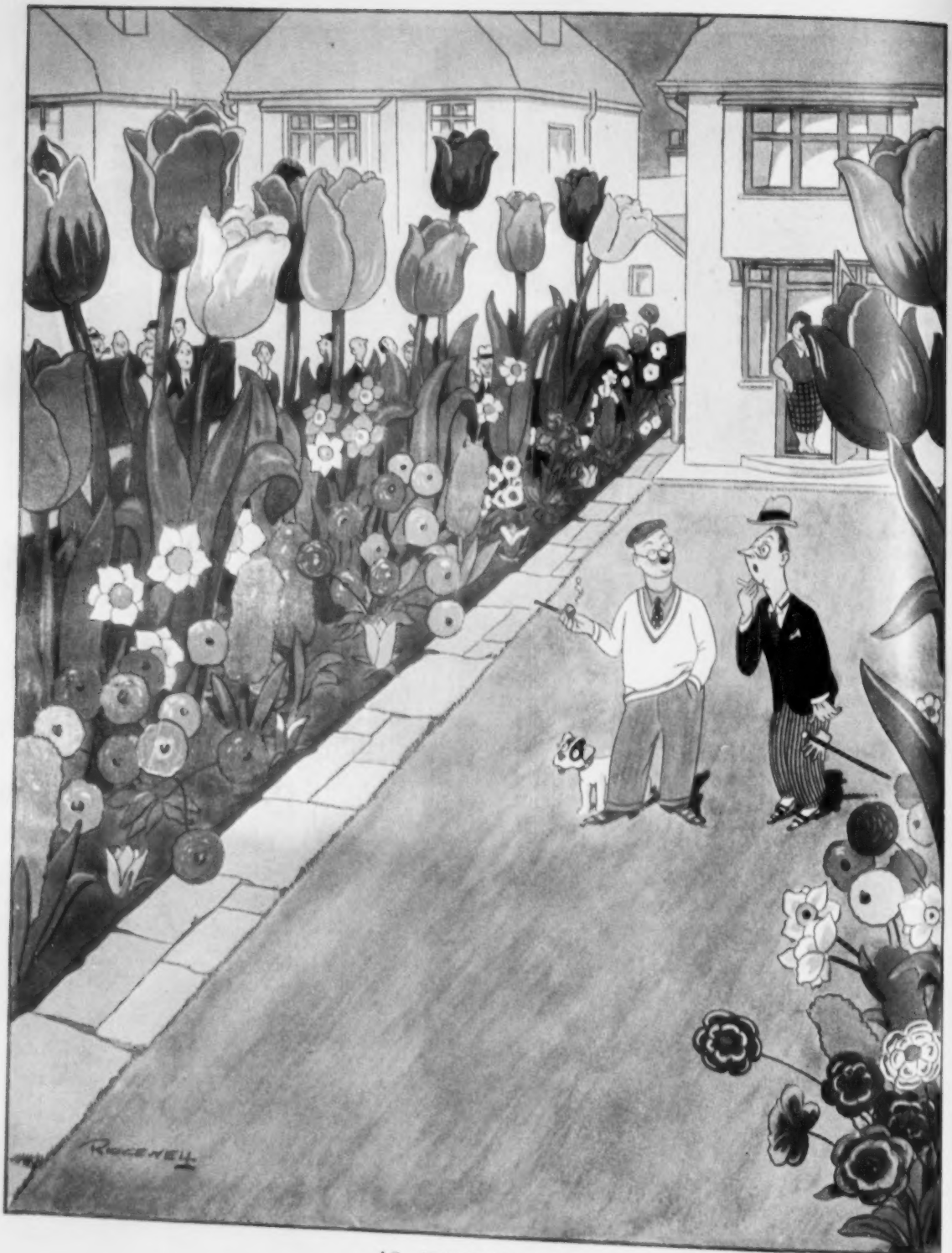
I feel sure, Sir, of your sympathy in this simple plan to relieve the pressing burdens of so large a proportion, so patient a proportion, of the community, and have the honour, Sir, to subscribe myself HOLDER OF FIVE COUPONS.

"The two-tired wedding cakes were handsomely decorated."—*East Anglian Paper.*

Confectioners are urging a Government Inquiry into Fatigue in Marzipan.

"Love was once a little Boy (Unaccompanied)."—*Wireless Programme.*

But not for long.



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THE TWO WRECKS.

TO COMMENDATORE QUAGLIA OF THE *ARTIGLIO*.

(With Mr. Punch's best compliments.)

OUT of the *Egypt* comes forth gold
Extracted from her drownéd hold;
There hasn't been a nobler haul
Since Israel (as you recall,
Knowing your Pentateuch's description)
Spoiled the Egyptian.

Cascades of sovereigns—things that we
Never, not even singly, see—
Flood the *Artiglio's* gallant decks
Up to her tars' astonied necks;
Enormous, too, the mass of tin got
Ingot by ingot.

So patience has her due reward
In handling this subaqueous hoard;
And, as I muse on what you've won,
My thoughts to other waters run,
Wishing you'd help us to retrieve a
Bit from Geneva.

Hourly we think of some new plan
For raising bullion at Lausanne,
Eager to pouch a salvage prize
From where the wrecked *Europa* lies;
Hoping at least that some brave diver
Will scoop a fiver.

O QUAGLIA, lest our courage quit,
Bring to our aid your pluck and grit;
The nerve that ocean failed to shake
Could not be rattled by a lake;
Come, bringing with you, to inflate us,
Your apparatus.

If you consented (see cartoon
Wherein our RAMSAY craves this boon)
And from its lair the stuff uphove,
We'd melt a solid slab of trove
To fit you with a *couronne dorée*,
Commendatore! O. S.

CHARIVARIA.

IN an article on sleeping in the open a medical writer points out that plenty of newspapers under the sheet are useful. There seems no limit to the helpfulness of the Press.

***

We learn from a daily paper that the GLADSTONE family is descended from HERBERT DE GLEDSTANES who in 1296 swore fealty to EDWARD I. for lands in the county of Lanark. We should be glad to know what HERBERT DE GLEDSTANES said in 1296.

***

Cells at the Old Bailey are kept cool in hot weather by a continuous spray of water directed upon the outer walls. Yet the criminal classes are obstinate in their preference for sweltering outside.

At Wimbledon some women spectators collapsed from excitement. Nothing like this ever occurs at Lord's.

***

"If America takes up cricket seriously it may even influence the game in this country," says a writer. We should love to see cheer-leaders, armed with megaphones, inciting spectators at Lord's to vocal frenzy.

***

It has been suggested that for their protection policemen on point duty should be enclosed in steel cages. An objection is that this would expose them to risk of the indignity of being offered nuts.

***

A majority of the French medical experts who have been consulted on the question consider it safer to kiss than to shake hands. All the same we prefer to take the risk of shaking hands with Frenchmen.

***

In a cricket report the captain of a school team was described as suddenly producing a fast-medium bowler much as a conjurer brings a rabbit out of a hat. More usually this simile is suggested by the production of a batsman.

***

With reference to a judge's comment that doctors' fees are becoming exorbitant, the feeling in medical circles is that very few briefs are marked at bargain prices.

***

A Vienna plumber who was fined for hitting another man in the course of a psychic séance declared that the blow was struck by a disembodied spirit. On the other hand difficulty is often experienced in getting a plumber to materialise.

***

Our lawn-tennis stars are criticised as being lacking in courage. We trust that our table-tennis hopes are made of sterner stuff.

***

The presiding magistrate at Reading took his seat the other day wearing a cricket-shirt. He risked the rebuke from a witness that the court was not a place of entertainment.

***

Sixty degrees, we are told, is the correct temperature for the storage of pianos. We ourselves have consigned some of them to a much greater heat.

***

A well-known novelist says that he would never have the heart to murder an editor. We dislike sloppy sentimentalism.

***

According to *The Daily Express*, fashionable girls will wear kiss-curls for the next three months. We doubt whether they will be allowed to enter a Beckenham cinema unless accompanied by a wide-brimmed hat.

***

"Many a tragedy," says a temperance speaker, "has been caused by the two words, 'What's yours?'" And even more by the two words, "I will."

***

The Daily Express has explained to its women-readers how to knit a béret hat which can be unravelled in no time. What fun they do have, these people who read newspapers.

***

A Paddington surgeon has reported the birth of a baby which weighed only a pound-and-a-half. The craze for small families seems to be spreading.

***

A news item mentions a Glasgow girl who set out to play a game of golf and went to Gretna Green and was married instead. This supports our contention that some persons never take golf seriously enough.

***

From Chicago comes the news that a dyspeptic has lost all traces of indigestion since he was shot in the abdomen by a gangster. We have decided, however, not to take this treatment.

***

A gossip-writer points out that a lot of women were wearing jewels in their hair at Henley this year. Can this have any connection with the Diamond Skulls we have heard so much about?

***

"Animals are still subjected to cruelty in spite of all the money subscribed to counteract it," declares a J.P. But it is only fair to point out that they are not expected to attend the annual meetings of the R.S.P.C.A.

***

The Stock Exchange is once again opening for business on Saturdays. This will give golf-caddies more time to attend to their stocks and shares.

***

A wireless paper says that two thousand years ago wild boars prowled over what is now the site of Broadcasting House. Even now the place is not entirely free from the tame species.

***

Before the talkies came, people sometimes used to wonder what the actors in the film dramas were supposed to be saying. And sometimes they still wonder.

***

Flabby muscles and flabby wills, in the opinion of a headmaster, never produce anything in the world except a balance at the bank. It takes firmness to acquire an overdraft.



THE RECKONING.

MR. DE VALERA. "MY HOME DUTIES KEEP ME FROM OTTAWA."

MR. J. H. THOMAS. "AND WE SHALL SOON BE PROVIDING YOU WITH SOME FOREIGN ONES TOO."



American. "THESE GUYS, JUNIOR, ARE THE HORSE GUARDS."
Junior. "WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, POP? THAT HORSE DON'T LOOK AS IF HE WANTED GUARDING."

YACHTING ON THE BROADS.

EXPLANATION OF SOME COMMON TERMS.

(*Some still commoner ones have been censored.*)

BILGE.—The bilge consists of beer, tea, soup, water and any other liquids which may happen to get upset during the voyage.

BOOM.—This is perhaps the greatest danger with which we yachtsmen have to contend. It consists of a balk of timber fastened at one end to the mast. This frequently sweeps with incredible speed over the deck during an abstruse manœuvre in higher sailsmanship (*see* JIBE) understood only by master mariners, and brings death to the unwary. As in the wilder parts of our Empire a man's life depends on his quickness with a gun, so in the home waters does a man's life depend on his quickness in avoiding this diabolical contrivance.

BOWS.—Commonly known as the sharp end of the boat. The reason it is sharp is to distinguish it from the back.

BUNK.—A vulgar Americanism signifying "nonsense" or worse.

CABIN.—This is the only part of the boat which really matters. It consists of a small passage with bunks each side and portholes to let in the rain. The roof or cabin top can be hoisted up, when you are not sailing, in such a position that you strike your head when going up on deck for air. If insecurely fixed it will descend with great force, but it is not on the whole so dangerous as the boom.

The cabin is the social centre of the ship. It is there that one goes in times of stress and trouble for that spiritual succour so necessary to those who have looked on nothing but water for too long. It was of this that BYRON must have been thinking when he wrote of

"The joys and sorrows sailors find
Cooped in their wingéd sea-girt citadel."

DECK.—A narrow path which runs round the cabin top. It is surfaced with linoleum, which is particularly slippery when wet. It is customary on well-managed yachts to swab this down immediately before someone else is going to set the sail or walk backwards or forwards with the quant pole (*see* QUANT). This custom is believed to have given birth to the famous saying which begins, "I shall pass this way but once . . ."

DINGHY.—A small rowing-boat specially constructed to capsize with or without the slightest provocation. It is towed behind the yacht in case of emergency, shipwreck, fire or the King's enemies. Fortunately, by the time it has been cast off the emergency has passed.

There are three ways of boarding a dinghy from a yacht, all of them fatal:—

(1) You place one foot carefully in the dinghy, keeping the other foot on the yacht, when the dinghy immediately drifts away and you fall between the two.

(2) You jump boldly into it and either miss it altogether or turn it over.

(3) You put on a bathing costume, dive overboard and try to climb into the dinghy, when the other side comes up and stuns you.

If by any chance you find yourself sitting in the dinghy you can be practically certain that both oars have fallen overboard and you will have to paddle with your hands. That is unless it is fitted with an infernal machine known as an "outboard motor," in which case you will spend a happy hour

starting the engine and a hectic few minutes wishing you knew how the devil to stop it. Time will usually solve the latter problem for you when the dinghy has taken the river-bank in its stride and landed you in a flower-bed belonging to a riparian bungalow.

FENDER.—Theoretically something you hang over the side of the boat to prevent it from scraping against the bank or another boat.

In actual practice this will be found impossible, as the only things you can tie them to are in places where the boat is not scraping.

In any case the question will not arise, as you will most likely have thrown them previously at passing motor-boats.

JIB.—The jib, or, more correctly, the jibsail, is a small piece of canvas tied up in front of the mast. Its only purpose seems to be to prevent you from seeing where you are going and to provide a few more ropes for people to fall over or pull by mistake.

When the order "Lower the jib" is given the usual custom is to lower the mainsail by mistake and either flatten or smother anybody who is sailing the boat. Whether this is a good thing or not depends on where you happen to be when it occurs.

My own theory is that the reason for the jibsail lies in the old saying that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

(*To be continued.*)

THE SEASON.

ASCOT, the Tattoo, the Horse Show, Wimbledon—I have been to them all. Not as you, Sir, or you, dear Madam, attended them, at great expense and with elaborate preparations, but cheaply and in the comfort of my own home. For I have found that nowadays, so vividly do our newspapers report upon the great Society functions, so accurately do they reproduce the atmosphere that is the particular charm of each, that the actual journey to the scene is a mere work of supererogation.

It must not of course be imagined that the full flavour of an event can be enjoyed without the taking of a little personal trouble; care and attention to dress has always been the hall-mark of the English gentleman, and it is the knowledge that one is just *right* that adds the crowning touch of happiness to the enjoyment of any social occasion. So it was that Gold Cup day (which with me fell of course on a Friday instead of the conventional Thursday) found me at breakfast in full Royal Enclosure costume, my grey top-hat beside me on the table. And what a day it was! Out of a cloudless sky the sun shone down on a scene of unexampled brilliance and animation. The people cheered, Society clapped its hands and bookmakers shouted; in fact for heat and noise it was an Ascot of unparalleled magnificence.



THE LAW-BREAKER.

And the dresses—such elegance and such variety! Lady Crabtree was there in a toilette of crimson and gold; Viscount Eglington looked fit and well in violet spats, and so I thought did the Duchess of Haverfordwest, who caused a lot of amusement by knocking the Gold Cup off its table. The Hon. Mrs. Mortimer-Eggshot, who was accompanied for a wonder by her husband, looked radiant in tweeds. In short, a great spectacle in a great setting. I tell you I cheered as loudly as the best of them when the KING and QUEEN came driving down the course at the top of column 2.

The horses were in excellent trim. I noticed the favourite was sweating, but then everybody was feeling warm. As for the race itself, whereas the rest of you had the greatest difficulty the day before in making out, with the aid of your binoculars, what horse was in front, I saw the whole thing from start to finish through my spectacles. No need for me to ask my neighbour the name of that animal coming up by the rails. I *knew*. I knew it was Sir Andrew who got left at the start; I knew Sand-

wich took the lead early on; I followed Trimdon to the finish with the utmost ease. And I defy anyone who hears me talking about it all to suppose for an instant that I was not there.

For the Horse Show I wore breeches and a bowler which, if not brown, at least has a distinctly brownish tinge. A very enjoyable show. I like its atmosphere of high spirits and good comradeship; and I love the trumpeter. "Tantivy. . . ." But the Tattoo I thought a little disappointing this year. I had dressed with care, but my paper quite failed to get the right martial touch. One must hope that Tidworth will be better reported.

Wimbledon affords perhaps the clearest example of the advantages of my method. It is so much less fatiguing to move the eyes from side to side of the column than the head from side to side of the court. Also I get into the Centre Court with a minimum of bother.

But about Mrs. Micheldever's dance for her débutante daughter, Patricia, —in some ways the most brilliant event of the season—I wish to make a public and very sincere apology. It is not that I had no invitation, a distinction which I shared no doubt with many in that fashionable company, but rather that my lateness on the morning in question precluded the possibility of my making an adequate toilet. Under the circumstances I ought not to have gone; I realise that now. But at the time, to stay away, to confess oneself a nobody (for it would mean no less), was more than I could bring myself to do.

It was a glittering, nay a scintillating throng that moved beneath the chandeliers to the haunting music of Percival and his Piccadilly Boys. I saw Lady Ketchup, I saw Lord Baghouse, I saw the Baroness Pimlico, the Princess Isla de la Zouche, Earl Bleacher of Throop and a hundred others almost equally well-known. In a corner Gertrude Lady Stogumber, in pink, was chatting with the Venezuelan Chargé d'Affaires. But I felt an outcast, a pariah, a dog without a name; so that even the beauty of the dresses had no appeal. Lady Corbie was in flame-coloured georgette; the Duchess of Basingstoke had on a magnificent gown of dapple-grey silk; but I—I was in camel-hair with slippers to match.

"THE NAPIER WILL SUIT."
Daily Paper.

"Bring it round at ten, James."

"Entries for the King's Challenge Cup in the National Champion Race for pigeons include five from the King's lofts at Sandringham, and a large number of prominent local financiers."—*Leicester Paper.*

Does frequent plucking tend to speed?

ALL ENGLAND *v.* ALL INDIA.

THE England and All India Test Match, although in the aggregate a fine struggle, did in detail little for the cricket-watcher's memory. In the nineteen-sixties, seventies and eighties few old men will be recalling it with any particular gusto, for nothing shiningly stood out. Perhaps its most untoward incident was the skier, straight above his head, to which SUTCLIFFE fell, and to this they may refer. But to little else. "The highest catch I ever saw," one will say, "was at Lord's in, I think, thirty-two, when the ball went off SUTCLIFFE's bat at right angles into the blue. It was when England was playing the Indians."



ONE WAY OF PLAYING ROBINS.
AMAR SINGH.



ANOTHER WAY.
LALL SINGH.

"Was it SUTCLIFFE? Are you sure?" another will reply. "My recollection is—and I rarely forget anything I see at cricket—that it was WOOLLEY, and the match was against the New Zealanders."

Anyway it was a freakish hit, and for SUTCLIFFE the impregnable the match was a freakish experience, for he came to it hot from almost unprecedented scores, to be out twice for only 24, while HOLMES, his renowned partner, who had been selected partly with the idea that SUTCLIFFE might feel comfortably Yorkist while making his new hundreds, assembled in two innings only 17. Such is the uncertainty of this glorious but capricious game.

It was JARDINE'S match, and he has again proved himself a good captain; but I could wish for a little more enterprise in his otherwise impeccable batting. I never saw even a second or third-class batsman hit so many balls direct to the fieldsmen. He gives the impression when he is at the wicket that he is a man of few pleasures, and the pleasure of placing the ball where fieldsmen are not is not one of them. But what a heart-breaking affair to the foe that straight bat must be!

After JARDINE it was ROBINS' match, and ROBINS' name is the first I should put down were I choosing a Test team. He is the best No. 7 since JESSOP. He does everything a No. 7 should. In batting he goes for the bowling and backs up for the short run; in bowling he has a very varied attack and doesn't mind being hit; in fielding he is exceedingly quick and he can throw. I should like to see eleven ROBINSES on a side. Even more I should like to see ROBINS batting to his own bowling. I should guess that in addition to being the best No. 7 since JESSOP he is the most agile bowler since E. M. GRACE, being prepared to gather the return at any part of the field except perhaps behind the wicket.

The match, which went to the stronger side, although they did not positively cover themselves with glory, had some strange vicissitudes. In the first innings of England three wickets were down for 19; in the first innings of India the third wicket fell at 110. England were 166 for six; India were 165 for six. But this equality was not maintained and India made only 189 to England's 259.

In the second innings the advantage was rubbed in, chiefly again by JARDINE, with his academic rigour slightly relaxed, and by PAYNTER, BROWN and ROBINS, and, although the Indians developed a determined aggressiveness late in their second attempt, the match was over.

The Indians are a fine, supple and graceful set of men, strong and tireless and unexpectedly tall. The giant among them is also one of the youngest:

MAHOMED NISSAR of Lahore, their fastest bowler, who, though so big, is only twenty-one. The smallest among them is the neat and nimble LALL SINGH of Kwala Lumpur, where the rubber comes from, some of whose



ENGLAND'S BULWARK.
JARDINE WENT ON DOING THIS FOR HOURS AND HOURS AND HOURS.

resilience he has borrowed. This elegant little Oriental, whose turban is a beacon-light, quickly became the darling of the crowd for his energy and ability in the field, over which he flits continually, converting would-be fours into singles, and for the courage and gaiety of his second innings, when, although all was lost, he hurried undismayed and joyous to the fray, and while he helped AMAR SINGH to put on 72 runs showed signs now and then of incipient Ranjiness.

All the team field well, but perhaps AMAR SINGH of Kathiawar, the slender, long and youthful fast bowler, is, when in the slips, the most alert and accomplished. He also was the highest scorer for his side, making in the second innings some terrific hits—one six and three fours in a single over: in fact, enjoying all the privileges of a man played for his bowling.

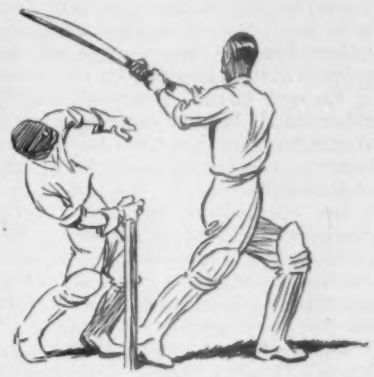
The Captain, C. K. NAYADU of Indore, is another giant, powerful and keen, who bowls cunningly, with a deceptive flight, and when batting hits every ball as though he wished to see it no more. The hit which, owing to faulty timing, ended in a catch in the safe hands of ROBINS, was intended either for the St. John's Wood Road or to disturb the occupants of the upper rooms in the inn.

The Indians are exemplary cricketers in many ways and they could teach us more than one lesson. They are "on their toes," as the phrase has it, all the while. They can throw long and fast and truly, whereas with us throwing is the least cultivated branch of the game. Their next-man-in is on the pavilion steps before the retiring batsman has reached them, whereas, although accidents are continually happening, to the



A VERY POPULAR DECISION.
HARDSTAFF SIGNALS THE DISMISSAL OF THE TEA INTERVAL.

waiting members of an English batting side the fall of a wicket always seems to come as a miracle. But there is something still more noteworthy to record. On Monday afternoon, at half-past four, the Indians waived their right to take a tea interval. I think I must repeat this remarkable and incredible statement. On Monday afternoon, at half-past four, the Indians waived their right to take a



PERILS OF A WICKET-KEEPER'S LIFE.
AMES AND AMAR SINGH.

tea interval. More power to their dusky elbows, and may they have a bigger slice of luck next time! E. V. L.

Another Libel on the National Game.

"Tate is a good batsman when he takes betting seriously. . . ."—*Evening Paper.*

This Week's Sticky Story.

"A simple story, but the threads are woven together with supreme art, and from the very beginning enmush the unfortunate man in an inescapable coil of maniacal jealousy, crime and despair."
Sunday Paper.

"STEMMING THE TIDE.
MODERN EQUIPMENT IN SUNDAY SCHOOLS."
Headlines in Yorkshire Paper.

Sunday Schools have improved a lot since CANUTE'S day.



THE N.W. FRONTIER OF INDIA.

"It is laid down in the Traffic Regulations that motor vehicles must have very far-reaching consequences."
Indian Paper.

It 's the near ones that scare us.

"The American plan for a reduction of effectives, which M. Herriot said was inacceptable, provides for an elaborate system of calculations based on area, population, frontiers, colonel commitments, and lines of communication."
Scots Paper.

Another suggestion is to incarcerate all ranks without distinction.

PLANS FOR THE DAY.

"WOMEN are born organisers," wrote a dear lady in a feminine journal the other day. A man will organise minor things like railways or international finance or industrial combines, but he knows his limitations. He is content with those lesser triumphs and rarely undertakes the organisation of the private lives of those about him, even in his own house. A woman, on the other hand, has no such misgivings. Her sphere, she has been told, is the home, and she is out to make it a Sphere of Real Influence.

Her method—if, say, you are a brother or husband or someone in the orbit—is subtle and insidious. She says casually at breakfast, with the air of one merely making conversation: "By the way, what are you doing to-day?"

You don't know. Quite possibly you haven't thought. Quite possibly you don't want to think. There is on some mornings a rich delight in not thinking of what you are going to do till you actually find yourself doing the thing, and even achieving a mild astonishment over it. So you reply tersely that you don't know, and reach for the marmalade.

She adopts a surprised silence, and you are given the impression that an exhibition of so much vacuity of purpose is staggering.

"Well, will you let me know when you do?" she at last asks resignedly. She now has the air of a kind-hearted teacher giving that half-witted child at the bottom of the class five minutes' grace because it had a fall when a baby and is not quite like other people. She then just sits and looks at you, inclining an expectant ear across the table every time you clear your throat till she has so irretrievably shattered the pleasant mental stagnation of your breakfast-hour that you feel you might as well talk as not.

"What are you going to do yourself?" you growl.

This is her cue. Prefacing her remarks with "Well, of course it *really* depends on you," she at once initiates a verbal discussion of plans. During this you are soon betrayed by the morning sogginess of your brain into admitting you *had* vaguely considered going out somewhere in the afternoon.

She seizes on it. "Oh! where?"

"Well, I—I haven't quite decided."

Inspiration appears to descend upon her. "There's a concert at the Ionian Hall this afternoon."

"I don't care about going to a concert."

"But you said only yesterday——"

This makes you wild. No man—except a politician—should be bound by a polite profession of aims made the day before when possibly he was in a totally different mood.

"Well, what of it?" you snap with such forbidding truculence that she is silent a while and then tries another line. She picks up the paper and with the air of one glancing through it without design, stops casually at the page devoted to music.

"It *is* Steppovitch who is playing at the Ionian, I see," she says artlessly.

"Let him."

"Oh, I only mentioned it because George Weatherby particularly wants to hear Steppovitch. You might get him to go with you. He was saying he hadn't seen you for a long time."

This is different. You begin to think of George. Not a bad fellow, George. And it certainly is months since you went out with him.

"Do as you wish," she interposes skilfully at this point. "But I'd like to know because I have my own arrangements to make."

"Perhaps George isn't free," you remark, still anxious in spite of your regard for him to avoid an entanglement.

"Oh, that's all right. I happened to be phoning Muriel the day before yesterday and she said George would be at a loose end this afternoon."

"Well," you concede at last, "I'll go and ring the old lad up and see what he says."

"Don't bother, dear. *I'll* do it."

You have rarely seen her quite so sweet, but all the same you prefer to do your own telephoning.

"Hang it! I've got strength to lift a receiver, haven't I?"

"Don't be stupid. Of course you have. But I have to say something to Muriel anyway, and I thought I could save you trouble. I only wanted to help you and you burst out at me with cheap sarcasm——"

So she goes off to telephone, shutting the door behind her. She has a long talk with Muriel—as far as you can hear mostly about clothes—and returns to announce that George will be delighted. You sigh and retreat to your study. For the rest of the morning you keep catching yourself wondering happily what to do that afternoon, and then realising with a sudden sinking of the heart that it has all been arranged for you. You are no longer a creature of free-will; you are part of an organisation.

You meet George outside the concert-hall and look at "Steppovitch" in letters a foot high. You are about to go in when George says mournfully: "I say, old fellow, you know I'm not terribly musical. Are you really frightfully keen?"

"Me? Keen?" you cry. "Why, it's *you* who wanted to go!"

"*Me?* Dash it, I was told that *you* were dying to go to this concert with me this afternoon because otherwise you'd be all alone."

"Alone?"

"Yes, you knew of course, didn't you, that the two women fixed up days ago to go shopping?"

We stare mournfully at each other, two poor cogs of a perfectly organised and well-running machine.

"Why the hell," says George with feeling, "won't they make their arrangements openly and let us do what we. . . . However, let's go and see GRETA GARBO."

We go.

You tell your wife that night that you both enjoyed the music very much. It is lucky that there is invariably some sort of music in a picture-theatre. In reply she asks you what you had thought of doing to-morrow morning.

A. A.

"L.C.C.—DANGEROUS."

YOU'D think it was easy, but it wasn't.

The trouble is that the Victoria Embankment is one long lie.

My great ship was safely moored upon the public "roads" near Waterloo Bridge. I wished to go ashore in the dinghy, do a little eating, telephone to some friends and arrange for them to join me. It sounds easy.

I surveyed the coast of the Victoria Embankment, the high shores of Westminster—the heart of the Capital. It is an unfriendly and inhospitable shore, and it struck me that I might as well be off Cape Horn.

Between Westminster and Blackfriars there are three imposing sets of stairs, two-winged so to speak, leading down from the Embankment to the River Thames. The architect, I have no doubt, imagined the citizens of London walking down his fine stairs and entering boats, or arriving in boats and walking up the steps. Unfortunately at none of these has any provision been made for making fast a boat. Nothing elaborate or expensive is required, only an iron ring in the wall. There is no iron ring at any of the stairs, and it is impossible to make fast a boat to a naked stone step.

At the steps by Cleopatra's Needle there is a sort of hand-rail or banister; but that, I am informed by a waterman, is intended for the use not of mariners but pedestrians (suicides, I suppose), and if I attached a heavy boat to it I should get into trouble.



Lady. "WHOM DID YOU WORK FOR LAST?"
Charlady. "PERHAPS YOU REMEMBER THAT MISS BROWN WHAT DIED MYSTERIOUS? WELL, I DONE FOR 'ER."

I might, I suppose, have tied my little dinghy to the hand-rail intended for pedestrians, but I could not safely leave her there because of the small boys who teem and multiply thereabouts and molest unattended boats. (I had left her there but two minutes a few days earlier, and even in that short space about twenty of the little dears had swarmed upon her and were using her as they might use a younger brother's discarded toy.) So those steps were out of the question too.

Talking of iron rings, I must mention, by the way, the Lion's Heads. All along the river-face of the Embankment, at short intervals there are majestic heads of lions carved in bronze, and in the mouths of these lions are great rings. I hardly like to doubt that the architect intended these great rings to be of service to the mariner. But except at high water they are out of reach. They might be of use to the mariner if there were long chains hanging from them. There are no long chains. Indeed, I am not sure that they are strong enough to support a long chain. For once, when at anchor and fearful of "dragging," I thought to make fast to one of these great rings for additional security. But a friendly tug-master informed me that they were made of gun-metal and he would not himself care to trust a favourite canoe to one of them.

All this is not strictly relevant to the present narrative, but it is valuable evidence in support of my original proposition that the Victoria Embankment is one long lie.

In all its dignified length authority has provided no single ring, hook, chain, bollard or what-not to which the mariner may attach his vessel—except the hand-rail mentioned already, and that was not intended for him.

But, you say, there are landing-

stages, pontoons, piers. Are there? You try.

At Blackfriars there is a pier; but that is occupied by fire-floats (water-fire-engines, dear), and the private citizen may not land there.

At the Temple there is visible the place where there used to be an L.C.C. pier, but it has been removed.

Just below Waterloo Bridge there is a pontoon, but that is the river-police station, and you may not, officially, land there.

Just below Hungerford Bridge there is an L.C.C. pier. But this is labelled DANGEROUS—CLOSED; and you may not land there.

Just above Hungerford Bridge there is another pier, but that again is occupied by fire-floats and, officially, you may not land there.

Just below Westminster Bridge there is a Port of London Authority pier. You may land there, and the officials are courteous and helpful; but you cannot leave a boat there during the day because of the coming and going of the pleasure-steamers.

So I surveyed the Victoria Embankment and thought of Cape Horn. These two miles are, as it were, the social heart of London's river. Here do London and the Thames most ostentatiously and grandly meet. Parliament, the County Hall and Somerset House are situated on these handsome shores; our Abbey, Whitehall and Mr. Punch's Street are near them. If we may imagine some English exile, some London *Rip Van Winkle*, returning by water to his native town, it is to this Embankment that he would direct his vessel. And he would find that in all its length there is no place where (officially) a man may land and leave his boat in safe charge for an hour or two.

In practice the desperate act can be done, and I did it. But I must not tell you how, for fear of getting a friendly official into trouble. I had to approach the Embankment a little after dusk, stealthily and feeling rather like a river-burglar. If I had known how to muffle my oars I should have muffled them. It is fun, of course, to approach the Victoria Embankment with the sensations and the precautions of a water-felon; but it seems odd that it should be necessary.

The oddest thing of all is the L.C.C. Charing Cross Pier, which would have been my nearest landing-place. This pier has been floating there and disused for I know not how many years, labelled "L.C.C.—DANGEROUS—CLOSED." The L.C.C. employs a man to watch it, not to assist the public to use the river, but to prevent the public from using their pier. They must not use it, he has to tell them, because if the public sustained an injury from its imperfect deck they might come upon the County Council for damages.



Proud Father. "DO YOU THINK HE FAVOURS ME?"
Friend. "WELL, HE'S CERTAINLY LIKE YOU, BUT I WOULDN'T GO SO FAR AS TO CALL IT A FAVOUR."

If I were the L.C.C. (which would be a very good thing) I should not think it consonant with the dignity of so great a corporation to allow a public pier to lie rotting year after year against the Victoria Embankment labelled "L.C.C.—DANGEROUS—CLOSED." I should at once take steps to put its deck into repair and make my pier available to the public. This would cost £100, or a little more. If "economy" insisted, I should get this money back by charging the public for the use of my pier. I should instal a telephone, petrol and water-supply for the use of the numerous yachtsmen and motor-boaters who pass this point, and a man to take charge of their boats when necessary. A parking-place and supply station combined. (If you run out of petrol in these waters you have to drive about London in taxis to get a new supply—a great indignity to any mariner. You cannot telephone anywhere along the shore.) I should provide for the river-traveller the same sort of services (in due proportion) as are provided for the land-traveller. Only in this case I would make money out of it.

Also I should provide boats for hire by the public, as in the parks. This pier would be an invaluable port of call for the Thames taxis or any similar service. Recently the L.C.C. were invited by such a service to spend that £100 and put their pier in repair. They refused. "Economy," I suppose; but it seems a queer form of it. The promoters of the services were told that they might repair this public pier at their own expense. I do not think the L.C.C. would ask the L.G.O.C. to pay for the repair of the public pavements at which they set down and pick up passengers.

I have half a mind to shame the L.C.C. by putting up that £100 myself. But even then I have no doubt that some unanswerable objection would arise. I have no doubt that that pier will be there rotting and useless, carefully watched by a watchman and labelled "L.C.C.—DANGEROUS—CLOSED" until it will not even support the watchman. Then the L.C.C. will remove the remains and say that there was no public demand for a pier there, and one more point of access to the river will have gone.

The fact is, alas, that there is a genial conspiracy at County Hall to pretend that the River Thames is not really there. But I ought to tell the Councillors what the Dutch seamen say as they pass through London in their fine boats. They look at that pier labelled "L.C.C.—DANGEROUS—CLOSED" and they say "My hat! What a country!" It grieves me to hear the Dutchmen say this.

And on second thoughts I *will* put up that £100. On condition that the pier be known as Haddock Haven.

A. P. H.

Is Cricket Clean?

"England went in a second time, and Sutcliffe vent a tank of crude oil, used by an engine and then snicked Amor Singh through the slips."—*Welsh Paper.*

DOGS OF EVERY DAY.

ALSATIAN.

I'M as handsome as paint from the tip of my nose
To the tip of my well-carried tail;
I'm the popular idol at popular shows,
And my friends in high place never fail;
I sleep upon sofas most silken to see
And I ride in the Rolls when I take
The air of Hyde Park, and at drawing-room tea
Eat éclairs and pink sugar-cake.
But still I'm the Wolf that ate Little Red Riding Hood,
The Wolf that is always awake.

I walk like a shadow that's thrown of the moon—
The moon that I sit and I bay
With a "*W-o-o-w!*" and an "*O-o-w!*" and a wanchancey tune
About shadows and shapes that are grey;
But I look, so I'm told, the most aristocrat,
And all good society dubs
Me dog of the best, and to keep me at that
It has founded the finest of Clubs.
But still I'm the Wolf that ate Little Red Riding Hood,
And the whelps that I father are cubs.

I am grey as a ghost, I am grey as a pearl,
And as doubtful as Didymus, I;
I'm a bundle of nerves and as queer as a girl,
And I won't let a stranger come nigh;
I'm wiser than sin in my natural *nous*,
And the thief who climbs over the wall
When I, the Alsatian, am guarding the house
Learns that honesty's best after all.
But still I'm the Wolf that ate Little Red Riding Hood,
And I'd eat her again did she call.

I am handsome as paint from the points of my ears
To the points of my elegant toes;
My friends they are princes, policemen and peers;
I'm the popular fellow who goes
Ride-a-cock in the Rolls; at the off window-pane
You may see me so smilingly set
Before I go home to take tea in Park Lane
With the very best names in *Debrett*.
But still I'm the Wolf that ate Little Red Riding Hood,
And I haven't forgotten her yet.

P. R. C.



[Several ancestral houses in the country are being converted into hikers' hostels.]

Holiday-maker (*meeting the Family Ghost*). "DO YOU HIKE?"
Ghost (*haughtily*). "NO, I WALK."

LALAGE'S LETTERS.

DARLING DODO,—I'm afraid I can't be much help over your library-list at the moment. There's such a lot going on that I really haven't had time to read a thing, except of course Lola Leppingham's new travel-book, *With Powder and Lipstick in Hottest Honolulu*, and one or two pretty dim novels which I wouldn't recommend even if I could remember their names.

As for what you call "nice fat biographies for Richard," I'm simply no help at all, nor is William, because he hates biographies, especially the kind with names like *From Errand-Boy to Emperor*, or *From Boot-black to Bullion-broker*. He says he's sick of hearing about priggish little brutes of boys who save up all their pennies and "make good," and that it would be much more fun to read a biography called *From Duke to Dustman*, about someone who was rich and respectable in his youth but gradually descended lower and lower in the social and financial scale, ending in prison or a doss-house. After all, it's much more likely to happen nowadays and would therefore have a wider appeal.

Talking of that sort of thing, it's really very funny how fashionable some of the most *bourgeois* habits have become lately. It's getting quite usual to be asked out to "High Tea" about six o'clock, followed by a film or one of these lovely non-stop variety shows. Then you come home about half-past nine, have drinks and sandwiches and get to bed *early*, which is marvellous and such a new experience. I can't imagine why none of us thought of doing it before.

Also it's such fun thinking out ingenious High Tea menus. Some people just have an ordinary tea, plus an egg or a Welsh rabbit or something; but others go the whole hog and give you ham and jam and bread-and-cheese and shrimp-paste and pork-pies and pickles. Phryne Gollenberg (needless to say) thought she'd be really *chic* one day and provided each of us with an enormous plate of *winkles*, which of course one felt in honour bound to cope with somehow, especially as each guest was presented with a diamond-and-platinum pin as a souvenir. We all had raging tummy-aches before the evening was over, but Ba Beverley said that on the whole it was worth it as she was more than usually on the rocks at the moment and the pin ought to fetch enough to pay off quite a lot of her worst bills.

Poor Ba; she told me the other day that the hardest thing to bear about being broke is that whenever you *do* save up enough money to buy a frock at Elzevir's or Annajanebrown's some well-meaning fool like Adela Fossick is sure to come along and say kindly, "My dear, how smart you look! Did you make it yourself?"

The Monty Cherrisons had a Portrait Party last week—terribly ingenious. You weren't allowed in unless you brought a portrait *of* yourself *by* yourself, and while we were at supper they were all pinned up on the walls of Monty's study, and afterwards we had to wander round and guess who was who. There was one prize for the person who guessed the greatest number right, and another for the person whose own picture was guessed right by the greatest number of other people. It was really very funny to see somebody first of all peering at a picture and then glancing round rather furtively to find if there was anyone remotely like it, and finally sidling up to you and saying, "*Would* you mind telling me your name?" To say nothing of your own frantic efforts to see which number he was putting you down as!

You can imagine people's faces when the results were read out. Tinda Bochs was furious because nearly everybody thought her portrait was meant to be Phryne Gollenberg—but not half so furious as Phryne was. Their noses, of course, *are* rather alike. Mimi Sludge was guessed right by every single person and looked as though she didn't quite know whether to take it as a compliment to her draughtsmanship or an insult to her face. However, it was a lovely party—quite the best we've been to, although I must say Pansy Pryce-Rockbotham's "Yo-Yo" party ran it pretty close.

I suppose even your remote and woolly part of the country has been invaded by this feverish craze—probably the village shop sells them already, mixed up with lamp-oil and bull's-eyes. However, in case you have so far escaped, a Yo-Yo is a thing like a big cotton-reel that's been squashed flat by a steam-roller, or like two halfpenny buns made of wood and joined together by the middles of the flat sides. It has a bit of string about a yard long wound round its waist, and the other end is round your finger, and you sort of make it run up and down the string and do tricks. I can't explain any better than that, but it's perfectly fascinating. It's supposed to be a relic of some frightfully ancient civilisation, I forget which



AFTER HIGH TEA WITH WINKLES.



"FROM DUKE TO DUSTMAN."



"YO-YO."



REFINEMENTS OF SPEECH.

Son (introducing his fiancée to his mother). "DARLING, MEET MY HAG."

—funny how it's always the silly time-wasting things that really last!

At Pansy's party we were each given one when we arrived and you weren't allowed to have supper till you'd made it run up the string at least once. It looks bone easy, but is quite incredibly difficult, and William and I very nearly starved. Some people got on to frightfully advanced tricks which entail a good deal of whirling the thing round your head, so there were quite a lot of casualties before the evening was out, including Cornelia Burgeon's horn-rimmed spectacles, two of Gerald Pryce-Rockbotham's pet Ming vases and William's left ear.

I must stop, darling—I haven't yet recovered from a bad attack of Wimbledon Eye. Your LALAGE. JAN.

"WIMBLEDON TENNIS.
"Miss Jacobs won fist set against Frl. Krahwinkel 6—2."—*Evening Paper.*

But rackets are still in general use.

"I shall be grateful if a reader can give me an effectual recipe for killing green fly. I have lost one I had which contained a strong tobacco used by sailors."—*Bristol Paper.*

Won't the poor little creature inevitably die of its contents?

TO A GARDEN LOVER.

My friend, I hear your kindly voice exclaiming,
"A garden is a place of rest and peace";
Mine is a place of killing and of maiming,
The site of little wars that never cease.

You love the birds, and I do; call them darlings
And many other fond endearing terms,
But have you ever stood and watched the starlings
Engage in struggles with reluctant worms?

The blackbird, with his voice of mellow beauty,
Sings from my hawthorn to the world around,
Then, swiftly mindful of parental duty,
Drags out a writhing breakfast from the ground.

I should dislike a meal that squirmed and twisted;
A moving mouthful is a horrid thought;
I could not eat a cutlet that resisted
Nor bear to lunch upon a steak that fought.

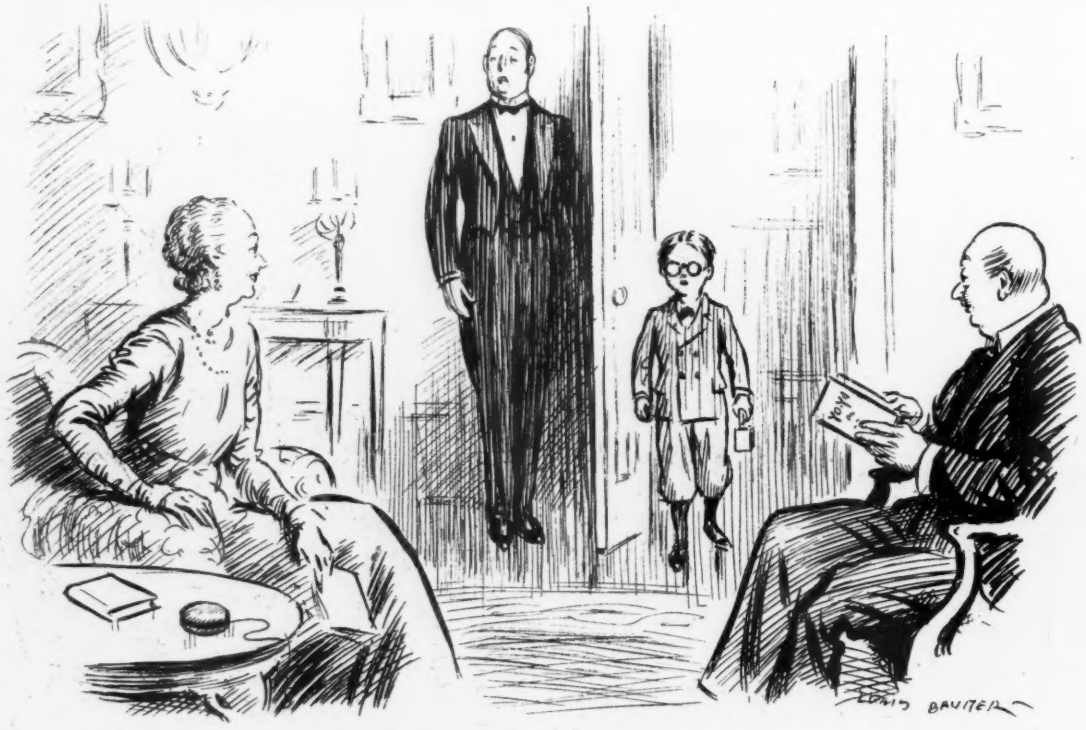
Yet I, for no such gastronomic reason,
In warlike action also play a part,
And day by day and season after season
Chase, crush and kill with hatred in my heart.

I will not let the green-fly eat my roses;
The wire-worm shall not fatten on my seeds;
A slug is wholly wrong when he supposes
That I grow asters to supply his needs.

And now, my friend, I've told you all about it;
My garden knows no peace through rain or shine,
And every other garden, never doubt it,
In this respect is very much like mine.

"One might condense the advice into a few words—that a player should be, as it were, well oiled at the top and firm as a rock below."
Miss WETHERED, in Sunday Paper.

It requires long practice at the 19th hole to achieve an invulnerable pedestal.



MANNERS AND MODES.

Butler. "PROFESSOR KIDLING—FOR YOUR YO-YO LESSON, MY LADY."

MORE DISARMAMENT PROPOSALS.

MR. HOOVER'S recent proposal for an all-round one-third reduction of armaments, it will be remembered, burst upon the world with dramatic suddenness. It must be very bad for the world to have things bursting upon it with dramatic suddenness. If anything can be done in the way of breaking news gently it ought to be done. I propose, therefore, to do it; and accordingly I give below a selection of proposals relating to disarmament which may be expected, among others, to be put forward in the course of the next few years. If due regard is paid to them now there will be no excuse for getting excited about them when the time comes for them to burst. Here they are, though not, of course, in either chronological or alphabetical order:—

(1) An all-round reduction of armaments by two-thirds.

(2) An all-round reduction of armaments by four-fifths.

(3) An all-round reduction of armaments by any proportion other than those already specified.

(4) An all-round reduction of armaments by arithmetical, geometrical, harmonic or spasmodic progression.

(5) A reduction of armaments on the lines of the above but differing from them in not being all-round.

(6) Abolition, total or partial, of one or more of the following items:—

(*a*) Armies.
(*b*) Navies.
(*c*) Air forces.

(7) Total prohibition of sergeant-majors.

(8) Conversion of all mobile guns into immobile guns by chaining them up somewhere.

(9) Stultification of all submarines by making them non-submersible.

(10) Conditional abolition of (*a*) periscopes and (*b*) propellers (aerial and/or marine).

(11) Total and unconditional prohibition of war-ships' tonnage.

(12) Reduction of bacteriological warfare by encouraging germs to practise birth-control.

(13) Introduction of a new type of bomb which bounces.

(14) More extensive use of blank cartridges and india-rubber bayonets.

(15) Two years' holiday on full pay for all soldiers, sailors and airmen.

Next week, or the week after, or at any rate quite soon, I hope to put forward similar proposals relating to Reparations and War Debts.

Editor. Oh, do you?

Myself. Yes, I do.

Editor. I shouldn't if I were you.

CHISWICK MALL.

IF ever I am taken ill
(Although I hope I never will),
I'm going to the hospital
Whose great wistaria over all
Spreads like the fabled Yggdrasil—
If ever I am taken ill.

And if I happen to get well
Then I will walk upon the Mall,
Composing sweet and amorous verses
To all the prettiest of the nurses,
Until I hear the dinner-bell—
If I should happen to get well.

But if it so befell that I
Should most unfortunately die
In spite of all the doctors' physic,
Then with the lady-ghosts of Chiswick
The charms of poesy I'd try—
Should I unfortunately die.

In such a very pleasant place,
Where Time goes by with leisured pace
Beside the peaceful river's brink,
I truly cannot help but think
I'd be content in any case—
In such a very pleasant place.



WANTED—ANOTHER GREAT RECOVERY.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD. "YOU 'VE DONE WONDERS WITH THE *EGYPT*. NOW COME ALONG TO THE LAKE OF GENEVA AND SEE IF YOU CAN'T GET SOMETHING UP FROM THE WRECK OF THE *EUROPA*."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 27th.—A House of Commons' debate on India is always interesting even when it takes the form, rapidly becoming traditional, of a duel between the Government spokesman and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL. If this afternoon's debate failed to take that form it was not because Mr. CHURCHILL was unready for the fray, but because a Mr. HAROLD KEATES HALES, a Conservative, has visited India and thought the occasion suitable to tell the House, to which he is relatively new, exactly what he thought about it all.

It was then Mr. LANSBURY's turn to speak. Very courteously he cut short his appeal to the SECRETARY OF STATE to go to India himself and try once more to come to terms with GANDHI. That left the right hon. Member for EPPING a matter of ten minutes. It was nearly enough. Whatever Mr. CHURCHILL had come for, he stayed very largely to praise.

As indeed he might. Sir SAMUEL unfolded in his opening speech Government proposals that seemed singularly drastic compared with previous handlings of Indian constitutional affairs. No more Round Table or other Conferences, no more Federal Structure Committees, no more investigative sub-committees were to be suffered to impede progress. The all-Indian Federation scheme was to materialise and that quickly, and as soon as it was ascertained that the Indian Princes would come in on it the Government would produce its Bill.

That Bill would, since the Indians themselves could not agree on anything, include the Government's own solution of the communal question. Once framed it would be submitted to a Select Joint Committee of both Houses of Parliament and, amended or otherwise, duly become law.

No further talk of "responsibility at the centre," no spectre of a "treaty" with India, but strict Parliamentary control, and in the meanwhile no peace and no parleying with GANDHI and his seditious Congress—here was no cause for deep dissatisfaction, and Mr. CHURCHILL did not pretend to show any, though he did wonder why at so critical a juncture the Lothian Report—embodying "the cheapest, chop-logic, crude, raw, semi-obsolete, half-encrusted principles of mid-Victorian Radicalism," had been published.

The Opposition found little of importance to say, though Mr. M. JONES and Miss RATHBONE protested feebly at the disappearance of GANDHI from the scene. Colonel WEDGWOOD said the Government's proposals precluded any real democratic development in India, against which Sir A. KNOX recalled the remark of an Indian Round Table delegate that Labour's idea of democracy was to count heads irrespective of what they contained.



TWO BIRDS AT ONE FLIGHT.
(Mogul School.)
SIR SAMUEL HOARE.
(A) Provincial Autonomy.
(B) Federal Scheme.

Tuesday, June 28th.—The Fighting Services' egg has always been able, according to the best authorities, to speak for itself. This afternoon it found another spokesman in the person of Mr. THOMAS COOK, who, outraged by Mr. DUFF COOPER's admission that Army, Navy and Air Force Institutes have purchased 170,000 dozen foreign eggs in the last six months, urged that preferential treatment be given to British egg-producers. Mr. DUFF COOPER, in tones clearly conveying his opinion that too many cooks spoil the omelette, rather unconvincingly replied that it was the duty of the Institutes to provide purchasers with the eggs they wished to buy. That may be so, but the purchasers would probably prefer them in all cases to "follow the egg from COOK's."

It is not only the egg that is not always what it seems. Lieut.-Colonel MOORE, urging the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR SCOTLAND to do something about the closing-down of the Dunragit Creameries, was taken aback when Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR stated that the creamery was in fact a margarine factory and so beyond his jurisdiction.

Still pursuing the inexhaustible theme—for this was to be Scotland's private day—Lieut.-Colonel MOORE asked the SECRETARY TO THE OVERSEAS TRADE DEPARTMENT whether he was aware that Caledonia, far from being stern and wild, had enjoyed in the third week in June higher temperatures than those experienced in England, and what was he doing to bring to the notice of the British and foreign holiday-maker the outstanding attractions of this holiday resort? Would he in particular consider a small contribution to the Travel Association of Great Britain and Ireland to advertise the amenities of Scotland?

Mr. COLVILLE would not. The Government grant to the Association was for attracting foreign travellers to Britain (including Scotland), not for luring English holiday-makers to Scotland's sunny banks and salubrious braes. But, persisted Colonel MOORE, did not his hon. Friend realise that there was an erroneous impression about that the Scottish weather was less clement than the English variety? Mr. COLVILLE felt that the efforts of Scottish Members should be sufficient to dissipate that impression. One doubts it. The eagerness of Highland bards and Lowland comedians to stress the rugged and impermeable qualities of their race have definitely killed Scotland's chance of being reckoned a meteorological demi-paradise. All the same it was quite superfluous of Sir NICHOLAS GRATTAN-DOYLE, himself a product of the enervating airs of County Wexford, to trot out Newcastle as a health-resort. The Tyne does not build bonny visitors; it merely kills off those that aren't.



"Stands Scotland where it did?"—*MACBETH IV. 3.*
COLONEL MOORE, MR. IAN MACPHERSON AND MR. BUCHAN FORM A TEARFUL TRIO.

Scottish Estimates wrung from that hardy perennial trio, Messrs. MACPHERSON, BUCHAN and WALLACE, a conjoint complaint at the sad maltreatment of Scottish records. It is no use, apparently, to ask "Stands Scotland where it did?" if, owing to failure to preserve said records, we can no longer ascertain how or where it did stand. The House quickly found out where Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR stands. He agreed that it was a horrid shame, but, regrettably, no money could be provided to remedy the undoubted evil.

Nobody can give the soft answer that turneth away embarrassing information better than Mr. BALDWIN, and his reply to Mr. LANSBURY, who wanted to know the Government's attitude towards Mr. HOOVER'S noble disarmament proposals, was a model of sweet but unrevealing reasonableness. However, things were moving at Geneva and he hoped ere long to be able to make a statement that would satisfy the right hon. gentleman. Meanwhile nobody would be more delighted than *The Daily Herald* to learn that there had not been, as rumoured, any split in the Cabinet over this admittedly vital question.

Wednesday, June 29th.—There is a spaciousness about an economy debate in the Lord's—everybody being in cordial agreement about the need for economy, but in sharp disagreement about how to secure it—that enables acidulated Peers to belabour each other without fear of irrelevance. When last Wednesday's debate was resumed this afternoon the *rôle* of Little Acid-Drop fell to Lord PONSONBY, who called Lord READING roundly to task for "hectoring" his poor friend, Lord MARLEY, who had dared to speak approvingly of Russia.

No doubt he meant well, but the only result was to subject Lord MARLEY, with whom Lord READING had really been very gentle, to the slings and arrows of an outraged LORD PRIVY SEAL. Lord MARLEY, said Lord SNOWDEN, had urged that there were no unemployed in Russia. He did not think Lord MARLEY would find many in Dartmoor gaol. Britain, added Lord SNOWDEN, seemed to be evolving economically towards the Socialist state, though he himself would never live to see it established. But might God save England from such Socialism as they had in Russia to-day!

This pious hope figured late in a speech full of the old SNOWDEN vigour, though shorn perhaps of some of the old SNOWDEN beliefs. At any rate the LORD PRIVY SEAL conceded that the income-tax was too high and that local authorities were spending too much.



"Thank Heaven I'm not imprisoned in that pit!"
Lord SNOWDEN. "MAY GOD SAVE ENGLAND FROM SUCH SOCIALISM AS THEY HAVE IN RUSSIA TO-DAY!"

The Commons polished off the Sunday Entertainments Bill, which is tantamount to saying that it polished off Sir BASIL PETO. As a sort of sop to the Cerberus of conscience the House by a free vote agreed to set up a Cinematograph Fund, under the control of the Privy Council, to which a portion of the receipts of Sunday cinemas would be paid for "cultural" purposes, whatever they may be. Mr. BUCHAN, heartily approving, said it meant setting up a sort of staff college for improving British film technique. Opponents declared that the film industry was quite well able to pay for its own staff college. Any portion of the receipts diverted from the cinema proprietors' pockets should go, as at present, to the hospitals. The House promptly and wisely rejected Mr. HOLFORD KNIGHT'S Amendment to extend Sunday opening to stage performances.



AS NOW WORN.
NEVILLE'S "GOT HIS HAT ON."

Thursday, June 30th.—There's not much that isn't taxed in these hard times, but Captain ERSKINE-BOLST thought the limit was being over-stepped when he learned that the Excise authorities were collecting Entertainment Tax in respect of admission to the Blackpool baths. How could we expect Blackpool to be godly if we taxed it for being cleanly? Major ELLIOT explained it all. The Amusement Tax was levied on the watchers, not on the washers.

Gaelic, the UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE FOR SCOTLAND informed Lord SCONE, was being taught in 293 schools in Scotland. Why waste money teaching a dead language? incautiously asked a Labour Member. "Dead, indeed?" cried Mr. MACQUISTEN. Did they not know that there were two Gaelic Professors at Paris University, one of whom was also a Greek scholar, and declared that Gaelic was the finer language of the two?

At 9.30 the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER asked if he might intervene with a modest word. The modest word proved to be the unfolding of the Government's plans for War Loan conversion—the most stupendous transaction of its kind ever undertaken. The secret had been well kept and, after a few words of philadelphic praise from Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN and a few more from Sir GODFREY COLLINS, who described the proposals as a complete vindication of British credit, the House went happily home to think it over.

Things which might have been said more Prettily.

"SENT BACK TO GLASGOW.
London Magistrate's Sympathy."
Glasgow Paper.



INFLATION IN OLDEN TIMES.

AN IMPECUNIOUS BARON GOES OFF THE GOLD STANDARD AND DISTRIBUTES I.O.U.'S BY WAY OF LARGESSE.

INSUFFICIENTLY ADDRESSED.

I AM displeased with the G.P.O. Not, as some unreasonable men might be, because of my local exchange's passion for linking me up with the unknown, nor because the girls at the stamp-counter of our post-office make me feel that, zoologically speaking, I am on the wrong side of the bars.

My anger is better founded than that, for I find that in a time of national crisis the G.P.O. is retarding British industry by sheer lack of imagination. A serious charge? I make it.

Two weeks ago a friend of mine was very ill in a large Midland town which we can call Foghampton. I wanted to send him some fresh-cut flowers, and so I put some money and instructions in an envelope and addressed it to "Any Good Florist, Foghampton." And in the corner I wrote "Postmaster—Please Redirect." Note that I was careful not to write "The Best Florist," as that might have involved the man in obvious local difficulties. All he had to do was to put the names of half-a-dozen florists in a hat, draw one out and send on my letter with a clear conscience. But he didn't. Instead he sent it back to me in a few days marked "*Insufficiently Addressed.*"

I was willing to make allowances for a clerical error, but the next day I met a man who told a tale even more discreditable to the G.P.O. He had invented a hair tonic, he said, with which he confidently expected to land a packet if only he could get the stuff known. Having no money left for advertisement, he prepared a hundred envelopes containing full particulars of his tonic and a coupon for a free bottle, and, addressing them to "Any Really Bald Man," sent them c/o the Postmasters of a hundred English towns. But, although the country is scintillating with polished domes and some of the P.M.'s themselves were probably past their hirsute prime, all his envelopes came back to him. "*Insufficiently Addressed*" again!

So is British industry hampered and strangled in its very bassinette by the web of red tapery woven by a short-sighted and bureaucratic G.P.O., which I should hesitate to belittle were it not that abroad things are very different. Lest you should think that I am just being unpatriotic I can instance in defence of this assertion the illuminating experience of my friend Hiffley.

He was in France and, wanting to move on to a certain Bavarian town, he sent a letter addressed in German to "The Manager of any Second-Class Hotel which provides Single Room Facing South with Bathroom and Non-horticultural Wallpaper at Pension Terms of not more than 18m. a Day, c/o The Postmaster." A wire of acknowledgment came from a hotel the next evening.

I can also instance the case of Hepleby, who addressed an order for two stalls to "The Most Riotous Show now Running in Vienna," where he was going, and found a selection which subsequently proved satisfactory waiting for him at his hotel.

And while I am about it I cannot refrain from mentioning the affair of my uncle's dress-shirt, for, although it is not exactly parallel (the affair, I mean; the shirt-front was roughly a rhombus), it will serve admirably to illustrate the comparative tolerance and elasticity of foreign postal authorities. My uncle was attending two or three official dinners in Scandinavia, and becoming offended by the presence of a soiled dress-shirt he decided to brighten and lighten his luggage by getting rid of it. He therefore wrote his home address in Florence boldly across its front, stuck a couple of stamps ornamentally about the middle stud-hole and crammed it with a curse into a letter-box. And in due course it arrived, without either delay or comment.

But as things are in this country I am convinced it would inevitably have been sent back marked "*Insufficiently Stiffened.*"

ERIC.

"MENUS FOR THE WARM WEATHER.

What about that pile of dirty rubbers, dusters, and polishing cloths that are left as an aftermath of the spring-cleaning?"
Bradford Paper.

What about them? They make fine rich stock.



Angler. "WHO 'S THE SMART LADY DONALD 'S GOT TO-DAY? "
Unenthusiastic Gillie. "SHE 'S FRAE THE BIG HOTEL. SHE 'S A' RICHT IN FINE WEATHER, BUT A SHOOR O' RAIN MAKS AN AWFU' HASH O' HER."

OTHER MANNERS.

A GOOD-OLD-DAYS laudator, I'm
Impelled without delay to rhyme
My thought on fashion's state, or I'm
  Quite certain to explode;
Labuntur anni, Postume ;
Some in youth's talk and costume may
Delight. *I* mourn what's lost, you may
  Be sure, of earlier mode.

One summer in VICTORIA'S
Last years I fled from Boreas
(Before I was as hoary as
  I 'm now) to southern bays,
And passed some weeks in jollity
And old pre-jazz frivolity
Of quite another quality
  Than that of recent days.

I'm here in 1932,
Grey-suited, -socked and -shirted too;
My thoughts once more reverted to
  This old town by the sea ;
They 've seldom here had snow, it 's said,
And Care may never show its head,
But oh (as once the poet said),
  The difference to me!

How things have changed! Take
    tennising,
Whose joys few bards, if any, sing—
Play was not then so menacing;
  One scarcely ducked at all;
The girls, demurely habited,
In modest manner rabbited;
They made a little dab at it
  And sometimes hit the ball.

But now a grim severity,
A semi-nude austerity,
All bandeau-browed or bérety,
  Pervades the courts, and these
Fair maids with whom I'm bracketed
Are bicepped and bi-racketed,
And I can hardly smack at it
  For trembling at the knees.

The charming girl of yesterday
Was cloistered and sequestered aye;
She occupied with zest her day
  In knitting for the poor;
But now they 're free as fish in sea,
And some down here their mission
    see
In multi-clubbed proficiency
  And beat me six and four!

And speech! Last night at dinner two
(They 'd had, I think, a gin or two,
And each had backed a winner too)
  Shrieked in my ear with such
A highly-coloured plenitude
Of word and phrase not senate-hued
That if I dared to pen it you 'd
  Resent it very much.

We, though we had a hop or two,
Should not have thought it proper to
Dance every night, nor stop ere two,
  But now they seem obsessed,
For half the night cacophonous,
Obnoxious and saxophonous
Dance-music is let off on us,
  And I can get no rest. J. B. N.

OFF-HAND WRITING.

MY sister is a valued correspondent, but I should value her even more if, when she writes to me, she would use those conventional symbols which English people use in writing to one another. Instead of forming words out of ordinary letters she makes for the longer words lines of varying length with twists and wriggles in them, and for the shorter words odd little devices like ornamental tail-pieces. The more exciting the piece of news the more agitating does her writing become and the less does the result resemble anything I have been taught to decipher.

Feeling that an unreasonable demand was made upon my intelligence by this style of correspondence, I confronted my sister with her last letter to me. In doing so I pointed out to her that a letter is one thing, a crossword or an acrostic is another.

"The contents," I said, "are meant to be read, not to be guessed."

"It's my private system," she explained. "I only use it when I'm writing to you, because I know that you've no trouble in making it out."

"Oh, come," I protested, laying the document before her. "Look at this. Here is an obvious capital 'W' followed by an irregular circle, then what looks like a triangle upside down, a short upright dash, a short horizontal dash, then a word beginning 'Co' and going on in an irregular line, then quite clearly a capital 'S' with a possible 't' after it and another wavy line following." I paused and looked at her sadly.

"That's as plain as can be," she replied with calmness. "Other people might not perhaps be able to read it easily, but you ought to have no difficulty."

"Well, I have—great difficulty."

"The idea is," she continued, "that, as you know the sort of things I should naturally say, you can get the meaning of the sentence without my having the trouble of writing it or you of reading it letter by letter. Have another look at what you have just described. The first word, short and beginning with 'W,' is clearly 'We'—that is, Mother and I. You say at once to yourself, 'What are they going to do?' Glancing ahead you notice what I may call the key words of the passage, one beginning with a capital 'C' and the next with a capital 'S.' What are those words?"

"They might be 'Co-operative Stores,'" I suggested. "Mother and you might be starting Co-operative Stores in the village."

"A stranger might think so and become confused. But you, knowing that the little general shop in the village has very little custom, would feel certain that Mother and I would not be likely to open a rival establishment. So you rule out 'Co-operative Stores' as a possible reading. You say to yourself, 'Whatever those words may be, they are certainly not Co-operative Stores.'"

"Yes," I agreed, "I probably should. But I can't go through all the words beginning with 'C' and 'S' in the dictionary and dismiss them one by one or two by two till I have assured myself what your words don't mean. It is much simpler that I should know at once what they *do* mean."

She passed over this objection lightly by saying that I was only pretending to be stupid. "In point of fact," she said, "you see at once what those words mean, don't you? They mean 'Cousin Stephen.'"

"I don't see, but if you tell me they do I must accept your word for it."

"Once having got the key words," she continued, "you find the rest easy. In an instant, much more quickly than you could read ordinary writing, there flashes across your mind what Mother and I are likely to do in connection with Cousin Stephen. You exclude what we are not likely to do to him—to arrest him, to offer him a peerage, to engage him as butler and so on." [P.T.O.



Verger. "FRIEND OF THE BRIDE OR BRIDEGROOM, SIR?"
Guest. "QUITE NEUTRAL; I'M NOT TAKING SIDES. GIVE ME A CHAIR IN THE AISLE."

"And so on," I repeated gloomily.

"The sentence is, 'We are going to see Cousin Stephen.' It couldn't be anything else. Once you know the principle it is much quicker than reading word by word; you must admit that."

"I'm not so sure," I said. "However, let me work it out on your system. 'His letters'—I suppose that mark is 'lately'— 'have been rather' something. What would they be? I have it; 'low-spirited.' They always are."

"Capital!" cried my sister. "It's as clear as print."

"'He seems,'" I continued to read, "'to be worried'—he is usually worried—'about'—is it 'finding mastiffs'?"

"Now would it be that? Don't be absurd. You know he dislikes dogs."

"Then he would be all the more worried if he found some mastiffs. So that makes sense, anyhow."

"What is everybody worried about in these days?"

"Of course," I said; "that was slow of me, but remember I'm only a beginner. 'Financial matters'—that's it—'and more than usually anxious about his goat.' That's plain enough."

"'Goat'? He doesn't keep a goat."

"It was the dog idea that led me astray. I got mastiffs into my head. I thought he might have bought a goat and the mastiffs had been chasing it."

"What has he got?" she asked. "You know quite well."

"Oh, 'gout,'" I said, "not 'goat.' I'm getting on."

"And you see what a good way of writing it is?"

"I wouldn't go so far as that," I answered cautiously. "It's a queer way; it's not long-hand and it's not exactly short-hand——"

"No," she interrupted quickly; "I call it off-hand."

"So do I," I agreed. A. C.

Our Candid Advertisers.

"Every World's Car Record broken in 1931 was secured on —— Motor Oil."
Advt. in Sunday Paper.

Poetic Fervour.

"The income tax payer is again oding his best to help the Chancellor of the Exchequer."—*Daily Paper.*

"Sutcliffe ran into form and at once started laying about him."—*Daily Paper.*

SUTCLIFFE must not let these schoolmaster's tricks grow on him.

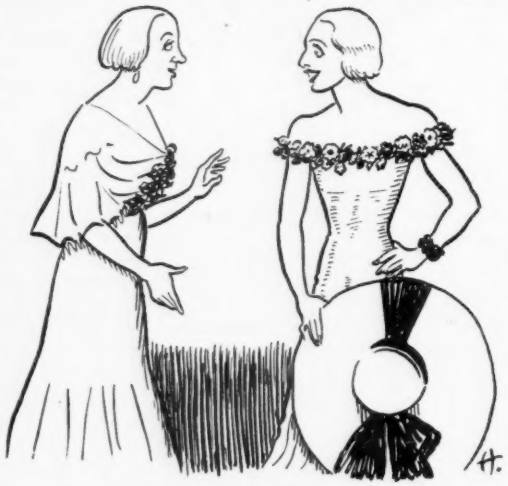
AT THE PLAY.

"FANFARE" (PRINCE EDWARD).

Fanfare describes itself as "a Revusical Magazine," making but not bothering to sustain the pretence that it is in form a magazine ("*Fanfare*"), with picture, dance and fantasy (and incidentally no advertising pages, comic supplements, etc.), and with the producer (Mr. J. M. ANDERSON) described as editor-in-chief, and the maker of the book (Mr. DION TITHERADGE) as editor. A very thin story of a foreman printer made managing editor is written round the personality of a most engaging and versatile American clown, Mr. JOE COOK.

The show has many virtues. Before indicating them I would first testify that it holds the noise, speed and inaudibility records in its class. Mr. HENRY SULLIVAN, the composer-in-chief, can indeed write a tuneful melody, gay or sentimental, but he is happiest, I think, when working up his musical comments in fierce crescendo to a concluding crash which Herr FRANZ STEININGER emphasises with positively stupefying effect. This young conductor handles his orchestra with real skill, imposes his will upon them and communicates something of his frenzied energy. It is a pity, I think, in one so young that his showmanship is so over-elaborate, his method so needlessly violent. Some day soon he will collapse over his desk and be borne away to a nursing-home.

Principals and subordinates co-operated loyally towards the general hustle and din. Poor JUNE, when singing, had the effect of a fair gnat pinging in a hornet's nest.



HAPPY RETURNERS.

Miss VIOLET LORAINE and JUNE (simultaneously). "MY DEAR, YOU HAVEN'T ALTERED A BIT!"

Mr. DION TITHERADGE, in a copy of verses printed in the programme, hopes incidentally that his best lines won't be cut. A full half of them were cut in effect, lost in the general clamour in this large house. The obstinate belief that brightness is in direct ratio to noise and pace is one of the primary illusions of the hour. It throws an undue strain upon the artistes and the audience, wrecks many carefully-prepared effects and is in a word wasteful, which is to say inartistic. A pity!

An unrehearsed but not unexpected effect has to be recorded—the vociferous affectionate welcome given to Miss VIOLET LORAINE on her return to the stage after so long an absence. JUNE also, absentee for a shorter period, was given a warm welcome.

Perhaps the very best of many good items was the pretty Zebra Ballet in the *Fanfare* Circus Ball. Mr. JAMES REYNOLDS (the voluminous programme is not too clear) appears to have been responsible for the original and entirely charming costumes of the teams of grey-striped golden-maned zebras with their red-coated, high-waisted, white-breeched drivers, Mr. RALPH READER (apparently) having planned their attractive manœuvres. JUNE danced delicate attendance as a ringmaster. This was a delightful affair, carried through by the graceful young ladies of the chorus with spirit and intelligence. Miss LORAINE contributed a bizarre supplementary study of a dismounted equestrienne in difficulties which was diverting. She was later to sing for us a song repeating passages of her former successes which drew applause amounting to a demonstration.

Another charming spectacle was the presentation of an old-fashioned folding valentine, with JUNE daintily centred in the picture. The pillared scene for the waltz-song, "Heart's Desire," the silver pillars opening to discharge their pretty contents and folding back to form a dark romantic background, won our spontaneous suffrages. The transcript of WILDE'S "The Nightingale and the Rose," with JUNE as a dancing nightingale, was graceful, but just missed being more than that.

Mr. JOE COOK has evidently contracted to supply a cement of nonsense to the whole. He is a competent and honest contractor-comedian with a good genial guileless patter and absurd "business"; clown with a team of attendant clowns (perhaps designedly

not too good); juggler (the manipulation of *five* Indian clubs isn't a bad feat for one who is a generalist rather than a specialist); acrobat (skipping on a monocycle, or balancing and working with his feet a ball up and down a see-saw, balancing also a ladder complete with gymnast on his upturned feet); stepdancer, excellent (but perhaps he was overbold to challenge the CONDOS Brothers, who are just simply incredible and can't possibly be made of mere human blood, bone and sinew). Perhaps his nonsense machines on the HEATH ROBINSON formula were a little too elaborate, but one must admit that they scored their hits as well as their misses.

Least satisfactory were the short revue sketches, which were not sharply enough pointed nor, in contrast to the general hustle, quick enough in getting to their climax. They were, however, welcome as a relief to the general tension and I don't see why we shouldn't charitably suppose them to have been designed to that end. I must not omit mention of the wild Martinique dance, "The Biguine," which displayed some startling native customs, for all I know authentic and certainly intriguing; displayed also, with too honest a candour and too vigorous a movement to disconcert the prudish, the charms of the vigorous young athletes who composed the hard-working Chorus and *Corps de ballet*. T.

"INTIMATE RELATIONS" (LITTLE).

If Mr. STAFFORD DICKENS in this farcical comedy presents us with some highly improbable people and puts them through some most unlikely manœuvres, that is no great matter if he gives them material which competently handled will amuse us—and this, it may be admitted, on the whole he contrives to do. And if his theme is not precisely edifying he has the tact to give it such treatment as to make it void of serious offence. Indeed he might reasonably claim to be more wholeheartedly on the side of the angels than most: for the desires of his wicked are persistently frustrated and the virtues of his ingenuous hero and golden-hearted heroine are smoothly rewarded. In fact the more worldly-minded among us soon began to suspect with some slight chagrin that the most improper thing about his little play is the title—though we can hardly have the face to complain about that.

George Gommery (Mr. EVAN THOMAS) is a landed proprietor, with an agent, *Freddy Hall* (Mr. MELVILLE COOPER), an unusually guileless not to say virginal young man; a butler (Mr. HUGH METCALFE) with whom and before whom he discusses things not usually



Andrew Toomley, Blackmailer (Mr. WILFRID CAITHNESS), to George Gommery (Mr. EVAN THOMAS). "ANYWAY YOU CAN'T SAY THERE'S ANYTHING CROOKED ABOUT MY BACK."

so discussed, and a wife (Miss SYLVIA LESLIE) whom he regularly deceives—or rather regularly tries to deceive, having, so far as we can see, little luck as he would count luck. What *George* himself says is clearly not evidence.

At the moment chosen by Mr. DICKENS for his introductions *George* is pursuing an actress, *Molly Mellish* (Miss RITA PAGE), and *Mrs. George* is making the most determined assault on the virtue of *Freddy*, to the great alarm and distress of that blameless and worthy young man.

Things come to such a pass that to save his honour *Freddy* invents the legend that he has a mistress and, challenged by his pursuer, gives her name (I said these are improbable people). The name he has taken on the spur of the agonised moment from the programme which *George* has been cherishing is *Molly Mellish*.

Here, then, is the necessary preparation for the general meeting in *Molly's* flat, with *Freddy* come to apologise for his unwarranted misuse of her name; with *George* rushing in to pursue his campaign of seduction; with *Mrs. George* arriving to rescue her prospective prey from the clutches of a supposedly designing hussy; and with much unusually innocent openings and shuttings of bedroom-doors.

The hussy is invited by *Mrs. George* to the *Gommerys'* house by way of curing *Freddy* of his supposed infatuation. The sophisticated but essentially honest *Molly* turns naturally to the unsophisticated *Freddy*, and *Mrs. George* is left gnashing her pretty teeth, and *George*, telephoning to a new Spanish dancer, "It's George, darling," is dashed by hearing from the other end, "George who?" An answer he has had before from *Molly* in the First Act.

Miss RITA PAGE gave us a pleasant little sketch of the actress with some subtlety and just that hint of commonness which the possession of a blackmailing father (of whose irrelevant operations we had had glimpses) might account for. The father, a bibulous optimist with an instinct for backing losers, was cleverly played with a discreet refusal to be led into the temptation of over-emphasis by Mr. WILFRID CAITHNESS—a virtuous restraint which deserves high commendation.

Mr. MELVILLE COOPER amused us with his embarrassments (he has command of an expressive comedian's face); Mr. EVAN THOMAS stormed and strutted effectively as the caddish rather than bounding *George*; and the performance of Miss SYLVIA LESLIE as his shrewish shameless spouse was in the right key.

I think on the whole we might fairly mark this "*Beta plus.*" T.



OUTRAGED PROPRIETY.

George (a married Lothario). "IT'S DISGRACEFUL CARRYING ON LIKE THIS WITH AN UNMARRIED MAN!"

George Gommery . . . . MR. EVAN THOMAS.
Molly Mellish . . . . . MISS RITA PAGE.
Freddy Hall . . . . . MR. MELVILLE COOPER.

BRITISH FILMCRAFT ON ITS METTLE.

THE British Red-Ensign Film Corporation are making a bold bid for the supremacy of British talkies with the filming of St. Clair Batten's delicate high comedy, *Love Lies Bleeding*, at their London studios. I was able to persuade their publicity-man to go into details.

"The charm of *Love Lies Bleeding*," he said, "is in its delightfully British spirit, and Otto Seidlitz, the great German director, who left Hollywood to join us, is inflexible in his view that in the film version the play's indefinable atmosphere of English middle-class *vie intime* must be preserved; and in this view he is supported by Hiram Van Schoop—latterly the highest-paid camera-man in Hollywood—whom he has induced to come with him.

"We are using St. Clair Batten's dialogue just as it stands," he went on. "Of course for film purposes it has been necessary to insert a few connecting scenes, and for these Rube Hicks—formerly the star scenario-writer of Goldbug Bosky Films, Inc.—has supplied some witty dialogue which matches perfectly with St. Clair Batten's lines."

I found it difficult to believe that Hicks's wise-cracks could be spatch-cocked into Batten's epigrammatical work without the joins showing. I suspected that this would be a case of

DIALOGUE BY ST. CLAIR BATTEN.
DIALOG BY RUBE HICKS.

It seemed to me an unhealthy symptom and filled me with foreboding, for I remembered what had happened to *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. THOMAS HARDY was wrong in supposing that when the black flag went up the Fates had ended their sport with *Tess*; for poor *Tess* had yet to get into a British film and be taken to a night-club. I wondered if anything of the kind was in store for the heroine of *Love Lies Bleeding*.

"As I understand that the film will strictly follow the stage-play," I said, "I suppose that I may take it as quite definite that there will be no cabaret scene?"

"As a matter of fact," he replied, "there *will* be a cabaret scene. But please don't get the idea that our cabaret scene is being dragged in, for early in the First Act of *Love Lies Bleeding* a character speaks of going to a night-club, so that it is perfectly justifiable, if not essential, for us to transfer the rest of the play to a cabaret."

"But——" I protested.

"The set for the cabaret scenes," he proceeded with growing enthusiasm, "is the most expensive ever and easily accommodates a crowd of over three thousand revellers. More than fifteen thousand coloured balloons alone will go to the filming of *Love Lies Bleeding*."

"And what of the play itself?"

"The several characters of the play will meet at the heroine's table at the cabaret and there enact their drama in between the turns of a super-mammoth programme. There will be no fewer than six bands, and we have been fortunate in securing the services of the Idaho Hot Rhythm Sophomores and the Mexican Marimba Syncopators during their tour in England; and, to star amongst the innumerable turns, Wertheimer's Twenty Bathing Belles and Floyd Jonson the negro specialty dancer. Altogether it will be the biggest cabaret scene of all time, and our talkie version of *Love Lies Bleeding* should silence the critics who allege that British studios cannot turn out a good and truly British film."

At this point the publicity-man was called to the telephone, and I crept away lest further discussion might reveal the fact that a crew of gunmen had got into *Love Lies Bleeding* because someone in the play refers incidentally to a sporting rifle.

THE STREET FOUNTAIN.

THEY've put a Fountain in the road
  In memory of Samuel Jones;
Now every horse that draws a load
  Beside the trough can stay his bones,

And stoop to lap the water up,
  And every man can dip his lips
Into the ice-cold metal cup
  Under the spout that always drips.

I don't know why a fountain runs
  For Samuel Jones. I don't know who
He was. Perhaps the desert suns
  Once made him pray to God for dew;

Perhaps a silent vow he took
  That if he came again to know
An English river, pond or brook
  He'd make another fountain flow;

That many a man, with throat gone dry,
  And thirsty horse should bless again
The day beneath a burning sky
  When God sent Samuel Jones the rain.

"FIRE AT EDUCATION OFFICES.
Clerk's Presence of Mind.
OLD RECORDS TOTALLY DESTROYED."
Headlines in Herts Paper.

Such public spirit should be properly recognised.

NOSEY PARKER.

I AM worried about Parker's nose.

I have long been aware that this sharp-pointed, highly-polished instrument, everlastingly darting in and out of other people's affairs, constitutes a menace to society; but I had no idea, until I read in a Sunday newspaper the startling revelations of Dr. OTTO RAHN, Professor of Bacteriology at Cornell University, about the deadly possibilities of the Parkerian proboscis. I will suffer no man to dub me coward, but I confess that Dr. RAHN's announcement has given me a bad fright, and from now on I shall steer clear of Parker and his nose.

It appears that the learned Doc has discovered during the past few days a radiation from the human eye strong enough to kill yeast-cells. That in itself is bad enough, but these ultra-violet radiations, he declares, issue also from the tip of the nose, with the same death-dealing properties. The position, then, between Parker and me is crystal clear. If Parker comes poking his lethal nose into my yeast-cells I shall call a policeman, and Parker will find himself and his nose in another kind of cell, a cell solidly constructed of stone and mortar, against which Parker's nasal organ will radiate in vain.

And lest anyone should accuse me of making a mountain out of a mole-hill, let me say at once that I am very fond of my yeast-cells; the little chaps are a great comfort to me, and I cannot be expected to contemplate with equanimity the prospect of their assassination by Parker's nose.

True, if Dr. RAHN'S assertion is correct, my own nose would seem to be every bit as deadly as Parker's, but I think I can fairly claim to have kept it close to the grindstone all my life; it has radiated nothing more terrible than a common cold, and no owner of yeast-cells need tremble for his flock on my account. With Parker it is altogether another matter; not for nothing has he been nicknamed "Nosey"; and I take this opportunity of uttering a solemn warning to the brewers and bakers of our land—Parker's nose spells death to yeast. The fellow is a rabid Prohibitionist, and now that Dr. OTTO RAHN has informed him of the death-dealing potentialities of his central feature he will attempt to spread havoc among the breweries of Old England. If Parker has his way the yeast will never rise again.

"SARACEN WINS U.S. GOLF OPEN."
Headline in Sunday Paper.

You should see him in the rough with his scimitar.

NON-STOP VARIETY BY THE SEA.



EQUESTRIAN ACT.



MALE IMPERSONATOR.



CHILD IMPERSONATOR.



EQUILIBRIST.



HARMONY DUO.



ECCENTRIC STEP-DANCER.



AND OF COURSE THE INDISPENSABLE BEAUTY-CHORUS.



FREAK HATS.

FOR THE ETON AND HARROW MATCH.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Another Treasure Island.

IN one respect at least Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY has beaten TUSITALA. Instead of embodying his South Sea experiences in a veracious but unexhilarating chronicle he has devoted them to the tale of a treasure hunt considerably more racy if artistically less memorable than the cruise of the *Hispaniola*. A young Suffolk maltster, placidly absorbed in malt, water-colour-painting and chess, kindheartedly entertains a moribund uncle of dubious South Sea antecedents. *Baldwin Totten* has little or nothing to bequeath to *William Dursley* but the knowledge of an uncharted island rich in radium-bearing pitchblende, whose exact whereabouts he imparts piecemeal to his nephew and two old companions. Only by pooling forces and information can the treasure be discovered. The first partner is run to earth in England —a certain impoverished *Commander Ivybridge*, who, financed and accompanied by his genial Lancashire friend, *Mr. Ramsbottom*, engages to meet *William* at Tahiti. *William* proceeds to San Francisco in search of the third beneficiary, who turns out to have died, leaving an heiress. *Miss Terry Riley* insists on joining the search-party in person, her presence involving some critical readjustments in the philosophy and aims of *William*. The actual discovery is an admirable coup, which I hope no reader (or reviewer) will be so base as to forestall. I am not sure that the sequel (for all the light it sheds on *William's Sancho*-cum-*Quixote* personality) is not artistically a mistake. It depends whether you read for episode or analysis of character, and personally I feel that the sheet-anchor of *Faraway* (HEINEMANN, 10/6) is episode.

Infelix Austria.

It must have taken some courage on Mr. GEDYE'S part to live for six years in what he himself describes as the "witches' cauldron" inherited by the *Heirs to the Habsburgs* (ARROWSMITH, 12/6). Here the World War had its origin and here, Mr. GEDYE terrifyingly assures me, are "other potions a-boil" that are likely to set Europe once again by the ears. This was all the more astonishing to me in that I had myself never noticed in my casual wanderings through the Succession States that I was in a witches' kitchen. Certainly nothing could be further removed from the blasted heath on which *Macbeth* met his witches than these lovely countries whose political condition is so entertainingly commented upon by Mr. GEDYE in a combative style. Perhaps, however, the explanation is that, unlike Mr. GEDYE, I did not live at the end of a journalist's telephone buzzing with rumours that are frequently contradicted in the hour of their birth. Mr. GEORGE MOORE once wittily declared the "acoustic properties" of Dublin to be unrivalled. Personally I think that if he had known Vienna he would have qualified his assertion, for tremors that are scarcely noticeable at the place of their occurrence become earthquakes to apprehensive Viennese ears. At the same time it would be foolish to assert that there is no powder lying about loose in Central Europe. A kingdom without a king—like Hungary—is something of an anomaly whose rectification may well produce reactions in neighbouring and inimical States. Nor can that true democrat, the Serbian peasant, be very happy under the present harsh dictatorial *régime*. Nevertheless I cannot agree with Mr. GEDYE in thinking that another domestic upheaval in the Balkans must of necessity set Europe ablaze.

The Penalties of Self-Expression.

A study of provincial manners of the Madame Bovary school, handled, but not too arbitrarily, after a Freudian formula, *The Family Circle* (CASSELL, 7/6) is an interesting if not an exhilarating novel. Its heroine, *Denise Herpain*, miserably conscious of her mother's infidelity and her father's lack of spirit, grows up in the conventional and placid air of a Norman wool-weaving town, rebellious, haughty and deliberately self-sufficient. She studies science at Rouen and Paris, takes as a lover a fellow-student of her own province, but refuses to marry him because marriage would take her back to Port-de-l'Eure. A rich banker's son offers her an honourable escape into a geographically wider world; but, still contemptuous of humdrum loyalties, she takes a series of invariably unsatisfactory lovers, wreaking on her own small children the half-comprehended miseries of her own apprehensive childhood. Still seeking "the security of marriage and the freedom of celibacy," she tries, to the scorn of her modish acquaintances, "to combine amours and nurseries." Finally a pressing financial danger gives her life's easy basis a nasty jolt. She makes common cause with her despised *Edmond* and emerges with an access of humility and commonsense that tempers even her attitude towards her mother. For its delineation of a feminine libertinism absurdly complicated by doctrinaire notions of "honour," M. ANDRÉ MAUROIS' portrait of *Denise* is as memorable as it is unattractive. And if his scenes of provincial life are carefully preserved from disturbing incursions of humour they have a sober and beautiful precision which his translator has sensitively upheld.

Histrionic Romance.

In her first novel, *Branch Lines* (HURST AND BLACKETT, 7/6), FRANCES Countess of WARWICK tells the story of a family whose members depended on their histrionic talents for three generations. The first actor was *Danilo von Boden*, who as a boy pretended to be a sick woman and so saved his father from an angry German mob and escaped with him to England. Years later the young man eloped, quite chivalrously, with an heiress. After many adventures, including the barter of her jewels by *Dan's* impoverished father, the lovers set out "to roam the country lanes together." Luckily (though surprisingly, since we are told that "all the characters in this book are entirely fictitious") they met young EDMUND KEAN, who found a clergyman to marry them, provided a wedding-breakfast and arranged for them to join his company at Tunbridge Wells. Their career as travelling artistes was fairly successful and, when their daughter *Fanny* grew up, KEAN became her stage-godfather too, and she developed into a famous actress. About one-third of the book is devoted to *Fanny's* rather minxish affairs, and the remainder describes an extraordinary happening in the life of her son *Anthony*, who inherited his mother's talents and used them with dramatic effect at the Bar. The book, which is in the romantic tradition, is packed with sentimental *clichés*. But, though she writes in old-fashioned style, Lady WARWICK has a story to tell, and her accounts of the KEAN family are interesting.



New Hand. "THERE'S SOMEBODY FLASHIN' A LAMP OVER THERE."
Mate. "WELL, WHAT'S HE SAYING?"
New Hand. "DUNNO; I CAN'T 'EAR 'IM."

Pocket Statesmen.

There can be no happier collaboration in modern fiction than that which springs from the robust and keenly satirical pen of Mr. BELLOC and the ingenious pencil of Mr. CHESTERTON; and in the seventh of their joint novels they remain as entertaining as ever. The *Postmaster-General* (ARROWSMITH, 7/6) in *Mrs. Boulger's* administration of 1960 was *Wilfrid Halterton*, a whiskered non-entity of childish sweetness and simplicity. He was as clay in the capable hands of *James McAuley*, from the City,

who wanted his official promise that the new Television monopoly should go to *McAuley's* own firm, offering a fat plum in exchange; and who, having got his monopoly in writing, withdrew the fat plum, also in writing, from poor *Wilfrid Halierton s* coat-pocket. He was as putty (if that is softer) in the hands of *Honest Jack Williams*, the Home Secretary, who in his turn abstracted the plum from *James McAuley's* pocket, intending to increase his own fortune by a little quiet blackmail. *Williams* might have succeeded in this laudable intention if *Arthur Lawson*, the Jew financier, had not, out of his affection for *Halterton*, extricated him from the mess. These intrigues are infinitely more readable than they sound, and they give Mr. BELLOC full opportunity to scourge the world of politics.

Heroism under Difficulties.

Mr. J. C. CURRY, the historian and showman of *The Indian Police* (FABER, 12/6), has done his work with extreme thoroughness. There is no longer any excuse for being ignorant of the development and activities of this remarkable force, which has been subjected to an intensely severe and enduring strain without being broken. Forming, as they do, the chief link between the Government and the people, the Indian police are by now accustomed to being pilloried in the Congress newspapers, criticised by office-wallahs, attacked in the Courts and shot at in the streets. Heroism is demanded almost daily from both officer and sepoy—and invariably supplied. Mr. CURRY, as a true member of the Service, is not concerned with politics; the business of upholding the law amid riot and confusion is in itself a whole-time occupation. The Indian Police Service still offers to youth an adventurous career, free from those dull intervals which are associated with life in the Army. Those readers whose minds are not wholly engrossed with the elderly ideals of comfort and security will draw plenty of exhilaration from this book. There is none but will utter a sigh of admiration for some of the acts of bravery described and, later, turn away somewhat shamefacedly from the tennis-court exploits of the daily Press.



"WOULD YOU CARE FOR THIS OLD SCHOOL-BLAZER OF MY SON'S? THE BADGE IS THE 'OLD AMBROSIANS.' I DON'T KNOW IF YOU HAPPEN TO BE AN 'OLD AMBROSIAN'?"

Russia in Transition.

Mr. JULIAN HUXLEY, in *A Scientist Among the Soviets* (CHATTO, 3/6), summarises his impressions of the Russian experiment gathered in a short tour of inspection with fellow-scientists and medicos in the summer of 1931. You can see that as a scientist he is obviously attracted by the fact that whatever defects have appeared in the working out of the grandiose Plan there is the *plan*, a portent in an otherwise planless world, proceeding by scientific method of scheme, research, experiment, tabulation and examination of results, adjustment, re-experiment. He found neither the misery and tyranny of the "Bad Bolshevik" legend nor the new heaven of the "Roseate Russia" romance; but, to give instances, a Moscow death-rate of 23·1 per 1,000 in 1913 reduced to 13; an infant mortality rate of 27 per cent to 12; hospitals substantially efficient if overcrowded and under-equipped; everywhere cultivation of physical fitness through organised training, play and sport; widespread reduction of illiteracy; avenues of escape from industrial routine for the man of particular aptitudes; in fine—transition between a mediæval past and a Communist future, a compromise between chaos and plan, a mixture of expedience and principle. One feels that if the tour had been longer the book would have been stronger.

A Quiverful.

Parents blessed with large families might overcome any shortage as regards names by following the example of *David Churston*, who, in *Parson's Nine* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), supplied his requirements from the Apocrypha. In these tales of numerous children confusion is apt to result, but Miss NOEL STREATFIELD gives to each of the young *Churstons* such a distinct individuality that *Esdras*, *Sirach* and *Tobit*, *Manasses* and *Maccabeus*, *Judith* and *Esther* cannot be accused of jostling. It is, however, to the twins, *Baruch* and *Susanna*, that Miss STREATFIELD devotes her main attention, and with them she is entirely successful. Whether regarded as a picture of a clergyman's family and home or as a study of the peculiar bonds that hold twins together through life, this story appears to me both in manner and material to be a real achievement.

Robin's Nest.

Robin Elder had only just left Oxford when he inherited considerable wealth and proceeded to enjoy himself. Women, however, meant little or nothing to him until he met *Ida Ronan* and instantly adored her. In *All for the Love of a Lady* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6), Mr. DION CLAYTON CALTHROP tells of the clash between this urban, not to say suburban, girl and the country-loving *Robin*. Quite regardless of cost he built a wonderful country-house for her, where he pictured her living contentedly with a devoted husband and becoming the mother of numerous baby-*Robins*. And the more she thought about it the more she loathed the idea of marrying and leaving the glitter and excitement that were natural to her. So *Robin* fortunately escaped and was left to marry a girl who appreciated both him and his house. A pleasantly readable story.

Political Harmony in India.

"The Princes, who, during the last Conference, had begun to warble, are reaching agreement upon the Federal issue."—*Indian Paper.*

CHARIVARIA.

A LEGAL authority mentions that a cow has a legal right to use the road. Motorists say this only confirms what the cow seems to have known all along.

***

A large crab was found travelling in a northerly direction eight miles inland from Dover. This appears to us to be an attempt to rouse our cross-Channel swimmers from their lethargy.

***

A famous composer has set out to walk to Switzerland, which he hopes to reach in about sixteen days. It is not known whether he has been invited to set the Lausanne Conference to music.

***

A Scotsman has come back from Australia to buy his native village. This of course would be cheaper than having it sent out to him.

***

Gargling is recommended for a prevalent affection of the throat caused by the dry weather. We had already tried it.

***

By firing his revolver at four men who had forcibly cut his hair a Catalonian poet has created an impression that he was annoyed.

***

Women's hair is to be dressed to look like flowers and feathers. Still, as we said before, we haven't abandoned all hope of seeing women's hair dressed to look like hair.

***

Light-weight cradles made of straw, with handles to carry them by, are a nursery novelty. The old-fashioned kind is rather heavy for the hand that rules the world.

***

By order of the Brazilian authorities quantities of coffee are being destroyed by burning. This is what is constantly happening in our kitchen.

***

Dr. A. H. PIRIE, of Montreal, has demonstrated that, by means of an X-ray fuse, printed matter held upside down can be read in a darkened room through closed eyelids. Further developments will be eagerly awaited by those who have difficulty in reading other people's newspapers in the train.

***

The new regulation that foreigners who wish to live in France must produce a certificate of good conduct from their own country does not affect Americans who go to Paris when they die.

A lady-novelist supposes that if everybody devoted half-an-hour a day to the condition of their brains there would still be barmaids, actresses, mothers, poets and civil servants. And possibly there would still be lady-novelists.

***

If a man lies down when fierce dogs rush out at him, we read, they will not molest him. Do postmen know this?

***

The police dispersed a queue which formed outside the Old Bailey the night before a trial on a charge of murder. It isn't often that the police display this kill-joy spirit.

***

There is a strong feeling in theatrical circles that counter-attractions like murder-cases should charge admission fees and entertainment-tax.

***

People who want to live in Russia are expected to produce evidence of physical fitness. Their mental condition of course can be taken for granted.

***

We have no confirmation of the rumour that under its new insurance scheme a man has made a claim against *The Daily Mail* because a burglar broke into his house and stole his *Daily Express*.

***

Dr. MACLAUGHLIN, of Ontario, has written a symphony on influenza. Nothing quite like this has been done since Dr. Stumpfnasig's "Rhapsody to an Adenoid."

***

We are asked to deny the statement that in a recent musical comedy the diction of the performers was so good that after the first night the author was requested to write real words for the opening chorus.

***

London taxicab drivers are said to be organising to combat alien drivers coming into the Metropolis. It is expected that they will fight to the last overcoat.

***

A news item mentions a Glasgow book-keeper who has been sent to prison. We sincerely hope this will be a warning to those who never return borrowed books.

***

There is said to be a layer of coal under the whole area of London. We thought that our street-excavators must have some definite object.

***

Listeners-in are complaining that the B.B.C. does not keep strictly enough to the times mentioned in its programmes. It would indeed be tantalising for a tired business man to rush home after a hard day's work and discover that the Fat Stock Prices have been announced five minutes earlier than usual.

***

One M.P. declares that a visit to the pictures cheers him up more than any cocktail. It must be pitiful to see him staggering home after having a close-up too many.

***

ELLSWORTH VINES, the Wimbledon champion, says he is to be married in September. So much for the general belief that love means nothing to lawn-tennis players.

***

A certain vicar has recently "exposed" MOSES in his parish magazine. A similar performance by the Egyptians led to a good deal of trouble for PHARAOH.

***

It is reported that the famous white sparrow which frequents Hyde Park did not mate this year, and seemed to be shunned by the other birds. Yet there are those who assert that cock-sparrows prefer blondes.



A YO-YOMAN OF THE GUARD.

GOOD VOYAGE!

TO OUR OTTAWA DELEGATES.

[*The Times*, after describing the accommodation provided by the PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA for our representatives, and discussing the prospects of the Conference, adds, "as a further hopeful sign," that "the weather is still unusually cool for Ottawa at this time of the year."]

MAY balmy winds attend the ship
Engaged for your Imperial trip
Over the waves to Ottawa,
Bearing a priceless human freight
All in an optimistic state
(By Wednesday she'll have got awa').

Her well-appointed berths contain
The very flower of Britain's brain;
I trust that nothing sinister,
No oscillation of the scene,
Will turn our Mr. THOMAS green,
Or any other Minister.

By Mr. BENNETT nobly planned,
High welcome waits you when you land
From blue (I hope) and jolly seas;
At your disposal he will place
Large suites *de luxe* with ample space
For thinking out your policies.

Private apartments he'll allot
For "conversation," knowing what
A feature at Lausanne it is;
Nor has his forethought overlooked
The typist's toilet; he has booked
Provision for her vanities.

Nature is also kind, I hear;
The weather, for the time of year,
Shows an unusual lenience;
Instead of being hot as hell,
It has arranged to have a spell
Of cool for your convenience.

To say we face with equal mind
The vacuum you leave behind
Would hint a lack of deference;
I merely hope that favouring gales
May fill your *Argus*' magic sails
And bring her home stuffed full of bales
Bursting with Empire Preference.

O. S.

YACHTING ON THE BROADS.

EXPLANATION OF SOME COMMON TERMS.

(*Continued and Concluded.*)

JIBE.—This is the name given to the occasional action of the boom, to which feature I have previously referred. The causes of this action are too involved to be discussed here. And indeed there is considerable difference of opinion even among the cognoscenti. Some aver that it is caused by the phases of the moon; others, of whom I am one, regard it merely as an Act of God.

When the terrible words, "Look out! she jibes!" echo across the waters terror strikes the heart of the boldest. Like NAPOLEON'S famous army the only place for you is on your stomach. Only by instantaneous prostration can you avoid disaster.

MAINSAIL.—Theoretically this is the chief means of propelling the yacht through the water. In actual practice this is not so. Progress is far more commonly achieved by pushing with a large pole (*see* QUANT) or by walking along the bank and pulling the boat on the end of a rope.

When one desires to sail, one of two difficulties presents itself:—

(*a*) Too much wind.

(*b*) No wind.

The former is much the most annoying. It means spending some hours in what is known as reefing (*see* REEF), by which time the wind will probably have dropped altogether.

The second difficulty is really a blessing in disguise if taken in good part. It simply means that you stay where you are and play cards. It is only to be deplored when you are stranded miles from an inn. This, however, need never happen if due care is taken.

MOTOR-BOAT.—A type of craft popular with a class of people whose only redeeming feature is a pathetic and childlike faith in the powers of us sailors to perform miraculous manœuvres to avoid them. They are convinced that one blast of a klaxon can cause the largest of yachts to reverse gracefully out of their path. Little do they realise that nothing but a large slice of hard dry land can stop our type of mariner.

PORT and STARBOARD.—Port is the side of the boat you go to when you have been told to go to starboard, and *vice versa*. By the time you have crossed over to the other side and shouted to the skipper that you are sorry but you thought he said "Port" (or "Starboard"), he has found out that he ought to have said "Port" (or "Starboard") and the collision is over.

QUANT.—A large and unwieldy pole which is provided for the purpose of pushing the boat off when it has run aground or moving it when there is no wind.

The method of using it is to walk up to the front of the boat and plunge one end of the pole into the water. Care should be taken to avoid plunging both ends in at once. That part comes later.

Having done this, you walk down the whole length of the boat, pushing hard with the pole. By the time you have reached the back of the boat the pole will have become firmly wedged in the bottom of the river. You then have the choice of staying with the pole or the boat.

REEF.—It is better if you know nothing about this. Then someone else will have to do it while you disembark and buy the beer or go to sleep or something.

SAIL-LOWERING.—There are two schools of thought on this problem. The more popular way of doing the job is to select a soft part of the river bank and ram it under full sail. The sail can then be lowered at your convenience. You may not have to do this at all, for with any luck your mast will go overboard.

The other way is to lower the sail while the boat is in motion. This usually means that the sail and half the crew go into the water.

SAIL-SETTING.—It is essential to have nothing whatever to do with this. The safest distance to watch from is about twenty yards inland. It is a sight which will never be forgotten. The tall ship is lying snugly at anchor. Suddenly the skipper's voice breaks the silence. Each man stands ready at his post of danger. Another terse order; the sail is hoisted, the wrong anchor cast off and the ship glides majestically across the river broadside on, carrying death and destruction to the approaching fleets. Thus did England make herself Mistress of the Seas.

SHEET.—This is the nautical name for the rope with which you pull in or let out the sail. It is a favourite resting-place for members of the crew off duty.

STERN.—This has rightly been called the blunt end of the boat. It is blunt to distinguish it from the sharp end or front of the boat (*see* BOWS) and to make it easier for other boats to see which way you are going.

TACKING.—Tacking is a method of covering the longest distance between any two given points. You keep on proceeding from one side of the river to the other to avoid the wind.

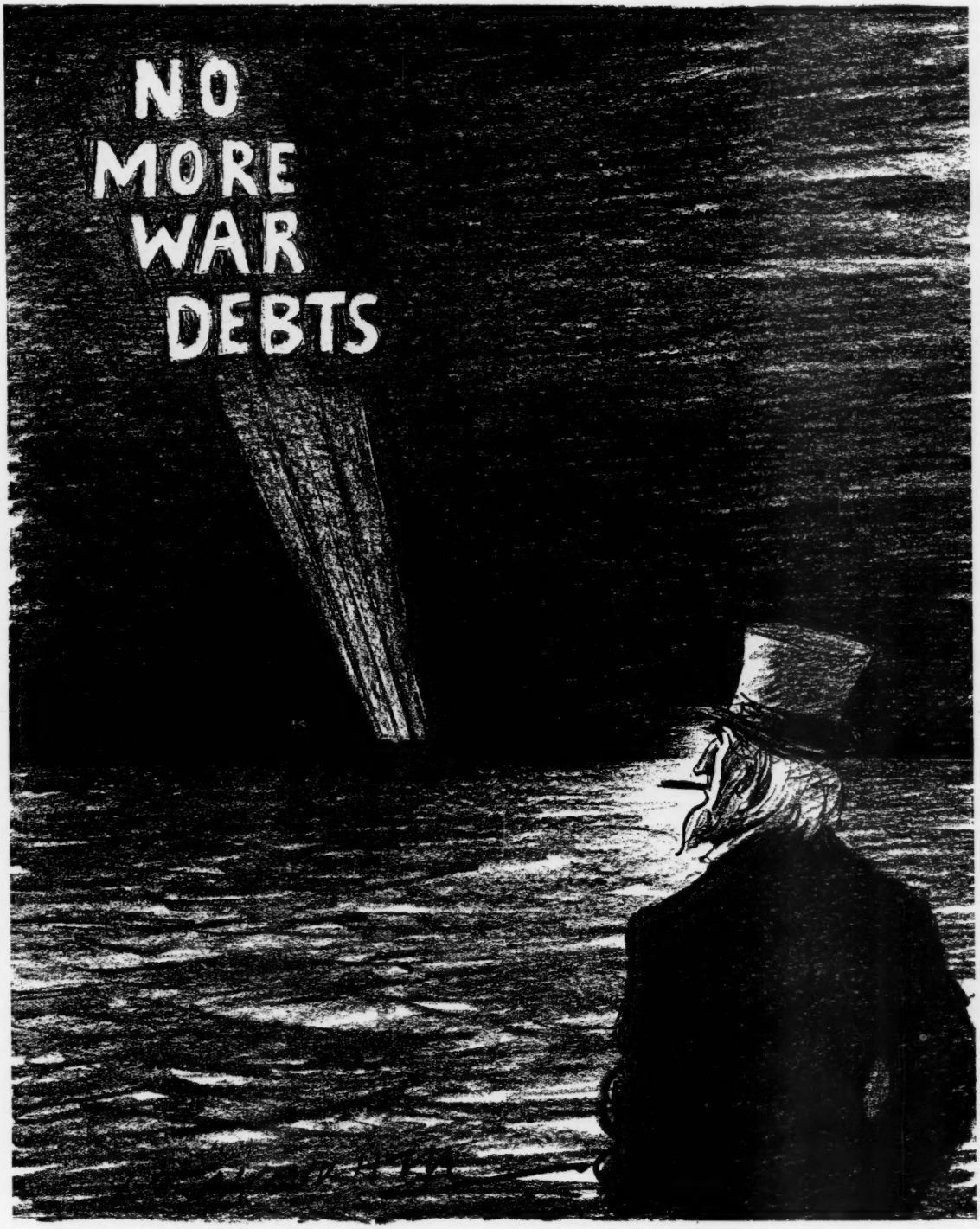
TILLER.—An iron bar jutting out into the boat for the purpose of finishing-off anyone who has only been stunned by the boom. Also used for steering.

WELL.—That part of the boat set aside for al-fresco drinking and conversation. It should not be confused with the "well of English undefiled." That was CHAUCER.

"Chop the prunes finely or sieve. Whisk the whites until very stiff and dry looking, then add little by little the prunes and sugar, whisking vigorously all the time. A Wills looking on . . . A studio in Chelsea. Lessons at the Slade. A chance to make squeeze of lemon improves the mixture."

Glasgow Paper.

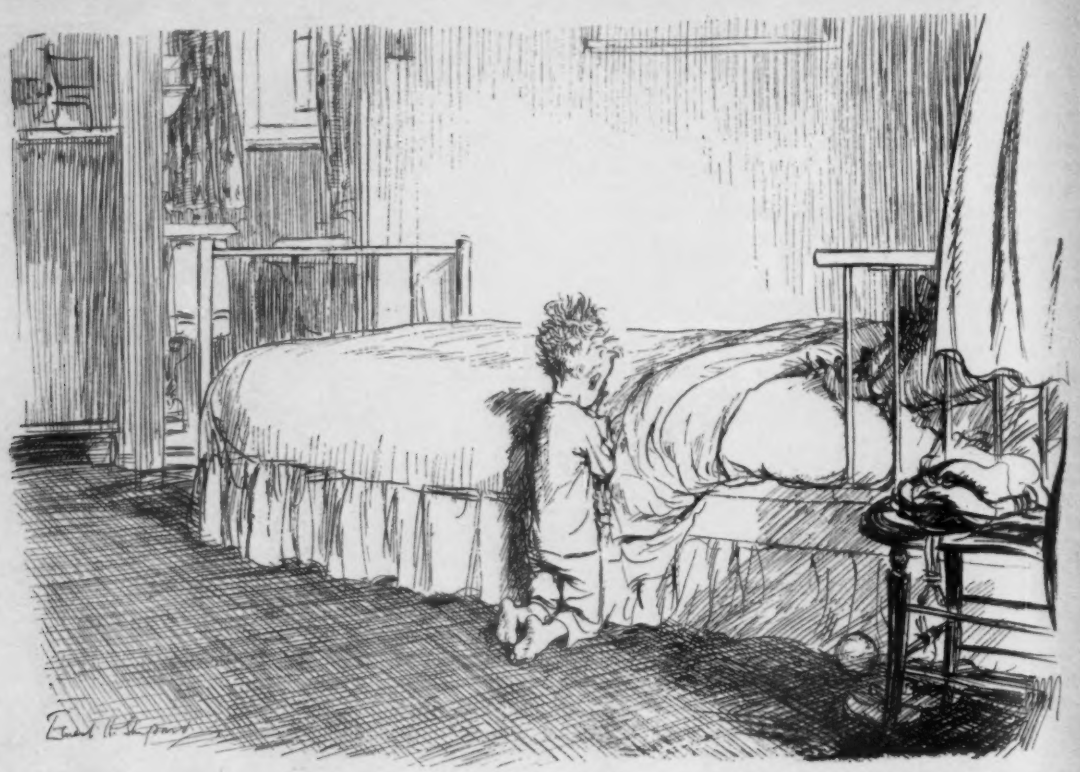
It could hardly be improved.



THE WRITING ON THE CLOUDS.

UNCLE SAM. "SAY, THEY'VE WRITTEN A SKYFUL!"

[The Select Committee on Sky-writing has recently published a favourable report.]



"BLESS FATHER AND MOTHER AND EVERYONE IN THIS HOUSE. OUR NEW TELEPHONE NUMBER IS DRAKE 7538."

THE WAY OF A SEA-WOLF.

IT had rained at last. The bracken was shining, and the burns made so much noise at 1 A.M. that it was difficult to hear the cuckoo (for the Highland cuckoo does not go to bed in June). But by breakfast-time the rain had stopped.

"Disgusting," said the Major.

Of all the woebegone faces that bent above their porridge his was the saddest. The saddest but not the fiercest. For that I gave the Rear-Admiral the palm. The tremulous hope that the rain would souse the hills and blot out the landscape for three continuous days had fluttered in every heart, but it was not to be. In the whole history of Scotland there had scarcely ever been so foul a June.

"This ghastly sun!" muttered the Rear-Admiral as he helped himself to marmalade. "There's no more water in the loch than yesterday."

"A *little* more," I pleaded, buttering a scone.

"Possibly two inches," he admitted grudgingly. "But there's no water at all."

I had to agree that he was right. Practically speaking, Loch Quaigh was empty. It contained, let us say, only about a thousand million gallons, whereas it ought to have contained eleven hundred million. I don't know much about the measurements of loch water. But from our point of view it was a Sahara. Camels could walk about it with their tongues hanging out. The sea-trout had not arrived.

As a lover desires a letter from his mistress, so for some seven weary weeks the hearts of the visitors at the Strathmorran Hotel had been desiring rain. And now it had come, but only a pitiful mockery of it—a thing which might have been described as a sensational cloud-burst in the south of England, but at Strathmorran was scarcely enough to soften the air, and certainly not enough to attract the attention of a sea-trout anxious to attend to family affairs and move up from the sea.

Still, there *were* sea-trout in Loch Quaigh, creatures which had migrated almost before the memory of man, during the last spot of deluge in the spring. And herein lay the whole drama of the Strathmorran Hotel. These old and *blasés* annuals would not look at a fly; but by dint of arduous trolling with minnows for seven solid hours each visitor was liable to catch an average of about one small sea-trout every three days, and the bitterness of rivalry was terrible.

Treated by IZAAK WALTON, fishing is an amiable pursuit, unprovocative of the blacker kinds of hate. But not so at the Strathmorran Hotel. The wild caterans who gathered at the back-door of the hotel and took down baskets and tackle to their boats scowled at each other as if the glens were at war. Fishermen wished each other good fortune with about as much sincerity as a barrister would show if he hoped that opposing counsel might win his case. Hard-bitten men, they muttered in corners and selected mysterious lures. One, who had brought with him from Loch Ross a glass jar filled with what appeared to be coloured sardines preserved in alcohol, was the object of mingled admiration and awe.

But even in that dour struggle it is safe to say that the feud between the Senior and Junior Services was the most formidable. Yesterday the Major by great good fortune had captured a two-and-a-half-pound sea-trout, whilst the Rear-Admiral had scoured the deep without so much as catching sight of a submarine enemy. Fortified with more marmalade, he went down to the pier and looked at the shining beauty

of Loch Quaigh as though it had been guilty of insubordination, as indeed it had. Instead of being wild with storm and wreathed with hurricane, it presented the loathsome appearance of a picture-postcard sent to an aunt. And how in thunder dammy could the sea-trout be expected to move on a vile morning like this? Yet even in the worst weather conditions man's toil must go on. The baskets were ready; the long rods were rigged astern. One after another the caterans, toiling at the oar, pulled out into the placid waters. The daily naumachia commenced.

Watching from a boat in the distance I half hoped for some exposition of the NELSON touch on the part of the Rear-Admiral and his crew. Might he not (as though accidentally) ram the enemy or foul his lines? Or, in the event of the Major getting into a sea-trout, organise a cutting-out expedition and gaff the prey under his adversary's nose? But this was not to be. His gillie rowed him far and fast into the distance. Apparently he was going to wear out the opposition by sheer strength and speed.

The lights on the loch changed. We trolled—we lunched—we trolled.

It was, of course, the custom at the Strathmorran Hotel that a conquering hero returned from the water-battle should sit idly on the lawn with his shining trophy at his feet. He did not precisely compel, yet he by no means shrank from admiration and hypocritical praise. What then was the horror of those who had caught little or nothing to find the Major, about 5 P.M., smoking a cigar on the grass-plot with a good four-and-a-half-pounder dropped as it were by some fairy fishmonger just in front of his boots.

Worse still, what had happened to the Rear-Admiral? Had he struck his flag? Did he know about this new massacre? And if so, what then?

Apparently he had not yet returned. I went down to the pier and sighted him in the offing. His equipment was tremendous. Besides the two usual rods levelled to port and starboard and one astern, he carried two spare engines of death forrard, loaded with alternative minnows and spoons. Reduction of armaments had no meaning for him. He seemed to have nothing that would not kill a sea-trout, except perhaps a yo-yo.

"Done any good?" I shouted. Sound travels over the loch for miles.

"One!" he bellowed back.

"Weight?" I cried.

"Four-and-a-half."

At the same time the clouds, which had gradually been coming up with a west wind all the afternoon, began to discharge themselves furiously on the surface of the water. It looked as if another pint or two of water might be about to filter into the loch.

The Rear-Admiral's craft came closer and with a pale face I told him the awful news.

"The Major has one of four-and-a-half pounds too," I cried. "None of the rest did much."

The boat was by this time about a hundred yards from the landing-stage, torrents were falling and the waves were whipped into foam by the squall, but the Rear-Admiral never faltered for a moment.

"About ship!" he said.

I was drinking a whisky-and-soda at about half-past eleven P.M. when he came back to the hotel. The sky had cleared but the burns were still noisy in the white night. I stepped out into the porch and saw the tireless cateran behind him carrying some heavy indeterminable spoil.

"A five-pounder!" said the Rear-Admiral.

"Don't you think we ought to wake the Major?" I inquired after fondly touching the beast.

He smiled grimly.

"A note pushed under the door will be enough," he said. "He'll find it before he shaves."

I daresay the Major did shave, but it is very doubtful whether he had any breakfast. His boat could be seen from the window a mile off shore whilst we still were pleading with the waitress to hurry our bacon and eggs. But what chance had he? It was another disgustingly fine morning and there was not a drop of water in the loch.

EVOE.



WEDDING OF A MEMBER OF THE ANTI-LITTER LEAGUE.

CHELMSFORD PRESERVED.

WHAT should we do without the Thin End of the Wedge? No argument in England would be complete without it. The forces of obstruction would be lost without it. No Town Council could carry on for a week without it. Whenever I hear this battle-cry I leap and dance and sing patriotic songs. And some kind friend, knowing of these queer habits, has sent me a glorious example in a cutting from *The Essex Weekly News* headed "Should the Museum be Open on Sunday?"

It records a recent meeting of the Chelmsford Town Council. There were present the Mayor, five Aldermen, eighteen Councillors, and the Town Clerk, the Borough Accountant, the Medical Officer, the Acting Borough Engineer, the Sanitary Inspector, the Gas Engineer and other officials.

And this company of dignitaries discussed a recommendation of the Public Library and Museum Committee that the Museum at Oaklands be open, in addition to the existing hours, on week-days from 11 A.M. to 1 P.M., and on Sundays from 2 P.M. to 5 P.M.

I will not relate the full course of the debate, which followed the usual lines. Councillor TAYLOR, to avoid seven-day labour for the caretaker and expense for the ratepayer, moved the very sensible amendment that the museum be opened on Sunday afternoons (when the people can visit it) and be closed on one week-day (when most of them cannot). And a few bold Councillors supported him.

Councillor ASHTON (Chairman of the Committee) said, in reply to a question by Councillor BOLINGBROKE, that there was undoubtedly a demand for the museum to be opened on Sunday afternoons. We may assume, I think, that the Council's museum is an edifying and "cultural" exhibition and proper for examination by the young on Sunday. There is no direct evidence as to the exact nature of the museum, but Councillor SMYTH-TYRRELL spoke of its containing "beautiful things."

In short, the case for Councillor TAYLOR'S proposal would seem to you and to me to be fairly strong, especially as Parliament is at this moment conducting through its final stages a Bill which confers the *cachet* of respectability on all museums and permits them to be opened on Sunday without licence from anyone!

But Parliament has not reckoned with Councillor FOX.

Councillor FOX rose up and said that "THIS WAS THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE TOWARDS THE 'CONTINENTAL SUNDAY' AND SEVEN DAYS A WEEK. He should not vote for it, and nobody could conscientiously do so unless he was prepared to vote for the hard courts at Oaklands being also open on Sundays. Then that would start the question of Sunday games all over the borough."

He might have added that that would lead naturally to Sunday horse-racing, Sunday casinos, and Sunday intoxication, wickedness and burglary. Perhaps he did; but at that point the reporter wearied of Councillor FOX.

Councillor EVE said he would vote against the recommendation and the amendment as he was against anyone working seven days a week. The amendment was expressly intended to prevent the caretaker from working seven days a week, but that had no effect on the determination of Councillors FOX and EVE. In vain Councillor SMYTH-TYRRELL argued that there was "all the difference between looking at beautiful things on Sundays and Sunday games," and repeated that nobody wanted the caretaker to work seven days a week. On a vote being taken, Councillor TAYLOR'S amendment was lost by a large majority, and a further amendment by Councillor EVE, seconded by Councillor FOX, that the hours of opening for the museum should remain as they are at present, was carried.



THE RATHER WEALTHY HOLIDAY-MAKER WHO COULDN'T DECIDE HOW TO SPEND HIS MORNING.

A great victory for the Thin-End-of-the-Wedge slogan. The caretaker is spared from the strain of opening the museum at two o'clock on Sundays and shutting it at five. The people of Chelmsford are spared from the moral dangers of inspecting the municipal exhibits on the Lord's Day, and on wet Sundays will be free to walk about in the rain as before. And the thin and terrible end of the Parisian wedge has been averted from the innocent Borough of Chelmsford.

I think it right that this fine piece of what I may call wedge-work should be widely known. Other councils and other councillors will be stirred to new exertions by the example of Chelmsford. The names of FOX and of EVE will be whispered wherever the horrid wedge is threatened and averted. They shall be the accepted heroes of the Anti-Wedge Movement; and we may be sure that at the next elections the people of Chelmsford, seeing how much fame and honour these men have brought to their town, will send them back to the Council with what are called "thumping" majorities. And perhaps meanwhile a little presentation of Wedgwood would not be out of place.

And they, I beg, will never weary of well-doing. There is plenty of work for everyone in these islands, as we know, and the great thing is to see that nobody does too much. Saturday is dangerously near to Sunday, and the six-day week may fairly be described as the thin end of the wedge of the seven-day week. I should shut the museum on Saturday as well. It might



RIVAL GARDENING ENTHUSIASTS REGISTERING CONGRATULATIONS TO HOST AS HE DISPLAYS HIS LATEST RARE ACQUISITION.

be safer to shut it altogether. No doubt the poor caretaker could easily get a better job elsewhere. In any case he would of course much prefer to lose his job than to have to work from two to five on Sundays.

I assume, by the way, that Councillors FOX and EVE have no cooked food on Sundays, make their own beds, clean their own boots, lay their own tables, and avert their eyes from Monday morning newspapers.

I propose from this date to take in the Chelmsford papers, and shall look out eagerly for more and better wedgery. A. P. H.

Rum?

"Lord —— said that during their stay at Portsmouth the delegates would imbibe something of that sea spirit which has been largely instrumental in building up the British Empire."—*Empire Magazine.*

"Mrs. Pheysey added that they must appeal on psychological grounds to anything which interested a woman. For instance, women, she declared, were intensely interested in household utensils, from cradles to coffins."
Yorkshire Paper.

The regular use of this last property as a piece of domestic furniture is discouraged in the best circles.

DOGS OF EVERY DAY.

HOUNDS.

A DOG, d' you see, is always a dog
And the one man Jack, of course;
But twenty couple of hounds can jog
Along of the huntsman's horse.
Is a dog in the street a sight to see?
But, your penny against my pounds,
You'll jump to the window just like me
If somebody says, "The Hounds!"

Under a wet sky's sombre arch
All in the morning grey
Scarlet bobs and the staid hounds march,
And butterfly-bright march they;
Silver, sable and golden tan,
Here is the stately show
And part of the heart of an Englishman,
Here are the Hounds that go.

Out of the wood a shadow ran
Brown as a blown oak-leaf;
That was the way that the game began,
That was the World's Worst Thief;
Cucumber-cool a fox slips through,
And he isn't concerned a crumb;
But this is the way that he went (says you),
And here are the Hounds that come.

Was ever the grass so green as thus,
Pied by the pied white storm?
Was ever a song so perilous
Set in so sweet a form?
And how will the game go by-and-by?
I'll tell you once it's done;
But here is the fox to view (says I)
And here are the Hounds that run.

Now a dog is always a dog (says I),
And a dog is first of all,
But twenty couple of hounds in cry
Are the song and the carnival;
Dog in the street looks none so fine,
But, your penny to my five pounds,
Your breakfast'll cool and so will mine
If somebody says, "The Hounds!"

P. R. C.

"The Fitzhenrys had come to South Africa in the early nineteen twenties. . . . At that time he was forty and she was twenty-nine. He was now forty-nine and she was thirty-two."—*South African Weekly.*

He seems to be gaining on her.

"Back to your hotel for lunch, arrest in the afternoon so that one is really fresh to enjoy the full performances and then Wiener Schnitzel and beer in one of the multitude of attractive restaurants that abound in Munich."—*Music Paper.*

A little wholesome detention adds sparkle to a holiday.

THE GAME OF GAMES

WHICH IS CRICKET.

TOLL the pavilion bell. The hour is here,
And glorious cricket shortly will begin;
Cricket, to all right-minded persons dear,
Though somehow foreigners can't take it in.
The last attendant goes; the ground is clear;
Now we can sit and wait,
Wait for the time, which surely is not far,
When clad in purity and with grave gait
The white-robed umpires come. And here they are.

Them we drink in. And now the fielding side,
Emerging by degrees,
Appear by twos and threes
Till all are present in their snowy pride.
Another pause. And now at last, at last,
All tarrying, or nearly all, is past.
The batsmen come, and with unhurried walk,
Move to the creases, which are marked in chalk.
One takes his guard, yet still delays to look
In the direction of his customed hook
Where with prehensile hands
The careful fieldsman stands
(They know each other well, these twain, of old);
Gives one last heavenward glance,
And takes his two-eyed stance;
"Play" calls the umpire, and the first ball's bowled.

Ball follows ball and overs grow complete
With evermore a decent pause between;
The lookers-on confess the grateful heat,
And a wide-spreading languor rules the scene.
With now and then a pat
The meditative bat
Adds to the total. Ever and anon
One bowler goes, another one comes on;
When by some evil hap
One batsman's out, the next man fills the gap;
And still the out-side field, and still the in-side tap.

There is an interval for lunch, and one
For tea, and one if any wicket fall,
And one of length to mark an innings' close;
Rain, or the transient glooming of the sun,
Begets another; so the long day goes.
This has been known to pall
On the untaught, a modern breed
Whose cry is all for speed,
Who wait a mere half-day
Perhaps, then go away,
And, as they clear out, bitterly declare
That even croquet has a livelier air.

But fly their wrath, their feverish complex fly,
And, batsmen, let them babble as they will;
Let every ball on the off-side go by;
Plant well your padded legs
In front of all three pegs;
Wang not the loose half-volley; this is skill.
Poke, poke, still gently poke,
Till you can prove your only scoring stroke;
The long-hop comes at last; then have a go,
And sweep it to the ropes with a triumphant mow.

So let the drowsed hours go till stumps are drawn,
And Father Time,* who watches o'er the ground,
Takes up the bails; and, with a last large yawn,
We seek the rude and noisy world around
Where trouble reigns and never calm is found.
Calm may not be life's crown, but calm is well.
Go then to Lord's, and seated on the Mound
Rest, and partake of cricket's healing spell,
And may you not be bored. Toll the pavilion bell.

DUM-DUM.

* The weather-vane at Lord's.

THE RIGHT FACE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The author of an article which you recently published seems to dislike the idea of that terror of the future, the telephone with a televisual attachment, simply because he may frequently get, or be, a Wrong Face.

But surely it is the Right Face that will be (just as it is the right numbers that are) the cause of our worst troubles. He objects to being repeatedly mistaken for the railway-station or the laundry. He will wish he were the station or the laundry or even the mortuary some day when Borsby Smith rings up (and gazes at him) with an invitation to dine. It is comparatively easy to say that one is at the point of death with influenza and to make a noise like a bad cold, but to make a face like one requires special skill, and I doubt whether the directory will be of much assistance.

But the real pinch, dear Mr. Punch, will be felt by women like me whose faces are permanently all wrong, but who have acquired merit in the use of the telephone and made it an art and the means of self-expression.

The delicate raillery, the coo, the entrancing throaty gurgle which must often have invested me with a fictitious charm will be fruitless when visibility is no longer nil. I shall be in the inverted position, if I may say so without being misunderstood, of a film-star who has passed into nothingness because her voice will not record successfully.

Then there is the question of stance or posture. Personally I am always at my telephonic best if I can lie face downwards on a table or coil myself round the instrument and plait my legs. The looker-in at the other end would almost certainly think these attitudes ungraceful.

I should like to finish with a note of warning to those who dabble in black magic and attempt to probe the mystery (wisely hidden) of electrostatic voltmeters, neons and the amplitude of the oscillatory current curve. If and when the infernal machine is perfected the call-and-see boxes will have to be lined with mirrors and every apparatus will need to be fitted with toilet accessories.

It is sometimes suggested, harshly of course, that women tend to take root in call-boxes and forget the flight of time, especially if there is a stamping snorting man waiting to pounce upon the telephone. There may be some justification for this reproach when they are obliged to repair their faces before they remove the receiver.

Your obedient servant, EUTERPE LARKINS.

A Lucid Interval in Parliament.

"Section 16. Income Tax for the year 1931-32 in respect of the excess of the total income of an individual over two thousand pounds shall be charged at rates in the pound which respectively exceed the standard rate by amounts equal to the amounts by which the rates at which income tax was charged in respect of the said excess for the year 1930-31 respectively exceeded the standard rate for that year."—*Finance Act*, 1932.

"No person other than a male child under the age of seven years shall enter or use any shelter provided or erected in any park set apart and appropriated by the corporation to the exclusive use of persons of a sex other than the sex of such person."

Park Notice in Edinburgh.

It is surely hard on ladies and persons of other non-male sexes to be excluded from their own sanctuaries.

THE LOUSY LOOK.



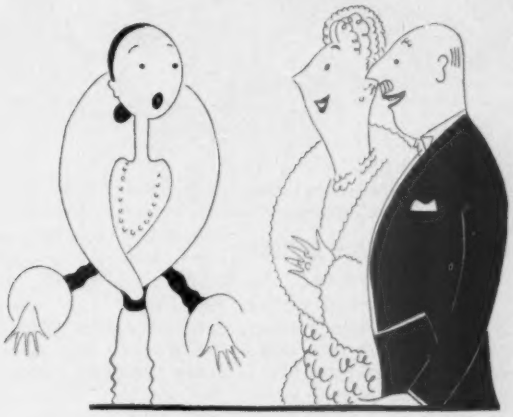
"I'M GOING TO GROW A BUN. THIS WINDSWEPT HAIR IS GOING OUT . . ."



"MY BUN WAS A BIT OF A NUISANCE DANCING—A PERFECT DELUGE OF HAIRPINS.



ON THE OTHER HAND I FOUND IT QUITE TOO CHINK, WITH MY NEW HAT.



BUT FATHER AND MUM SAID I LOOKED *NICE* AND *LADYLIKE.*



SO I WENT STRAIGHT TO THE HAIRDRESSER AND HAD IT CUT OFF—



AS I KNEW IT MUST LOOK TOO LOUSY FOR WORDS."



Mistress (to tweeny). "HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS GIVING A PARTY TO-MORROW?"

THE DEFEAT OF THE BARRACK OFFICER.

IT is not often, we have found, that anyone can defeat a Barrack Officer. They usually know too much (*a*) about regulations, and (*b*) about you; moreover, they are apt to treat the truth as a kind of expensive and delicate article to be shoved away on a shelf at the back of the store and only issued upon a requisition in triplicate signed by a General Officer. Which is why you may all like to hear how our Barrack Officer of Ypres Barracks, Havershot, met his Waterloo.

It began with a desk. The desk nearly filled a small room in which Lieutenant Swordfrog, as Sports Officer, kept a clerk, a safe, some spare football-bladders, five dozen cricket-bails and several files. He called it the "Sports Office," and we called it the "Dormitory," because one summer afternoon we caught Swordfrog doing what he subsequently described as "mentally selecting next Saturday's Eleven."

The desk was a most attractive one and quite unlike any others in barracks in that it had a sloping top. Further, the top could by means of a little metal gadget at the back be adjusted to any slope found best for resting the arm during writing, or the head during mental selection of cricket teams. Just how it had originally got there no one knew, but it was down on the office inventory as Desks, Sloping Top, Adjustable. . . . 1, and Swordfrog was extremely proud of it.

Then one day the Barrack Officer came snooping round on a check-up and saw it. "That's a nice desk," he said, and Swordfrog agreed enthusiastically. "Sloping Top, Adjustable, I see," continued the Barrack Officer, sitting down and getting the feel of it. A covetous gleam came into his eyes, and with a murmured "Wouldn't mind one like that in *my* office" he went out.

Swordfrog of course felt that his desk was as good as lost, but, being young and not having had much experience of Barrack Officers, he decided to make a sporting tussle of it.

Round One took place in two days' time. The Barrack Officer rang up Swordfrog, and in the tones of one who has been working day and night to help a pal, said that he had at last managed to persuade the Ordnance to issue a new and flat-topped desk to replace the old one with a sloping top now in the Sports Office. Swordfrog replied that it was just sweet of him, but that he shouldn't have bothered; personally he didn't do much work in the Sports Office (here Captain Bayonet, who happened to be with him, developed a severe bronchial affliction). He could, he finished, manage to get along with the old soap-box he now had; let someone more deserving have that nice new desk.

Round Two opened a week later with an official memo from the Barrack Officer stating that in the course of his duties it had been brought to his notice that there was on charge in the Sports Office a Desk, Sloping Top, Adjustable. As this type was now obsolete, would Swordfrog please note that under D.O. B.F./24/xxx, 1840, and still going strong, Barrack Officers were now ordered to withdraw all obsolete-pattern office furniture and replace it by authorised patterns. Swordfrog replied to this little fiction by saying that what had to be had to be, but as one desk already had been allowed to reach the sere and yellow in the forgotten fastnesses of the Sports Office could the Barrack Officer guarantee that the replacement would be of absolutely the latest type?

By return the Barrack Officer promised, with what he no doubt considered Machiavellian cunning, that he would give Swordfrog the brand-new desk at present being used by himself, a desk, flat-top, leather-covered and absolutely the latest model, with a foot-rest and a pair of drawers. This gave Swordfrog confirmation—if any were needed—of the real destination of the

obsolete desk, and, after taking a few measurements in his office, he played an ace. "Since," he wrote, "the Sports Office has undergone structural alterations of a more recent date than the desk on inventory therein, I regret to say that same cannot be removed from the Sports Office owing to the narrowness of the door."

He then squared his elbows to his nice sloping desk and picked up a list of "possibles" for the Cricket Eleven. That, thought Swordfrog, was that.

Of course that wasn't that—not with a Barrack Officer—but, as I say, Swordfrog was inexperienced. His ace was trumped the very next day by the arrival of a couple of the Barrack Officer's huskies bearing their master's own brand-new desk and instructions to remove the obsolete one *via* the window.

A great deal of glass was disbanded, and Swordfrog, who possibly is not such a fool as we say he looks, saw to it that the desk too was considerably damaged during removal. Indeed, one of the accidents that occurred without the huskies noticing was the smashing of the metal gadget that adjusted the sloping top.

Nothing was heard for several days and Swordfrog began to get quite used to his replacement. After all it *was* brand-new, and it *did* have two drawers and a foot-rest. Without doubt it was of a type only meant for the offices of Generals, for Barrack Officers invariably get the best of what's going in the way of furniture.

We never found out quite what the Barrack Officer thought when he found, after relinquishing his own two-drawer-power desk, that the coveted desk, sloping top, adjustable, no longer possessed the gadget which made the sloping top adjustable. But after a week he wrote Swordfrog a polite little note in which he explained (for I said that Barrack Officers treat truth in a peculiar manner) that some gunner people to whom he had been able to show favours in the past had offered to hand in another desk of the obsolete sloping-top pattern, and so, as a great concession, he could let Swordfrog have back his original desk; Swordfrog to return, of course, the Barrack Officer's.

Not even Swordfrog believed this. He replied briefly that he had now got used to the new desk; that, his conscience once aroused, he could never really be happy with his obsolete one in contravention of orders; and that he was sure the Barrack Officer, being such a busy man, would make much better use of a desk, sloping top, adjustable. In short, a point-blank refusal.

There the matter rests, and, as I said, it was the Barrack Officer's Waterloo. For he now has an inferior flat-top (ex-sloping-top) desk, and, since the second sloping-top desk from the gunners only existed in his own imagination as a face-saving invention, he can hardly use that. Nor can he force an obsolete desk, once withdrawn, upon Swordfrog or anyone else. And as for repairing the one he has got, well, no Barrack Officer has ever been known to do anything at his own expense. Finally, he cannot even indent upon Ordnance for a new metal gadget to replace the broken one, because the desk itself is obsolete.

A. A.



THE PERFECT PARTNER.

THE BIRDIKIN FAMILY.

XXIII.—A MARRIAGE.

THE surprise and dismay of Mr. Birdikin on being apprised of Miss Smith's coming marriage to Captain Rouseabout may more readily be imagined than described. He had himself seen the Reverend Mr. Speedway drive off to lay his suit at the feet of the governess, but, as his cross-examination of Miss Smith elicited the fact that he had not reached his destination, he could only suppose that he had swerved from his purpose when the full force of her unfortunate connection with retail *trade* had had time to strike him. This, indeed, proved to be the case, for a few days later Mr. Birdikin received a manly letter from the young Rector, in which he said that Miss Smith had made a deep impression upon him, but that in view of his sacred calling he could not bring himself to marry her from a *shop*, and should now, at whatever temporary inconvenience to himself, erase her image from his mind and seek a bride whom he could present to the more genteel among his parishioners without blushing for her.

These sentiments found ready response in Mr. Birdikin's breast, but at the time Miss Smith's declaration was made to him he was unaware of them or he would have pointed out to her the contrast between the high-minded decision arrived at by one who took thought of his duty towards *others* and the self-indulgence of a man who considered only the gratification of his immediate inclinations, at whatever cost to his own dignity and the claims of his neighbours. For Captain Rouseabout, though totally unfitted in Mr. Birdikin's estimation for the position he filled, was possessed of a fine estate and, had he not been so lost to all sense of what was becoming to a gentleman of property, he must have thought twice before affronting his neighbours by presenting to them a bride who had not only filled a subordinate position in Mr. Birdikin's household but had relatives living within a stone's-throw of whom it was impossible to conceive even a Captain Rouseabout being anything but heartily ashamed when the first impulse of his passion had spent itself.

He did venture to point out to Miss Smith the grave risk she was running in allying herself to a man of Captain Rouseabout's notorious character, who might be expected to throw her aside like an old glove when he had had, as it were, enough of her. He told her that, although he and Mrs. Birdikin would not refuse to consort with her *after* her marriage, if she persisted in the unbridled course on which she had set out, they could not in any way countenance it *beforehand* or accept invitations, either for themselves or their children, to a wedding which he supposed would take place from the abode of her aunt, Mrs. Clott.



"HE DID VENTURE TO POINT OUT TO MISS SMITH THE GREAT RISK SHE WAS RUNNING."

"You are mistaken, Sir, in your estimation of Captain Rouseabout," said Miss Smith, "and you will remember that it was yourself who encouraged him to make the somewhat unseemly declaration of his admiration for myself which I have since forgiven him. With regard to the marriage ceremony, I have felt that it would not be entirely fitting that it should take place from the house of my aunt, though Captain Rouseabout himself has so high an appreciation of her that he vows, in the language of symbolism, that she is the pick of the stable. I have thought it possible that, in view of the position of dignity to which I am shortly to be elevated, an offer might be made to me to proceed to the altar from the house of those who are closer in *rank* to Captain Rouseabout than my kind aunt and uncle can claim to be."

Mr. Birdikin did not at the time take this as a suggestion that Miss Smith should be married from Byron Grove. He was concerned lest the episode, already recounted in these pages, to which Miss Smith had made reference, should come to the ears of Mrs. Birdikin, and he was anxious that the governess should leave Byron Grove without his children, especially Fanny, divining that there was matter of grave disconcertment in his attitude towards her. He therefore dismissed Miss Smith from his presence with a cheque for her last month's salary and a statement that as she had made her bed so must she lie upon it, and within a few hours she had left the shelter of Byron Grove for ever.

In conversation with his wife, however, Mr. Birdikin recalled Miss Smith's words, and their true significance flashed upon him. "What!" he exclaimed, "after all that she has received at our hands, for which she has repaid us with the basest ingratitude, to expect us to go out of our way and to spend money upon concealing her lowly origin in order that she may ally herself to that oaf, that *roué*, that scoffer against all propriety and decorum! It is too much. She has already been corrupted by her association with him and is no longer the modest respectful woman whom I have harboured for so long under my roof. I wash my hands of her from henceforth."

"I would remind you, Mr. Birdikin," said his lady, "that as the wife of the owner of Beechcroft Miss Smith will enjoy a measure of consideration that cannot be conveniently overlooked. She will be mistress of a finer house than this and drive about in a chariot beside which mine presents no better appearance than that of a hackney-coach. I have no mind to *emphasise* the discrepancy between Miss Smith's state and my own, and beg that you will not draw attention to it by taking up an attitude which will only bring upon you the derision of those with whom you wish to stand well."

Mr. Birdikin saw the force of this contention and, in view of Miss Smith's future position as a lady of quality, began to regret that he had already erected a barrier to an intimacy which

he now saw to be desirable. After further parley with Mrs. Birdikin he wrote to Miss Smith and generously offered to have the wedding at Byron Grove, adding that he should be pleased to permit his daughters to attend her to the altar as bridesmaids.

The delight of Clara and Fanny when this news was imparted to them knew no bounds, and Mr. Birdikin felt that he had dealt with an awkward situation in a manner that could only increase his credit. What then was his surprise when he received a letter from Miss Smith thanking him for his offer but informing him that the Countess of Bellacre had graciously invited her to be married from Bellacre Castle, and that the nuptial knot would be tied by the Lord Bishop of P—chester, who had been a close personal friend of Captain Rouseabout's late father, and had expressed a gratifying approval of his choice of bride. She added that it would give her great pleasure to have Clara and Fanny as her bridesmaids in addition to the Lady Mary Firebolt and the Honourable Miss Martingale, a young niece of Captain Rouseabout's.

"Well," said Mrs. Birdikin on reception of the contents of this missive, "I apprehend, Mr. Birdikin, that you will not persist in your criticism of Miss Smith's nuptials, which I presume that Mr. and Mrs. Clott will be invited to witness. If I add that your Aunt Maria will likewise expect an invitation, it is with the object of reminding you that while *my* relatives include a Bishop and, at a remove of some distance, a Baronet, your *own* scarcely warrant the attitude you have taken up to the future Mrs. Captain Rouseabout, and I trust that from henceforth you will drop it."

A. M.

THE SEASONED HUMOURIST.

I WATCHED a man tub-thumping;
I heard him loudly plumping
For Seven-Year-Plans and Dumping
And the Communist Idea;
To follow the rules that LENIN stressed
Was the only chance the world possessed,
And everyone felt most depressed
Till somebody said, "Oh, yeah?"
Whereon immediately the crowd
Threw care to the winds and laughed aloud.

To judge of a certain playwright,
And help my budget to stay right,
I stood at the close of day right
In the thick of a theatre queue;
The street artistes had begun to pall,
Our backs to ache, the minutes to crawl,
When, *à propos* of nothing at all,
My neighbour exclaimed, "Sez you!"
Spontaneously we laughed and cheered
At the quaint remark he volunteered.

As shafts of wit, or bludgeons,
That the most confirmed curmudgeons
In the doldrums' throes, or dudgeon's,
Are powerless to resist,
These phrases far and away outshine
Any impromptu quips of mine,
And to use them freely is the sign
Of a seasoned humourist;
What fun in the future I'll impart
Now that I have them both by heart.

C. B.

"GOLF.
THE SOCIETY BEAT THE SENIORS.
. . . Who shall say that old age lacks stamina and lunching power?"
Daily Paper.

And who shall deny that the one depends on the other?

"Mr. Chamberlain meant complete cancellation of those intergovernmental debts between European countries whose continued existence he and others consider definitely harmful to trade and credit."
Montreal Paper.

Why not cancel them too?



Inspired Yokel. "SHE'S AN ARTIS', JOE—SKETCHING THE CHURCH OR SOMETHINK."



THE WHIRLIGIG OF FASHION: A SCENE AT LORD'S.

THE DUCHESS OF DUMPSHIRE (WHO ALWAYS HAD THE REPUTATION OF BEING THE WORST-DRESSED WOMAN IN LONDON) MEETS HER GRAND-NIECE (WHO HAS THE REPUTATION OF BEING THE BEST-DRESSED WOMAN IN LONDON).

THOUGHTS, IN A PHILOSOPHICAL MOMENT, ON THE ASTOUNDING SUCCESS AT LAUSANNE.

If I had all the wooden chairs
  Whereon distinguished men have sat
To reassess the world's affairs
  And talk of this and talk of that,
And piled them all into a heap
  On one fine summer afternoon
The pile would be extremely steep,
  And possibly might reach the moon.

If I had all the pens and ink
  And all the typewriters they used
And blotting-paper white and pink
  And memoranda much confused,
And all the notes they sent across
  To sound, to argue, to condemn,
I should be greatly at a loss
  To know what I could do with them.

For every time the pale East fired,
  It seemed to me, with hints of morn,
A moratorium expired,
  A baby conference was born;
And every time the West was changed
  To crimson by the sunset's touch
A new procedure was arranged
  For not deciding very much.

And all the words were said before,
  The truth for years had not been hid,
That only harm can come from war
  And none could pay for deeds they did;
Yet still to each salubrious town
  Tremendous persons did proceed
To wear away by sitting down
  Their bags of serge, their bags of tweed.

Thrice happy race, I sometimes feel,
  That only stands and serves and waits,
To feed at each successive meal
  Those everlasting delegates!
We might have known when peace was made—
  Yet few there were who told us this—
That reparations would be paid
  To almost no one save the Swiss.

EVOE.

"SEARCH FOR FORMULA TO CONTINUE TO-DAY.
TWO BODIES SET UP."
Headlines in Provincial Paper.

Not the Murder of any Mathematicians; merely Lausanne.

"TOKYO.

The Society of Dog Lovers has petitioned the Board of Tourist Industry for the right to hold dog-fights."—*Daily Paper.*

Our R.S.P.C.A. already has its Annual Meeting.

MORE PLAYS AT PLAY.

ON the *Twelfth Night*, *While Parents Sleep*, a *Party*, including the celebrated *Dr. Pygmalion*, will leave, to a *Fanfare* of trumpets, *The Vinegar Tree* on a *Pleasure Cruise* for *The Gay Adventure*.

Casanova, *The Pride of the Regiment*, will accompany *Helen* (who prefers *Sweet Lavender Out of the Bottle*) and will *Tell Her the Truth* about his *Intimate Relations* with *The Secret Woman*, believed to be *The Dubarry*, an affair which suggests that *Love's Labour's Lost*.

When the *Dirty Work* of turning the *Dangerous Corner* is passed, *The Savoy Follies* will play *Musical Chairs* to a *Hocus Pocus* of *Waltzes from Vienna*.

The Miracle will be if the *Cavalcade* reaches *The Cat and the Fiddle* by *Evensong*.

"Comfortable board residence, or otherwise."—*Advt. in Local Paper.*

They are often otherwise in August.

"Southend Corporation decided last night to provide a shelter at the cliff bandstand to hold 2,000 deck chairs at a cost of £5,000."
Daily Paper.

Wouldn't tarpaulin be cheaper?



THE WAY TO BETTER TIMES.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. "I AM ASKING FOR A SMALL SACRIFICE—IF INDEED IT IS A SACRIFICE—IN A GREAT NATIONAL CAUSE."

JOHN BULL (*handing his Conversion form, already signed*). "IF I MAY SPEAK FOR THE LOVERS OF OUR COUNTRY, YOU ARE PREACHING TO THE CONVERTED."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 4th. — Unlike the House of Commons the Lords revealed no obstructive Sabbatarians on the Second Reading of the Sunday Entertainments Bill. Had such been present, indeed, they could hardly have withstood the lofty and logical plea of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, who declared that the Bill in no way interfered with Sunday as a day of rest, and that for the many people who had no alternative to the cinema but the public-house and the street the cinema was vastly preferable. There was hardly any form of healthy recreation that was not preferable to loafing. The thing to be aimed at, as he saw it, was not no Sunday films but better and more educative films.

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD struck a rude blow at the Philistines who decry the Grand Opera subsidy paid by the B.B.C. to the Covent Garden Syndicate by pointing out, in answer to a question from Captain CROOKSHANK, that while the subsidy last year was £17,500, the opera brought in £12,547 in entertainments-tax and £5,769 in income-tax charged on foreign artists' salaries. This does not take into account all the people who, having seen what happened to the Rheingold, hurried home and posted some conscience-money to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Replying to a question put by Mr. ROBINSON for Mr. HOPE, the POSTMASTER-GENERAL said that the value of stamps for which the purchaser could obtain a receipt had been reduced from £25 to £3. This will enable the office-boy who loses the stamps on the way back from the post-office to escape odium by producing the receipt.

The FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS said that for the forthcoming four Sundays bathing in the Serpentine from 2 P.M. to 6 P.M. would be permitted. The privilege would continue if the receipts justified the expense.

Answering Sir PERCY HURD, the PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE MINISTRY OF LABOUR said that a milk-roundsman in London got 56/- per week of forty-eight hours, and a cowman in the area from which the London milk comes got from 28/- to 34/- for a week of from forty-eight to fifty-six hours. Does it not strike the Government, asked Sir PERCY, that there is an astonishing difference in the rates of payment? There was no reply. Had there been it would doubtless have emphasized the astonishing difference between milking a cow and milking a customer.

In reply to Mr. LANSBURY, Mr. J. H. THOMAS read out a long message received that morning from Mr. DE VALERA indicating that the Free State Government proposed to withhold the payment of a number of other sums in addition to Land Annuities. Mr. MAXTON asked what was the total sum involved, and Mr. THOMAS obligingly offered to have it added up for him.



THE APOSTLE OF ANARCHY.
MR. MAXTON AS DEPICTED BY MR. CHURCHILL.

Then the House went into Committee, and Mr. THOMAS moved the Resolution empowering the Treasury to place additional duties up to one hundred per cent on imports from the Irish Free State to make good any loss to the revenues of the United Kingdom resulting from a failure by the Irish Free State to carry out its obligations. Mr. THOMAS said the Government was extremely reluctant to take the step it was taking, but what else could they do in face of the Free State Government's attitude? The British Government had offered to arbitrate the question of the land annuities, but Mr. DE VALERA refused an Empire arbitration tribunal, as provided for by the last Imperial Conference, and further demanded the re-examination of every financial settlement made by his predecessors in office during the last ten years. The position was clear. Were they going to let the Free State get away with the money or were they going to empower the Government to impose these duties in their own way and on such goods as they thought fit until the money owed, and not a penny more, had been recovered?



ENGLAND *v.* IRISH FREE STATE.
Umpire: MR. DEVLIN.

Mr. GREENWOOD'S speech was little more than a reiteration of the charge that the Government was "seizing the thick stick," but a statement in the early part of his speech, that the Free State Government intended to pay the disputed sums into a suspense account until the matter was settled, was news to Mr. THOMAS. What was the source of Mr. GREENWOOD'S information? Mr. GREENWOOD hastily denied that it had any official source. However, after various Members had supported and opposed the Resolution, and Mr. DEVLIN had offered himself to the contending Governments as an impartial chairman of the arbitration tribunal, Mr. THOMAS received a note from the Free State High Commissioner in the general terms of Mr. GREENWOOD'S statement. Mr. THOMAS observed that it might have saved a lot of trouble if he had known this before. Mr. MAXTON vaguely asserted that Mr. DE VALERA was all right and Mr. THOMAS all wrong—an argument which caused Mr. CHURCHILL to declare that the hon. Member for Bridgeton had proved himself no Socialist but an Anarchist who has "gone after BUKHARIN and left LENIN in the lurch." After various minor objections the Resolution was carried by 223 votes to 31.

Tuesday, July 5th.—The House of Lords is rich in many things—to-day it was further enriched by the addition of Lord ESSENDON, formerly Sir FREDERICK WILLIAM LEWIS, and Lord RANKEILLOUR, formerly the right hon. JAMES FITZALAN HOPE, Chairman of Ways and Means of the House of Commons—but it is not rich in grammarians. This fact came out in the course of the

Report stage of the Town and Country Planning Bill when Lord BERTIE OF THAME began to bombard the Government with drafting Amendments changing "is" to "are" in various clauses of the Bill. Lord GAGE, full of *noblesse oblige*, accepted these contributions in the spirit in which they were offered, and it was not until late in the debate that Lord ULLSWATER registered a polite but firm protest against making a clause of the Bill read "where any Department other than the Ministry of Health *are* concerned."

Lord GAGE was in no mood to hold the baby, as the phrase goes, for Lord BERTIE. "We have accepted a good many grammatical amendments of the noble Viscount," he observed plaintively, "and if they prove to be wrong I do not know where we shall stand." He suggested leaving it to the Government draughtsman. Lord CRAWFORD attempted to embroil the LORD CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES. Lord BANBURY was for consulting the Member for Oxford University, presumably on the assumption that he is politically responsible for the Oxford English Dictionary. Lord BERTIE modestly disclaimed Lord PONSONBY'S statement that their Lordships accepted his amendments because he was always right, but insisted that "in treating a Government Department as a plural," as Lord READING put it, he was only following the Government. Lord ULLSWATER offered consolation. After all, the matter would ultimately come before the Courts. It would then go to the Court of Appeal, and by leave of that body would finally return to their Lordships in their judicial capacity. They could then give their final decision.

Further Amendments of a similar character were then dealt with, Lord GAGE'S attitude of injured innocence being slightly punctured by the discovery that the last Amendment of all—to leave out "is" and insert "are"—was his own!

Sir WILLIAM DAVISON having secured permission to bring in a Bill to discourage "freak" candidates from standing at local government elections by requiring them to forfeit a deposit if they failed to poll one-eighth of the total vote cast, the House dealt with coal, additional import duties, the Malta Constitution Bill and other matters upon which nothing new or at great length required to be said.

Wednesday, July 6th.—This afternoon the Lords approved the Ministry of Agriculture's Special Order relating to the Hops Marketing Scheme, 1932. Nothing out of the way in that, for has not the Upper Chamber in times past done something to merit the unofficial title of the House of Beers? Moreover Lord DE LA WARR made it clear that, although somewhat hastily draughted, the scheme was urgently necessary.

The thrill of the afternoon arrived



"BUT HARK! THE CRY IS ASTOR!"

LORD ASTOR FLINGS DOWN THE GAUNTLET IN HIS UNUSUAL *RÔLE* OF CHAMPION OF THE BREWERS.

when Lord ASTOR opposed the Order on behalf, as he explained, of all parties concerned, including the brewers. Cynical smiles flitted round the red seats at the thought of Lord ASTOR striking a blow for King Bung and his merry men, but there it was. So convincing was Lord ASTOR that he gathered support from Lords READING, REMNANT, HALSBURY, RHAYADER and STRACHIE, and in the end mustered no fewer than thirty "Noes" against the Government's forty "Ayes."



THE SCRAPPED GUN.

(*After "Peace," by* LANDSEER, *at the Tate Gallery.*)

MR. BALDWIN.

The Commons concerned themselves chiefly with the Second Reading of the Irish Free State Duties Bill. Mr. THOMAS again insisted on the lengths of concession to which his Government had gone. He felt that the proper arbitration tribunal was that recommended by the Imperial Conference, 1930, in which the Free State representatives concurred, and which was subsequently ratified by both the Dail and the Senate. He had notified Mr. DE VALERA, however, that the British Government would consider any modification in form of that tribunal while insisting that it must be an Empire tribunal that settled the matter.

The Opposition Amendment, urged by Mr. LANSBURY, merely declared the Government's action to be precipitate. It derived no particular assistance from Lieut.-Colonel MOORE-BRABAZON, who, eager to keep a foot in both camps in the best Southern Unionist tradition, merely succeeded in giving offence to both—to his fellow-Members by calling the measure "penal legislation," and to the Irish by suggesting that they would join DE VALERA in repudiating their honourable obligations on the slightest provocation. The Second Reading of the Bill was carried by 321 votes to 41.

Thursday, July 7th.—The Lords with commendable pertinacity restored the "whipping" clause, deleted by the Commons, to the Children and Young Persons Bill. Lord PONSONBY, whose inspissated gloom has more than once chilled the Upper Chamber, declared that he had been whipped as a small boy for organising a steeplechase in the dormitory. So far from feeling a wiser and better boy he felt great resentment towards the master who whipped him and determined to organise another steeplechase. The House was left wondering whether Lord PONSONBY should thank the rod for his unconquerable soul or blame it for his invulnerable pessimism.

In the Commons, Major ELLIOT referred to the extraordinarily favourable reception that had been accorded to the War Loan Conversion scheme, and Mr. BALDWIN made a long statement on the subject of disarmament, pointing out that, as far as action went, Britain was the only country that had really done any substantial disarming, and explaining in detail the extensive scale on which we should like to see reciprocal disarmament proceed. The House then discussed railway pooling plans and completed the Committee stage of the Irish Free State Duties Bill.



THE LAST FISH, BEING HOPELESSLY OUTNUMBERED, SURRENDERS.

MORE ABOUT EDUCATION.

My little treatise on education has set the world of educationists (what a word!) ablaze. Letters from teachers and others have crowded, cracking like squibs, both into Mr. Punch's and my own humble home. Many of them were very nice and some not so nice; all were enthralling and welcome. But to many we have not been able to send the usual illuminating reply; so here goes.

One clear conclusion is to be drawn from the correspondence. There is a definite school of thought which maintains that the small Britons who spit upon the mariner from bridges are more to be pitied than reproved. No one, you see, in these scientific days is directly responsible for his own actions. It is always the capitalist system, the influence of the cinema, the machinations of financiers, a bad fall in babyhood or something else that is really to blame. And spitting (so the argument runs) is to these poor waifs their natural method of self-expression, because they come from mean streets where spitting is almost as common as breathing. This appears to me to be slightly libellous upon our humbler citizens; I do not believe that over large areas of London expectoration and respiration are synonymous terms. However, I see the argument and up to a reasonable point I accept it.

But my courteous correspondents forget that I was assaulted also (as other mariners have been) with *three volleys of gravel;* and their argument breaks down, I timidly suggest, on that. For there is absolutely no evidence that in the very poorest streets the throwing of gravel is a normal form of self-expression. And, anyhow, my main question is—why should these fiends in human shape elect to express themselves adversely, whether with gravel or saliva, as my humble boat passes under a bridge? I am beautiful, I am obviously good, I do not look rich, I had not even shaved. What's the idea? First round to Haddock.

Another teacher says that it is hard on the teachers because they have the boys under control for so few hours out of the twenty-four. The parents are to blame. But the parents would say that the schools have the children during all the effective hours of the day. This round, perhaps, is even.

Another complains that he may not chastise the wicked, and the parents won't. The teacher's round.

Another said, very nicely, that the possible forms of infantile or boyish malevolence and mischief are so numerous that it is impossible to anticipate and guard against them all. The Editor, I believe, replied that in that case poor old Haddock had done a public service in indicating one particular offence which might now be guarded against in the Talks on Conduct (if any) in our elementary schools. Clearly the Editor's round.

Our public school boys, I freely admit, have let me down badly. I rashly wrote "I do not believe that if the much-abused public school boy saw the whole Grand Fleet passing under him he would be tempted to expectorate—even on the Admiral. Which shows there must be something in a classical education." Scarcely was the ink dry on the paper when some Eton boys, returning from a cricket-match against my old school, in which Eton had not done too well (that's a nasty one) behaved extremely badly and broke the windows of a railway-train. Several kind friends have sent me cuttings about this affair, (*a*) hinting delicately what about a classical education *now?* and (*b*) seeming to suggest that I am afraid of Eton.

Golly! what next? I hereby condemn the Eton miscreants as heartily as I did the proletarian miscreants on Blackfriars Bridge. But there is this important distinction, dear teachers, that



Friend. "THE HOUSE GOES BACK TO THE TUDORS, DOESN'T IT?"
Host. "NOT A BIT. *I* PAID FOR IT AND MINE IT REMAINS!"

the Eton boys can be, and have been, shamed and punished; but the young bullies of Blackfriars and Southwark have not and never will be. Therefore I do not regret but would repeat with emphasis every hostile expression I used against the little dears.

But, just as the letters about Eton had begun to diminish, the boys of Shrewsbury broke out, assaulted an innocent bridge-keeper and carried a defenceless policeman round the school. It is true that they could plead the excuse of a victory, their crew having won the Ladies' Plate. But I condemn them too; they are just as bad as the Blackfriars boys. And I hope that will please the elementary school teachers.

I make no excuses whatever for public school hooligans such as the teachers make for the little hooligans in their charge. I have once or twice written wingéd words about university hooligans who cannot confine their high spirits and low jests to college but must attack townsmen and public buildings outside. And I hope the elementary school teachers of the riverside boroughs will speak as plainly to the little expectorants of London's bridges.

But all this brings us back to the main question I posed for the next conference of educationists (what a word!)—Do we get our money's worth out of the schools? Do they in particular teach Citizenship enough, as opposed to Algebra and Dates? I am quite prepared to recommend to the public schools, as I did to the elementary State schools, that they should take off an hour or two from Algebra, Physics or Geography and substitute an hour or two of Manners and the Duties of the Good Citizen. Eton should be taught to think it disgusting to break the windows of an innocent train; and Blackfriars should be taught to think it disgusting to spit on the innocent mariner. But the plain fact is that both of them think that such behaviour is a really good joke. And therefore I tell the educationists (what a word!) that their modern scientific systems of education require an overhaul, being little better than what they would call the primitive systems of fifty years ago. If they murmur, "Boys will be boys," we are neither amused nor impressed. The main point of sending boys to an expensive modern school (State or non-State) is to prevent boys from being boys in that sense. I repeat, "Are we getting our money's worth?" And I shout a loud "No!" in reply.

A. P. H.

Statements which are Likely to be Denied.

"CARDINAL LAURI BREAKS HIS HOMEWARD JOURNEY: SUZANNE AGAIN."
Daily Paper.

A Desert Galaxy.

"Major Young, a son of Sir Mackworth Young, and a cousin of Sir Hilton Young, served in Arabia with a first-class musician, and a very competent linguist, a first-class musician, and a very competent artist."
East African Paper.

"PAINT SECRETS OF OLD MATERS FOUND?"
Nigerian Paper.

We do not care to pry into the practices which these old ladies probably learned from their young daughters.

"During a shopping week at Kenton (Middlesex) a woman of 85 won a two-piece swimming costume, and a man of seventy-seven."—*Glasgow Paper.*

He should at least have insisted on being the first prize.

AT THE PICTURES.

JACK AND MAURICE.

IT looks as though JACK HULBERT, our gayest and, to my mind, most acceptable light comedian, will spend more and more time in making films; and that will be another injustice to the stage, for, although a film-actor reaches many millions where a stage-actor can be seen only by a few thousands, flesh and blood, the natural



THE NEW BLUE BOY.
Jack . . . . . JACK HULBERT.

voice and the sparkle of life are more than photography and the microphone, and the poor slighted theatre increasingly needs them.

If, however, Mr. HULBERT really means to devote himself to the screen and the studio, I hope he will get better material than he has provided for himself in *Jack's the Boy*. Even comic stories should bear some relation to the facts, and, in London at any rate, where policemen are familiar objects to us all and traffic-control comes continually under our anxious observation, the irresponsibilities of a farcical member of the force on point duty need a deal of swallowing. We laugh because Mr. HULBERT compels us to, but probably we should not laugh less, and certainly we should laugh more contentedly, if the impossible were not happening in our very midst.

I don't say that our friend Robert is not fair game for the comic actor, but I doubt if, on point duty, he should be exhibited as a perfect ass. Point duty has got beyond that. And in any case the business with the ladder which threads the motor-cars and breaks their windows is far too long.

So much for the pure rough stuff of nonsense. We are less tolerant when a real plot has been developed and the efforts of a gang of crooks who are hunting in Madame TUSSAUD'S at night for the stolen string of pearls which one of their number, under pursuit, had hastily to conceal by hanging it round the neck of a wax figure, are reduced to futility. The idea of using Madame TUSSAUD'S is a good one, but Mr. HULBERT and his partner, Miss CICELY COURTNEIDGE, make Mr. FRANCIS LISTER'S attempts at drama, at a point where drama would do no harm, a mere waste of time.

It comes, I think, to this, that Mr. HULBERT needs control. Certainly in *Sunshine Susie*, where he was only a cog in the machine, he was far better than he is in *Jack's the Boy*, where he is practically the machine itself. There he was advancing the story; here he is making rubbish of it; as CHARLIE CHAPLIN, with all his laughter-making



LIFELIKE WAX-WORKS.
Mrs. Bobday . . CICELY COURTNEIDGE.

powers, would never do, and as MAURICE CHEVALIER, who also is in a new film, does as little as possible. CHAPLIN (who, incidentally, takes two years to make a film) would refuse because he likes the story too much; CHEVALIER is reluctant because he is a Frenchman and Frenchmen are unwilling to be illogical.

What MAURICE'S feelings are as to the part he has to play in *One Hour With You*, which also, in a different way, is unbelievable, I am unable to disclose; but it would not surprise me to learn that he would be happier if it were more reasonable. Being, however, in the strong hands of LUBITSCH, he must do what he is told, and it looks as though he is destined to be nothing else but the butterfly adulterer for ever. I am fortified in this fear by the use of the word "naughtiest" by the management: "Lubitsch's Naughtiest Musical Sensation." It is a pity, because in my opinion this very attractive Frenchman was more amusing—and seemed



TOYING WITH THE NUPTIAL TIE.
Collette Bertier . . JEANETTE MACDONALD.
Dr. André Bertier . MAURICE CHEVALIER.
Mitzi Olivier . . GENEVIÈVE TOBIN.

himself to think so—in *The Big Pond*, where there was a consistent and not incredible unsexed story which his humour furthered. *One Hour With You* is tuneful, lively and, to the extent permitted by the Censor, earns its epithet; but not a step of its way is proved and one's enjoyment is dashed by regrets. E. V. L.

IN PRAISE OF PONC.

WHEN music, as we now understand it, began about the year 1600, the masters of the youngest of the arts were fortunate in their names—MONTEVERDE, PALESTRINA and so on. But when Germany took the lead they showed a sad falling-off in euphonious nomenclature, descending to such homely patronymics as BACH (possibly borrowed from the Welsh), HANDEL, SCHUBERT and SCHUMANN. Nor did England fare better in this regard. PURCELL was a great genius, but his name is not one to conjure with, and GIBBONS of the Silver Swan is only redeemed by his Italianate prefix of ORLANDO.

But of late years, amongst the hierophants of modernity, there is a new and happier influence at work—a closer consonance between the name and aims of the composer, suggesting that, on

the principle of *nomen, omen*, the inheritors of striking or impressive patronymics were impelled by them to seek self-expression in music. SCRIABIN is splendidly suggestive of the spirit of discord; SIBELIUS is instinct with Nordic starkness; BAX is a mightier monosyllable than BACH. But the palm must be awarded to the young Czecho-Slovakian composer whose works have been sympathetically discussed of late by the musical critic of *The Times*. His name is indeed one to "fill the loud resounding trump of fame"—PONC. Only four letters, and yet full to bursting with all the elements of explosive sonority. Mr. Punch greatly regrets that he does not see his way to act on the suggestion of a correspondent who suggests that he should change his name to *Ponch* in honour of the new star that has swum into our musical ken, but he has much pleasure in printing portions of the metrical epistle in which the suggestion was made:—

"The siren's hoot, the motor's strident honk,
The harsh hee-haw of the delirious donk,
The dying wail of engines when they conk,
The dismal dithering of the weary wonk,
The ukulele's penetrating plonk,
The well-strung tennis-racket's cheerful tonk,
The guttural jargon of the wild Algonquin Indian—all are thine, O peerless PONC!"

An Entertainment is to be given in the gardens of 10, Downing Street, on Thursday, July 14th, at 10 P.M., in aid of the Distressed Areas in the North, of whose committee Miss ISHBEL MACDONALD is President. The programme will include a One-Act play, *Seventeen-fourteen*, by Mr. EDWARD GRANVILLE; and Madrigals and Dances of the Court of QUEEN ANNE under the direction of Major BENTON FLETCHER. Madame LEILA MÉGANE will sing.

Tickets (One Guinea and 10/6—to include refreshments) may be obtained from the Hon. Lady O'NEILL, 77, Elm Park Gardens, S.W.10.

"PROHIBITION A FAILURE, SAYS 'DRY' LEADER.
PRESIDENT HOOVER IN TIGHT CORNER."
Headlines in Indian Paper.

In a speak-easy?

"ACETYLDIHYDROCODEINONE.
Addition to 'Dangerous Drugs.'"
Daily Paper.

It certainly has a frightful spell.

AT THE PLAY.

"EVENSONG" (QUEEN'S).

MR. BEVERLEY NICHOLS, author of the novel *Evensong*, a malicious study of a temperamental singer of genius, has called in Mr. EDWARD KNOBLOCK, established adapter-in-ordinary to the British novelist, to help him with the process of conversion into dramatic form. The work has been done with considerable ingenuity, though even the least expert could guess that the affair had been planned for the more desultory medium. A few words of description, a brief flutter of dialogue will serve to convey an incident or a mood in the book. In the play, time and space must be taken to round off the edges and fit the pieces into a coherent plausible three-dimensional whole.



BETTER THAN TRUTH: THE PORTRAIT THAT PLEASED THE PRIMA DONNA.
Pauline Lacey . . . MISS JOAN HARBEN.
Irela . . . . . MISS EDITH EVANS.
Donald Gage . . . MR. HARRY WILCOXON.

In the stage version, the balance of the original has been disturbed. The love-making of *Madame Irela's* harassed secretary-niece and her impulsive photographer loom larger in the interests of a neat stage story than in the book and contract the space left for the formidable principal to manœuvre in. Shrewd calculations of what the public wants in a play have taken *Irela's Archduke* out of his asylum and made him into a lover faithful to the point of formally offering, after long absence, his hand (he is but recently a widower); and they have softened somewhat the brutalities and mitigated the egotisms of the tyrant *diva*. But there is still room for Miss EDITH EVANS to build up a masterly three-quarter-length portrait by using every art and artifice at her command and never wasting a moment of the briefly-outlined episodes. So we have at the end the impression that she has been upon the stage for much longer than she has been in fact, that the evening's entertainment has been longer than our watches testify, not in the sad sense that we have been dull, but because we seem to have seen and learnt so much of this strange woman, with her will to power, her possessiveness brooking no rival in her affections; vampire feeding on youth; bully striking savagely and then wheedling forgiveness out of her victims; astute business woman and shameless publicity-monger; vindictive insolent rival; tired disillusioned fighter realising that all is vanity, that a crown cannot be worn for ever, and that before the queen is quite dead there will be loud *vivas* for her successor.

Perhaps the author and adapter gave their heroine something more of a heart than was compatible with all this and thereby embarrassed Miss EVANS with an insoluble problem of presentation. They had however the artistic discretion to make her withdraw her promise of stepping down from her own throne to share the relative obscurity of an archduchess's state, diminished as it was in these Bolshevist days. And I rather think that our *Archduke*, having seen an exhibition of her later manner, began to feel himself to be well out of it.

The business of balancing a part is well understood by Miss EVANS. She worked up gradually and irresistibly to an impressive crescendo when after a fury of violence due to jealousy of her young rival, a fury spent upon the floral trophies of her admirers, she finds her arms, which she has uplifted in arrogant challenge, paralysed and piteously calls for her niece. One had the illusion for the moment that the disaster had actually happened. And thereafter we had a diminuendo as carefully planned and controlled. It was a changed woman that thereafter planned her life, courageously but more soberly, and whom at the last we saw shaken with strangled sobs, a figure of tragedy moving us to pity.

Miss JOAN HARBEN played the difficult subdued part of the niece, *Pauline*, with an excellent discretion, and her crude genuine Canadian lover was admirably sketched in by Mr. HARRY WILCOXON. Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH interpolated a quiet gracious study of the *Princess Stephanie*, and Mr. FREDERICK LEISTER'S *Archduke* was a sensi-

tive meritorious performance. Two flamboyant parts, of the singer, *Baba Letoile*, and the impresario, *Rosenberg*, were well done by Miss ETHEL GLENDINNING and Mr. REGINALD TATE, and Mr. WILFRID LAWSON's interpretation of the singer's Russian manager, *Arthur Kober*, which looked at first a little unpromising and seemingly overdrawn, was justified when we had the clue to it. And I must not forget to commend an admirable piece of quiet characterisation by Miss BEATRIX FEILDEN-KAYE of *Irela's* loyal long-suffering maid, *Tremlowe*.

Mr. ATHOLE STEWART, the producer, did his work well, and in particular handled cleverly the two crowd scenes in the Opera House foyer, with their confused babble and movement. T.

"LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST" (WESTMINSTER).

It is of the essence of the enjoyment of parody that one should be well-acquainted with the original; and the joke that depends for its point on intimate knowledge of an extravagant contemporary fashion is necessarily doomed to a quick death. *Love's Labour's Lost* carries a more than ordinarily heavy cargo of jests and conceits which tempt the actor to be extremely bright in manner and affect a riotous appreciation of the meaning of words which are completely unintelligible to him. He can often count on a corresponding weakness in his audience, the desire to appear not to be missing a good thing.

It was wise then of Mr. TYRONE GUTHRIE to use his blue pencil freely. I could personally wish he had used it with even greater freedom, for I have to confess with appropriate shame that I have never acquired the habit of suffering Shakespearean fools gladly and am envious (or sceptical) of those who seem to be of another mind.

It would be unfair and ungracious not to admit that Mr. EVAN JOHN made an authentic figure of fun of the fantastic pedagogue *Holofernes*; that Mr. ROBERT EDDISON, choosing to play the foolish curate as a lady-like decadent in the fashionable mood of the moment, made a tolerable foil, and that the fine rich gravity of Mr. EUGENE LEAHY'S *Armado* was a pleasant thing to witness.

Mr. GOOLDEN too played with such a genuine romping gusto as almost to persuade me that he had seen a good deal further into his part than I had, and deserved the tributes of laughter which his hearty clowning extracted. I noticed that he had the grace to be distinctly apologetic and parenthetic when throwing off that word, blesséd to the Baconians, "honorificabilitudinitatibus."



A LECTURE FOR A DON.

Don Adriano de Armado MR. EUGENE LEAHY.
Moth (his page) . . . MISS JOAN WHITE.

However, "let that pass," as *Armado* would pertinently observe.

In the charming formal setting of the scene in the *King of Navarre's* park—a fountain, a staircase and two pavilions; in the stylised dresses of the would-be ascetic king and his lords (symphonies in red and white), and of the *Princess* and her ladies (in green and white), varied by the shapeless gear of the "frozen Muscovits" (in black and red), Miss MOLLY MCARTHUR effectively follows up her *Twelfth Night* triumph. It was all in the right mood for the happy artificiality of the fantastic symmetrical love exchanges between the two teams. Here it was as easy to accept the conventions of the author, however different from those of our own day, as it was difficult (in my crude judgment) to appreciate the long dead humours of the fools. Mr. GUTHRIE grouped and moved his figures in excellent patterns—possibly the movements of the ladies were a little over-elaborated and therefore a little distracting. But, in sum, the masque was an excellent phantasy, with moments of genuine beauty.

Mr. ABRAHAM SOFAER was an admirable choice for *Biron*. He has a fine voice, a most agreeably clear elocution, and his phrasing (to take a term from the singer's art) is excellent. I could wish that the general pace had not been so rushed, because even in spite of these accomplishments we missed some of his lines—and they are not lines to miss.

Miss VERA POLIAKOFF (the *Princess*) moved gracefully and spoke her words with intelligence and spirit. Perhaps she allows her emotions to chase each other over her comely face a little too actively. There is a repose of the features as well as of the limbs which is part of the technique of a trained player. Miss VIVIENNE BENNETT played a roguish *Rosaline*, deputising for Miss GILLIAN SCAIFE, robbed of her part by a dislocated ankle.

The producer showed his skill in letting the piece die away to quiet and darkness after the boisterous bizarre efforts of the Worthies and the queer sadness of the messenger's bad tidings; and a touch of sardonic humour in transposing the verses of the final song and giving those ever-popular references to the naughty habits of the cuckoo to the quavering trebles of three children. T.



LOVE'S LABOURERS.

The Princess of France . . . . . MISS VERA POLIAKOFF.
Ferdinand (King of Navarre) . . . . MR. ANTHONY QUAYLE.
Biron . . . . . MR. ABRAHAM SOFAER.

A Pearl of the Pellucid.

"Mr. —— said that . . . the black spot in unemployment was in the coal trade."—*Daily Paper.*

Invidious Distinction.

"Several hundreds of happy guests, representing all civilised nations and the United States of America, gathered there to see what was certainly the finest show of British aeroplanes that has ever been got together."—*Aero Paper.*

TO AN ANCIENT BOWLER.

MOTH-EATEN relic of a happier time,
Exhumed by some insatiate spring-cleaner,
Forlorn reminder of my joyous prime,
When every tree was green and I was greener!
Oh, bought in days when life and I were fresh—
I stood, I recollect, amid the Corn
And felt the perfect contours of thy crown,
Thy brim's seductive curl my sense enmesh,
And read thy label, "Gents' Smart Felt: As Worn,"
And purchased thee and bade them put it down.

How unforgettable an air thou lentest
What time, the cynosure of every eye,
Bound nominally for the abhorréd dentist,
I rattled in a hansom up the High,
Not yet profaned by the incessant roar
Of motor-traffic shattering to bits
The too-frail fabric of those dreaming spires,
Intent the fabled joys of Town to explore,
To lunch with Amaryllis at the Ritz
Or stand Neæra tea at Rumpelmeyer's!

And in the intervals of Armageddon,
When Blighty brought a transient release
From all the horrors that I daily fed on
(As Embarkation Officer at Nice),
How sweet it was once more in thee arrayed
To issue forth, the unabashed civilian,
And with sublime indifference to contemn
The pomp and circumstance of golden braid,
Of hats of brass and gorgets of vermilion
And all the minions of the A.P.M.!

But now thy crown has many a sorry dent;
The moth has played the dickens with thy pile;
Thy subtly curving brim is soiled and bent;
Thou art not what thou wast, unhappy tile,
Whose lines and hues were too austerely chaste
For this our Bolshevistic modern life,
Where all men dress exactly as they please,
No well-boned stays control the female waist,
Soft hats, soft collars and soft heads are rife,
And seemliness is sacrificed to ease.

Yet, though thy pristine grace has largely fled
And thou hast quite distinctly had thy day,
Nor any more shalt crown the poet's head,
Neatly encircled with a wreath of bay,
They shall not cast thee scornfully aside;
Come, let me seek instead some dressy tramp
Worthy to have such precious boon bestowed,
Whom thou shalt fill with pardonable pride
And with the remnants of thy beauty stamp
The nattiest hobo on the Great West Road!

"MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL.
. . . the Horses' Home is the finest in London."—*Daily Paper.*

Hacks provided by the leading surgeons?

"Most important military features were hats with front brims turned up and trimmed with bows, or wings, and cut-out turbans revealing the coiffure. Hats were worn forward on the head. Velvet was the out-standing material."—*Canadian Paper.*

Our colonel looked perfectly sweet.

"It is as bad to steal another woman's husband as to take her handbag. You should put this point of view to your friend."
Answer to Enquiry in Woman's Paper.

Possibly even worse, for she can insure against the loss of the handbag.

ON CIRCUIT.

(*By Mr. Punch's Special Student of the Provincial Press.*)

A SPECIALLY arranged excursion enabled Cumberland and Westmorland people living in London to enjoy a whirlwind tour of their native counties.

I am moved by the thought that there was nothing of a whirlwind about WORDSWORTH'S idea of an excursion.

* * *

"Miss Irene Ward, the Member for Wallsend, is in much demand as a speaker in constituencies other than her own," says a paragraphist in *The Newcastle Journal.*

I am convinced that his intentions were honorific.

* * *

The newly-elected President of the Society of City and Borough Clerks of the Peace is Mr. PUNCH, for many years Clerk of the Peace of Middlesbrough, where next year's gathering of this body will be held.

Mr. Punch, of London, authorises me to convey his felicitations to his namesake.

* * *

At the Welsh National Sheepdog trials near Conway, a representative of *The Manchester Guardian* was told by an expert that, though the Welsh shepherd had his brilliant, indeed his inspired, moments, he took risks which were less successful than the quieter methods of the Englishman and the Scotsman.

This may account for the straying of Liberal sheep from the Welsh fold.

* * *

The Liverpool Post and Mercury has published a diagram, made by photographing sound-waves, which illustrates the comparative pronunciations of "Llan" by a Welshman and an Englishman.

We look forward to an enjoyable holiday spent in taking snapshots of the Welsh language.

* * *

A couple who were married at a Blackpool registry-office on a Thursday had met for the first time on the previous Saturday.

Tedious formalities would account for the delay.

* * *

In an account of the career of a North-Country nonagenarian it is stated that he has shaken hands with three lords.

Many men have lived to be even a hundred without experiencing the thrilling pressure of a peer's palm.

* * *

A bed designed in honour of the Wolverhampton Wanderers has been laid out in a local park, and flowers form the words "Bravo Wolves! Champions all!"

Football supporters rarely avail themselves of an opportunity to "say it with flowers."

* * *

Donkeys left standing on wet sand at Skegness sank nearly up to their necks and were rescued with difficulty.

Fortunately the place is so bracing that this peril is easily avoided by bounding over the sands like the man in the famous poster.

* * *

One of the features of a Suffolk parish fête described in *The Bury Free Press* was the liberation of a long-legged cockerel which was offered as a prize for the lady who succeeded in capturing it.

Out of consideration for the bird and with the idea of providing even more excitement I should have advocated the substitution of a curate.

"A Bach bed and sit rm."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

An ideal room in which to compose yourself to slumber.



CORKED.



Much-travelled Lady. "I DON'T SEE WHAT GOOD A CONFERENCE AT OTTAWA IS GOING TO DO. I KNOW THE PLACE QUITE WELL."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Peeps into Futurity.

IT was *Banquo*, if I remember rightly, who insisted that fragments of the future disclosed to a prying present have an uncomfortable way of proving not only useless but deleterious to the pryers. This at any rate is the moral of *The Gap in the Curtain* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), though the country-house party, five of whose members get acquainted with inklings of their fate, is not of the calibre that dabbles with mediums and spooks. On the contrary, it is a German professor "rather in the Einstein way" who, having initiated some such impertinent liberties with time as this age is accustomed to take with space, proposes to give the more thoughtful of his fellow-guests a glimpse of the columns of a next year's newspaper. The effect of this glimpse on the experiment-fodder who enjoy it is the basis of five thrilling stories in which a financier, two politicians, an idler of cultured tastes and a banker of military antecedents make temporary or permanent havoc of their dangerously enlightened lives. It is an animated and original fantasy. The professor's programme of initiation, with its elaborate psychological gymnastics and ritual diet, strikes me as refreshingly un-Wellsian; and his victims and their circle are drawn with discernment and spirit. This particularly applies to *Reggie*, the idler, whose future (as foretold) overtakes him with neat inevitability; and to *Charles Ottery*, the banker, who shares with *Goodeve*, the M.P., the cruellest revelation of all. I congratulate Mr. JOHN BUCHAN on having scored another success in the uncanny borderland territory he describes with such intimate conviction.

A Study in Disenchantment.

The Store is five-hundred-and-sixty-five pages long. I should like to be able to say that this was not a single page too many, but there were moments when I turned the pages over rapidly to find how many more lay in front of me. Yet I like the novels of Mr. T. S. STRIBLING, and they have not generally struck me as long-winded. Perhaps my trouble was that I cannot stand more than a certain modicum of dialect, and here we have a great deal of the language they spoke in Alabama in the years immediately after the war—by which of course is signified the American Civil War, that seemed so world-shaking an affair about seventy years ago. *The Store* (HEINEMANN, 8/6) is a sequel to *The Forge*, and deals with the *Vaiden* family again—*Colonel Miltiades Vaiden* and his brother *Augustus*—to say nothing of a sprinkling of duskier *Vaidens* of rather uncertain parentage. But somehow this is not the South as we used to know it in the novels of GEORGE W. CABLE and JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS and others many years ago. A sort of fragrance hung over those books, as of a departed civilisation miraculously preserved in lavender. How different were the ladies and gentlemen we met in those works from these characters of Mr. STRIBLING! By comparison this is a squalid atmosphere. It may be more true to life, but it is distinctly less pleasant, and we like to keep our happy memories undisturbed. But I cheerfully admit that in the course of these five-hundred-and-sixty-five pages we come to know some of the characters in this book quite remarkably well.

New Light on Da Vinci.

Leonardo da Vinci (PETER DAVIES, 5/-), having proved an irresistible enigma for historians, art critics and psycho-analysts, affords Mr. CLIFFORD BAX in all three capacities a promising and remunerative field. Mr. BAX's interesting little book suffers, I feel, from an indeterminate standpoint, which adjudges works of art as "projections of personality" while deploring the cleavage between art and social life which this limited and esoteric notion of art has done its best to foster. The "projection of personality" fetish is responsible for a certain amount of otiose speculation. It may be true, for instance, that LEONARDO chose his pupils rather for looks than capacity, but none of his great contemporaries had a more notable following—they were all on the crest of a wave that broke into very small fragments; and with due deference to Mr. BAX and his master, FREUD, a painter is not the sum of his physical aberrations but of a mind and a technique. In his study of these, and of the world that gave them scope, Mr. BAX approves himself a memorable critic. He takes LEONARDO as the aptest example of the transition from mediæval art to renascence science—a transition effected in the painter's own person and largely accountable, in its devastating clash of interests, for his small and eccentric output. The fact that we now enjoy the sterile consummation of that combat gives the study a contemporary application of which the critic takes every advantage; and a certain pleasant malice in his treatment of modern pretensions is not the least engaging of his book's undeniable qualities.

Red Ink.

The sardonic sneer of the born revolutionary who glories in nothing but his own venom manifests itself on every page of LEON TROTSKY's first volume of *The History of the Russian Revolution* (GOLLANCZ, 18/-). The facile overthrow of Tsarism, long destined to fundamental change, and the uneasy efforts of the moderate parties to reconstruct the State while carrying on the War, afford him plenty of easy targets for his gibes, as they provided the unique opportunity for him and his kind to deliver all Russia, and not least that "horny-handed proletariat" for which he cares not one iota, into the unlimited domination of a political party—of a minute faction—of a single blood-sodden autocrat. Apart from such interest as must attach to the writings of any leading actor in the Russian drama, there is little of note in this volume except an occasional action-passage almost openly imitated from CARLYLE, and most of its pages are filled with a dreary rigmarole purporting to prove that all the stages in the revolution were scientifically to be foreseen and were indeed predicted by the author. In his second volume the transition from Democracy to Bolshevism is to be developed, and I suppose justified, and already there is shadowed the grim purpose of civil war and "executions" innumerable. One waits to learn in what guise will be related that hitch in the scientific process which placed the writer himself in exile rather than on the very throne. His complete opinion of STALIN will be published, one gathers, posthumously.



"GERALD DARLING, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? THE MAN AT THE GATE TOLD ME YOU'D JUST BEEN CAUGHT IN THE GULLET."

Alternating Currents.

Mr. RONALD FRASER ultimately gives *Adrian* and *Linet* their *Marriage in Heaven* (CAPE, 7/6), but when I laid down the book I could feel no confidence in their subsequent felicity. The main trouble with both of them was that they had no sense of humour; and if Mr. FRASER intended them to be deficient in this quality he took a grave risk, which he has failed to justify in his handling of the theme, for he seems to take his lovers as seriously as they unforgivably took themselves. *Adrian* designed stained

glass windows and saw to their production in his own factory. He was very good at this, being a curious blend of the artist and the organiser, but unfortunately he was willing not only to discuss his ability but even to grow sententious about the responsibilities of his genius. *Linet* was clever and temperamental, and, although she and *Adrian* were deeply in love, their union was chemically unsound. It might not have been if *Linet* had laughed more at *Adrian*, or if *Adrian* had put her across his knee and whacked her (particularly when, just because of the intensity of their love, "tears spurted" over an excellent lunch in a wagon-restaurant). Mr. FRASER pays too much attention to the inner minds of his characters and not enough to making them convincing human beings. In description he has often the pen of a poet, and one wonders if the novel is his true medium.

The Philosophy of Revolt.

It is not only to madness, as the poet asserts, but to criminality also, according to Mr. HENRY T. F. RHODES, that great wits are oft allied. *Genius and Criminal* (MURRAY, 7/6) are, he maintains, but branches of the same tree. The one no less than the other is essentially the enemy of society, the difference between them being that whereas the criminal is purely destructive the genius destroys to construct—shatters the sorry scheme of things that he may remould it nearer to his heart's desire. If, that is to say, he can; for the crux, or one of the cruces, of Mr. RHODES'S argument is his contention that genius is not known only by its works but exists *per se*, and that genius *manqué* is apt, to borrow once more from the poets, to madden the crime. Mr. RHODES believes with the unfashionable LOMBROSO (to whose correction, however, he brings the fashionable FREUD) that there are such things as a criminal type and a type of genius, unconditioned in origin, though not in manifestation, by environment; and that they are distinct but related. Both are in revolt against laws and conventions, and in certain conditions of society, of which contemporary Russia offers an example, authentic genius may find its natural expression in criminal courses. Such in rough outline is the thesis of a most interesting and provocative little book, in which the argument is presented with lucidity and the instances, ranging from VILLON to RASPUTIN, with effective vivacity. The old question remains, however: What exactly *is* genius?

Guidance with Gusto.

Mr. H. V. MORTON has won for himself a large public. He brings to his guide-books a definite freshness of treatment and an enviable personal outlook. For very few things displease him. He sets out intending to be interested, elevated and amused and every time he "sees the experience of his judgment." Having found what he was looking for in England, Scotland and Ireland, he has now gone *In Search of Wales* (METHUEN, 7/6). The result is a cheerful book, full of information on all subjects and containing something for everybody. His historical summaries are particularly well-done. His curiosity is always alive; he is alert to note the salient features of things ancient and modern, so that he brings the same enthusiasm to a coal-mine as to a castle. Also he is fortunate in his encounters. Entertaining people are accosted by him at every turn, and once, walking in the lanes round Criccieth, he accidentally ran into Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. I wager that, when Mr. MORTON walks round the Forum, he will, without appointment, meet Signor MUSSOLINI and engage him in characteristic conversation. Italy may very well be the next country to be looked for and Mr. MORTON should find it with very little trouble and to the general delight of his readers.



AFTER READING ABOUT THE REDUCTION IN THE SIZE OF BATTLESHIPS, TANKS AND GUNS, PRIVATE ATKINS DREAMS HAPPILY OF BAYONET EXERCISES.

A Serviceable XV.

The tale to which Mr. J. S. FLETCHER has given the place of honour in his collection of short stories, *The Man in the Fur Coat* (COLLINS, 7/6), did not allure me, but among his fifteen tales I found two or three excellent and several readable yarns. Personally I should award medals of distinction to "Father Christmas's Friend," "Gold for my Lord the King," and to "The Permanent Tenant," which will give pleasure to all dog-lovers. "The Fox and the Goose" and "The Campaign for Celia" are also to be commended, though they cannot be given unqualified praise because their readers will too clearly foresee the dénouements. This assemblage is good enough, but I feel that Mr. FLETCHER can be more thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed in his full-length novels.

Instructive Romance.

The publishers (MURRAY) of *Love in Ebony* (7/6) with reason claim that this novel is of topical interest because it is both staged in Liberia and written by a Liberian. VARFELLI KARLEE, Mr. VERNON BARTLETT tells us in a foreword, is the grandson of one of those emigrants from New York who in 1820 sailed in what Mr. BARTLETT calls "the Negro *Mayflower*" to the West Coast of Africa. Obviously Mr. KARLEE is in every way qualified to write about Liberia, and his story of the charming *Farmata Manjo* and her ardent lover, *Momolu*, is both instructive and very pleasant to read. In it we are given opportunity to become acquainted with the tribal customs and traditions that obtain in Liberia, and at the same time to enjoy a charmingly-written romance.

Things which might have been Expressed more Prettily.

"When he [the Bishop] left Camp, the enthusiasm of the boys knew no bounds."—*Carlisle Paper.*

CHARIVARIA.

JACK PETERSEN, the new heavy-weight champion, declares that he will fight anything on two legs. We shall practise balancing on one.

* * *

The lateness of runner-beans, to which attention is drawn, gives rise to the suspicion that they have been walking.

* * *

The Daily Express, in offering a prize for the reader who grows the longest runner-bean, hopes to discover one over twenty inches in length. Many readers of *The Daily Mail* have of course been in the habit of using theirs as yard-sticks.

* * *

Knee-length shorts for the yachting season are the latest Paris fashion. They should add a chic note at Cowes to the Squadron Lawn.

* * *

We are reminded that it is an old Welsh custom to fire a gun at a wedding. It should be an easy target.

* * *

A newspaper reader recalls that sixty years ago, as a boy of ten, he heard a speech by GLADSTONE on the Education Act which concluded with the words, "And remember, the cost can never exceed twopence in the pound." So *that* was what GLADSTONE said in 'seventy-two.

* * *

One of the runners in the British Olympic team is a doctor by profession. We feel confident, however, that none of his opponents would be so unsporting as to resort to Milanion's expedient of dropping an apple.

* * *

A bottle of whisky taken out by an emigrant from Aberdeen in 1862 has been presented to a New Zealand museum with the contents intact. We can only conclude that he was unable to borrow a corkscrew.

* * *

A Harley Street specialist declares that our inborn desire to break records often has disastrous results. As if in support of this view comes the rumour that the champion gooseberry has burst.

* * *

All the inmates of the Zoo are said to revel in hot weather. This allays any fears that the Fellows might become snappish.

* * *

"Middlesex Bowlers Shine," said a recent headline. During a heat-wave all cricketers are apt to glisten.

* * *

A Chinese wedding-cake has been accepted by the British Museum. It may not be generally known that the Chinese regard wedding-cake as edible.

* * *

"Everyone uses a note-case for his bank-notes," says a *Sunday Express* writer. The best that some of us can say is that we possess a note-case.

* * *

Visitors to the Shetlands have been enjoying midnight picnics. Little credence, however, is attached to the rumour that there have been several cases of midnight-sunstroke.

* * *

Early next month Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is to receive the Freedom of Aberavon, which the town intended to give him fourteen years ago. We have always thought that it would have been simpler to give him the Freedom of Wales and have done with it.

* * *

Thieves have been rifling the pockets of moonlight bathers in the Thames, afterwards taking away the men's trousers as a precaution against pursuit. A new type of bag-snatchers.

* * *

The "Squink," we learn, is a gadget for cleaning sinks and windows. Not, as might have been supposed, a new species of animal bred for the sake of its fur.

Counterfeit ten-shilling notes are being passed in certain parts of Perthshire. We don't know how people can have the heart to do that with Scotsmen.

* * *

A correspondent has written to *The Daily Express* to say that he has picked a sweet pea with eight buds on one spike. We should have been tempted to do the same ourselves.

* * *

A former M.P. says that the farmer's wife is not so interested in farm-work as she used to be. Perhaps there is a shortage of blind mice.

* * *

A chemist says the first alcohol ever distilled was Arabian; which may explain those nights.

* * *

It is hoped that the forthcoming Olympic Games will lead to a better understanding among the nations. Let us all cultivate the Lausannegeles spirit.

* * *

A ninety-three-year-old milkman is still working at Hampstead and says he hopes to continue to do so for several more years. We understand that he attributes his wonderful activity to the fact that he refrained from over-yodelling himself as a young man.

* * *

An Essex fruit-farmer says he was very much surprised to see three squirrels eating cherries in one of his orchards. As a rule of course they play marbles with them.

* * *

By a new order of the Jockey Club all parades before races, with the exception of four, are forbidden, and it is feared that the best horses will now have to employ publicity agents.

* * *

Street bookmakers in London are said to be taking penny bets. Ruin is thus brought within the means of the poorest.



"COME ON, NOBBY; IT'S FINE."
"CAN'T; MUVVER'LL FIND OUT."
"NO, SHE WON'T."
"YES, SHE WILL; IT'S MY BARF-NIGHT TO-NIGHT."

INSEPARABLE.

[Of a dancer it is stated that she will go nowhere without certain jewels which she regards as charms.]

THIS lady 's haunted by absurd alarms
If she neglects to don her trusted charms;
You at such folly, Claribel, may scoff,
For yours are charms impossible to doff.

W. K. H.

BLACK MALE.

"ABOUT the Fête," began Dorinda, whose personal appearance put the lilies of the field right where they belong.

"I have often warned you," I replied, "of the fate in store for you if——"

"I said Fête, silly. Wasn't I being circumflex enough? In the Vicarage garden, you know."

"I know. And disapprove. While our over-worked police are striving to suppress the present wave of banditry, the thing breaks out afresh in our peaceful countryside. And as for the practice of charging half-a-crown for a glass of warm lemonade and a near-cucumber sandwich I consider it the worst form of smash-and-grub raid."

"You needn't have any refreshments. Think of the side-shows. There's one game called 'Hit the Nigger'——"

"I knew there would be a nigger in the wood-pile."

"Not a wood-pile, stupid. It's a tub that the nigger is in. He wears a top-hat and people have to knock it off."

"I suppose even a top-hat is not respected in these subversive days. Have the public the choice of weapons? Do they beat the hat off with alpen-stocks, niblicks or rolled umbrellas?"

"They throw things."

"Good. I am told that I throw a very pretty tomato.'

"Not tomatoes; tennis-balls. Three shies a penny. Only, as it's a charity, we shall charge sixpence."

"Delightful! And what does the nigger do while the bombardment is going on? Does he read an improving work or whistle 'Some day you'll miss me'?"

"I expect he'll bob up and down a little, 'in an exercising sort of way.'"

"Rather cowardly of him, don't you think?"

"Still, you'll come, won't you?"

"Rather. I wouldn't miss such an amusing sixpennyworth for worlds."

"Yes, but I don't want you to be a mere member of the public. Anyone could be that. I'm giving you the chance to be in . . . on the ground floor."

"Am I to take the sixpences?"

"Oh, no. *Anyone* could do that. But a really important person . . . I want you to be the . . . You see, *somebody* has to . . ."

"What?"

"You'd look so much nicer with a black face. No, I didn't quite mean that. I mean, the tennis-balls wouldn't hurt *very* much."

"You mean, black eyes wouldn't show so much under burnt cork?"

Dorinda smiled bewitchingly.

"It's not black eyes that matter," she murmured, "but the courage we bring to them."

"I can't see myself undertaking the Black Man's Burden. Kaffirs, as they say, would finish weak."

"Are you trying to back out of it now?"

"I am already in reverse. I may be a shy man, but I am not that sort of shy man. The position is too static for my dynamic personality."

"Then you do not love me?"

"Passionately. But my affection, if you understand, is of the heart rather than the head."

"But look here," exclaimed Dorinda indignantly, "you can't let me down like this. At least forty-two people have promised to come because I guaranteed your personal appearance in the name part. That means your disgusting cowardice will have cost us a guinea."

"If a guinea will get me out of this black business," I hazarded, "perhaps . . ."

"And cheap at the price," said Dorinda as she placed the note and the shilling in her absurd bag. "Thanks awfully, and do you mind if I use your 'phone?"

Naturally one does not listen-in to telephone conversations, but the voices of the young are very penetrating in a small hall.

"Oh, very good hunting," Dorinda was saying. "Five guineas up to the moment of going to press. He was the easiest of the lot. Paid up like a lamb, *just to save his face!*"

THE FAMILY NURSE.

[A writer points out that, although in the records of detective fiction every other member of the household staff has "done the murder," no author has yet made the old nurse the criminal.]

WHO shot Sir Foljambe James, the millionaire,
Discovered lifeless in his easy-chair,
A letter clutched within his nerveless hand
From some fictitious person in the Strand?

Was it the butler, saturnine and thin,
With stern set mouth above a jutting chin,
A man with face impassive as the Sphinx,
Who came and went, at intervals, with drinks?

Was it the cook, enraged beyond control?
She'd had complaints about the Dover sole,
And also heard the beef was over-done—
Enough to get her going with the gun.

Could it have been the valet? He was sly,
A crafty fellow with a roving eye,
Sharp-featured, quick and rather like a fox;
He wore his master's clothes and pinched his socks.

Was it his nephew, William, known as Bill,
Who hoped to be remembered in the will,
A modern youth who liked to cut a dash,
But somewhat handicapped for lack of cash?

Was it the stranger who (complete with cloak)
Had been observed by several village folk
Hanging around the gates of Wynesap Hall
And peering through a crevice in the wall?

Was it a worker on his big estate
Who brought about Sir Foljambe's tragic fate?
No, gentle reader, it was far, far worse:
The culprit was the millionaire's old nurse.

The faithful Nannie who in former years
Had sent him off to bed and boxed his ears,
And used strong yellow soap to wash his face—
How sad that she should stoop to crime so base!

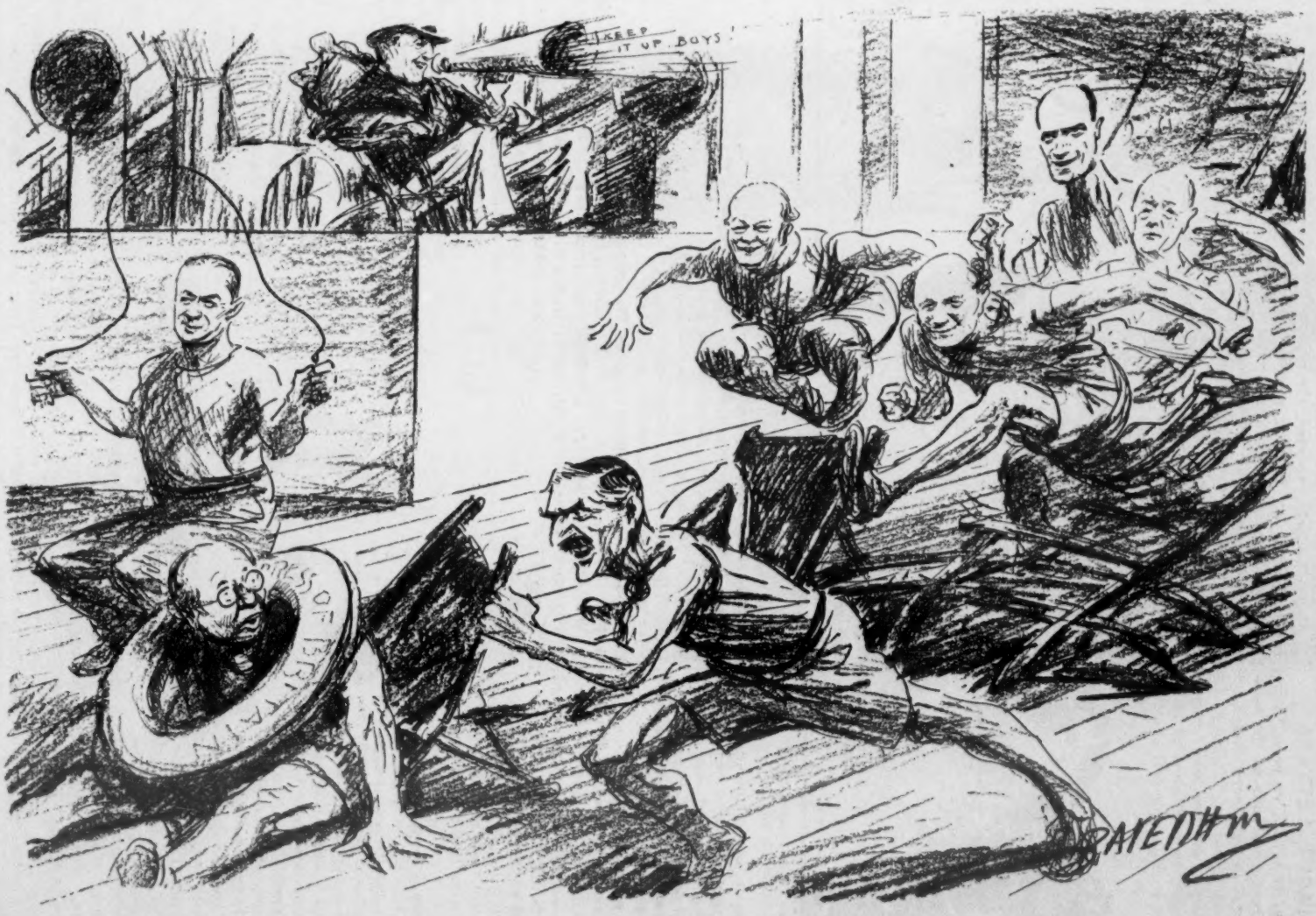
Hers was the hand that fired the fatal shot.
But was it done on purpose? It was not.
The dear old soul was tidying the room;
The gun went off and sent him to his doom.

They had to have an inquest all the same.
The jury found that not the slightest blame
Could be attached to old Elizabeth,
And gave the verdict, "Accidental death."

So that's all right, and murder's hideous curse
Has yet to fall upon a dear old nurse.

"Mr. C. Paley Scott, for the plaintiff, and Mr. C. J. Frankland, for defendant, agreeing, said the parties had agreed to judgment for a couple of mighty sixes off Parker."
Yorkshire Paper.

It sounds a hefty compromise.



THE OTTAWA TEAM.

THE OLYMPIAN ATMOSPHERE OF THE SHIP INCITES OUR DELEGATES TO KEEP THEMSELVES FIT.

LALAGE'S LETTERS.

DARLING DODO,—I've been having a simply rapturous time at the sales, which seem to get more and more amazing every year. Of course nowadays the July ones are really sort of sales within sales, because most of the shops seem to find some sort of excuse



"SHE WAS FLOUNDERING ABOUT LIKE A WOUNDED LEOPARD."

to reduce prices practically all the year round, what with Pre-Season Sales and Mid-Season Sales and Opportunity Weeks and Economy Fortnights and Birthday Offers and Slump Sacrifices and so on.

I went mostly with Ba Beverley, because she says that as she can spend so little money on clothes herself she positively *has* to go and watch other people spending it every now and then so as to get the craving out of her system.

Incidentally, I almost qualified for a life-saving medal, because I rescued a very fat woman from practically certain suffocation. She had wriggled herself head-first half-way into a very tight frock and got stuck, so that she couldn't move or breathe, and of course there was far too much noise going on all round for anybody to take any notice of her muffled squeaks for help. I only happened to notice her myself because she stamped on my foot while she was floundering about like a wounded leopard, and I had a fearful job to get her out of it. The frock got considerably damaged, but I hid it under a heap of other ones and hoped for the best. One can't bother about little things like that when it's a case of life and death!

She really looked so exhausted after her struggles that I didn't like to leave her, so I escorted her to the tea-room and plumped her down at a table; whereupon, by way of expressing her gratitude for being rescued, she positively insisted on treating me to a maple-nut sundae and telling me her whole life-history. She keeps a commercial hotel at Gravesend and is probably far, far richer than we are. She has got three sons, two in the Merchant Service and one "on the greengage" (meaning "stage"—rhyming slang, my dear); also a Pomeranian, and a tendency to apoplexy; so, you see, her adventure really might have had a fatal ending. She looked wistfully at my figure and said, "Of course, dear, I suppose *you're* in *Society*. . . ." And when I finally remarked that I simply must go (much against my will, because she was quite fascinating), she said, "Well, a thousand ta's for the helping hand, and if ever you're in Gravesend mind you drop in and have one on the house."

Talking of shops, it's a great bore that serving behind a counter has become such a fashionable way of earning your living. At some shops you can hardly buy a packet of pins from a girl without discovering that you were at school with her, and then you have to waste at least five minutes saying things like, "Well, we really *must* foregather" or "*Do* ring me up one day—I'm In The Book;" and it cramps one's style so too. The other day Anjie Morryson and I were shopping together at Paul Patterson's, and Anjie was being wildly witty about Lola Leppingham's latest piece of frightfulness,



"ANJIE'S JAW DROPPED HALF-A-YARD."

when the girl who was making out our bill looked up and said, "Oh, I say, how funny! I'm her niece." Anjie's jaw dropped half-a-yard. But she said afterwards that what really gave her such a shock was the idea of Lola Leppingham being an aunt; somehow she has so few of the aunt-like qualities.

Another thing I notice is that these girls have introduced quite a new jargon into the shop-assistant world. Instead of saying, "It's a sweet shade, isn't it?" and "Muddum would look charming in this gown," they say, "Look here, this is definitely the frock for you. Jolly, don't you think?" *So* unnerving, and such *death* to one's sales-resistance.

I'm terribly sorry to hear about



"'MY DEAR, I COULD *feel* IT SHRINKING.'"

Richard's hay-fever. No, I don't know any cure for it, I'm afraid; but Mimi Sludge came to tea yesterday and I asked her just for fun whether she couldn't produce something helpful out of that revolting old Elizabethan medical book she's been raving about (the one she got the spider-cure out of). However, she said that so far as she could remember hay fever wasn't mentioned at all. Perhaps in those days they just died of it without knowing what it was, or perhaps it seemed to them too trivial a disease to bother with when there was so much small-pox and plague about. (Don't tell Richard I said that, because nothing is more ghastly than being told you've got a minor disease when you're feeling like chewed string.)

"But in any case," she said rather mysteriously, "I have quite lost interest in that book since I found my Wonderful Man."

My dear, I was all agog! I thought she was on the point of telling me she was going to marry again. After all, she might, as it's six months now since old Sir Godfrey died. But it turned out she was only talking about a new quack doctor-and-beauty-specialist, who does everything by mesmerism, including slimming. For instance, if you've got thick ankles, he apparently just sits and stares at them for twenty minutes every day, and in a fortnight they're positively gazellish. Of course



"WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING TO MAKE RONNY CRY?"
"WE'RE PLAYING STEAMERS, NANNY, AND HE WON'T PRETEND HE'S MISSED THE BOAT."

this makes him devastatingly expensive, because staring takes up such a lot of time.

Mimi is enchanted with him. "Darling, he's wunnderful," she mooed. "Why, I went to him only this morning, and he just sat down in a chair opposite to me and fixed his eyes on my diaphragm, and, my dear, I could *feel* it shrinking." I said I thought that sounded more like modesty than mesmerism, but this she denied indignantly.

Well, good-bye, darling. Love from Lalage. JAN.

Things which might have been Expressed more Prettily.

"Amazingly vigorous despite his 85 years, Prebendary Wilson Carlile, founder and hon. chief sec. of the Church Army, conducted one of his services of witness which have been creating a deep depression all over England . . ."—*Enfield Paper.*

A writer says that practising Yo-yo is very trying to the temper. "I was a good little girl till I met Yo-yo."

FOR FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

[The B.B.C., according to a daily paper, has decided that the final *t* is to be sounded in "*béret*," because many persons ignorantly pronounce it "berry."]

COME out, my child, be merry,
And don't put on your hat,
Put on your scarlet berry,
Pronounced to rhyme like that;
The thing has grace and merit,
The thing has style and tone,
But, if you call it "berrit,"
My child, you walk alone.

From all the shires remotest
And the marshes of the sea
I call the folk in protest
To fight the B.B.C.
Who send their fatuous orders
That words are so-and-so,
And count themselves the warders
Of a tongue they do not know.

Too long my country suffers,
Too long we deign to bear
The tyrant rule of bluffers
Who lord it on the air;
To Hades and the divvle
(Not "devil," I beseech)
With all that drawling drivvle
They term "the English speech."

Let all pronunciations
By every man be mixed,
Save those that by dictations
The B.B.C. has fixed;
But every word those bouncers
Have sworn is wrong and vain
I call on free pronouncers
To use and use again!

Come out, my child, be merry,
And don't put on your hat,
Put on your scarlet berry,
Pronounced to rhyme like that;
Come out and beard the geezer
Who runs the B.B.C.—
I go to berry Cæsar,
And berried he shall be! EVOE.

Another Impending Apology?

". . . out of over forty entries the following emerged as winners:—Pet, with the most amusing appearance: 1, Mrs. ——."
Midland Paper.



Host (who has thrown open his park and garden to the people). "I SAY, DO YOU KNOW WHAT I HEARD JUST NOW? ONE OF MY GUESTS SAID THAT WHEN THE REVOLUTION COMES ALL MY PARK AND GRASS WILL BE TURNED INTO FOOD FOR THE WORKING-MAN."

Lady. "MY DEAR, *too* NEBUCHADNEZZAR!"

TELL 'EM THE TRUTH.

WHENEVER I listen to one of those conventional speeches that are made on those conventional occasions, I find myself wondering whether there is not a central bureau somewhere which supplies on demand a *Book of Orations for All Occasions* (postage paid, sent under plain wrapper). For they are all so very alike in their polite and unoriginal hypocrisy, their smooth insincerities, that it seems impossible that each one has not been conceived by the same master-mind with his tongue in his cheek.

And yet what a chance that Unknown has missed! How the banal formality of those conventional occasions might have been dispelled by a breath of real frankness, in the speeches at any rate, by letting the assembly hear what was really in the speaker's heart! Indeed, so strongly do I feel about it that I am getting out my own *Book of Orations for All Occasions* on those lines. I say "for All Occasions," by the way, but actually I doubt whether you will get many chances to use them before something regrettable happens to you; for, as you will see from the subjoined example for use by a best man, the keynote of them all is quite definitely CANDOUR.

I.—THE BEST MAN'S SPEECH.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—In spite of my protests, I've been practically bludgeoned into standing up here to propose the bride's health; and the first comment I have is that she'll need every good wish for her health that she can get if she's choked down more than a glass of this sparkling vinegar that's being wished on us as champagne. How her parents have the neck to think they can get away with serving stuff like this beats me. However, we won't go into that just now. I call on you to charge your glasses with the muck and listen to me.

The reason I'm doing this is that I'm best man. Go on—laugh! I know I look like the Mystery of the Missing Undertaker in this tail-coat with the moth-ball aura—and Heaven knows what's happened to the top-hat; the last I saw of it was in the church when the fattest of the bridesmaids went and put her great hoof in it, the big cart-horse! Well, as I say, I'm best man, and I've been lined up to say something about the bride. I could say a lot, but I won't—chiefly because she's got a big lout of a brother hanging around back-stage somewhere, who'll probably dot me one if I do. Besides, much as I dislike the woman, I take off my hat to her (if I ever retrieve it) as a tryer. Why, she's been trying to bring it off for years.

First there was Freddy Harvey, back in 1926—for she's no chicken, you know; twenty-seven if she's a day. He made a get-away just before the trap sprang. Then there was Len Willard. If I remember right, he fell for some heavy rose-garden-and-moonlight work one night, realised next morning what he'd done, and went to tackle rhinoceros in Africa. I'm with him there; I'd have preferred rhinoceros too. And then there were Tom and Dick and Harry—but why bring that up? They had nothing under the hat, but apparently some faint instinct of self-preservation *did* stir in the vacuum before they could be actually brought to the tape.

But this poor poop on my right, this

egg with the button-hole and the fixed fatuous smile, has got landed good and proper. He's made one or two feeble attempts at a break-away, I gather, but the little lady was too much for him every time. She slipped another coil of the lasso over that solid ivory dome, and had him at the business end of the aisle listening to "The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden" before he knew whether it was Piccadilly or kit-inspection. . . . Look at him, poor sap! He doesn't *yet* know what's hit him.

Mind you, I feel I am to blame. I was his friend, I suppose, and yet I let this abduction get by me. Even then I know I ought to have advised him to dodge the engagement, chance a breach of promise and run to Nannie. Yes, I should have taken action, and prisoner at the bar wouldn't have been standing where he is. He'd have been standing at another sort of bar, drinking to an escape so narrow it would have made a needle look like a column of infantry in fours. With luck I'd have been standing with him, and with even more luck he'd have been standing me something better than the liquid knife-blade my stomach is arguing with at this moment. . . .

However, there it is. I took my eye off him for a moment and that girl got past me. For that alone I take off my hat to her. After half-a-dozen failures she brought off a coup and grabbed her ration under my very eyes. Long may she live to enjoy what alimony she can later shake out of this half-baked moon-faced fathead gurgling at my side.

Ladies and gentlemen! Those of you that have been taking a pull at your glasses while I've been speaking had better charge 'em up again, if you're brave enough, and I'll ask you to drink to her health. . . . Here goes! I give you the bride—and as far as I'm concerned you can darn well keep her!

A. A.



"PITY YER EYES ARE TOO BUNGED UP TO SEE 'IS FOOTWORK; IT'S A TREAT."

SOME HINTS FOR THE THAMES MARINER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Your contributor "A. P. H." should explore every avenue before he exaggerates the difficulties which confront the mariner desirous of landing on the Victoria Embankment.

It is, for example, rather childish to complain that the Blackfriars and Waterloo Bridge piers are devoted to fire-floats and river-police respectively, and therefore the private citizen may not land there.

Need he be a private citizen anyway? Has it not occurred to him that by becoming a water-fireman or a river-policeman he could use one or other of the landing-places in question as much as he liked, and in addition present an appearance which would win the respect of the small boys who seem to worry him so much by spitting on him?

I will give "A. P. H." the benefit of the doubt and assume he has honestly tried to join either or both of these valued riverside organisations, but for some reason or other, which naturally he does not care to talk about, has failed. Even then you would think a man of intelligence would at once perceive a way round by constituting himself a Mission to River Firemen and River Policemen. No one could reasonably object to a missionary landing on a pier in the lawful pursuit of his vocation.

Failing the necessary qualifications for a missionary, "A. P. H." could easily effect a landing through the agency of either the fire-float fellows or the river-police by

(*a*) Having an outbreak of fire on his boat, or

(*b*) Falling overboard at an opportune moment.

Speaking for myself, if I wished to land on the Victoria Embankment I should begin by taking lessons from an expert in lasso-throwing. Then I should save up for the purchase of Cleopatra's Needle, which I should use as a bollard.

I fear, Sir, it is only too true that we, as a nation, are becoming soft and spineless, and that "A. P. H." is one of the many who require things to be made easy for them.

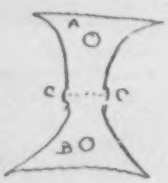
Yours *per ardua*, etc., D. C.

LAWN TENNIS: THE FIRST PHASE.

THERE has been so much correspondence in *The Times* about the beginnings of lawn tennis that I feel it only fair to publish for the readers of *Punch* the reminiscences told me by my Uncle Rupert of the lawn tennis which he used to play when he was a boy, in 1859, or 1589—I am not quite sure which. One of them is the number of my car and the other is the year I mean. Anyhow, it is awfully hot.

My Uncle Rupert, then, had a large lawn at his delightful home near Little Heve, not far from Much Hadham in Herts, and many of the best people in the county used to play lawn tennis there not long after the fuss about the Reform Bill had died away and England was free to turn its mind to sport. The game of course was not called lawn tennis in those days, but, as far as Uncle Rupert remembers, bore the name of "Patisserie." I said to him, "Surely you mean 'Sphairistike'?" And he said "No. Nothing like that. Sphairistike was a much later invention, coming in with the spread of Greek culture during the early 'seventies. 'Patisserie' was the name we called it, my boy, and a very good name it was. What's more, it was a very good game. Subsequent developments have done nothing but ruin it. I should like to put one of our modern tournament-players on the old court at my home and see what he could make of the conditions there. I warrant he would cut a sorry figure and find all his mechanical exactitude of little avail."

The shape of my Uncle Rupert's patisserie court, as I understand it, was something like this:—



A word of explanation is necessary here. My Uncle Rupert's court did not stand straight up in the air vertically, as the illustration would seem to imply. It lay on the ground horizontally, and the only way to understand clearly how the game was played is to put the paper on the floor and stand on it near the point A, at the same time requesting a friend or dependant to stand at or near the point B.

A and B were rose-beds. One was a Gloire de Dijon, the other had been grown from a cutting of the rose on the tomb of OMAR KHAYYÁM, and its blooms evoked cries of delight from visitors both of the fair and sterner sex, though it was not liked by the gardener, Biggs. The dotted line C ..... C denotes the place where the net or seine was dragged across the court. The height of this was about twelve feet four inches, and it was designed to trap any ball not struck sufficiently high into the air by the players, who were of course only able to perceive each other's machinations by peering through the meshes.

The racquets used were interesting, as they were made of boxwood with linen strings, and in shape like an ordinary warming-pan. Thus:—



The balls were of wet blotting-paper.

"Who marked out the court?" I asked Uncle Rupert. And he told me that it was usually done by the ladies, who varied the pattern from time to time, according to the dictates of their artistic sensibilities, using a tube of ivory-white for the purpose.

The server, or racqueteer, stood at one corner of the fish-tail and called "Play!" in a loud voice, at the same time raising his warming-pan in the air in such a way as to impart an upward motion to the projectile and cause it to soar above the seine. If he failed to do this, or if the ball was returned by the striker or patter in such a way that he was unable to reach it, the server was said to be in default and changed sides with the patter, and the work was commenced anew.

The game went on until dinner-time, which was then taken at the hour of five-thirty P.M., and the player who had scored the largest number of bisques, as the term went, was declared the winner, the other being rubiconed or grilled.

"What happened," I used to ask my Uncle Rupert, "when the ball fell into one of the rose-bushes?"

To the best of his recollection, such an event, he said, involved no actual penalty so far as the score was concerned, but merely necessitated the payment of a forfeit, such as bowing to the wittiest lady in the party, kneeling to the prettiest and kissing the one you loved best. If the player were a lady, she would be blindfolded and asked to guess the name of her principal admirer. And though these interruptions caused considerable delay to the actual pastime they none the less considerably enhanced the general amenities of the afternoon.

Uncle Rupert does not think that the lawn was mown very carefully before an encounter of "Patisserie" took place, though sticks, leaves, trowels and so on were always removed to one side prior to the inauguration of the combat. The stroke used in returning a ball was a lightly-done undercut, intended to impart a spin, which was frequently the case, and the volley was seldom exploited except by snobs or parvenus.

In conclusion, Uncle Rupert is strongly of the opinion that "Patisserie," as it was played in the 'fifties and 'sixties, brought out all the finer points in the English character—in particular, the virtues of patience, philosophy and endurance. Modern hustle, he said, which the present implements and regulations subserve, has merely handed over this best of games to the feverish domination of the Americans, the Germans and the French. Or, as he put it, the Dutchmen, the dagoes, and the Yanks. When I asked him to come to Wimbledon this year he said he would as soon go to a cinematograph or ride in a motor-car.

The old lawn at Little Heve, the estate having been broken up, is now a portion of a chicken-farm. EVOE.

THE FATHERS' MATCH.

MUMMIES in their best frocks, Fathers in their pads,
All the girls thrilled to death who have Mums and Dads;
Other days are great at school, but none is a patch
On the day our First Eleven play the Fathers' match.

Daddy was a Cricket Blue before I was at all;
Daddy rather likes himself with a bat and ball;
But even Oxford Blues sometimes have their runs to snatch
When they meet our First Eleven at the Fathers' Match.

I planned the guilty midnight supper in our dorm;
I'm nearly always at the bottom of the form;
I can't spell for nuts; my writing is a scratch,
But—I stumped my Daddy at the Fathers' Match!

Libels Which Were Not Intended.

"Lausana.—El señor Mad Donald se felicitó de los acuerdos concertados."
Spanish Paper.



"WELL, I MUST BE GOIN' NOW, MRS. TODDS. THE LADY I WORKS FOR 'AS ASKED ME TO CALL FOR A PRESENT SHE'S GOT FOR ME, AND I DON'T WANT TO DISAPPOINT 'ER."

THE CULT OF THE TOPICAL.

"THE setting sun," my companion was saying, "was gilding the roof-tops and shedding a strange opalescent light over the street and the eddy and surge of its thronging life as I left my office in Lambeth, S.E., this evening. 'The touch of Midas comes to Town,' I thought, and sauntered towards the tram-standard, not knowing whether to laugh or weep at the beauty of it all. About the buses as they moved to and fro bearing their precious freight of human lives there was a kind of glory; and my tram, swimming towards me through the golden haze with clanging bell and vigilant resourceful figure at the prow, reminded me irresistibly of some tall ship of olden days, the galleys of CALIGULA——"

"I perceive, Sir," said I, "that you are a poet and as such to be greatly envied. For I was in Lambeth myself this evening and noticed nothing unusual. Yours is a great gift."

"No," he replied sadly, "I am no poet. I am a journalist with the curse of my profession strong upon me. I speak like that because I have written so long in that strain that I cannot help it, and I write like that because, God forgive them, they pay me large sums to do it. My very thoughts have become a garbled version."

"I see," I said. "You meant it was a fine evening?"

He nodded and looked out of the carriage-window with an expression of the utmost distaste. "Now to you," he said, without turning round, "it is merely getting dark, but to me Night's sable cloak gently envelops the earth; a solemn stillness broods over the countryside. Far away an owl hoots——"

"That was an engine whistling."

"I know, I know. It is no good; it had to be an owl. And when I arrive

at my destination there will be no peace. I shall stop perhaps to exchange a few words with the genial-faced ticket-collector and then with a cheery 'Good-night' turn briskly on my heel and be rapidly lost to sight in the gathering gloom. I tell you the thing is driving me mad. I was fond of my home once, when it was an ordinary comfortable suburban home. But now what is it? 'A haven of refuge after the long day's toil.' Its welcoming lights beckon to me through the murk; it is even at times"—he shuddered violently—"my Mecca. And my garden, with its trim well-filled borders, its neat gravel paths, its close-cropped laurel hedges—I loathe it. Did you notice just now how I 'sauntered' towards the tram-standard? Have you ever 'sauntered'? In Lambeth?" He gave a short bitter laugh and stared in a hopeless way at the list of "DON'TS" above my head.

"But surely," I asked, "you do not confine your writing entirely to this kind of thing? Have you no other lines, to serve as some sort of relaxation from your regular work?"

He seemed to brighten at this. "Well, there is the business of using up one's early writings. All the stuff I wrote and had returned to me as a young man I carefully kept. You can imagine the joy it gives me to foist them as new on editors and their accursed public."

I asked him how he did this.

"Simply by making them topical. I see you are about to raise objections. You labour under the delusion that to be topical an article must be new. Actually, if it is new, it can scarcely hope to be topical, for by the time it is written the event will in nine cases out of ten have passed into the limbo of—I beg your pardon—will have been forgotten. No. Old stuff made topical by the addition of a few well-chosen words is always best. If you will allow me to show you?"

He took down his case from the rack and pulled out a quantity of typescript.

"Suppose we take these eruptions in South America, now so happily fading into the mists—I should say, now so happily—ah—ending. Here is a thing I send to *The Last Post* two or three times a year—sometimes more often; as a rule only the opening sentence has to be changed:—

"'The outburst of renewed activity among the supposedly extinct craters of the Andes comes as a timely reminder that we are all of us sitting on the edge of a volcano which may at any moment, if we persist in shutting our eyes to the danger, overwhelm us in destruction. We are as a nation too easily lulled into a false sense of security by the temporary quiescence of centres of unrest. Moscow . . .'

You will know, I think, how it goes on. Then I have a snippet for *Home Thoughts*:—

"'Mention of the pall of ashes which has recently fallen so thickly over the greater part of South America makes me wonder whether any of your readers with untidy pipe-smoking men-folk know of the following useful little hint: Take an old sock—one of Baby's cast-offs will do—cut off the foot and unwind about four yards of wool. Now find an empty tin, scour it out with washing-soda, and when quite clean wind the wool tightly round the top, being careful to leave about three inches over at the end. This must be neatly knotted, as you have seen shop-assistants do when tying up a parcel; and there is your ash-container complete with loop for hanging up when not in use! By the way, don't throw away the toe of the sock which you will find left over; it makes a serviceable egg-cosy.'"

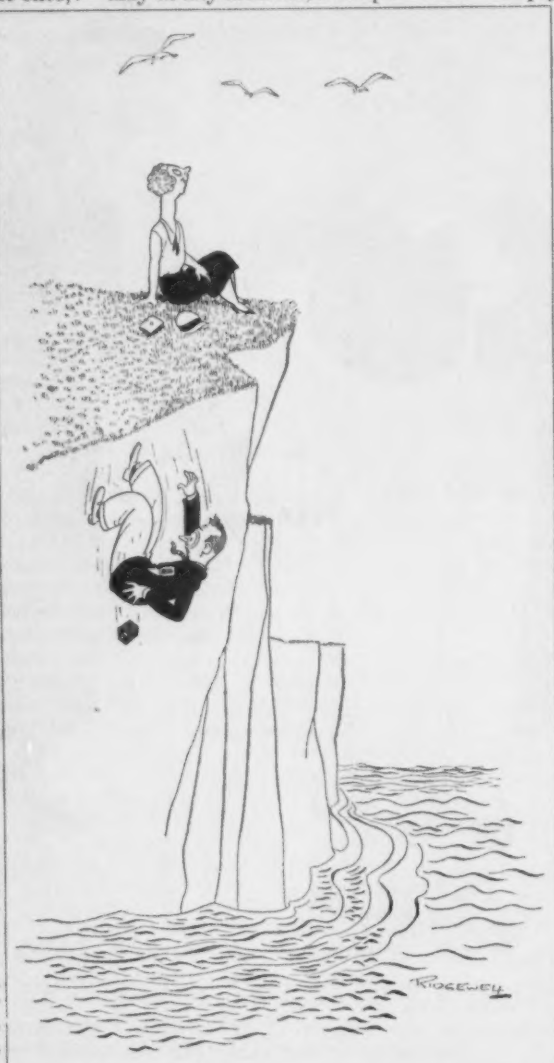
He rummaged among his papers again, commenting lovingly on some of the treasures he unearthed. "'Treatise on Igneous Rocks,' taken from the *Encyclopædia*, went to *The Wick and Thurso Advertiser*. Half-a-column on the Savannahs, sent to a humorous paper by mistake and accepted by it. Translation of PLINY's account of the eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A.D., returned by my form-master but taken by *The New Politician and Hiker's Mercury* as part of an article on 'The Volcano in History.' Geography essay on South America, written at my preparatory school and sent, apparently, to *The Outcry*. Old——"

"How did you get that last one through?" I interrupted.

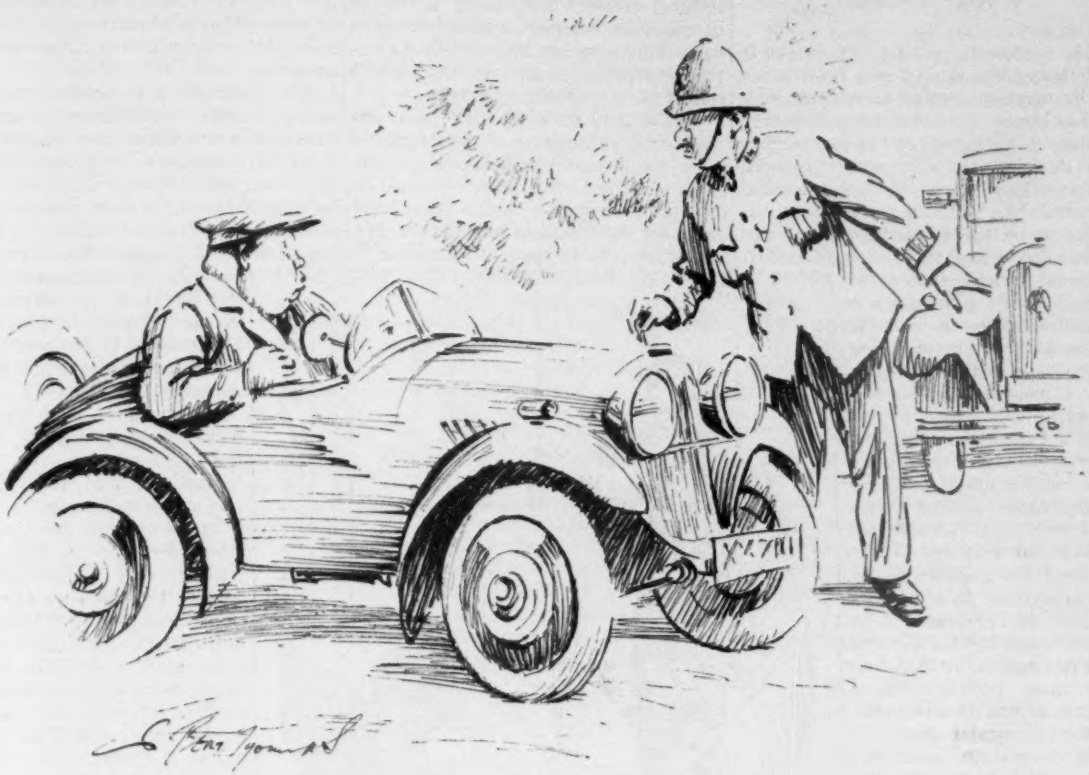
"It was not difficult. I cut out, with some regret, the opening words of the original, 'South America is a continent joined to North America by the Isthmus of Panama,' and substituted: 'The attraction of public attention to the continent of South America by the recrudescence of volcanic activity at frequent intervals along her greatest mountain-range has served to reveal the astonishing extent of many people's ignorance of the most elementary facts about that distant and enthralling land. It is, for instance, not widely known that . . .' after which it went fairly straight."

"I see," I said. "It would, of course. But tell me—do you never get things back?"

"Oh, yes; one makes mistakes occa-



"CYRIL, AREN'T THERE TIMES WHEN YOU QUITE ENVY THE SEAGULLS?"



Policeman. "IN A HURRY, AREN'T YOU?"
Culprit. "YES. I WANT TO GET HOME. THIS CAR FITS ME TOO TIGHT."

sionally. For instance, here is a pen-picture of Stromboli jotted down in his diary by my grandfather during a cruise in the Mediterranean. I headed it 'Titicaca in Eruption' and sent it to one of the dailies. Listen:—

"'The grandeur of this magnificent and awe-inspiring spectacle baffles description. Against a background of light and movement the central figure stands out grim and majestic, though not incapable at times of gentler, even charming moods—moods which only serve to accentuate its hidden menace. . . . We realise all the time that we are in the presence of vast elemental forces. It is easily the most moving thing I have ever seen.'"

"I refuse to believe," I broke in, "that any paper could reject that kind of thing."

"I agree. It seemed a certainty. But most unfortunately it appears that Titicaca is a lake, and one of the sub-editors must have heard about it. So it came back."

"And then it was too late, I suppose, to send it anywhere else with a different title?"

"It was, yes. Eventually it won a prize offered for the best descriptive paragraph about a film called *The Slayer*. And here," he added as the train slowed down, "I get out."

I watched him until he was lost to sight in the gathering gloom. Far away a car hooted.

FATAL SINCERITY.

[Lines addressed to a dance-band vocalist who is presumed to have taken the recent advice of an expert urging singers to persuade themselves, when rendering a sentimental ballad, that they are actually in love.]

Good Sir, we do not doubt your voice is toney;
The latest mode's apparent in the way
In which you render *con expressione*
Your lovelorn lyric from the U.S.A.;
Your manner serves to emphasise its beauty
And (aided by the saxophone) attest
The curious commotion that your cutie
Is causing in your chest.

We recognise at once your sense of yearning,
How in her absence everything seems flat;
We guess the pangs with which your heart is burning
(We have ourselves been taken just like that);
Hearing you warble in this plaintive fashion,
We murmur, sympathetically sad,
"This is not acting, but authentic passion;
This chap has got it bad."

As I have said, we know how you are feeling,
But, speaking for myself, I find that soon
I weary and have trouble in concealing
A strong dislike for your lugubrious croon;
Till, as I lend a peevish ear to you, Sir,
This thought for solace mitigates my frown:
"At any rate, if that is how he woos her,
The girl will turn him down."

"Every British child has heard of how Boadicea, the early Anglican queen, headed the tribes in revolt against their Roman oppressors."—*Montreal Paper.*

It was clever of her to guess about the Reformation.

"BY ANY NAME . . ."

III.

My system for giving new names to old things has now, I see, been taken up internationally and scored a success at Lausanne. One of the psychological triumphs of that great Conference was the decision to wipe out the word "reparations" from the international vocabulary. Whatever sums are paid in future by way of reparation are not to be called "reparations" but "contributions towards reconstruction." It is a mistake to regard this as a nominal alteration only; for one thing, it may easily turn out that the Germans want reconstructing more than anyone else, so that any payments they may make towards reconstruction may have to be mailed back to them by the next post; it is at least quite certain that all sums (if any) received by poor old G. B. will be utilised in some such fashion. And an alteration by which Great Britain directly pays reparations for the Great War must be regarded, I submit, as one of substance.

The Germans ingeniously began this game by describing "reparations" as "tribute" and gradually persuading the whole people to speak and think in that manner. (I am not enough of an historian to know whether they described the payments exacted from France after the little affair of 1870 in that way. In those days most people spoke of an "indemnity," and under that name, so far as I remember, it gave very little trouble. Anyhow the French paid.)

Naturally, the modest Germans have taken courage from their success. Once it was admitted that no such thing as "reparations" existed, or could exist, it ought to follow, they thought, that there was no offence in respect of which reparations are due. So they wanted the "War-guilt" clauses to be removed. This is not really perhaps a very good piece of reasoning; at least it would not have been thought so in the good old days when spades were still commonly described as spades. A burglar, when apprehended, may not be in a position to restore the swag; and a lenient judge, believing in his promises of good behaviour, may be content to bind him over (though even then he may require some recognisances); but if, as a natural consequence, he is asked to dismiss the burglar without a stain upon his character he is likely to express surprise, to say nothing of the owner of the stolen property.

But that, I understand, is the German case. Some nice new formula must be devised to account for the origin of the Great War. It will be difficult perhaps to find a good new name for the invasion of Belgium, but it will have to be done. "Invasion"? What a word to use! I beg everybody's pardon. The fact is there was some perfectly good reason for the movement. Let the incident be known as a "ceremonial entry," a "complimentary visit," "diplomatic gesture," "the manœuvres of 1914," "army holiday abroad," or "travel for the troops"—but not by a harsh cruel word like "invasion."

And the "devastated areas" of France had better be known as "regions of architectural experiment." Only let us perceive, while there is still time, the logical conclusion of all this. It will then be said that we owe Germany whatever sums have been unjustly exacted from her by way of reparations; and I have no doubt that Herr HITLER or some other is already getting ready a bill to present to the Allies on this account.

The great thing in modern politics is that a spade should never be known as a spade and seldom as an agricultural instrument. Even the money which our genial EAMON has been withholding is never, you see, described as a loan, but as "the annuities." I suppose if one lent EAMON a fiver he would describe the transaction as the payment of conscience-money, as from OLIVER CROMWELL. Poor CROMWELL would certainly come into it somehow.

What name our EAMON would give to anyone who borrowed money from him, banked it and refused to pay it back, I cannot guess. I know that in our pub he would be called a dirty defaulter and other simple terms; but then we are not politicians. Certainly it would be impossible for EAMON, having refused to pay for his beer, to get away with the Deirdre stuff at our pub; nor should we be convinced if he produced the best of evidence that he had never, in so many words, undertaken to pay.

Politicians and diplomatists, I know, have a difficult time; and it must be very tempting to bring a tiresome Conference to an end by agreeing that all spades shall henceforth be described as tooth-picks or screw-drivers. But I must warn them that we follow their proceedings closely and may begin to follow their example. Suppose we make a habit of describing our legal debts as "sacrifices," or the sums we owe to America as "tribute," the beer-duty as the "stomach-tax" and the income-tax as "blackmail" or "State burglary"? A patient campaign on the HITLER lines might in a year or two produce very remarkable results. The Press might easily educate the public to a point at which the income-tax clauses of all Finance Bills would be referred to naturally as the "robber clauses." Already the "reformatory" must not be called a reformatory, but a special school or something of the sort; and we shall soon have our felons complaining of the stigma attaching to the word "prison" and insisting that their places of incarceration, if



Wife. "I'M TRYING ON LAST SUMMER'S FROCKS TO SEE IF I CAN POSSIBLY WEAR THEM AGAIN. DO YOU LIKE THIS ONE?"
Husband. "PERFECT!"

any, shall be known as nursing-homes or hostels.

Well, I may be old-fashioned and reactionary. I no longer expect that any other country will in any circumstances consent to make any actual net cash payment to my country; but I shall continue to believe that it was the German army and no other which marched into Belgium in the year 1914. And if any maintain (as, at the present rate of progress, they very soon will) that the whole affair was wickedly arranged by Great Britain, I shall become grossly uninternationally-minded and flatly contradict. But I shall never myself drag the matter up at an international conference; and those who dislike the subject have only to keep quiet about it. A. P. H.

The Kindly Druids.

"PULLOVER FOR THE WELSH OAKS TO-DAY."
Headline in Daily Paper.

"Although there was bright sunshine on land, there was a thick sea mist and visibility at sea was only a hundred years."
Evening Paper.

The Armada was therefore out of sight.

MAGIC CARPETS.

WHEN we were young and unpromoted
To Ludo and such highbrow stunts,
With what persistence we devoted
Ourselves to crawling on our fronts!
We lived upon the floor, ignoring
What visions were above unfurled,
And spent our time with zeal exploring
The children's Underworld.

For in that square Victorian mansion,
Between the cosy and the grand,
Our souls contrived to find expansion,
So many playthings lay to hand;
Each child produced his private version
Of what was signified in pile
Upon the carpet—Wilton-Persian,
New Crystal Palace style.

Thereon were sketched in free designing
Strange blooms from isles across the sea,
Strange tools for carpentry or mining,
Strange towers and castles yet to be,
All limned in tints of red and yellow
That moved to terror or delight,
In turn producing laugh and bellow,
Acting through charm or fright.

Then numerous footstools on that ocean
Swam singly, tandem or in teams
As we young gods imparted motion
To those rich argosies of dreams;
And that great chair, beneath whose valance
That hid her legs from sight of all
Projected four gigantic talons,
Each grasping tight a ball.

Remembering those bright hours I pity
The dream-starved children of to-day,
Who find life's road severe and gritty,
Who have a desert for their play;
Their carpet is a drab collection
Of squares discouraging to roam,
Or else, grey symbol of dejection,
A tedious monochrome.

Glumly they strive to make a frolic,
But boredom falls to dim their eyes,
Poor children, bred in melancholic
Surroundings, barred from paradise;
When their low level proves unable
To chase away the baffled frown
What can they do but climb the table
And break the wireless down?

E. P. W.



Guide. "AN' 'ERE ISS DER CANAL WHICH MAKE OUR TOWN LIKE ALMOST AS VENICE."



Little Girl (to Mother, who has appeared in a new dress). "DARLING! YOU *DO* LOOK SWEET. I REALLY MUST CONFECTIONATE YOU."

GARDENING UNDER M.C.C. RULES.

Henry has hitherto been a regular support to his county; but this season he has not seen his way to add the usual two guineas to his overdraft. Both as an economical gesture and in the interests of the continued reciprocity of friendly regard between himself and his bank-manager he has given up watching county cricket and is devoting himself instead to saving the expense of a gardener.

And this is where his knowledge and love of the game and its code make themselves felt.

County cricket mostly begins round about 11 A.M. It is at much the same hour that Henry starts his day's work in the garden.

He brings that leisurely ruminating aspect to bear on his gardening; in the preliminaries he is a steady grass-gazer. If it is the day for making those natty stripes on his lawn (smoothing the nap in alternate directions) he will inspect and test the pitch with all the thoroughness of the most cautious of umpires or captains. His work must be conspicuously of the best, if done at all; consequently conditions must be ideal.

Weather is, of course, the most important factor in his activities. It is almost an unwritten law, much tested last summer, that during showers bridge in the dressing-room is the best substitute for cricket, both games being played on the Field of the Cloth of Green. Henry played much afternoon bridge this May.

"Elevenses" have with him lost their temporal significance. But in the spirit he adheres strictly to his code, referring to it (or them) as the "fifteen minutes' interval between innings." Nor will he allow this respite to run concurrently with the luncheon or tea interval.

He may set out to hoe, say, a row of strawberries and tire before its finish. He will thereupon put himself on at the other end, not forgetting to observe the obligatory rest to avoid taking two successive overs, as it were, from opposite ends.

You have doubtless heard pavilion critics themselves associate horticulture with the habits of batsmen at the crease. It must be pitch-consciousness that prompts Henry, after pushing the lawn-mower for a few yards, to stop to pick a blade of grass off here, pat a lump there, or examine the habitat of a daisy or whatnot.

I wonder whether, subconsciously, he is missing something in the application of his principles. The barracking, for example. But, in any case, he is one of those who would keep a stiff upper lip about it; he would not be ruffled. Shire horses would not drag from him the admission of any such considerations.

I cherish the hope of coming upon him one morning after the eleventh hour doing the preliminaries in a white coat or his old I. Zingari blazer. I might even chance upon the truth about the headgear question—whether he emerges capless for mowing operations and wears a Harlequin cap for hoeing, or *vice versa*. I know he puts on gloves to protect himself against the impertinences of a rising thistle or nettle, and pads when he goes down on his knees.

Of course it all helps enormously. Isn't it an accepted fact that it is the method rather than the result that counts with the Briton in his games?

In Henry's case, I am convinced, his cricket complex more than anything is helping him through these very trying times.

Compliments We Regret Our Inability to Accept.

"CHAMPION IN FOUR MINUTES. BEAUTIFUL PUNCH KNOCKS OUT REGGIE MEEN."

Headlines in Provincial Paper.



HER HOUSE IN ORDER.

MR. MACDONALD. "WE'VE FINISHED THE JOB, MADAM."

DAME EUROPA. "GOOD. NOW I SHALL BE ABLE TO ENTERTAIN THE FRIENDS FROM WHOM I HAVE EXPECTATIONS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 11th.—Three days more to go and plenty of important matters still to be discussed! For once in a way Parliament looks like adjourning in a blaze of glory instead of in a dwindling haze of back-bench oratory.

Question-time in the Commons dragged to light little that was new or interesting. Why, asked Mr. LEWIS of the Ministry of Agriculture, was the report of the Pig Industry Council withheld from a waiting world? Sir JOHN GILMOUR accepted responsibility for keeping this particular pig in its poke, but gave no reason therefor. A transition from pigs to potatoes was effected by Mr. ROSBOTHAM, but it was Mr. LIDDALL who wrung from the MINISTER the pitiful admission that large quantities of potatoes were now entering the country duty-free owing to the difficulty of telling a new potato (taxable at the rate of ten per cent) from an old one. Apparently the Ministry's theory is that Dutch new potatoes become old potatoes as soon as English new potatoes come on the market. Returning to the pig topic, Sir JOHN explained to Sir J. WARDLAW-MILNE that the price of mean pork pigs of first and second quality has fallen from 10¾*d.* per lb. in 1929 to 5⅞*d.* in 1932. Enough to make any pork pig feel mean!

Reductions in horse-breeding grants filled Lord DALKEITH with alarm for the future of the British light horse. Was this not false economy? Every suggestion for economy, replied Mr. DUFF COOPER tersely, was always represented to be false economy. Was not this country the only one that was not subsidising horse-breeding? demanded the indignant Earl. Possibly, retorted Mr. COOPER, but it was also the only one that was balancing its Budget.

The Second Reading of the Consolidated Fund Bill gave Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, as standard-bearer of the Opposition, an opportunity to play at observation with extensive view and survey the world (in the state to which the National Government had called it) from China to Peru, or at any rate from Lausanne to Ottawa. There was little sting in Sir STAFFORD'S whips, and the House perked up visibly on discovering that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL was proposing to augment them with a scorpion or two. The coming of the National Government, he observed pleasantly, had averted the financial panic of last autumn, but those four dark horsemen of the economic Apocalypse, over-taxation, unemployment, gold cornering and the obstruction of the channels of world trade, were all more formidable and oppressive to-day than this time last year.



WESTMINSTER DRESS REFORM.

COLONEL APPLIN IS EXPECTED TO HEAD A NEW MOVEMENT.

Unlike Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, Mr. CHURCHILL was not prepared to jubilate over Lausanne. He merely felicitated Germany which, within fifteen years after the Great War, was freed from the burden of repairing the awful injuries which she had wrought on her neighbours—except for the payment of 3,000,000,000 marks which Herr HITLER had declared would shortly be worth exactly 3 marks.

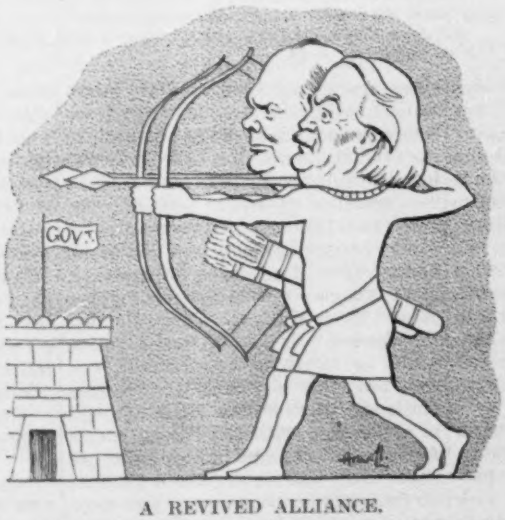
He had seen that morning something about a "Gentlemen's Agreement" to the effect that if no settlement of war-debts with America was forthcoming there was to be a return to the Young Plan. Anybody who envisaged a return to the Young Plan was in special need of medical attention. In the face of that agreement he held that the Lausanne achievement shrank to insignificant proportions.

Seeing that the general attack on the Government's policy and record by Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS was both "unconvinced and unconvincing," as the CHANCELLOR put it, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had no difficulty in entering a general defence of the national expenditure or convincing the House that in the mind of the Government economy was still one of the most important things that remained to be dealt with. As for Mr. CHURCHILL'S attack on the Lausanne Conference, that had come a day too soon, and he was not going at this point to take up cudgels that would be ably wielded by his colleagues on the ensuing afternoon.

Subsequently the House managed to work up a little stage indignation at the temerity of the Lords in daring to insist on keeping whipping in the Children and Young Persons Bill, but finally decided, on the advice of Lady ASTOR, to swallow the rod and save the child.

Tuesday, July 12th.—Is the law an ass or does the Board of Trade merely think it is? This knotty question came up sharply when Mr. RUNCIMAN explained to Lieut.-Colonel ACLAND-TROYTE that a prosecution under the Merchandise Marks Act was dropped by his department because there was no way of proving that a pair of stockings marked "Foreign made"—the marking having been partially erased—was sold as of English make.

We all know that next to the bully, bully sergeant the thing that makes Tommy Atkins a thin red line of heroes is the bully, bully beef can; but roast beef also figures on the military menu. Members would like it to be the roast beef of old England, but then, as Mr. DUFF COOPER explained, it would cost more than double what it costs now. Mr. PIKE thought it particularly desirable that British air pilots should be fed on British power, "as in the case of the engines over which they have control." Mr. COOPER and Lord STANLEY explained that our



A REVIVED ALLIANCE.

MESSRS. LLOYD GEORGE AND WINSTON CHURCHILL DRAW THEIR BOWS IN A COMMON OFFENSIVE.

fighting men devour nothing but the roast beef of the old Commonwealth of British Nations.

Fish properly should come before meat, but on this occasion it came second, Mr. KERR asking the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR SCOTLAND if the Scottish Fishery Board would suspend the regulation limiting the length of seine-net fishing-boats in St. Andrew's Bay to forty feet. Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR said it was the only way to conserve the stocks of fish. "Why not regulate the length of the fish instead of the length of the boats?" asked Mr. MACQUISTEN brightly. It is pretty obvious that the Scottish Fishery Board is not run by fishermen. Mr. GROVES asked a question about vivisection. "If the hon. Member will read the Act he will find it all set out there," replied Mr. STANLEY. "What Act?" asked Mr. GROVES unexpectedly. "The appropriate Act," replied Mr. STANLEY adroitly.

If Mr. CHURCHILL yesterday took the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER at a disadvantage (as the latter claimed) by raising the question of the Lausanne agreement before the PRIME MINISTER had said his say about it, the advantage was short-lived, for it gave Mr. MACDONALD, whose speech, though well received, was not quite as lucidly informative as it might have been, an opportunity to give the House a brief but bright exhibition of getting some of his own back. Mr. CHURCHILL professed to have heard nothing of the "Gentlemen's Agreement" until the previous day. His right hon. friend's innocence was really surprising.

"He goes through life," said Mr. MACDONALD, "either as a rampageous individual who knows everything, roaring like the Bull of Bashan, or cooing like a sucking-dove when that is the proper part to take; but whether he is roaring or cooing, it is his innocence which always strikes me." The House, always pleased to see the biter bit, liked this part of the PRIME MINISTER'S speech, but seemed to be more bewildered than impressed by his efforts to demonstrate that an agreement as conditional as that which Lausanne had produced really put a new complexion on European affairs.

The note on which Mr. MACDONALD ended was more to the House's liking. The Lausanne Conference would proceed with the second part of its task—the straightening-out of Europe's tangled economic skein—and that without delay. The next conference would have to be called by the League of Nations, that being largely what the League was there for, but he did not favour its being held at Geneva. Meanwhile they must realise that they could not solve Europe's economic problems without solving its political problems, without dissipating the surviving atmosphere of war. That work had only begun, but Lausanne "opened new and, it might be, very broad ways."

Mr. LANSBURY, on behalf of the Opposition, gave the PRIME MINISTER'S labours the blessings he asked for them and gave Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN an opportunity of declaring that the Government had no immediate intention of satisfying Mr. MONTAGU NORMAN'S passionate desire to get back to the Gold Standard. Mr. LANSBURY was less appreciative of the Government's very qualified method of accepting Mr. HOOVER'S Disarmament proposals.



Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN. "ANYHOW, I'VE FINISHED THE TERM WITH SOME USEFUL SLATE-CLEANING."
Sir JOHN SIMON. "LUCKY CHAP! THAT'S HOW I'VE GOT TO SPEND MY HOLS."

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was not at all appreciative of anything or anybody. His roarings—or were they cooings?—echoed those of the right hon. Member for Epping. If Mr. LLOYD GEORGE could be anything but himself, one would say that he was on this occasion positively Churchillian. His attempt to make play with the "Gentlemen's Agreement" as a sort of bogey was not impressive, but his argument that, as we had said to Germany, "You must pay something later on if you can," America would certainly say the same thing to us and therefore nothing would really be settled at all, had at least the merit of being logical.

The length and breadth of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S observations called Mr. CHAMBERLAIN into the breach again, and Mr. CHURCHILL also had a few words to say—it all had to do with the "Gentlemen's Agreement," which seemed to become more mysterious the more it was explained—and the House turned with relief from this thundering of heavy mobile artillery and twenty-ton tanks (weapons that no oratorical disarmament will ever eliminate) to the maiden speech of Miss GRAVES—a speech which, for its wit, conciseness of expression and its gentle castigation of certain important persons present more than deserved the congratulations that Colonel WEDGWOOD hastened to offer. Lausanne, said Miss GRAVES, had made Germany an honest woman—a delightful phrase that loses nothing because honest Germany's bad little boys are playing bandits in the back-garden.

Miss GRAVES pleaded for the PALMERSTON spirit in British politics. Colonel WEDGWOOD in much the same vein deplored any suggestion that Britain should make her debt of honour to the United States the subject of a "united front." Mr. BOOTHBY got the debate back to economics and the Gold Standard and things like that, and Mr. MACMILLAN kept it there until it was time for Sir JOHN SIMON to have the last word on Lausanne and Disarmament.

Wednesday, July 13th.—On the motion for the Adjournment the usual back-benchers were belatedly anxious to know what the Government was going to do about this thing and that, about the depressed areas and India and what not, but no dramatic incident enlivened the closing scenes of one of the most notable Parliamentary sessions on record, unless we can so describe Sir JOHN SIMON'S intervention with a brief account of the Anglo-French Declaration that henceforth they will discuss all their troubles with each other in a frank and friendly spirit and not discriminate against each other's trade.

Thus in all love, as TENNYSON says, they parted.

"GROUND SHEETS made to fit above tent, waterproof."—*Adv. in Daily Paper.*
We have been in the stupid habit of fitting ours under the tent.



Customer (*A.D. 1478*). "I WANT A BUTT OF YOUR VERY BEST MALMSEY."
Vintner (*having in mind the fate of the unfortunate Duke of* CLARENCE). "I PRESUME, MY LIEGE, IT IS FOR DRINKING PURPOSES?"

PROFIT WHILE WE EAT.

I AM much attracted by an apparatus which is about to be installed at the Zoo. In effect it is an automatic machine which, on receipt of a sixpence from a member of the public, rings a bell and stands by to deliver a quantity of fish to the first sea-lion who has the intelligence to pull the release-trigger. Although I for one would willingly pay more than sixpence to save myself the spectacle of a sea-lion slobbering at the controls, it is thought that a sufficient number will regard it as a desirable entertainment to make the thing pay.

That may be. But this new gadget at the Zoo appeals to me on other grounds much nearer home. My own lawn, in fact.

You must understand it has been my practice and that of my family all this summer to take our meals on the short strip of sward which ends at the lane which runs by our house. This lane is much used by pedestrians, being a short cut from the station to the "Shoved Ha'penny." And to say that these pedestrians are engrossed in our diet is utterly to understate the case. They think simply nothing of pausing several minutes to gloat in a Whipsnadian manner over the consumption of some particular delicacy. There is still a bulge in the fence where the fat man leaned who was curious about my methods of attacking a pomegranate, and stayed while I routed it to the last pip; while such usual remarks as, "'E ought ter use 'is fingers on that," and "Bet yer she 'as to take three bites to it," just go to show the unflagging interest with which the proletariat views our eating.

For months I have been feeling that in hard times like these it is mere imbecility to go on giving away a good thing for nothing, but somehow I couldn't quite surmount in my own mind the difficulties inherent in collecting an entertainment-tax. Detailing a member of the family to stand hopefully by the fence with an offertory-bag while we ran through our courses didn't seem quite dignified. But now, thanks to some genius at the Zoo, it is all as clear as daylight.

I am going to put our garden meals on a proper commercial footing. If the public will pay sixpence a go to watch a pack of messy amphibians wolfing kippers, there can be no question about the success of our venture. For, after all, I should have reared my family for nothing if they cannot eat more entertainingly than that.

I have ordered the necessary equipment to be prepared at once. It will be quite simple. The pennant of the *Union Gastronomique* will show, when it is flying, that the family is in play. Along the fence there will be a row of slots for coins of different values, the insertion of which will raise a small flag, as in a taxi, of a certain colour, which will serve to indicate what is required of us. All orders will be taken in rotation, and a tariff will be clearly displayed on the outside of the fence. We have already decided on these few items:—

	s.	d.
Balancing strawberry on nose and catching in mouth		2
Shooting lump of sugar across table into small daughter's mouth		3
Cherry race, Whole Family . .		6
Graceful subjugation of vegetable soup		9
Demonstration with asparagus, peas or spaghetti	1	0
Holing out meringue in one . .	1	6

—but there will be many more. As soon as the act is over the depression of a pedal under the table will lower the relevant flag.

We are going to make lots of money. The only thing that worries me is the loss of our amateur status as eaters. Is it possible that in future the tables of certain rigid amateurs will be barred to us?

Perhaps. But I propose to risk it. Dash it, I should hope I have as much social courage as a sea-lion. ERIC.



Punch-and-Judy Man. "WHAT SORT OF A CROWD 'AVE WE GOT, BERT?"
Assistant. "WELL, WE AIN'T EXACTLY PLAYIN' TO CAPACITY."

FINLANDIA FELIX.

["SIBELIUS has been suddenly promoted to the ranks of the Classics, and along with BEETHOVEN and HAYDN has a society formed for the enjoyment of his music by way of the gramophone." Thus the *Times* critic, who considers that SIBELIUS is proved worthy of the honour by the recent concert of his works at the Queen's Hall. The programme contained two symphonies and two symphonic poems, "Pohjola's Daughter" and "Tapiola," the former showing the composer's "command of orchestral resource in its most resplendent forms," the latter "ranging from the most poignant sadness to elemental grandeur."]

THOUGH long I've nursed a grudge against SIBELIUS
For failing to pronounce his honoured name
To rhyme with that of our distinguished DELIUS
(As I intend to rhyme it all the same),
I feel his recent *opus*, "Tapiola,"
While not so frank or riotously gay
As the unseemly tales of STRAPAROLA,
Deserves the homage of a doggerel lay.

With stark and strenuous themes he loves to wrestle;
He does not deal in enervating balms;
He has three B's that in his bonnet nestle,
But they are BACH and BEETHOVEN and BRAHMS;
He has no use for heroines like LOLA,
Who ruled Bavaria for twelve hectic moons,
But the majestic daughter of Pohjola
(Gosh, what a name!) inspires his noblest tunes.

He does not breathe the airs of Orinoco;
Nor does our serious and salubrious Finn
Suggest the eagle eye, the bulbous boko
Of BERGERAC's belligerent paladin;
But, like that famous Afric fruit, the kola,
Dear to the weary traveller on the march,
He cheers and stimulates the *mezza gola*
When torrid heats the languid larynx parch.

He conjures up no deleterious dago,
No savage sheikh on cruel conquest bent,
But Tapioca, with her sister Sago,
Eupeptic aid suggestively have lent,
And, with a final hint of Gorgonzola,
So finely minister to my delight
That, on the gramophone or pianola,
I mean to try the mixture every night.

C. L. G.

"TEWTS."

PROMINENT among the features of the military training season is the TEWT, or "Tactical Exercise Without Troops." This is a very popular form of exercise, especially among the troops. Brigades, batteries, squadrons and the auxiliary arms are all represented, but it is only their headquarters that are actually present in the flesh. The Higher Commanders are therefore free to devote their whole attention to devising masterpieces of intricate manœuvre (in theory) and to the preparation of telling tactical strokes (on paper). The junior commanders too are interested, because their outlook is extended far beyond the confines of their usual sphere; they can consider much weightier matters than "How to preserve the soldiers' feet" and "What a young sentry ought to know."

But to nobody is the absence of the troops more welcome than to the Staff. With the welfare of the men uppermost in their minds, most of their time during manœuvres is spent in ensuring that battles shall be finished before closing-time; in finding and allotting football-grounds and shower-baths, and in arranging for the greatcoat-and-blanket lorries to arrive at the proper place

and time. And if the weather is inclement, as it normally is when troops leave the shelter of barracks, there is a rum-issue to be arranged for.

(It is interesting to note in passing that "inclement" seems to be the only adjective officially applied to army weather. Other weather is presumably merely weather. The civilian terms, "foggy," "cold," "wet," are disregarded. A sentry has been known to die on his beat, converted into a snowman, rather than risk the weather not being "inclement" enough to justify him in getting into his sentry-box.)

It is clear, therefore, that only in a Tewt is there full scope for imagination, generalship and consummate staff-work, and it may be observed that the title itself is a never-failing source of satisfaction to those who like to refer to the Directing Staff (usually known as "the teachers") as "the Tewtors."

A big Tewt is attended by officers of all arms and branches of the Service in order that the ramifications of tactical decisions by the Higher Command shall be fully explored in every aspect. Each student is allotted his *rôle* and is expected to arrive at the rendezvous thoroughly *au fait* with the situation as presented in the opening narrative. It is generally agreed that in the opening narrative the Directing Staff are allowed to "spread themselves." Twenty years ago it would have been considered good enough to announce that "Your brigade is in contact with the enemy from A to B." But army education has made great strides since then. Not even the youngest second-lieutenant present, with the digestion of youth to assist him, could be expected to assimilate such a half-baked situation as that. The whole picture must be politically, economically, strategically and realistically complete. Here is a specimen:—

"Great Britain's might is disposed as follows: The Navy is in the North China Sea, on hire to a film-company; the Air Force is trying to move the North Pole by bombing; the Officers' Training Corps has the measles; the Boy Scouts are in bed. It is 9 P.M. in one of BUCHAN's coldest spells.

"The Army has become a repertory Tattoo Company. The performance is half over. A messenger dashes up to the Commander-in-Chief, who, still arrayed as a Druid, leaves at once to attend an Extraordinary meeting of the Cabinet. Shouting to a deputy-Druid to carry on, he re-reads the laconic message: '*England has been unexpectedly invaded from the direction of Iceland.*'"

Now there is the germ of a Tewt with great possibilities. I give full permission for it to be used without fee or licence. The story should be continued in the same logical vein for another three or four pages and then skilfully expanded so as to introduce the various individual participants, who have by this time been thoroughly worked up to the necessary state of frenzy and fog and are anxiously awaiting their cues. And one by one they come, sometimes in the form of pithy little printed questions such as: "You are the Divisional Dental Adviser: appreciate the situation," or "The Officers' Mess-cart has been overloaded; how is a new wheel obtained?"

But sometimes the Chief Director prefers to test the rapidity of decision for himself. The players gather round him in a timid circle, each one gazing intently and knowingly at "the ground" and endeavouring at all costs to avoid catching the Director's eye. Suddenly he speaks: "Now, that Major—yes, you with the map upside-down; you have heard the situation. What are you going to do about it?"

The oldest problem in war; in fact the only one.

Good luck, Major!



Our Fast Bowler. "AIN'T YOU GOING TO TAKE OFF YOUR GLASSES?"

St. Peter Moves with the Times.

"CAR PARK AT HEAVEN'S GATE."
Salisbury Paper.

AT THE OPERA.

"THE PRIDE OF THE REGIMENT" (ST. MARTIN'S).

The Pride of the Regiment; or, Cashiered for his Country is the latest essay in the fashionable pastime of baiting the Victorians—the book by V. C. CLINTON-BADDELEY and SCOBIE MACKENZIE, the music by WALTER LEIGH. It also gives us further reason for supposing that a new school of native British light opera is happily emerging. The authors have a sound feeling for engaging nonsense and pertinent burlesque with some dexterity in the technique of their business (and incidentally an undue tolerance for Cockney rhymes, which I hope it is not mere pedantry to deprecate); the composer has a gift of writing most attractive melodies, mitigating the deliberate banality of them (for here he is turning away from more serious work to parody the spirit, if not the text, of the music of the 'fifties) by effective scoring. They are not merely pretty melodies from which the singers have to extract the fun; they are witty and amusing in themselves.

We are introduced to a working-party, crinolined and ringletted, knitting woolly comforts for the brave British lads manning the trenches of Sebastopol, in an atmosphere of such intense purity that a rash reference to a gentleman's leg by one of the more daring causes one of the more sensitive to swoon. We are in the drawing-room of *General Sir Joshua Blazes* (Mr. V. C. CLINTON-BADDELEY), who arrives with a Dundrearyfied *Prime Minister* (Mr. FRANK BIRCH) for a secret conference as to what is to be done about the "Terror," a spy who has been regularly communicating to the enemy the plans of the British Cabinet and General Staff three days before they have been conceived.

It is the noble-hearted *Lieutenant Brown* (Mr. TREFOR JONES), diffidently in love with the *General's* daughter, *Millicent* (Miss KATHLYN HILLIARD), who is denounced by his rival, the (to us) patently sinister *Captain Rudolph de Vavasour* (Mr. GAVIN GORDON)—we had seen him extract the vital document from the fern-pot, seen him twirling his obviously wicked moustache and laying a conspiratorial finger along his dissipated nose. Poor *Brown*, cashiered there and then unheard, his regimental buttons plucked gloatingly from his tunic by *De Vavasour*, departs, leaving a broken-hearted *Millicent*; to return in the middle of the Second Act, two years later, from the trenches, where he had served gallantly as a private and incidentally discovered that the "Terror" was none other than *De Vavasour*. He had tracked down a lady with a lamp, whom he had taken to be Miss FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE till he caught a sight of the *De Vavasour* moustache. Proof? The villain's cloak is even now lined with papers extracted from Ministers' despatch-boxes, including the draft of the Smoke Abatement Bill and the New Foot-and-Mouth regulations. Two shots ring out behind the yew hedges of the *General's* garden; *Millicent* flies to her hero's arms; the *General* and the *Prime Minister*, through an unfortunate misunderstanding which they are too gentlemanly or too unresourceful to set right, are united to two elderly maiden ladies (the Misses COLLEEN CLIFFORD and CHARLOTTE LEIGH).



A GAME OF "I SPY."

Captain Rudolph de Vavasour . MR. GAVIN GORDON.
General Sir Joshua Blazes . . . MR. V. C. CLINTON-BADDELEY.
The Prime Minister . . . . . MR. FRANK BIRCH.

This jolly libellous reconstruction is produced by Mr. CLINTON-BADDELEY as it is written—in the mood of the most unbridled burlesque. The joke does not wear thin, the authors have had the wit not to spin it out to that point—unduly protracted burlesque can easily be tiresome. Mr. GAVIN GORDON's magnificent villain was a really gorgeous piece of nonsense, all delivered with an air of unmitigated gravity, which heightened its absurd effect. Here is a genuine comedian, a discovery. We were with difficulty restrained from demanding from him a third encore of "The Children's Voices' Guileless Ring," an admirable invention of Mr. LEIGH's, with its hint of oratorio. I find I have marked air after air on my programme as exceptionally good, with reference not only to tunefulness but also to humour. If I must select, I would specially commend the sham pathos of "The Miller's Daughter" (sung by Miss HILLIARD), the sham villainy of "Aha, Aha!" (Mr. GORDON), the sham heroics of "Disgraced, Condemned and Spat Upon" (Mr. TREFOR JONES), and the sham ecstatic ardours and languors of the waltz melody, "Love Comes as No One Supposes." Mr. CLINTON-BADDELEY'S *General* and Mr. FRANK BIRCH'S *Prime Minister* were excellent comic studies. And among the attendant young ladies of the Chorus I must particularly mention Miss MARION BLANDFORD, who contrived to decorate her small part intelligently and yet unobtrusively. Nor can I omit to register appreciation of the demure comeliness of her companions, and of the admirable country-dance, which we insisted on their repeating. I found this a most original, refreshing, amusing and withal unpretentious and spontaneous affair, and commend it unreservedly to all and sundry. As to the composer, it is obvious that here we have a wit, a fertile invention and (so far as I am a judge of such high matters) a musicianly scholarship that is exceptional.

T.

AT THE PLAY.

"SAVOY FOLLIES" (SAVOY).

MR. STANLEY HOLLOWAY, who is at once the backbone of this genial entertainment and the link with happily-remembered earlier exercises of the kind, and combines with remarkable versatility the *rôles* of a policeman, a convict, the singer of a straight sentimental-dramatic lyric, a rustic lover (incidentally giving ingenious imitations of a duck, a nightingale and a parrot), a plum-voiced singer of folk-songs, a peer from *Iolanthe*, the hero of "The Dishonoured Czech," the stolid relater of the sad history of young *Albert Ramsbottom*, who was devoured by the lion in the Blackpool Zoo—this competent versatile Mr. HOLLOWAY, I say, will be generous enough to allow me to present two laurel-wreaths to his brilliant colleagues, Miss FLORENCE DESMOND and Mr. GILLIE POTTER.

Miss FLORENCE DESMOND rings many

changes on the bells of her fine talents. In the first of her turns—the lugubrious match-seller in a quartet, which includes a policeman (Mr. HOLLOWAY) and two tramps (Mr. HAL BRYAN and Mr. JOHN MACK), and makes good fun of the queer jargon of the money-market—we say, "Hello! this young woman may be interesting." In the singing of some old-fashioned folk-songs (with Mr. HOLLOWAY) her air of positively appalling refinement and (assumed) incompetence confirms and enlarges the good first impression. As the leading lady in the amiable extravaganza, "The Dishonoured Czech," a jibe at the producers of "All-British productions with All-Foreign stars" and a grotesque parody of the now inevitable *White Horse Inn*, she gave us in a few short moments a sort of universal impression of those seductive foreign ladies who flaunt their S.A.—with a difference. The part of a little Fauntleroyal child in "Christmas Eve"—a drama of the heartless landlord, the persecuted widow, the returned innocent convict-husband—was merely as well played as perhaps any actress of talent could have played so traditional a *rôle*. (I could in parenthesis note here the excellent diversion provided by the gentleman in the private box, who was too fuddled to distinguish the opening bars of "Good King Wenceslas" from "God Save the King" and was constrained to totter to his feet whenever the familiar strains of the carol drifted in upon the cold night air—which was often.) When Miss DESMOND came to her final turn, "A Hollywood Party," we realised that she stands high among the half-dozen gifted ladies who have brought the art of impersonation in recent years to such perfection. The fidelity of her transcripts was startling, and we all recognised the outstanding quality of her performance with our usual perceptiveness and made a song about it.

And as to Mr. GILLIE POTTER, I am, I rejoice to say, still able to laugh at his preoccupation with a certain brewery, so adroitly does he vary his quirks and with such a convincing air of making an old joke for the first time. It was delightful to have three other nonsense monologues in his unique vein of fatuous exaggeration. There was a momentous announcement about nothing in particular, with several interpolated references to "our Manager, Mr. ARCHIE DE BEAR" and reverent liftings of a tired boater whenever the great man's name was mentioned; a glorious travesty of Mr. Justice Somebody (which it would do Mr. Justice Everybody good to hear) summing up the case against the defendant, *Rebecca Rattleribs*, in the matter of the sale, barter, vending or exchange of a toffee-apple after the hour of eight o'clock *post meridiem*; pointing out that, whereas an apple under the Sweetmeat Act was indubitably a fruit and under the Fruit Act manifestly a sweetmeat, the attached or embedded stick was



SONG-BIRDS IN REPOSE.
Mrs. Bird . . . MISS FLORENCE DESMOND.
Lieutenant Bird . MR. STANLEY HOLLOWAY.

unquestionably a tree, and under the Woods and Forests Act trees could not be sold after the hour aforementioned; inflicting a sentence of twenty-five years' penal servitude, "and I hope it keeps fine for you!"

And, perhaps best of all, there was a



"CROSSING THE LINE."
MR. GILLIE POTTER AS A BLACK-AND-WHITE ARTIST.

demonstration of the remarkable exclusiveness of the preposterously refined Mr. GILLIE POTTER, with entrancing details of the family history of his friends the *Marsh-Mallows* of Hog's Norton, of which I can only recall that unedifying *Marsh-Mallow* who only entered a church once—St. Paul's—to ask the time of the next train to Kempton Park, under the impression, gathered from the steps, that it was Waterloo Station.

Mr. POTTER displays himself in these exercises as a true creator making much out of nothing.

There were other diversions to suit all tastes: songs of love and moonlight; dancing; the vagaries of Mr. HAL SWAIN'S band; a pretty sentimentality, "My Party Dress," by Miss BERTHA RICCARDO; piano fireworks by Mr. WILLIAM WALKER and Mr. BOBBY ALDERSON, and a *finale*, "Days of the Old Savoy"—telescoped excerpts from six favourite GILBERT and SULLIVAN operas. T.

"THE RIVIERA TRUMPET."

I ALWAYS have interesting dreams in *wagons-lits;* but the other night, *en route* to the South of France, my dream turned into a nightmare.

I dreamt that the office of *The Riviera Trumpet* was in a state of excitement. Reports from the various towns along the coast were pouring in, each with its special items of interest, and these were under discussion by the staff, in a way common to all newspapers. But with this difference, that whereas ordinary editors and sub-editors are concerned with notabilities more for their personal eminence or place in the public eye the staff of *The Riviera Trumpet* seemed to appraise the newcomers according to their corporeal exuberance.

Name after name was read out, to be greeted with coldness or warmth in proportion to their possession or lack of this desirable quality.

"Lady Witherstein is at the Magnifique," said one of the staff.

"That dried-up old thing!" was the almost embittered comment.

"Sir Juicy Dundance is at the Beau Site," read out another; and the response was universal acclamation.

But the climax of enthusiasm was reached when, to my dismay, horror and intense foreboding, my own name was announced as an expected arrival at the Hotel des Palmiers, whither, in fact, I was bound.

Never can such a shout of joy have rent the air.

"Make this week's a special number," said the Editor, "and rush it out. Yes, and placard it well. Then all our subscribers will know, and as many others as possible. Such a titbit may double our circulation."
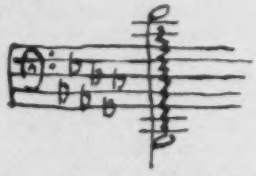
Titbit!

I was the titbit; for *The Riviera Trumpet* is a paper written by mosquitoes for mosquitoes. E. V. L.

THE ELBOW SCHOOL OF PIANO-PLAYING.

(*From Our Musical Correspondent.*)

I HAVE recently been permitted to hear a specimen of the work of a young American composer who appears likely, if he is allowed to live, to revolutionise the technique of piano-playing, if not the very construction of the instrument as we know it. This interesting youth, who hails from the Middle West, is the founder and chief exponent of the "Ulnar" keyboard system, which aims at securing the maximum possible resonance from the bass strings. That result is obtained by writing chords for the left hand, if "chords" be the right word, which consist of all the semitones between indicated extreme points. These new chords, or "ulns," as I understand they are called, are played with the whole forearm from elbow to fingertip. A new notation is of course necessary, of which a specimen is appended.



In order to sound this uln the player must depress every key, both black and white, between the low B flat and the high F natural. I venture to suggest that this notation is a little clumsy and unsightly, and that a squiggly tail on the lower minim would be at least no more reminiscent of a tadpole in violent motion and would be a sufficient indication to the musicians, necessarily of a high order of intelligence, who will have to read the scores of this School.

The piece which I was privileged to hear represented in most convincing tonality the movements of the tides before the Creation—tides, it is assumed, of gaseous matter permeated with specks of grit which were later to cohere and form this solid earth upon which we have our being and play our pianos. The "programme" of the music was very graphically realised. After I had once or twice reassured myself that the composer's cat was not occupying the lower half of the keyboard I was able to surrender myself happily and completely to the artist's representation of a chaos of hitherto unheard-of antiquity. Further, I discovered new meanings in the familiar phrase, "More power to your elbow!"

Hardly less interesting than the results which have already been achieved are the implications of the new movement. The first of these occurred to me as a practical difficulty from the executive point of view. Clearly all forearms are not of the same length, and it would be intolerable that a mere congenital shortage of ulnar protraction should constitute an insuperable bar to a musician who desired to experiment in the new art form. But I was soon to learn from the composer that this handicap imposed by Nature had been reckoned with—as I thought in a very ingenious way.

Realising the difficulty and anticipating the enormous demand which has already been made for the works of the new School, the music-sellers of the Middle-Western States have all opened "bespoke" departments where intending purchasers, if they are not equipped by Nature for the execution of the stock size of a particular composition, may have their left forearms accurately measured and order a version of the work printed with ulns precisely adapted to their physical capacity.

But the movement appears to have inherent in it a development which will abrogate the necessity for this special printing. It is hardly likely that the urge for resonance will stop at the stage which it has already reached, or that an artistic impulse which could cover seven octaves will be content with two-and-a-half. In other words, it is unthinkable that the ulnarists will pause at the elbow. Logic, if nothing else, will certainly drive the School to the employment of two pianos so arranged that the performer can lie full-length on his left side along the keyboard of one, obtaining his accompaniment effects by movements of his whole body from shoulder to heel, while with his disengaged right hand he traces on the other keyboard the curves of his melodic theme.

For the louder passages of the accompaniment a mechanical device readily suggests itself. On the near approach of a *sforzando* uln the performer would roll off the keyboard into a luggage-rack suspended in front of the keys. This contrivance, stimulated into mechanical or electrical activity by his (or her) arrival, would raise the pianist several feet into the air, the height being graduated according to the desired resonance and the avoirdupois of the player, and drop him (or her) once more upon the ivories.

To the ardent disciple of the School this would surely be a moment worth living for. With a little care in the adjustment of his corporeal protuberances he could in one glorious uln sound the whole resonances, direct and harmonic, of the complete gamut.

I cannot conclude without remarking that there are evidences that this movement in the United States, like some other movements one has heard of there, is not an original impulse but, on the contrary, a recrudescence, consciously imitative, of a system that was tried and abandoned in this country about three hundred years ago. When one of our leading musical critics of that day wrote the words, "That strain again. It had a dying fall," it seems certain that by a figure of speech familiar to classical students he spoke not of the music but the player. Thus interpreted the words mean that the pianist, evidently engaged upon experiments such as are now being revived on the other side of the Atlantic, had suffered from repeated strain in his work and had finally met with a fatal accident, sacrificed upon the altar of his art—probably through some mechanical defect in the device which I have described.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A CENTENARY TRIBUTE.

SEE the glittering cavalcade sweeping down the glen,
All his lords and armoured knights, squires and serving-men!
With those hundred years forgot, take the living hour;
Ride the moss with *Deloraine;* feast in Branksome Tower;
Back the sword of *Marmion;* stand with *Roderic Dhu;*
Storm the walls of Carlisle at the spear-hand of *Buccleuch;*
From the bridal fast and far
Ride and laugh with *Lochinvar.*
Forward o'er the Carter Bar
Speed the Bonnets Blue!

The picture dims; the light and laughter fade.
A weary writer at his table bowed
Toils at the task upon his manhood laid—
So much to do, so little time allowed!
From Fancy's fields he called his knights once more
And the proud chart of chivalry unrolled;
Chose the bright threads from his romantic store
And wove again his magic cloth-of-gold;
And in his gallant heart hope never died
That Fate would spare him to discharge his debt.
Men may forget his pageantry of pride,
But his was not the courage men forget.

W. H. O.

Back to the Brass Standard.

"German Bands were actively dealt in at the opening of the London Stock Exchange, following the terms of the agreement reached between the Powers and Germany at Lausanne."—*Evening Paper.*



LITTLE RHYMES FOR THIBETAN CHILDREN.

THE DIWALI.

MARIGOLDS for Maili, for Mother and for me,
A wreath of yellow marigolds to hang up on the tree,
A collar for the puppy-dog, another for the goat;
The beggar who was blinded wears a garland round his throat
For everybody else to see.

Dancers in the market-place, rockets in the sky,
And fine new clothes for all of us and paper kites to fly;
The streets are full of gambling games and folk who laugh and laze,
For nobody need work at all for three Diwali days.
The beggar's bowl is piled up high.

Golden lights are everywhere twinkling in a line,
For if we set them on the roof and down before the shrine
Then Lakshmi Dev will bless us all, our cattle, house and soil.
So Maili trims the cotton wicks and Mother pours the oil,
And I make the little lamps shine.

A yellow wreath of yellow lights round the mountain lies,
And rocket-stars go sailing up like flocks of fireflies;
My new round cap has spangles on and golden patternings;
I never thought a night could hold so many shining things.
I wish the beggar man had eyes.









"SAY 'YES,' LIL, AND I'LL BE IN THE SEVENTH 'EAVEN."
"HO! SO YOU'VE BEEN ENGAGED SIX TIMES ALREADY?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Romantic 'Thirties.

IT is odd that the French romantic movement, having so many English roots and derivations, should on the whole have been dealt with so scurvily over here. When it has been dealt with, the extravagant love-affairs of its highly-vitalized and eccentric principals have led to an overplus of wearisome bookmaking, from which Mr. PHILIP CARR'S masterly *Days with the French Romantics in the Paris of* 1830 (METHUEN, 15/-) is a notable and refreshing departure. Modestly describing his aim as primarily one of portraiture, Mr. CARR gives a vivid picture of his sitters' antecedents—a childhood passed among that chronic redistribution of ideas and property which prolonged the upheavals of the French Revolution. But he insists (I think rightly) that, in spite of its many aristocratic exponents, the movement he portrays was a bourgeois one. It was the bourgeois, frightened of his own top-hatted and umbrella'd shadow, who indulged in the counter-extravagance of romanticism. The score of years that was its heyday saw the "wild, wicked, weary, strange," triumph in painting, poetry, drama, fiction and music; and Mr. CARR depicts not only its remembered figures—its CHATEAUBRIANDS and VICTOR HUGOS—but the more or less forgotten patrons who gave its gatherings coherence. Men of romantic life and quite other artistic convictions—such as BALZAC—are significantly included. And the illustrations—for which alone this charming book is worth possessing—reinforce respect for a period in which your men of letters could produce such amusing caricatures as DE MUSSET'S and such sensitive water-colours as JULES DE GONCOURT'S.

A Quandary From Norway.

There were three employees in the post-office when the raid occurred, each in a different room. The first to encounter the two bandits was *Kvisthus*, and he was killed immediately; the second, *Lydersen*, after a moment of indecision, flew at one of the bandits, more in panic than in courage, and was knocked unconscious; while the third, *Berger*, with more thought in the face of two revolvers for his wife and child than for the seven thousand kroner in his cash-box, handed it over. The bandits were never discovered. That is the premise on which SIGURD CHRISTIANSEN has built *Two Living and One Dead* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6). Had *Berger* acted as a coward or as a reasonable man? The verdict of his fellows was against him; *Lydersen*, whom he hated, was proclaimed a hero and promoted over his head, and even his wife's faith was not proof against the poison of suspicion. Only after years of suffering did he find redemption in a way which I must not disclose. I should have thought that in actual life a much more sympathetic view would have been taken of *Berger's* action; but nevertheless this is a remarkable novel which should not be missed. Its lean nervous prose, in spite of a faintly American translation, reminds me most of VICKI BAUM. I hope it will be read by the whole Freudian gang in fiction, who cannot grasp how much the so-called psychological novel gains in strength when it is written in simple language and without technical *clichés*.

The Super-Mongrel.

It's true that in England we sometimes get
Too much of the pampered canine pet
Which nice old ladies (a fact to deplore)
Are far too often responsible for;
But there's this excuse for us, here at least
The pet as a rule is a pedigree beast.

But, according to ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE,
In the U.S.A. there's a different tune
(As you may judge if you care to call
With seven-and-six on CHAPMAN AND HALL),
For the pampered pet in *A Dog Named Chips*
Is the absolute limit in nondescrip's.

But a dog's a dog when all's said and done,
And the story's told with a sense of fun
Which makes the most of the social game
That centres around a shrewd old dame,
An autocrat whom one instantly likes
In spite of her horrible taste in tykes.

Amorous Adventure.

Mr. JAMES LAVER's fantasy, *Nymph Errant* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), opens in a Lausanne boarding-school, whose departing *pensionnaires* have just been exhorted by a wizened and frustrated science-mistress to experiment boldly with life. Half-a-dozen young women of varied nationality discuss the decorous futures that lie before them; and then *Evangeline Edwards*, on her way to an aunt in Oxford, deviates to Deauville with a French impresario and spends a year flitting from protector to protector, here and there finding her school-fellows more or less similarly circumstanced. The technique is that of the film's earliest infancy, the mechanics of each situation being far more important than the haphazard figures caught up in it. *Evangeline* goes from Deauville to Montparnasse with a Russian violinist, quits him for a German devoted to *Nacktkultur*, escapes from the comparative respectability of the nudists at Himmelheim with an Austrian count, who loses her at *écarté* to a Greek financier at Venice. Finally, being abducted at Smyrna, she is rescued by an American sanitary-inspector from a Turkish harem. Some artificial link was clearly needed by Mr. LAVER to excuse his description of localities so widely distributed; and this is rather naïvely provided by *Evangeline's* attraction for men of all types and races. One episode, memorably ironic, emerges: the attempted suicide of a Montparnassian stalwart whose gas (cut off by a creditor company) gives out before its predestined victim. At the year's end we find that her body's *taches* have apparently left no taint on *Evangeline's* soul (if any). She is not erotic; she just uses sex as the nearest way to adventure, and the author never paints her promiscuousness in alluring colours. In any case his transitions are so fantastic that no damage is likely to be done to the morals of any reader with the intelligence of a tweeny.



Holiday-maker. "I'LL HAVE A COUPLE OF KIDLEYS."
Waitress. "D' YOU MEAN KIDNEYS?"
Holiday-maker. "WELL, DIDL'T I SAY KIDLEYS?"

A Successor to "Saki."

Mr. ROBERT NATHAN's second novel appears in rather startling uniform, for its dust-jacket is decked with orders of merit from so many critics as to intimidate or antagonise those who may like to make friends with a book in their own way, and particularly with this one, whose author has a knack of paying oblique and pretty compliments, never stressing a point, but taking for granted that the reader will understand his hints. And yet in common with its predecessor, *The Woodcutter's House*, this book too has a remote air, though Mr. NATHAN has now proved that he can write with clarity as well as wit, and need not lean on the crutch of whimsy. *The Orchid* (ELKIN MATHEWS AND

MARROT, 6/-), which has some of the freakishness and fragility of its namesake, tells a little and suggests much more about a group of satellites who, while circling round *Miss Grogarty*, an operatic star, long for personal fame. Among these people are a philosophising professor of music, a woman hair-dresser, a tenor who is the proprietor of a merry-go-round, a muffin-devouring lady-novelist, a company-director (in love with *Miss Grogarty*) and his wife, who is a committee-fiend and in love with her husband. It would be unjust to the author to attempt to describe the slender story, which will be loved most by those admirers of "SAKI" who have been waiting so many years to share the confidences of another delicate jester. Mr. NATHAN writes with beauty and humour and wisdom; his book is a joy.

A Modern Clerk's Tale.

There was one *John Senlac*, solicitor's clerk in a dusty London office, whose aunt in Reading had just died and left him five hundred a year. So in a flush of pardonable excitement he took the lease which his *Mr. Dockitt* had commanded him to copy out and turned it into blank verse, thereby earning his summary dismissal from the firm. Much better this, he thought, than sending in his resignation in the customary tame and formal manner. And no doubt he was right, for it sets the tune well enough for *English Comedy* (DENT, 7/6), by JOHN C. MOORE. The hero is in love with the daughter of a publican in Fulham, and *Anne* was gay and irresponsible; she liked "mucking about" in her little boat on the Thames, and was determined not to settle down and be respectable and dull. She would have nothing to do with *John* until he went out into the world and had some adventures. So *John* set forth with his rücksack at the spin of a coin, and ran up against *Jerry*, a pleasant photographer of American extraction, with whom he promptly joined forces; and between them they discovered the real England of the unspoiled country and, furthermore, that everything is a bit of a joke—if you don't take it too seriously. They ran up against *Ferdie Fawkes* and his Follies, and that charming pair, the Death Riders, and Good Old *Joe*, and *Robin* and a host of other interesting characters. And at last they find themselves up by Cricklade, and they get into a canoe and drift pleasantly home down the river, bringing a charming story to a just conclusion and providing the reader with a pleasing bunch of new friends.



Big Sister. "NOW THEN, 'AROLD, YOU DON'T WANT TO GO IN THERE—THEY'D TELL YER ALL YER PAST."

Behind the Screen.

To the many who must be curious about the queer world of the film-studios and perhaps particularly to those who have woven their own glamorous versions of it, I would commend *Desire—Spanish Version* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6). The picture of the polyglot Babel, the chaotic disorganisation, the harsh tyrannies and vulgar insolences, the insecurities, rivalries and mean intrigues of the operations of an American company in a Paris suburb is brilliantly suggested in a rapid impressionistic manner, with informative details of technical procedure deftly inserted. It all has the authentic air of observation at first hand. Against this mad whirling background EVELYN EATON sets the love-affair of her helpless *Bibsou*, violinist ("*premier prix du conservatoire*"), and the "script-girl," *Halina*, a Polish gentlewoman of fine courage and broad sympathies. This is no mere easy sentimental romance, but a human relationship sensitively felt and objectively realised. The author writes of bitter things without undue bitterness, and this gives poise and conviction to her book.

Thirty Years Onward.

Beginning with the death of VICTORIA, Mr. A. WALLIS MYERS, in *Memory's Parade* (METHUEN, 7/6), gives us reminiscences that stretch over three decades. Not by any means the least exhilarating part of these memoirs is that in which Mr. MYERS relates his experiences when he was connected with *The Westminster Gazette*. In those days he had to seek for "copy" where he could find it but, later on, lawn tennis made increasing demands upon his time and attention, and of that game he writes with the knowledge of an expert. Mr. MYERS' activities have carried him to many parts of the world, and as he has been gifted with considerable powers of observation his recollections are always interesting to read.

Peter Pry.

In all of the eight stories that are included in *Sergeant Sir Peter* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6) the secret of the late Mr. EDGAR WALLACE'S popularity with his public is clearly revealed. His young detective, a wealthy baronet, is both gay and clever, and whether he is searching for missing merchants, seeking for buried treasure or solving the mysteries connected with a death-watch beetle he is always an amusing sleuth. By far the longest of these stories is "The Death Watch," but for subtlety I prefer "The Principles of Jo Loless" and "Dr. Fifer's Patient." A collection most suitable for holiday reading.

FOULING HIS NEST.

[Mr. OSBERT SITWELL is reported to have said that the nicest people he has met could neither read nor write.]

UNGRATEFUL OSBERT! Was there any need
Of such a reference to us who read?
How tactless to include us in your slight—
The wretched *raison d'être* of you who write!

W. K. H.

"The partnership added 121 in a hundred minutes before it was ended by the indiminitable Parker."—*Daily Paper.*

We think it means that PARKER is a very good bowler.

"After a while I said good-bye promising to bring the Mrs. of my new poems. . . ."—*Indian Paper.*

Not our old friend the Dark Widow of the Sonnets?

CHARIVARIA.

WHEN a slight outbreak of fire occurred in the *Empress of Britain* as she approached Quebec, a rumour spread that Mr. J. H. THOMAS had fused.

* * *

Some idea of the speed attained by Mr. KAYE DON on his record-breaking run can be gauged from the unofficial report that the reflection of Miss England III. in the water came along several seconds after the trial was over.

* * *

According to Dr. GRAYSON, insects have no sense of time. Yet we have never known a midge to be late for a picnic.

* * *

A new spinning-top which emits a high piercing note is now being imported into this country from Switzerland. We had foreseen the menace of the Yo-Yodel.

* * *

A correspondent has written to *The Morning Post* to say that he played Yo-Yo seventy years ago. We can only respect him for this manly confession.

* * *

In the gossip-article which she contributes to *The Daily Express*, Lady SIBELL LYGON says that her first choice for a dinner-party of conversationalists would be Lord CASTLEROSSE. Titled contributors to the BEAVERBROOK Press would seem to be animated by a fine *esprit de corps*.

* * *

A new theatre fire-alarm warns the audience to leave the building and then plays jazz-music, thus ensuring a rapid exit.

* * *

"You will agree with me that this is jelly weather," writes a culinary expert. Awfully jelly!

* * *

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has never travelled incognito in his life, we are told. We can well believe that he despises this form of self-advertisement.

* * *

With reference to the question whether a catch can be made when the ball has bounced off the square-leg umpire, an umpire is quoted as saying that he himself has given a batsman out in the circumstances. We don't blame him.

Juvenile readers of an evening paper are informed that the Arabs regard whistling as very wrong indeed. This is one explanation of the rarity of errand-boys in the desert.

* * *

The controversy on the question whether the "g" in Los Angeles should be hard or soft revives interest in the curious American belief that every Englishman regards the "H" in Hollywood as mute.

* * *

The postponement of the opening of the Assembly of the League of Nations from September 5 to September 26 will give members a better chance to recuperate from peace-strain.

* * *

Women are said to be better than men as lion-tamers. All the same, we do not unreservedly subscribe to the view that woman's place is in the den.

* * *

We read of a caterpillar-farm at Bexley where butterflies and moths are bred for sale. It never occurred to us that there might be money in the grazing on our old dress-suit.

* * *

British hotels and restaurants are urged to realise that the time has come to discontinue the practice of printing menus in French. A strong objection to the use of English, however, is that customers would know what they were alleged to be eating.

* * *

A new league formed in New York declares that red-headed girls are "tempestuous, flighty, shameless liars, quarrelsome, inefficient, spendthrifts and useless as cooks." There seem to be possibilities in red-headed girls.

Attention is drawn to the difficulty poets are experiencing in finding rhymes for Ottawa. We fear it is too late to change the venue of the Conference.

* * *

In certain parts it seems that the five-shilling-piece is regarded as a precursor of bad luck. This probably explains why Scotsmen often avoid this risk by hiding one of these coins in between two ten-shilling-notes when tipping the waiter.

* * *

A Los Angeles film-actress has divorced her husband for the second time. We understand that the first was merely a provincial try-out.

* * *

A Liverpool woman has been summoned for pushing her husband off a motor-coach. There was no excuse, as trippers have been warned against throwing things from charabancs.

* * *

A woman-writer asks what the cycling-girl does with her face when she goes to a dance. One theory is that she leaves it with the cloak-room attendant.

* * *

At Hastings a pianist giving a recital had to stop playing owing to the noise of the rain. Isn't Nature wonderful?

* * *

A doctor says that it is most unhealthy to lick the gummed side of a stamp. And not nearly so funny as licking the other side.

* * *

The announcement that Mr. BERNARD SHAW is writing a Christmas story will reassure those who feared that his admiration for Soviet institutions might betray him into taking an anti-Christmas line.

* * *

A Hollywood film-star has engaged a Swedish girl to scream for her and another to double her for risky feats. We know more than one actress who would be well-advised to have someone to act for her.

* * *

An evening paper reports that during a recent storm a flash of lightning entered a lawyer's office by the window and went out through the door without any harm being done. It was lucky to get off like that.



"OH, GEORGE, WHAT A RELIEF!"
"W-WHAT IS?"
"WHY, I ALWAYS THOUGHT THESE WIRES WERE ELECTRIFIED."

THE SIRENS OF THE THAMES.

[A correspondence has been going on in *The Times* about the date of the first railway steam-whistle.]

As by the mellow fluting of the missel
Naturalists are moved to happy tears,
So is the railway locomotive's whistle
A source of ecstasy to engineers.

About the latter's note, so rich and fruity,
Men argue in *The Times* and don't agree
Whether it first revealed its piercing beauty
In 1832 or '33.

But speaking for myself, whose modest dwelling
Is much admired for its riparian site,
I am more deeply stirred by sirens yelling
In the disgusted middle of the night.

At 2 A.M., when I would be a dreamer
Lapped in the peace that honest toil bestows,
The filthy squawk of some infernal steamer
Shatters the nicest part of my repose.

I hesitate to check the siren's misuse
By laying mines across the vessels' tracks,
Or do as those old seamen of Odysseus
And plug my ears with plastic wads of wax.

As for the beastly date when first it blasted,
Of this let others talk historic shop;
I do not care a kick how long it's lasted;
I want to know when the dam thing will stop.

O. S.

THE BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO THE ORGAN.

THE main drawback in learning to play the organ is the necessity for borrowing a whole church or cathedral every time you want to practise. It is possible, of course, to borrow a complete cinema, though this savours of selfishness and there is always the risk of pressing the wrong thing and being whirled away with the instrument into the basement for the night.

Neither is a church organ free from its peculiar embarrassments. In the case of the little country church, where the bellows are worked by manual labour, it is almost essential to have a blower, and he will cramp your style by the exercise of that particularly withering type of pity employed by the more degraded species of golf-caddie. It is very wearing, however, to try to get on without a blower. The strain of working the bellows and then rushing round to the front again to get in a note or two before the wind is exhausted does not make for that concentration which is so necessary for real progress. Very often too you tread on one of the fiercer notes as you clamber back to your seat, thus deflating the instrument immediately.

Again, if you borrow an important church, there are sightseers who mistake you for the organist and sit, until you notice them, in rapt admiration of your ten-toe exercises. The most dignified exit from such a situation is to pull out everything that will pull out and press everything that won't, execute a JACK BUCHANAN step-dance on the pedals and then lock up as ostentatiously as possible.

Usually I pretend to be a tuner and go round tapping the more accessible pipes with the little toffee hammer I always have by me. If the audience persists in waiting for the show to begin I approach one of them with a request for a puncture outfit, explaining that one of the instrument's lungs is slightly affected.

As to the actual playing of the King of instruments—as the gramophone catalogues so aptly term it—a book on elementary Organics will prove of far more use to the beginner than I can hope to be at present. Later, when you have made some progress by yourself, I may be able to bring my advice within the scope of your knowledge. For the present I must be content with a few definitions of the commoner features connected with the instrument and a simple explanation of the names of some of the stops.

Clarabella.—A variation in tone, often discernible by the naked ear, accidentally discovered by a Mrs. Clarabella Entwhistle (*née* Ayscough), who dropped a hairpin into the bellows in the late 'seventies. Rather metallic.

Fugue.—A tune played by each finger in turn, then by each toe, and finally with overlapping and contra-punting, or cross-kicking.

Hymns, Accompaniment of.—Listen carefully to the choir and keep just behind. The beginner must learn not to be put off by intimidating movements on the part of the trebles known as descant.

Manual.—This is what you have been ignorantly calling the keyboard. There may be as many as five of these banks of notes. Always use the top one, so that if the hand slips you may be sure of hitting the corresponding note of one of the banks underneath. Remember that, as is not the case with the piano, the note will go on as long as pressure is maintained; therefore do not rest the feet on the manual during the sermon unless you have made quite sure that the instrument is completely de-aërated.

Nux Vomica.—A full stop if used to excess.

Ophicleide, or *"Organist's Eye."*—An acute squint induced by the playing of passages marked "With hands and legs crossed."

Organ, American.—See *Organ, Nasal.*

Organ, Nasal.—A neat little contrivance entailing no outside help in blowing.

Organ, Seated One Day at the.—A trifle executed by SULLIVAN when GILBERT was not there to prevent it.

Orgy, or Organ Recital.—An exhibition bout given by the organist to fill up the Choir Fund, or by the B.B.C. to fill up the time.

Pedals.—The number of these that may be operated at one time depends almost entirely on the size of the feet. A delightfully full effect may be obtained by wearing skis.

Psalms, Accompaniment of.—Choose a more or less non-committal note and keep pressing. The choir will do the rest if it is any good.

Spitzflöte.—A vulgar little stop.

Stopped Flute.—This may be cleaned out with an ordinary pipe-cleaner or an army pull-through.

Toccata.—Very often the first symptom of an impending *Fugue.*

Tremulant.—A neurotic defect noticeable in young and inexpert performers.

Voluntary.—That part of a service which there is no moral compulsion to attend.

Vox Humana.—Beautifully described by BYRON as—

"... the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony."

The Brick that Wasn't Dropped.

"The foundation stone of the new Cork City Hall was held on Saturday afternoon by President de Valera."—*Irish Paper.*

"There was a large number of followers present when the Northern Counties Otter Hounds met at Lintz Ford yesterday.

... They moved swiftly upstream, and after half-an-hour's search came upon a strong scone about a quarter of a mile below the Forge, without being able to find."—*North-Country Paper.*

This is reminiscent of our own Pekinese Bun-Hunt.



GOING OFF THE DEEP END.

MR. MAXTON (*to Mr. LANSBURY*). "FAREWELL! I GO TO FOUND A BRIGHTER LIDO ON A RUDDIER SHORE."

[It is stated that Mr. MAXTON is about to leave the Labour Party and establish a more revolutionary organisation.]



"IS THAT A NICE BOOK, DARLING?"
"IT'S LOVELY, MUMMY, BUT THE ENDING'S SAD."
"WHAT HAPPENS?"
"OH, SHE DIES, AND HE HAS TO GO BACK TO HIS WIFE."

ODE TO LAZINESS.

In far Pacific isles
Where teeming Nature smiles
And the pearl-seeker piles
His schooner up,
Where simple man can find
Free living of a kind,
And no one has to grind
For bite and sup,

Are men, akin to us—
Men, though to name them thus
Were well-nigh scandalous,
Who speak our speech,
Yet lie about and laze
Through all their livelong days,
And, in the local phrase,
Are on the beach.

They labour not, nor fash
Themselves for vulgar cash;
Their pipe, a calabash
With some wild weed;
Their nest, a leafy hut;
A rag of native cut;
These, with a coker-nut,
Fulfil their need.

We mock them and deride;
In our superior pride
We put them quite outside
Our higher scheme;
Persons like these who shirk
The nobler call of work
Arouse in us the smirk
Of self-esteem.

And yet, oh Thou whom Jove
From His Olympic grove
Seeing how vain man strove
Too late, too long,
Sent down to soothe and bless,
God-granted Laziness,
We do Thee, I confess,
A heavy wrong.

Man in his blindness writes
Odes to the ant (which fights,
And, as a detail, bites
Where skies are hot);
He strikes the harp and sings
Praise to the bee (which stings)
As first of mortal things,
Which it is not.

They work without a pause
By Nature's iron laws,
And never stop, because,
In fact, they can't;

While 'tis alone by Thee
(And Jove, of course) that we
Are raised above the bee,
And top the ant.

Yet, Laziness, forgive
If man, who has to live,
This fair prerogative
Too oft ignores,
Nor think how we compare
Ill with our friends out there
Who slumber, mostly bare,
On those far shores.

Hard 'tis to take our ease
Who vie with ants and bees
Merely for bread and cheese;
Why, even I,
Who, though a modest man,
Do, on a general plan,
As little as I can,
Am fairly spry.

But plant me o'er the main,
Where one can entertain
Pure emptiness of brain,
With nought to do
And everything in reach,
And in Thy Name I'll teach
The oldest on the beach
A thing or two. DUM-DUM.

CHANSON CHINOISE.

WHEN my four chair-coolies carried me up the long twisting pathway that leads to my house perched high on the Peak they invariably broke into song. An attractive little song it was, with a lilting tune that ended in a plaintive chorus. How they could sing at all while swinging up a slope at an angle of thirty degrees was a mystery to me; but sing they did, and very musically, and always the same song over and over again.

It haunted me, that melody; I wanted to know what it was about. I asked them in my best Cantonese, but they only wiped their wet brows and grinned at me in amiable incomprehension.

I asked the Boy. He answered rather scornfully, "They makee sing-song of chow. Allee time China coolie-man makee talk of chow, makee think of chow, makee sing-song of chow. Very stupid fellow, China coolie."

It sounded possible but dull. And then that tune, with its weird haunting air, its cadences sinking to a wistful minor, surely it couldn't be about nothing but food!

I asked the Amah. She responded, beaming. "They makee sing-song of Missie. They say what fashion Missie belong, very fine, very unexpected" (she meant respected, I think). "Missie belong very beautiful," she added politely, "all same moon Chinese New Year time."

This was distinctly more satisfactory. All the same I had my doubts. Amah, with an eye to the reversion of cast-off garments, is inclined to be sycophantic.

Then George, who is in the Civil Service, came to stay. I met him at the Peak station, and as we were being borne up the steep road together I appealed to him for help.

"Listen carefully," I said; "I'm sure it's worth preserving. The Chinese are such a poetical race. And the tune is so fascinating that I'm certain the words are fascinating too."

We came to the bend. As usual the first coolie began to sing; then the rest took it up. Another man sang solo again, and once more the others joined in. George listened gravely, then he took out a notebook and made notes.

"What's it about?" I said eagerly.

"I'll tell you when we get home," he said, still scribbling.

We reached the house and, climbing out of the chairs, passed into the verandah where my husband waited. After giving George a drink I handed him a pad and waited with interest while he made a fair copy.

"There you are," he said at last; "it's a literal translation."

His face was still grave but there was a twinkle in his eye. Sudden misgiving seized me.

"Is it quite proper?" I asked.

"Oh, quite," said he.

Reassured, I took the paper and read this beautiful song:—

On my father's farm there is a pig,
Oh, what a great fat pig!
It is the fattest, heaviest pig in China,
Oh, what a great fat pig!
Now if that pig were added to ten others as fat,
And then to ten others as fat again,
And the whole made into one fat pig,
It would still be not so fat,
It would still be not so heavy

Chorus:

As this great big fat heavy pig of a woman whom we carry up the hill;
Oh, WHAT a great fat pig!

"Which was right?" asked my husband, "Boy or Amah? Is it about chow or about you?"

"About me. But I don't think you'd better see it. It's a very interesting song, only rather——" I hesitated for a word and then found it. "It's rather unexpected," I said.

"Considerable interest was taken on Thursday morning in a large halibut landed by the Girl Annie. It weighed about 10 stones."
Scarborough Paper.

Annie must be a fine big wench.



Wife. "JUST GO ON TRYING, GEORGE. AFTER ALL, THE FISH ARE KEEPING QUITE FRESH SO LONG AS THEY 'RE IN THE WATER."

NEW HOPE FOR HUNTS.

THE Mid-Kent Staghounds are to be congratulated on a legal victory; and I must thank them personally for giving me a hearty laugh.

The Master and Secretary of the Hunt have successfully resisted, both before the magistrates and on appeal to the High Court, a charge of cruelty to a hunted hind. But they seem, I timidly suggest, to have proved a little too much.

It is clear that their proceedings are laboriously humane. They do not, like the cruel fox-hunters, hunt to kill their quarry; nor, like the pheasant-shooters, do they wish to eat it. At the end of the chase the savage dogs are called off, the quarry is captured alive and taken back to the place whence it came. After a decent interval it is again released and again forms the central figure of another wild chase. A striking lesson in economy for the fox-hunters, who seldom take steps to use the same quarry twice.

And between hunts the quarry is maintained in conditions of luxury and so kindly treated that it becomes almost a pet. The hinds, according to the evidence in this case, are confined in a paddock about two-and-a-half acres in extent (much more space than most of us have); they are fed on oats, and there are two loose-boxes to which the hinds have access during inclement weather. And it is quite clear that they bear not the faintest animosity towards their pursuers and captors.

On the contrary, when Bridget, the hind in this case, is taken out to be hunted, it is with difficulty, it appears, that she can be induced to run away. She would like to stay quietly with the kind gentlemen she knows.

On the morning in question Bridget had had a nice drive of eighteen miles in a cart. But "when the hind came out of the cart," says the evidence, "it began to graze and made no attempt to run away. It was driven away, and then, after going only a short distance, joined a flock of sheep and stood still among the sheep until the hounds scattered the sheep; after which the hind went back to the cart from which it was liberated."

It was at this point that, I regret to say, I began to laugh. It is a pity that some good painter was not at hand to put down this charming picture of rural life: the fierce hounds, the mettlesome horses, the gaily-coloured coats and musical horns, the Hunt all eager to be off, and the quarry unalarmed, eating grass among the peaceful sheep. It is far too commonly assumed in the shires that all the really silly things happen in Town.

The subsequent proceedings of Bridget make equally good reading for those who like adventure-stories. Bridget was again driven away, and this time was persuaded to simulate alarm. "She was followed at a distance by the hounds and members of the Hunt in the direction of the coast" (about six-and-a-half miles away). "The hounds were called off about half-a-mile from the sea, but one hound continued to follow."



"WE'RE ALL RIGHT, BUT THE BOAT'S ON THE INSTALMENT SYSTEM."

What a run! Unfortunately the prosaic records of the Court give us no indication of the thrill of the thing. We do not even know the name of that one indomitable hound.

Perhaps, like Bridget, it was hot and wanted a swim. For Bridget, wondering perhaps why she was neither permitted to eat grass nor return to her kind masters and comfortable cart, decided to try a little sea-bathing. "At about 1.30 P.M. the hind was seen to 'stroll' into the sea at Hythe and make its way out into the water until it swam out of sight. The sea was rather choppy." The month was November. But Bridget did not care. The hind "was not seen again till about 4.15 P.M., when it approached the shore at Sandgate, swimming very strongly, and came out of the water."

I cannot, by the way, quite understand why the hunt was stopped at the coast, just where it might have become really interesting. Is it not one great merit of hunting that in these soft days it breeds a race of men who are not afraid to risk their lives for sport? And is it less noble to be drowned at sea than to break your neck in a ditch? Surely the whole Hunt—hounds, horses, horn-blowers and all—should have charged across the beach and followed Bridget out to sea!

But when Bridget returned from her swim no one, it seems, but the faithful Master and Secretary remained to greet her. And then the silly fool backed into the water and went off again.

She was not recovered till the next day. "About seven in the morning she was seen at Hythe, swimming ashore," returning, no doubt, from some wild moonlight bathing-party. She was then driven into the sea again and gently lassooed from a boat. In the course of her capture she struggled and was slightly hurt; but this, it is clear, was due to her own lack of intelligence. She was unacquainted with the seamen who caught her and did not understand that they were just as harmless as her own dear Hunt. When the Secretary arrived she felt at home at once. "The hind was led along the beach towards the harbour. It went quietly, and when close to the box it leaped forward and of its own accord jumped into the box and lay down."

I am satisfied that Bridget's normal life is a happy one; that she is affectionately used by and affectionately disposed towards the Hunt; that this sea-jaunt was an exceptional accident for which no one can be blamed; and that hunting, for Bridget, is as a rule no more than an enjoyable cross-country run, providing her with some salutary exercise. That, I believe, is the case for carted-stag-hunting. But I am still left wondering in my urban darkness: What exactly is the fun of hunting that sort of animal in that sort of way?

And even that question I do not press severely. Other people's amusements, as I have observed before, are nearly always inexplicable and generally seem to be silly; and it is not for me to interfere with them.

No, my aim is, as always, construc-



EMBARRASSMENT OF SEASIDE POLICEMAN WHO HAS RECEIVED STRICT ORDERS TO SUMMON ANY INDIVIDUAL WALKING IN THE STREET WEARING BATHING-DRESS WITHOUT A WRAP."

tive. I suppose the answer to my question is that the chasing of Bridget across country promotes the breed of the horse, the hound and the horseman, provides employment in the country and encourages horn-playing. But the fox-hunters, in addition to all this, have the satisfaction of keeping down the breed of the cruel and prolific fox and doing a service to the farmer and poultry-keeper. They combine pleasure and public duty in delightful proportions. And cannot something of the sort be provided for Mid-Kent—some real quarry which deserves punishment? Why not, for example, a Mid-Kent Man-Hunt? Now that I come to think of it, Kent is a county in which (owing no doubt to its proximity to the wicked Metropolis) suspected murderers and other miscreants are often "at large." These gentlemen naturally take to the woods and spinneys and open country; and the police, with all their motor-cars and telephones, find it difficult to catch them there. It is a mystery to me why in such cases the local Hunt or Hunts are not mobilised at once. There you have everything required: an organised body of men trained in woodcraft, familiar with every corner of the countryside, equipped with horses and smell-dogs and all facilities for tracking and pursuing a fugitive across country. We should read: "The police have not yet succeeded in apprehending the Sutton Valence murderer. The Mid-Kent Man-Hounds meet at ten P.M. to-night." And what fun for the Hunt!

The supply of fugitives at large may be irregular. But most of us must be able to think of an individual or two whom we would gladly see chased across country with hound and horse, with a hearty whip or two (and of course a fair start). Some of these motor-bandits; some of these robbery-with-violence gentry; some of those who knock people down in stolen cars and then make off. The judges just now are busily sentencing them to imprisonment and the "cat." Let the sentence be "One year's imprisonment, and to be hunted three times by the So-and-So Man-Hounds." Thus we shall continue to improve the breed of horse, hound, hunter and horn-player, provide employment for the countryside, pictures for the artist and adventure for the young—and serve the ends of justice as well.

And dear old Bridget will be able to graze quietly with the sheep. A. P. H.

HEROIC DIMENSIONS.

[Mr. LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI, the American conductor, thinks that a singer who takes the part of *Siegfried* ought to look like a Knight of the Round Table.]

THE opera hero would doubly delight—
Creating illusion more perfect and stable—
Who looked, as he sang, like a Round Table Knight
And not quite so much a round knight of the table. W. K. H.

Hope for the Beginner's Casts.

"Ross-shire.—Superior board accommodation; tree trout fishing."
Advt. in Scots Paper.

"For elderly and congenital bachelors and others, for whom a bay window in St. James's provides a comfortable and convenient monastic retreat, clubs serve a useful and necessary asylum."—*Daily Paper.*

"Asylum" would seem to be the word.

LOADED DICE;

OR, HOW THE THIRD ATTEMPT AT AN ANGLO-IRISH SETTLEMENT FAILED.

[Mr. MACDERMOT is reported to have said in the Dail that he would prefer to settle the whole thing by a toss of a coin rather than have an economic war.]

WE looked for a brighter era
In the Free State's story when
Her President, DE VALERA,
Arrived at Number Ten;
It's true that, owing to loaded dice,
He'd failed on previous visits twice,
But spinning a coin, a new device,
Had not been mooted then.

The British eschewed direction,
Request, advice or hint,
As regards the coin's selection,
Its value, size or tint,
Except to state, with the reasons why,
That the piece on which they would rely
Would have to have been compounded by
A British Empire mint.

But President DE VALERA,
On rising to rejoin,
Professed himself to fear a
Resort to a British coin;
He said, "In the name of justice I'm
Resolved on a rouble, mark or dime,"
And then digressed at large for a time
On Drogheda and The Boyne.

"Your guilt," he cried, "is written
In Ireland's hills and vales,
And the fault will be with Britain
If the present pow-wow fails;
For history justifies our dread
That a British-minted piece," he said,
"Would either carry a double head
Or else possess two tails."

And so but a wild chimera
Did settlement prove once more,
For President DE VALERA
Was promptly shown the door;
And now the tale is handed down
That the insult caused an angry frown
When his coach was labelled "Mr. Brown"
En route for his native shore. C. B.

CRUEL COLLINSES.

ONE evening at Auchilhanzie, when we had played Consequences and Clumps and Newspaper Articles and Week-End Lists and all the other paper games we knew (except Telegrams, which we couldn't play because the Minister had come to dinner and Telegrams doesn't seem to go with really refined fun), some ingenious person suddenly invented a new one. It was called "Cruel Collinses," and the object of it was to see who could compose the most heartless bread-and-butter letter, calculated to exasperate the recipient to the utmost while never laying the writer open to a charge of deliberate rudeness.

Prunella won (as usual) with the following gem:—

DEAREST AGNES,—I cannot tell you how much we appreciate your kindness in having us to stay. I know that guests must be a great strain when you are trying to run a house on a very much reduced staff, especially when you are not lucky enough to have fitted wash-basins, electric-light and other modern conveniences. However, you know that Tom and I are such very old friends that "roughing it" simply doesn't bother us a bit compared with the joy of seeing you and Henry again. Besides, I really think your little maid is quite *wonderful* considering she's had no proper training. I always say that if they're sober, honest and respectable one can put up with untidiness, unpunctuality and all those minor faults.

By the way, I am sending you a little book of recipes which I think you may be glad to have. *Do* try some of them, especially the puddings; it's always so difficult, isn't it, to get them free from *lumps*? You will find them very economical, as they are specially planned for reduced incomes!

We were glad to see you both looking so well on the whole, considering what you've had to put up with. Henry's deafness doesn't seem to depress him at all (such a blessing; some people get so morbid about it, even when they are not nearly so deaf as he is); and really, you know, I think grey hair rather *suits* you!

It was nice seeing the children, too. I shouldn't worry too much about Bobby's backwardness if I were you. Lots of people who were positive *idiots* at school seem to get on quite well afterwards. It's probably due to those nasty adenoids he's got. Take my advice, my dear, and have them whipped out *at once*, however hard-up you may be feeling. It's nothing of an op. nowadays if taken in time, and after what happened to poor Catherine's boy one can't be too careful. Besides, it does spoil a child's appearance so to have its mouth always hanging open like that. He's the living image of Henry, isn't he? And Pamela certainly takes after you—she is evidently going to be nice-looking one day; of course fifteen is a very "leggy" age.

We both thought your garden was coming on splendidly, though I know we saw it rather "between seasons." It must look lovely a little later on. I will certainly send you a cutting of that Rudivallia I told you about; but don't be too disappointed if it doesn't turn out well. Your heavy clay and those thick fogs you seem to get every other day aren't so suitable to it as our own dry gravel soil; and besides it needs a *very* experienced hand to make a success of it. Our man Williams has such a *real genius* for rearing delicate plants.

We had quite a good journey here and the weather seemed to improve rapidly as we came further east. Your little Ford rattled us merrily to the station (what wonderful cars they are; I can scarcely believe yours is really ten years old!), and the Comptons' Rolls met us at the other end.

This is the most marvellous house, and they have just done it all up from top to toe. Almost *too* luxurious—Tom and I have very simple tastes, as you know—but still very pleasant for a change. Wireless laid on in every bedroom, a squash court, a swimming-pool and every sort of thing. And the food is *nyum-nyum;* I foresee that we are going to over-eat ourselves disgustingly. Mary Compton looks just as young as ever—she never seems to get a day older; so annoying for the likes of you and me, my dear!

Well, I must stop. I am just going to plunge into a *really hot* bath (we've got our own private one, of course; such a treat, I always think).

Tom sends his love and says he enjoyed the rabbiting with Henry ever so much. It has given him just the practice he needed for the big covert-shoot here to-morrow. He's very nearly got over the cold he caught on that *divine* drive you took us last week—such a bore his being so liable to catch cold in an open car!

Again many, many thanks, from your affectionate EDITH.

P.S.—I'm so *dreadfully* sorry, but I left behind my tortoiseshell spectacles, a bottle of setting-lotion, both our shooting-sticks and that delicious-looking comb of real heather honey that you gave me. Could you be very sweet and send them on *by return*, as I am quite lost without my glasses? Shocking of me to be so inefficient at doing my own packing. Your little maid valiantly offered to do it for me, but of course I wouldn't have dreamt of giving her the extra work!

It's a good game. Try it and see next time you have people to stay. It will at any rate ensure that the real bread-and-butter letters you get from them when they leave will be models of tact and charm. JAN.

"LONDON TRANSPORT
BILL KEPT ALIVE"
Headlines in Daily Paper.

Bill is evidently no ordinary pedestrian.



"I FORGOT TO PUT A STAMP ON THAT LETTER, JANE. I HOPE YOU DIDN'T POST IT WITHOUT?"
"YES, I DID, MUM. I THOUGHT YOU WAS ECONOMISING."

JUST ROUND THE CORNER.

JUST round the corner
And just up the lane
London is suddenly
Country again;
Secret and silent
The little road goes
Out to a common
Where meadowsweet grows.

Just round the corner
And just up the lane
The noises of London
Come beating in vain;
For here there are ducklings
And liquorice shops,
And women hang washing
From sycamore props.

Just round the corner
You'd never believe
What London is hiding
Away in her sleeve;
The inn-sign of NELSON,
The chains round the green,
The crooked old houses
With gardens between.

Just round the corner
And just after dark
You can't see the sign-post,
"Eight miles to Hyde Park";
You can't hear the buses,
The red "ninety-threes,"
But only the owls
In the sycamore-trees.

Just round the corner
And just out of sight
The little brown doorways
Are closed for the night,
And little red windows
Are lamp-lit again—
O London, go gently
Past our special lane!

DOMESTIC PROBLEMS.

IV.—MR. BEENY'S NEPHEWS.

Mr. Beeny had, among many relations who were negligible, two nephews, Brian and Adderley, who were not. Not only were they in existence but they lived inconveniently near and specialised in looking for something to do and not finding it.

"What is a good trade to go into, Uncle Syl?" Adderley once asked.

"Food or clothes," said Mr. Beeny; "the things that people can't do without and which are usually ready-money only. Furniture isn't bad, for the same reason. Everyone must have a bed to sleep in, a table to eat at and a chair to sit on. Nothing else is essential."

"What about building?" Brian asked. "People must have rooms in which to put those beds and tables and chairs."

"Yes," said his uncle, "that's so. But somehow builders don't seem to make such a success of it as shopkeepers. Builders seem to me to become bankrupts oftener than any other class of men, more often even than theatrical managers. It's very strange. There's only one other sure trade," he added, "but with your superior notions I don't suppose you'd entertain that."

"Tell us anyway," said Adderley.

"Undertaking," said Mr. Beeny. "Everyone must die and everyone must have a coffin. Even the people who are cremated have coffins."

Brian shuddered.

"Yes, I agree with you," Mr. Beeny continued. "But there it is. We must all die and we must all have funerals. The curious thing is that one sees so many living people and so few funerals; and yet, when one realises the worst, it doesn't seem possible that there can be enough undertakers for everyone."

"You wouldn't care for us to be undertakers?" Brian asked.

"No, not excessively," said Mr. Beeny; "but I'm sure that's illogical. I shouldn't mind you being doctors, and a doctor's only one remove from the undertaker. I shouldn't mind you being Egyptologists, and an Egyptologist's even worse than an undertaker, for he digs them up again. It's curious. They're such charming men too, undertakers. They talk so quietly, and they're so sorry, and they're punctual. Has anyone, I wonder, ever seen an undertaker's funeral? I haven't. I can't even remember seeing the announcement of an undertaker's death. Yet they must die. But the death of an undertaker is not such a confession of failure as the death of a doctor.



AUTOCRACY REPEATS ITSELF.

I.

MUSSOLINIUS SUPERBUS DECAPITATES HIS MOST IMPORTANT POPPIES.

"Another way to make money," Mr. Beeny continued, "is to invent something. Something that people must have. Like matches or safety-razors."

"Yes," replied Adderley, "but you have to have that kind of mind. You have to be an EDISON."

"It never seems to *me*," said Brian, "that it ought to be so difficult. The first thing is to look around and see what is lacking and then get busy. You don't need to be a mechanic yourself. Having got the idea, you find a mechanic and give him a small fee. Then you take out the patent and make a fortune."

"Well," said Mr. Beeny, "if it's as simple as that, all you have to do is to look round this house and see what's wanted. I'm going out myself. Begin with this room."

Left alone, the two youths began at the fireplace.

"Here's an aching void at once," said Brian, as he kicked the coal-scuttle. "Obviously there ought by now to be a better way of putting coal on the fire than by scooping it with a shovel, which, apart from being hot and tiring work, makes a horrid row. There should be a perpetual feed."

"That would mean a different kind of chimney or fireplace when the house was being built—a cavity to store the coal in. If you have an architect friend sell the idea to him."

"By the time any architect took up anything as original as that," said Brian, "coal would be superseded. It can't go on for ever, anyway, partly because it's so dirty and so dear and partly because the supply is giving out."

"There's another reason," said Adderley, "and that is that the miners will probably come to their senses and refuse to spend their lives down there any more."

"In that case," said Brian, "hadn't we better concentrate on the invention of a new fuel?"

"Absurd!" said Adderley. "That's chemists' work, and we're not chemists—F.R.S.'s, you know: swells; I don't mean the fellows who sell photograph-frames and keep circulating libraries and have given up those lovely coloured jars with the light shining through."

"Well, then," said Brian, looking at the writing-desk, "what about ink? The steel nib was an advance on the quill, and the fountain-pen was an advance on the nib; but they all fail because of this black fluid that they're dependent upon. Now if we could hit on a solid ink, a compressed ink, wouldn't that be wonderful? No more blots, no more smudges, no more stained fingers. There would be a gigantic fortune there."

"It wouldn't bother you in the least," said Adderley, "if while you were piling up that fortune the people who make ordinary ink and inkpots, yes, and blotting-paper, were all starving?"

"Not a bit," said Brian. "Inventors have no mercy." E. V. L.



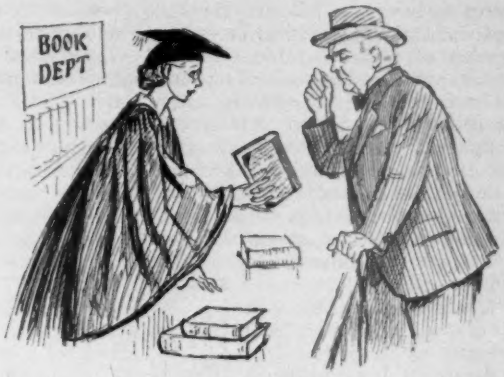
II.

OLIVER VON PAPEN ORDERS THE REMOVAL OF THE BAUBLE.

ATMOSPHERE IN SALESMANSHIP.



SINCE CERTAIN STORES APPARENTLY FIND IT PAYS TO DRESS THE ASSISTANTS IN THEIR GAMES DEPARTMENT IN SPORTING KIT—



THE IDEA—



WILL NO DOUBT—



BE—



INDEFINITELY—



EXTENDED.

THE BIRDIKIN FAMILY.

XXIV.—FAREWELL TO THE BIRDIKINS.

OUR last glimpse of the family whose history we have been following through weal and through woe shall be on the occasion of a dinner-party given to Captain and Mrs. Rouseabout on their return from their honeymoon. The four children were permitted to appear at this reunion, in consideration of Mrs. Rouseabout's having before her marriage filled the position of governess to them, but Mr. Birdikin warned them that they were on no account to refer to that fact in conversation with her.

"Mrs. Rouseabout is now a lady of quality," he said, "and is shortly to be presented to her Sovereign. It will no doubt be distasteful to her to be reminded that at no distant time she was employed in a comparatively menial capacity in the house to which she will return as an honoured guest. It is in the observance due to rank and station that true breeding shows itself, and I would have my children bear themselves towards those in a superior position in society with the nice consideration that is also due to *themselves* as the sons and daughters of a gentleman of property."

"Hoity-toity!" ejaculated Mr. Birdikin's aunt Maria, who was at that time sojourning under his hospitable roof. "Stuffing their heads with a pack of nonsense! If Mrs. Rouseabout is the sensible woman she always was she don't want to forget that she earned her living like some of the best of us."

And so it proved to be. Mrs. Rouseabout showed herself unfeignedly pleased to meet once more the children whom she had once taught, and by recalling to their minds numerous episodes of the past showed that she had no wish to forget the position she had held as their paid instructress. This could not but be pleasing to Mr. Birdikin. He himself took part in the sprightly conversation and recalled to Mrs. Rouseabout's recollection an occasion upon which he had been suffering from an attack of gout and she had inadvertently jarred his bandaged foot through tripping over the cat while carrying a shovelful of coals with which he had requested her to replenish his fire. "Had it not been for the strong curb I am accustomed to place upon my irritation," he said, "you would have been dismissed my service then and there, and the virtuous and submissive Miss Smith would not have blossomed into the elegant and stylish Mrs. Rouseabout."

There was something about this speech that was not pleasing to Aunt Maria, who, addressing herself to Mrs. Rouseabout, inquired, "How is your aunt, Mrs. Clott? I suppose you haven't thrown her over since you became so grand."

The question was answered by Captain Rouseabout, who said, "We don't throw over our old favourites when they can't work up to the collar. We put 'em out to grass."



"CHARLES AND HENRY DEPARTED FOR DR. THWACKEM'S SELECT ACADEMY FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN."

The interpretation of this somewhat cryptic saying was that upon their niece's marriage Mr. and Mrs. Clott had been persuaded to relinquish the oversight of the hardware business in which they had amassed a not inconsiderable fortune and were about to settle themselves in a genteel and commodious cottage upon Captain Rouseabout's estate.

When this news had been given in detail Fanny clapped her hands and said, "I shall be able to visit Mrs. Clott every day."

"So shall we all," replied Charles, "when Henry and I are at home on vacation from school. But I shall regret that Mr. and Mrs. Clott are not still resident at the seaside so that we can enjoy the pleasure of immersion in the ocean when we visit them."

"My papa would not permit us to visit Mrs. Clott when she lived over her *shop*," said Henry, "but I opine that the embargo will be lifted now that Mr. and Mrs. Clott have rid themselves of the taint of retail trade."

"Lor! what stuff you do put into the heads of them innocents, Zephaniah Birdikin!" exclaimed Aunt Maria. "Let me remind you that Mr. Clott is own mother's cousin's son to my dear husband, who made *his* money in the leather-dressing, and——"

"What!" interrupted Captain Rouseabout. "Was old Half-crown Purport your husband, Ma'am? The best saddler in the kingdom and a sporty cove too. Never missed a race-meeting and never had more than half-a-crown on each way. Let me drink a glass of wine with you, Ma'am. I'm proud to know you."

Aunt Maria was gratified by this address from one whom, in spite of his predilection for sports and the company attached to them which Mr. Birdikin held in abhorrence, she recognised as belonging by birth and station to the higher ranks of society. "My Purport was in with all the nobs, but never presumed on it," she said with a glance at her nephew, "and if there's some who don't like the smell of his money there's others who won't be so particular where it comes from when I join him under his marble monument."

Mr. Birdikin was aghast at what he could only regard as a threat on the part of Mrs. Purport to leave her money away from him, and rebuked Henry in no measured terms for the unfortunate remark which had led to it. "I am ashamed," he said, "that a son of mine should express thoughts so subversive of all the principles in which I have sought to train my children. How often have I told you, Sir, that honest worth counts far more in the sight of Heaven than the trappings of gentility? I would rather take in mine the hand of an upright grocer, nay even that of a tiller of the soil, who has learnt to bear himself respectfully towards his betters than be regaled with the choicest viands by a man of rank whose character I could not respect."

In his indignation he would have bidden Henry to leave the table, but his attention was withdrawn from him by Aunt Maria, before whom the butler had set a plateful of venison in a somewhat advanced state of decomposition. "I can't abide this rotten meat," she said; "it fair turns my stomach!"

She was then accommodated with a helping of roast beef in the place of the offending dish, and the rest of the dinner passed without further occasion for Mr. Birdikin to exercise his parental authority.

When the two gentlemen were left together over their wine, Captain Rouseabout surprised his host by the moderation he showed in its consumption. "It does not become a married man," he said, "to sit swilling his liquor when he could be enjoying the society of the mares and the fillies. I have observed in you, Birdikin, a tendency towards the bottle which I can only deplore in a man who has had before him the example of a pure and innocent woman who would grace the highest stable in the land."

"If you are alluding to my wife, Sir——" began Mr. Birdikin.

"No, Sir, I am alluding to mine," Captain Rouseabout interrupted him. "There is a woman, Sir, whose gentle influence could charm away the worst spavin ever seen or induce a welsher to pay up and go home to his wife and children. Let me implore you, Birdikin, for the sake of *your* wife and children to run between the posts, so that when the time comes for you to weigh in you will not show up with more in your saddle-cloth than you can carry. Now I have had my whack and you have had as much as is good for you. Put in the cork and let us adjourn to the paddock."

Though inclined to take offence at Captain Rouseabout's unmerited strictures upon himself, Mr. Birdikin was sensible that the amelioration in his own habits brought about by his marriage would render neighbourly intercourse with him easier to support. They adjourned to the parlour, and the rest of the evening, until the children were sent to bed, was occupied by an innocent game with cards and counters, Captain Rouseabout being taken away by his wife at ten o'clock, and refusing even the modest "nightcap" proposed to him by Mr. Birdikin.

On the morrow Charles and Henry departed for Dr. Thwackem's Select Academy for Young Gentlemen at Clapham and the period of their childhood which we have sought to illuminate was over.

We leave Mr. Birdikin, in spite of occasional damage to his self-esteem, conscious of a rectitude and a worldly position superior to the ordinary, and on the look-out for a governess to continue the scholastic education of Clara and Fanny who should possess all the excellent qualities of a Miss Smith and be ready to exercise them on a lower scale of emolument. For their *moral* up-bringing he relied upon his *own* precept and example as before. A. M.

A Notable Gulp.

"NINETEENTH HOLE IN ONE."
East African Paper.

"JULY 12 IN ULSTER."
Provincial Paper.

We spent that day in a bathing-suit.

"The choir and clergy assembled in the school and walked in procession to the Church. . . . Then followed . . . the Bishop, Dr. 'Aw'm seein' mi lassie to-neet!'"
Lancashire Paper.

We can't find him in *Crockford*.



Chorus (to batsman who has hit wicket). "YOU'RE AHT!"
Batsman. "OR RIGHT, BUT I DONE IT MYSELF, MIND; NONE OF YOU COULDN'T DO IT."



He. "No, I never go to cocktail-parties; in fact I strongly disapprove of them."
She. "But what are you doing here then?"
He. "Pardon me; my invitation distinctly asked me to a *sherry*-party."

THE BEANO: A NIGHTMARE.

"Whose were the smiling faces,
What was the joyful band
Bound for the big green spaces
That rolled along the Strand?
For I heard the noise of shouting
Precede them on their route—
It was surely the Annual Outing
Of some great institute?

"To what still reach of river
Or daisy-sprinkled mead
Where the aspens bend and quiver
Did they go forth to feed?
Pray now be my instructor
And tell me whence they sprang"
(I said to the conductor
Of a motor-charabang).

"For I love to see how gaily,
Though trade is much depressed,
With fife and ukulele
And with ribbons on their breast,
By no forebodings bitten
Nor semblance of distrust
The toilers of Great Britain
Embark upon their bust.

"Their hearts must be most happy,
Most bright must be their star"
(I went on to this chappie);
"Now tell me who they are;
Makers of pots and basins,
Or clerks, or engineers,
Or monumental masons,
Who thus defy the years?

"So gay, so blithe, so hearty,
So bent upon their spree,
If I could join that party
How happy I should be!
I'd share their simple nectars,
Their buns, their ham, their bread!"—
"They're income-tax collectors;
That's what those are," he said.

EVOE.

CHAILEY.

Lovers of the Heritage Craft Schools of Chailey, for which Mr. Punch has often and importunately appealed, will have been glad to learn that the "Golden Apple Book" is triumphantly completed, and that the new St. George's Buildings, for which the required fund has been raised through this happy device, were opened by the Prince of Wales last week. Apart from a generous donation of his own, the Prince had handed over to the fund £500 which had been placed at his disposal for any charity of his choice.

Mr. Punch, in the person of one of his Staff who is on the Governing Body of Chailey, attended the ceremony, of which a particularly attractive feature was the presentation to His Royal Highness of various articles which had been made by the cripple children themselves in their workshops, including a prospective pair of shoes, for which some members of the craft of St. Crispin took the Prince's measurements on the spot.

A considerable sum is still needed to pay for the equipment of these new buildings that take the place of the old "Kitchener Huts" which were built for temporary service by the crippled boys when they gave up their own hospital to wounded soldiers.

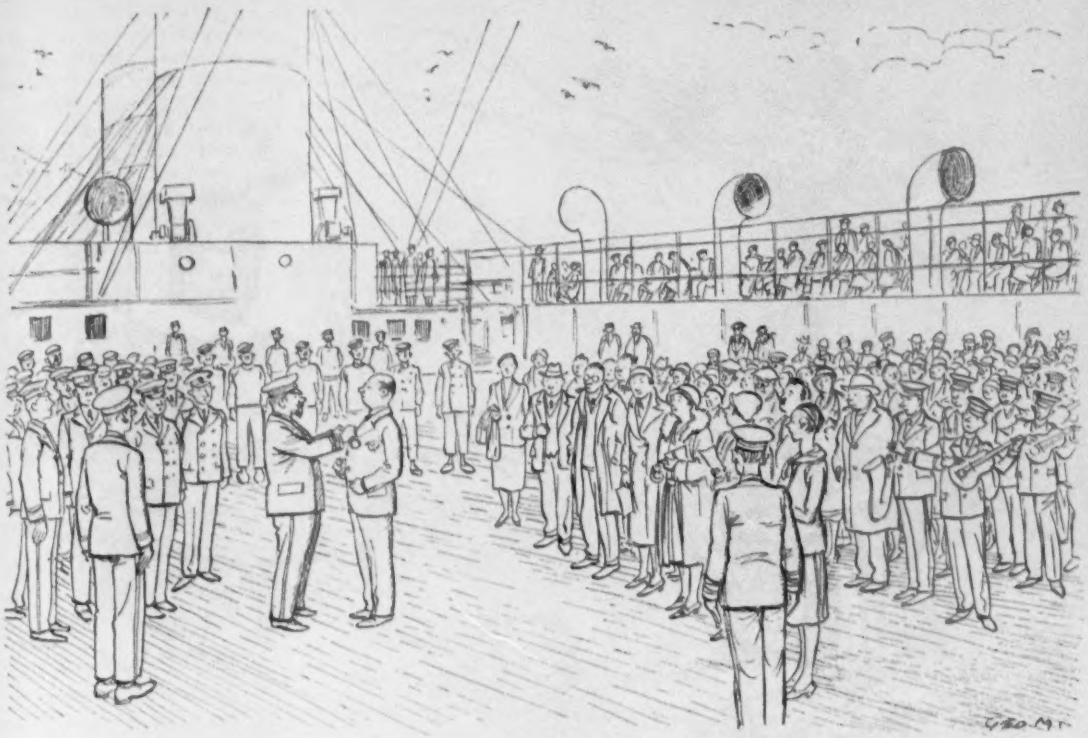
Mr. Punch ventures to ask his generous readers for help towards the completion of a fine piece of work. At this time, when they are taking their own children away for the holidays, they will please remember these other children of the "Public School of Crippledom," who depend for their present happiness and their future healing on the untiring care they receive at Chailey. Donations will be very gratefully acknowledged by the Founder, Mrs. C. W. Kimmins, C.B.E., The Heritage Craft Schools, Chailey, Sussex.



THE HARMONIOUS BLACKSMITHS.

SCENE—*Under the spreading Maple-tree.*

[An agreement is reported to have been made between the iron and steel industries of Great Britain and Canada for submission to the Ottawa Conference.]



AT THE END OF AN EXCEPTIONALLY SMOOTH PASSAGE THE CAPTAIN DECORATES THE ONLY PASSENGER WHO HAS REFRAINED FROM USING THE EXPRESSION "MILL POND."

THE INTERVIEW.

"NEVER be interviewed!" said my poor friend Poker, who is a writer, or rather insists on writing.

"Obviously not," said I.

"Ah! but it's not so easy," replied Poker indignantly. "Suppose that there is some public cause you have at heart——"

"Or suppose you like seeing your name in print," I murmured.

"Bah!" replied Poker intemperately. "You make a speech—shall we say?—expressing your views on the Condition of the Theatre (a favourite subject for the expression of views). The next day *The Evening Glow* rings you up and asks you to be 'interviewed' about your views. You reply that you have already expressed your views as well as you are able. They reply modestly that *The Evening Glow* will bring your views before an enormous public, whereas, reported in *The Morning Sun*, they will penetrate to a handful only.

"You reply politely that in your experience views are never accurately expressed in interviews. This remark they do not seem to hear. They press for 'just a few words' over the telephone. You say that the one clear rule of your life has always been never to be interviewed on the telephone. They say they will send their representative to your house. You say, firmly now but politely, 'I am very sorry, but I do not want to be interviewed.' But they go on and on. They become almost piteous; you begin to feel that *The Evening Glow* may have to cease publication if you are not interviewed; that the national fabric will tremble if you are not interviewed. You begin to weaken; you have the sensation of one being driven irresistibly into a pit; in another half-minute you feel you will have agreed to be interviewed after all. Indignant and alarmed, you ring off in the middle of a sentence.

"A few minutes later they ring up again. This time it is a new fellow—perhaps the News Editor, the Literary Editor or some other sort of editor; and he understands that you have kindly consented to be interviewed concerning your views on the Condition of the Theatre.

"The whole idea of interviews, by the way, is very strange. A newspaper lives by printing information, for which it pays money to the persons who provide it. But an 'interview' (which in *The Evening Glow* sometimes fills a whole column) is information for nothing. If the distribution of a private person's views to the public is as important as it seems to be *The Evening Glow* should offer money for the privilege. And if the interviewee had any sense he would reply to all entreaties, 'Certainly, I will be interviewed—but it will cost you fifty guineas.'

"But, alas! one does not say that," sighed Poker. "For one is seldom that kind of man. I never do. I was caught the other day at the second assault. It turned out that the second editor had at heart the same cause as myself, and was anxious to assist it by giving prominence to my views that very evening while the news was red-hot. He undertook to have his representative at my house in less than an hour. I yielded, broken at last. But the good old rule is, 'Never consent to an interview unless you can see and pass a proof of what you are supposed to have said.' So I asked if I might see a proof. But the editor said that if a proof had to be sent to me it would be impossible to get the interview into the paper that very evening while the news was red-hot. I had made my speech two days earlier, and I gathered that by the next day this great national cause which we both had at heart would have ceased to be red-hot. It is an odd tradition of Fleet Street, by the way, that nothing



Wife. "AH! THE KETTLE 'S BOILING."
Husband. "TOO LATE. I 'VE MADE THE BEASTLY TEA."

has any continuing interest; people will only pay attention to things which other people have been talking about during the last few days; and a proposal which this week is of world-shaking importance may next week be almost unmentionable (though the situation is precisely what it was before).

"However, *cuique in sua arte credendum*, as the lawyers say, and I bowed to the editorial judgment. I abandoned all thought of work that morning and tried to think of something new to say about my valuable views. The 'representative' arrived, having travelled swiftly and expensively to hear my views. I had imagined somehow that he would be a man who also had the 'cause' at heart, was well-grounded in the elements of the subject and knew what I had said already. He was a nice intelligent young man, as little keen on interviews, I think, as I was; but he came to see me under orders, as he would have gone to report a boxing-match or motor-accident, and I had to start at the beginning.

"He took shorthand notes. I am not good at dictating, and it was a slow business. Every second sentence I said seemed to me to be indiscreet for publication, and I cancelled or modified it. But the young man expressed enthusiasm, and he seemed so intelligent that I thought he must have the gist of it good and clear. He pointed out, however, once or twice that he could not guarantee that what he wrote down would be printed in the paper. I reminded him that my views had been urgently demanded and laboriously secured, and that one at least of his editors had the cause at heart as much as I; so it was to be presumed, I said, that he would print what was taken down from my lips. He seemed to think that this was a presumption which might easily be rebutted. 'They,' he said, 'might do anything.'

"'They' did. The 'interview' appeared that evening, very fine and large, generously adorned with a photograph and headlines and filling nearly a column. Many of the remarks in it were things I had actually said; but the order was different (that which had been the starting-point of my argument being put last of all); and the emphasis of the whole was entirely different from mine. I had particularly requested that the interview should not have a certain 'tone'; but that precise tone it had. What I had intended as a general impersonal argument directed to the public good was made to appear an individual's grievance.

"I had been moderate where moderation seemed to serve the argument best; and, since I was a writer invited to express my views as a writer, 'they' might, one would have thought, have said, 'This man knows best how to put his own argument; we will leave it alone'; but it is strangely assumed by 'they' that 'they' alone know how to present an argument. It is the job of sub-editors, or whoever it is that manufactures headlines and cross-headings, to turn that which is moderate into something violent and striking—also,

it appears, where one emphasis is intended to substitute another. Where I said that I and others were 'discouraged' by certain general tendencies in the theatrical world I was made to say that I was 'fed-up' with the theatre, and appeared in large capitals in the headlines as 'FED-UP AUTHOR.' Where I had said that one day Parliament would wake up and find that the British theatre was in a bad way, the *Glow* reported me as asserting bluntly, 'The theatre is dead'—a remark which could not be made by any man in his senses.

"I wrote a polite letter endeavouring to make my meaning quite clear, and this letter was courteously published by the *Glow*. But meanwhile the interview had been widely repeated and commented on in the Provincial Press; and I am still receiving cuttings about the 'FED-UP AUTHOR.' But the letter of correction is not repeated by anyone. This is not, of course, an isolated case; it is happening constantly. And the moral is——"

"Never be interviewed," I said drowsily.

"You are perfectly correct," said Poker. A. P. H.

THE TRAGIC MELOMANIAC.

THOUGH Music, heavenly maid, from earliest days
Commanded my devout whole-hearted praise,
Nature, inspired by virulent hostility,
Denied me all executive ability.
Thus, on the keyboard when I strove to strum,
I found that every finger was a thumb.
Undaunted I assailed the violin,
But KREISLER bumped me off by butting in;
While later that confounded Spanish fellow,
CASALS, completely choked me off the 'cello;
And very little better luck I had
With other instruments besides the Strad,
Extracting dreary moans and dismal hoots
From clarinets or saxophones or flutes,
Descending to the menial concertina,
The ukulele or the ocarina,
Or various instruments equipped with frets,
Or even grappling with the castanets;
But always meeting in my sacred mission
Unfair and overwhelming competition.

As broths are ruined by too many chefs,
So music suffers from excess of clefs,
And, schooled by sad experience, I find
Two are too many for my single mind.
Reading at sight unnerved me as a child
And transposition simply drove me wild.

Last, for a spell, but not for very long,
I rashly deviated into song,
Until my family, a ruthless crew,
A rigid line inexorably drew,
And when I yielded to a vocal "urge"
Compelled me from the bathroom to emerge;
My voice, they own, is strong as CLARA BUTT'S,
But add, "Poor father cannot sing for nuts."
And so I linger silent on the shelf,
Unable to express my real self;
For in my brain—this is the maddening sting—
I hear "the nightingales divinely sing,"
Great symphonies take shape, majestic strains
Of which no visible result remains;
For when I seek these glories to recall
The splendid pageant crashes to its fall,
The loud resounding organ-voice's peal
Shrinks to the penny-whistle's futile squeal,
And I, while reaping failure's aftermath,
Make holiday for the ribald sons of Gath. C. L. G.



"NICE DAY FOR DRYING, SIR, AIN'T IT?"

AT THE MUSIC-HALL.

VARIETY (DALY'S).

DALY'S has "gone over to non-stop" in the current jargon; and this programme begins with an overture,



A COUPLE OF ODDMENTS.
WEST AND REVNELL.

"Memories of Daly's," perhaps by way of appeasing the outraged ghost of GEORGE EDWARDES. I can't help thinking it a pity that everybody should set to work digging in the same mine, first because it diminishes the due rewards of the pioneers, may indeed diminish them to vanishing-point, and again because the revival of interest in variety which promised so well may be choked by a surfeit. However, I suppose that is not my business.

Before passing to the individual turns of this "Non-Stop Super Variety" (what a jargon!), let me commend the sixteen comely and vivacious Daly's Girls, decked in platinum wigs, brassières and whatnots. We had ample opportunity of appraising their charms and noting with interest that a certain seemly mitigated plumpness is coming in again—or is this merely "the style of the house"?

Outstanding low comedians of the gentler sex are not common. REVNELL, the much longer of "two oddments" (of which the shorter, her foil, is WEST) is a discovery; seems to hail from the hardy North-country; desecrates the female form divine to the discomfort of romantics and contrives to extort hearty laughter by her extravagant antics, explosive vocalisation and general air of enjoying the fun of her work. Some rather obscure references to a Congo revue, or, no doubt, super-revue, gave occasion for some cannibalistic ritual dancing and war- or feast-whooping, which was in an original vein. The more customary humours of Boy-Scoutdom were illustrated with new vacuities. Here certainly is a personality.

Miss ELSIE CARLISLE is an accomplished singer-diseuse who can sing a pleasantly naughty song without inartistic underlinings, and has the discretion to begin quietly, almost a little surlily, and work up to the climax of her performance instead of spreading out all her wares at once. There was a finish and polish about this turn which was delightful.

RIO and SANTOS, two gentlemen from the Argentine, are adepts in that branch of the acrobat's art which consists in the gross failure of attempts at quite ordinary stock feats, and they exploit the formidable vulgarities connected with the nether garments of their sex with new variations. TOGO, a gentleman from Japan, does feats of jugglery with racquets, tennis and other balls, a top (and his astonishing trick with this makes the extremest achievements of Yo-Yo-ists look contemptible), rods, loaded sticks and fans with such abnormal skill that I must assume that his balancing of a glass of water on a rod, *two* tennis-balls and another rod was not due to any peculiarity of construction in the tennis-balls—though we now know so much from the candid revelations of showman's mysteries as to be sceptical.

Mr. JACK STOCKS, a droll comedian whose drollery is based on a mournfully



A NON-STOP CIGAR-SPECIALIST.
MR. MORRIS HARVEY, M.C.

disillusioned attitude towards matrimony rather in the mood of a much earlier day, is a competent revivalist. There is a pleasant air of spontaneity about BILLY NEWELL'S "clever nonsense," and his partner, ELSA, shone in a diverting parody of some seductive star, manipulating a pair of false legs of most unlikely contours into various attitudes of abandonment.



THE LIGHT FANTASTIC *SAVATE*.
TERRI STORRI AND REVEL.

Miss HEATHER HOYLE'S beautifully-controlled cartwheels with new variations were brilliantly executed; and TERRI STORRI did the same thing with much less on, adding some skilful acrobatic dancing of the vaguely Oriental hand-fluttering kind, and a grotesque dance (with her apache partner, REVEL) to demonstrate her versatility. AL MARSHALL, with that strange goggle-eyed saurian gravity and those queer rippling movements of his fantastically elastic trunk which we know, renewed our astonishment that such things can be.

"Fourteen Monte Carlo Players," under monocled DESMOND JEANS, did what such groups of musicians usually do, in an alleged "hour on the Riviera," which was merely a name for the second half of the programme, during which

the Sixteen Daly's Girls, having resumed their skirts, sat at tables and tried to appear interested in the turns. To do this four or five times a day for an hour at a stretch seems to be something of an ordeal; and I honestly think they might be granted a few moments' leave of absence for a well-earned rest. T.

AT THE PICTURES.

"THUNDER BELOW" (PLAZA).

OH, boy, when that Strong Thing called Life
Has made us love another's wife,
And he (the husband of this gal)
Has been one's most tremendous pal,



Walt (CHARLES BICKFORD). "THINGS ARE GETTING FLABBY; NO ONE TO SOCK ON THE JAW IN THIS SHOW."

How can we fight against the force
That jolts us like a jumping horse?
Which were the nobler thing to do—
To wreck one life or ruin two?

And specially when this occurs
Not in a land of pines and firs
But out in scenes of tropic light,
Where everyone is dressed in white
And Nature calls us to begin
At early morn consuming gin,
And night-time, in the bedroom-sets,
Necessitates mosquito-nets,
And native girls in cabarets
Are far from modest in their ways
And always dance the *hula-hula*. . . .

Besides, the heroine is TALLULAH.*

This was the problem which the plot
Either decided or did not;
This was the tangled skein or coil
Of two strong diggers striking oil;
These were their dark conflicting moods
In equatorial latitudes;
Till Fate, persistently unkind,
Resolved to make the husband blind.
He was obliged to grope about,
Grew crosser and more apt to shout
(I know not what dark thoughts were wrung
Out of his mind when thus unstrung,
For they were in the American tongue).
But shout he did, and mopped up more
Martinis than he mopped before.

This was the situation then
Between these two large soulful men.
What of the wife? We love, she thought,
But once in life. Beyond is nought.
And when her lover would not take
The sacrifice she chose to make,
In pique and pride—hey nonny nonny!—
She bolted with some other johnny.

The husband, blind and half insane,
Groped through the house and groped in vain;
Her little white mosquito-net
Had not been slept in. All was set
For Tragedy, tremendous, crude;
And Tragedy, in fact, ensued.
The friend at once went off to find
The lady, who had changed her mind.
She had not skipped across the blue
With her last fancy; she was true
To her one love. They stood, those two.
They gazed.
They kissed.
They clasped.
They fell.

The husband now arrived. Oh, hell!
TALLULAH jumped from the hotel
Right down upon the shore beneath
Full of large rocks with jagged teeth.

Love—Life—Fate—Folly—Husband—Friend—

The seagulls rose and screamed.

THE END.

Such is the piece, a Picture Paramount
Of things that move us (don't they?), things that count.



Susan (TALLULAH BANKHEAD) *to Ken* (PAUL LUKAS). "WELL, WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT. YOU CAN'T LOOK LIKE THAT ALL THE TIME."

PAUL LUKAS plays the lover. He is *Ken*.
CHARLES BICKFORD is the husband.
These two men,
With EUGENE PALLETTE (comic, not in love),
The artist pleasantly portrays above.
But, tough and rough and strenuous as they are,
They fade away before TALLULAH'S star,
TALLULAH'S voice, her dress, her smile, her woe—
Be thunder up above or down below,
Take it from me TALLULAH is the show.

EVOE.

*Often pronounced with the accent on the first syllable. But it won't rhyme that way.



THE FEMININE INFLUENCE IN HAT-WEAR.

Horner . . . . EUGENE PALLETTE.

The Corn of Contention.

"DUBLIN.

The Free State Senate to-day passed the Bill to abolish the Oats of Allegiance."
Buenos Aires Paper.

". . . securing his B.Sc. at Queen's University with honours in agricultural etymology."—*Belfast Paper.*

Academic recognition at last for successful research in roots.

"The Mexican Minister to London, Señor Dr. Don Leopoldo Ortiz, let London on Saturday on relinquishing his appointment."
Daily Paper.

This lease must be a record.



"'ORACE! MAUDIE! ALFIE! ROSE! COME AND LOOK AT THIS OLD SWAN—'E AIN'T 'ARF GOT A FICEACHE!"

TELL 'EM THE TRUTH.

II.

As I told you last week, I am getting out a *Book of Orations for All Occasions*, which is to consist of really candid speeches to be used instead of those one usually hears on formal occasions. Here are two examples of after-dinner speeches—one for proposing a health and the other for responding.

THE PROPOSAL.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,—Some of us drew lots beforehand as to who should have what we wittily called the honour of proposing the health of our principal guest this evening. As you see, I lost and here I am. Now I know you don't want to hear *me* make a speech—if the gentleman who cried "No!" so enthusiastically will step outside with me afterwards I'll be glad to teach him better manners—and in point of fact for once I'm darn well not going to. It's also more than likely you don't want to hear our guest make a speech either, but you'll probably have to listen to him just the same.

After all, you've attended enough of these functions to know that you've got to be bored to death afterwards anyway, and as our guest here can do it better than anyone else I know—he's been practising on me all dinner—I'll sit down and let him get on with the job. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you his health! May it break down this minute and then we can all go home!

THE REPLY.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—including even (because I'm not vindictive) that ugly old geyser who refused to applaud me when I got up,—The reason I am here to-night is a simple one. Even though I am pretty famous I have never yet refused a free meal. Of course I would prefer to have it in obscurity and comfort, down, say, at the far end of that table where I should be in a position to catch the wine-butler's eye more frequently than I have been able to here; but unfortunately I am expected to sing for my supper. In anticipation this doesn't look so bad; merely to say a few words in exchange for a dinner seems a pretty fair bet to me. But by the time I have eaten all I can hold and drunk all I can get and suddenly realise that my speech is upon me the business looks quite different. Not nearly so hot, in fact.

My digestive apparatus was ticking over quite nicely, thank you; my cigar—not a very good one, by the way, but I suppose it's the best you can do—had ceased to need forced draught and was burning well under its own steam; I had settled my shoulders well into my chair and found a mug on my right who hadn't heard my pet stories. And it is just at this precise moment of comparative bliss that I have got to stand up on my hind-legs, throwing my metabolism abruptly out of gear, leaving my stories untold and placing my cigar on the edge of my saucer, where, before I can resume it, it will have been doused with coffee by some ham-handed fat-head hammering on the table in vinous enthusiasm.

On top of this I look around on all you lounging at your fat ease and I ask myself, Is it worth it? Looking again, as I do now, at your vacuous flushed faces, I tell you frankly that it isn't. I don't like you; I don't want to make a speech to you; I want to finish my cigar (such as it is), scoff another brandy (if the wine-waiter didn't leave after I'd tipped him at his request), get off my stories to this egg on my right and then go home to bed and never, never see you again. And in point of fact that's just what I'm going to do. To hell with the lot of you! So long!

A. A.

"'We take girls who are educated and of good percentage and train them for at least a year,' the Baroness told a press representative."—*Scots Paper.*

All the nicest girls have converted to 3½%.



The Wife. "ALWAYS DOING CROSS-WORD PUZZLES! ANYONE WOULD THINK YOU WERE STILL AT THE OFFICE, INSTEAD OF ON YOUR HOLIDAY!"

THE AMOROUS NEWT.

["Few sights are more interesting than that of a newt in love."
Extract from a Natural History magazine."]

THE blackbird that trills or the gay daffodils
That out in the meadows await us,
Pathetic it seems, but these hackneyed old themes
Still jog the poetic afflatus;
So it's quite on the cards many budding young bards
Will be terribly pleased to discover
That, when of romantic ideas they're bereft,
Yet *one* source of true inspiration is left,
If only they'll study the newt (or the eft),
That great and original lover.

As far as I know it's
Not struck any poets
Of recognised fame or repute
An ode to indite
On that wonderful sight,
The dawning of love in a newt.
Even SHELLEY and KEATS are remarkably mute
On the theme of a newt
When he's pressing his suit.

Since others refrain, 'tis for me to explain,
Although I'm aware that the job's tough,
The glamour and glow that bewilder one so
When watching the newt at his sob-stuff;
And possibly then some more talented pen
(At weaving of words I'm no wizard)
May work on the theme that I've faintly outlined
And give to the world from a masterly mind
An epic to thrill and to startle mankind,
Inspired by this amorous lizard.

Let BYRON pursue an
Abandoned *Don Juan*,
In love-making matters astute;
Of all his affairs
There's not one that compares
With the quaint goings-on of the newt.
It's a topic that Yankees would label a "beaut,"
This theme of a newt
When he's pressing his suit.

Le Nom Juste.

"Miss Snowball kept wicket in her best style and was the coolest person on the field."—*Daily Paper.*

A Rival to Dunsinane.

"VALUABLE RESIDENTIAL, AGRICULTURAL AND SPORTING ESTATE.
465 Acres of high-flying Sporting Woodlands."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

"Even for the busiest woman, however, winter has its charms. Do the leisured really taste the full beatitude of the evening lamp and the glowing legs? "—*Australian Paper.*

Yes, if the bath has been hot enough.

POPULAR CONCEPTIONS.

HAVE you noticed that there seems to be a conspiracy afoot amongst the authors of mystery and thriller fiction to take away from us our traditional amateur detectives? Nowadays, when the private sleuth appears on the scene he is described as being "as unlike the popular conception of a detective as can be imagined," which means, of course, that he is no longer the keen hawk-like man with the steel-gray eyes but some quite ordinary-looking person with gold-rimmed glasses, as it might be you or I.

I suppose there is no reason why authors shouldn't do this sort of thing if they want to; but why do they always confine it to detectives? I think that the other characters in the story might be made to differ from tradition in a similar way. Anyhow, that is what is going to happen in my novel, *The Yellow Sapphire*—a powerful story of crime and Merthyr Tydvil. I will just give a few extracts from it to illustrate what I mean. Mere character-sketches—no plot, because I haven't thought of one yet. Here we are then:—

"Professor Lepidop, whose collection of Moths' Eggs was a by-word in the realms of Entomology, was punching a ball about in his library at Merthyr Tydvil. He was as unlike the popular conception of a Professor as can be imagined. About nineteen years of age, he was deep of chest and rubicund of visage, and nothing delighted him more than to have scores of happy people around him at all hours of the day. Giving the ball a final vigorous punch, he sat down with a healthy laugh on a cane-bottom chair just as Colonel Demmit of the Hotstream Guards came in.

Colonel Demmit was as unlike the popular conception of a Colonel as can be imagined. He was narrow-shouldered and inclined to stoop; he had a pale studious face that told of sorrows patiently borne. Mild-mannered and excessively shy, he came forward apologetically to the Professor, who motioned him kindly to a chair, offering him a post-card-album to look at to ease him in his embarrassment. . . .

Hardly had the Colonel seated himself when the Rev. Cuthbert Chasuble, Curate of St. Algebra's, strolled in. He was as unlike the popular conception of a Curate as can be imagined. Standing all of six-foot-four and broad in proportion, he was a massive figure of a man, his huge bulk being shown to full advantage in the tight-fitting suit of loud checks that he was wearing. Parking his chewing-gum securely at one of his wisdom-teeth, he eagerly grasped the bottle of double-x stout that the Professor passed to him, knocking the neck off neatly on the edge of the sideboard. . . .

The three were not left long alone, however, for just then Tom Wellsher, the Professor's bookmaker, was announced. He was as unlike the popular conception of a Bookmaker as can be imagined. Slim-built and looking every inch an aristocrat, he had an engaging air of unconscious refinement that made him welcome everywhere. He was dressed quietly, almost severely, in a plain suit of dark blue serge, without a tie-pin or other jewellery, and he gracefully declined the expensive cigar that the Professor offered him. . . .

The men were chatting together amiably when there was yet another arrival. It was the Editor of ——. He was as unlike the popular conception of an Editor as can be imagined. He was——"

[Owing to pressure on space we are reluctantly compelled to eliminate the remainder of this extract.—ED.]

More Optical Projection.

"Emerging from the shelter of the park trees in the rain, Lingdale's eyes fell upon the shed."—*From Recent Novel.*

ON CIRCUIT.

(By Mr. Punch's Special Student of the Provincial Press.)

I LEARN from *The Worcester Advertiser* that the London dramatic critics invited to the forthcoming Malvern Festival for the first performance of Mr. G. B. SHAW's new play are to travel by air-liner to the nearest aerodrome, twenty miles away, and thence by motor-coach.

It would add greatly to the impressiveness of the occasion if Mr. SHAW himself could arrange to descend from the sky by parachute.

* * *

The writer of "A Letter from London" in *The Devon and Exeter Gazette* relates that when he was lunching as the guest of an old cavalry major at a club in Piccadilly his host eagerly drew his attention to the smell of newly-mown grass from the Green Park opposite.

Old cavalrymen have wonderful noses for hay.

* * *

The Berlin correspondent of *The Sheffield Daily Telegraph* reports large purchases of steel by Soviet Russia from Germany.

This reminds me that metallurgical experts have never accepted the claim of the "Man of Steel" to be regarded as "Stainless STALIN."

* * *

The Cumberland and Westmorland Herald protests that Lord LONSDALE owes an apology to Cumberland in general and Caldbeck in particular for his disparaging and erroneous statements about JOHN PEEL.

I feel confident that local susceptibilities would be appeased if his lordship could be persuaded to assume a white sheet and broadcast a solo rendering of the famous song from the summit of Skiddaw.

* * *

At a meeting of the Rural Council at Pwllheli, when it was decided that the minutes should be kept in Welsh, a member objected that this was impossible in the case of financial resolutions, as there was no arithmetic in the Welsh language.

It is a pathetic thought that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's economics are untranslatable into his own tongue.

* * *

According to a paragraph in *The Liverpool Post and Mercury*, a visitor has been seen in the city whose resemblance to Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN was so striking that it would have deceived anyone who did not know that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was then on his way to Ottawa.

Nobody, I feel sure, will entertain for a moment the suspicion that the CHANCELLOR is being represented at the Empire Conference by a double.

* * *

Miss WILHELMINA STITCH has explained to the Editor of *The Derbyshire Times* that a mysterious reference to Chesterfield in one of her prose-poems, which, she admits, pass beyond her control once the typescript leaves her desk, was due to a printer's error—Chestfield in Kent being the place intended.

The vulgar habit of correcting proofs is still practised by less inspired writers than Miss STITCH.

* * *

The Manchester Guardian expresses satisfaction that foreign firms driven by tariffs to open factories in Lancashire will be enabled to claim exemption from duties for their plant.

Still, it is a saddening thought for the organ of Free Traders that these unfortunate foreigners can't import their own operatives.

IT'S THE MASCOT THAT MATTERS; OR, HOW TO WIN AT CONTRACT.



"FORGIVE MY HAT; IT'S MY LUCKY ONE."



"I'VE BROUGHT MY LUCKY CHAIR WITH ME. NO, I DON'T SIT IN THE SILLY THING—I JUST WALK ROUND IT THREE TIMES."



"I HOPE YOU WON'T MIND IF I WEAR MY COAT LIKE THIS. IT BRINGS ME LUCK WHEN IT'S INSIDE OUT."



Hanley (Staffs) Floral Fête is described as having become one of the most gorgeous in the country.

Horticulturists of the Five Towns are often heard to speak of the district as the Flowerpotteries.

* * *

While a flock of sheep was being driven through Northampton one of them entered a women's hairdressing establishment.

I can readily believe that a sheep might be actuated by the idea of becoming a platinum blonde.

"VENTNOR F.C.

"Unfortunately an overdraft had since accrued, and a determined effort should be made to discharge it. Seven vice-presidents were elected."—*I.O.W. Paper.*

The determined effort has apparently been made.



Journalist. "THEY TELL ME THAT YOU'RE A HUNDRED-AND-TWO. HAVE YOU ANY RECOMMENDATIONS FOR ATTAINING LONG LIFE?"

Centenarian. "LOR' BLESS YOU, NO, SIR. THERE AIN'T NOTHING TO IT IF YOU'RE CLEVER AT IT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Elizabeth's Ireland.

I CAN heartily recommend *Blackcock's Feather* (CHAMBERS, 7/6) to those who still cherish the exhilarating *Lochinvar* element in romantic fiction. Here you have a cloak-and-sword novel of genuine appeal, an appeal due to its fabricator's infectious delight in his stage and characters and the open-handed grace with which he flings about a quantity of good sound historical research. We English romantics are so undeviating in our loyalty to MARY STUART that we have little but sympathy for her henchman's son when he takes service with the Irish opposition in order to get even with ELIZABETH. *David Gordon*, half Scots, half Irish, arrives in Dublin with much the same equipment and expectations as *Quentin Durward* at Plessis. He is not, however, a personable youth but a hard-featured swordsman; and his adventures, though leading to an equally satisfactory *finale*, take him to more primitive Courts and castles than his predecessor the archer. You can course through his chronicle for its hair's-breadth adventures: the initial fight (three to one) at the ford, the capture of *Amy Burc*, his cousin's bride, *David's* own exit from the "English" castle that holds his lady-love, *Eithne*, on the eve of her distasteful marriage. Or you can enjoy such pleasurably animated archæology as its description of O'NEILL'S household and such capital portraiture as that of *Captain Bevinda O'Flaherty*. It is these, with the spirited *tempo* of the story and the generosity (on both sides) of its finely-pitted opponents, that will keep me looking with pleasurable expectation for Mr. MAURICE WALSH'S next venture.

Poor Dear Things.

To connoisseurs of that literary form so characteristic of our time, the publisher's blurb, the jacket designed to protect Mr. E. F. BENSON'S latest comedy will be of uncommon interest. The three names most prominent in the book are mentioned on it, and to each is given a spelling other than that affected by the author. Surely this scrap of paper will become a collector's piece! But in producing *Secret Lives* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) at the outset of the holiday (I had almost written the silly) season, the publishers have shown a nicer sympathy with their text. For it is essentially a story for deck-chair reading. While the denizens of Durham Square are all of an impeccable respectability, each has his or her idiosyncrasy —*Mrs. Conklin* her Pekes, *Lady Eva* her haloes, and so on. But *Mrs. Mantrip*, hereditary freeholder of most of the square and its self-appointed autocrat, has also her secret. Ostensibly engaged on a solemn biography of a late and reverend sire, she is a surreptitious devotee of the flamboyant best-sellers perpetrated by *Rudolph da Vinci* and ignored or ridiculed by the highbrows. With the arrival in the square of *Rudolph* himself, securely concealed beneath the wealthy, harmless but disconcertingly unplaceable form of *Miss Susan Leg*, the fun begins—a tea-table comedy with lemon in the tea more often than milk. In short, Mr. BENSON has treated us to another exhibition of his

feline dexterity in the discomfiture of ladies in the middle-class of society and the middle years of life, and furnished us with an entertainment adequate to our idler and less critical moods.

Some Idols Dethroned.

It is a mistake, I feel, for any esoteric cult to try to explain its mysteries, and the very adequacy of Mr. R. H. WILENSKI's book on *The Meaning of Modern Sculpture* (FABER AND FABER, 10/6) is likely to provide additional reassurance to the Philistine. The critic rightly stresses the antagonism of this age to art, an antagonism that all confessors of any faith whatsoever have had to overcome by preserving a costly personal integrity while seeking some point of contact with their public. It is true, though perhaps regrettable, that an artist without a public looks nearly as ridiculous as a milkman without a milk-round; and the great ages of art are the ages in which the milk was good and the public drank more of it. This is the secret of the world's allegiance to what Mr. WILENSKI calls "The Greek Frejudice," which, with "The Renascene Prejudice" and "The Romantic Prejudice," monopolizes the most interesting half of his book. Personally I have no objection to seeing the conventional idols twitted on their clay-footedness; and Mr. WILENSKI's skirmish with the pundits is illuminating in fact if rather wearisomely jaunty in expression. Of his moderns, I gather that they are a species of impressionist, "seeing phenomena as though for the first time," with the difficulty of a FLAUBERT or the ease of a newborn baby according to the (always deterrent) influence of their education. It is only fair to say, on the evidence of the book's copious illustrations, that education does not seem to have worried the majority.

Our Lucky Star.

There can be no doubt that *The British Way in Warfare* (FABER AND FABER, 12/6), which Captain LIDDELL HART describes here in a trenchant and provocative style, has met with a quite astonishing amount of success. In my ignorance I used to think that this was to be ascribed to the British inability to recognise defeat, the famous bull-dog pluck and the invariable good-humour in all situations displayed by the British Tommy. Captain LIDDELL HART has dealt my native pride a rude blow by roundly declaring that "the successes of history, if not won by exceptionally clever generalship, have been won by generalship that was astoundingly foolish. Perhaps this dual cause explains why Britain has had such a long run of success." My mortification is hardly comforted by the consoling admission that among British generals there has always been a high proportion of commanders who have "eschewed the obvious and pursued the unexpected" and thereby won victories —unless "fortune has proved foul." That fickle jade does indeed seem to have been almost spendthrift of her favours to British warriors on land as well as on the high seas. For, if I have followed Captain LIDDELL HART'S somewhat difficult arguments aright, the presence of the British armies in France from 1914-1918 was immaterial to the ultimate victory. It was British sea-power that defeated BONEY and it was British sea-power again that starved the Central Empires into surrender. Economic pressure is indeed a weapon more deadly than the sword. For centuries it has enabled Great Britain to defeat her successive enemies. The moral of Captain LIDDELL HART'S stimulating book is that we should not abandon that weapon in the future but remember in these days of Disarmament Conferences the rule: "If you wish for peace, understand war."



Engineer. "SOMEBODY TO SEE ME? WHAT 'S HE LIKE?"
Chinese Boy. "HIM VELLY TOPSIDE GENTLEMAN WITH LIL WAISTCOATS ON HIS BOOTS."

The Coming of a Leader.

If it were not for the certainty that the second volume of *The Life of Lord Carson* (GOLLANCZ, 15/-) must be still more crowded than the first with momentous achievement, the present instalment, which is the work of Mr. EDWARD MARJORIBANKS, might well seem unsurpassable in dramatic appeal; but as it stands this record of forensic triumphs is important principally as foreshadowing that second book, to be written by another hand, in which Lord CARSON must figure as leading counsel in *Ulster* v. *The World*. Yet here are tales of the courts hardly less vigorous in narrative than the best chapters in the author's *Life of Marshall Hall*, with a score of famous trials brought back from the past to liveliest remembrance. Here are Irish M.P.'s being charged with inciting to riot amid court breezes that grow to hurricanes; the gowned Lord Mayor of Dublin answering a summons, supported by his entire City Council; a treason trial, that had a happy sequel, reaching a solemn culmination; a Polish murderer, who may have been JACK THE RIPPER, being proved to be a black-hearted poisoner; and, perhaps most dramatic of all, the alleged theft by a schoolboy of a postal-order, value five shillings, engaging the giants of the Bar in a four-days' battle. If the result of certain notorious libel actions seems in the telling to have turned almost too much on brilliant advocacy, yet one may remember that this advocate is a man who in the acceptance of a brief has always refused to sacrifice principle to expediency. Through all these pages the character and position of Lord CARSON himself are seen to be developing, as step by step he is becoming the essential figure in the drama that is waiting to be staged.



"I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU 'VE DONE MUCH WORK IN YOUR LIFE?"
"NO, LADY, BUT I 'VE GREAT EXPECTATIONS OF THIS HERE OTTAWA CONFERENCE."

Letters of Not Much Mark.

Modesty has a certain charm even in these days, which is no doubt why we are always a little predisposed in favour of works signed by such pen-names as "A Man of No Importance" or "A Gentleman with a Duster." Some little time ago there were certain *Letters from a Man of No Importance* published which aroused some interest; now we have from the house of GEOFFREY BLES, at 10/6, a sequel called *Further Letters from a Man of No Importance*, which range freely over the ground from 1914 to 1929. I daresay ingenious trackers-out of anonymous celebrities will find pleasure in deducing from internal evidence who this unimportant gentleman may be, so I hasten to offer a few pointers. By his own account the author obtained a post at the War Office at the beginning of the War, and he makes it abundantly clear that he was a great admirer of KITCHENER and HAIG and ASQUITH, and was inclined to look upon any adversaries of these heroic figures as enemies of his own. He seems to have known most prominent men and women of that epoch; but on the whole his comments on their behaviour are pleasantly free from malice—except perhaps when he has occasion to mention Mlle. SUZANNE LENGLEN or the wife of a late Prime Minister who protested against the spoiling of "her" garden at the back of Downing Street by the erection of a statue. He is eminently loyal, and most of his opinions are sound almost to a fault. But I think this batch of letters is too widely scattered to be really informative. We get no connected picture—only a few *obiter dicta* on a large variety of subjects.

Murder on the Broads.

Miscreants are so apt suddenly to pop up and confuse the issues in sensational fiction that it is a relief to read a story as compact as *Death Under Sail* (HEINEMANN, 7/6). In Dr. C. P. SNOW's tale we know at the outset that *Roger Mills*, when entertaining six guests in his yacht on the Norfolk Broads, was without any doubt murdered by one of them; and we can concentrate unreservedly on trying to discover the criminal among this half-dozen. For the rest, the story runs on conventional lines; a blithering policeman and an amateur detective, with a friend of whom he makes gentle fun, are, for instance, familiar figures in this *genre* of novel. But the mystery is cleverly concealed, and I doubt if anyone will be sure of the murderer's name until Dr. SNOW reveals it. Personally I was backing a young woman whose "husky" voice was so often mentioned that I became exceedingly suspicious.

The Brand of Cain.

Mr. ANTHONY ARMSTRONG, in *The Poison Trail* (BENN, 9*d*.), gives his well-known detective, *Jimmie Rezaire*, a pretty problem to solve. No one could doubt that *Gideon Davenport*, who possessed a pair of "utterly cruel blue eyes," slew his brother *Abel*, but his carefully-prepared alibi looked absolutely puncture-proof. A keen and exciting battle of wits followed; and Mr. ARMSTRONG describes it with most agreeable zest and humour. Admittedly I am no expert in the psychology of murderers, but however neat the finish of this story may be I confess that I found it difficult to believe that the clever *Gideon* would give himself so hopelessly away. This is my only complaint against a yarn that is as readable as any ordinary detective novel, and costs one-tenth of the price.

"The annual inspection of Cranbrook School O.T.C. took place on Friday. The Crops was inspected by Lieut.-General Sir Felix F. Ready, K.C.B."—*Kent Paper*.

"Crops" is, of course, a misprint for "croppies."

CHARIVARIA.

MR. BALDWIN'S accent in his speech broadcast from Ottawa impressed an *Evening Standard* paragraphist as sounding distinctly Canadian. Few listeners-in, however, will have entertained the suspicion that the voice was the voice of Lord BEAVERBROOK.

* * *

We are told that a much-discussed trumpeter plays the music of 1935. Our feeling is that he might have waited till then.

* * *

A party of chimpanzees which had been performing at Hollywood arrived in London without being annoyed by the fulsome publicity to which film-actors are usually subjected.

* * *

A famous film-actress has signed a three-years' contract under which she is to receive a salary of £2,500 a week for forty-eight weeks in the year. It is significant of hard times in Hollywood that she has agreed to a month's holiday without pay.

* * *

A gossip-writer remarked last week that he was going to the Isle of Wight for Cowes Week. There seems to be nothing wrong with his sense of direction.

* * *

According to Captain SIBBLES, the explorer, certain tribes in Central Africa have such a strong dislike for fat that they starve their cattle before slaughtering them. It must be interesting on Thursday nights to listen-in to the Thin Stock prices.

* * *

Parents are advised that it is useless to put a boy into a bank when all his inclinations are towards an outdoor life. On the other hand it is generally understood that a lad who longs to handle money is unlikely to be happy on a farm.

* * *

Newspaper-readers have written letters in support of the suggestion that the ability to read and write is a doubtful advantage. Compulsory education is certainly responsible for a good many letters to the papers.

* * *

A London magistrate has never been to a cocktail-party in his life. On the other hand, quite a number of cocktail-drinkers have never been to a police-court.

* * *

According to a medical authority, chocolate, which contains caffeine, has an exciting effect. This is one reason of the restlessness of many playgoers.

* * *

In an article on the subject of perspiring wrists, a medical writer recalls that when he was out in the East he found it quite impossible from this cause to write at all. It generally takes more than this to stop our medical writers.

* * *

An arum lily which has blossomed in Amsterdam has a flower seven feet high and a bulb weighing over six stone. Truth is sometimes stranger than catalogues.

* * *

A member of the British Walker Cup team has protested, in reply to critics, that business-men can't always be playing golf. We have always understood that they find an occasional day at the office restful.

* * *

A member of the Vintners' Company named Mr. GOGG is reported to have claimed the right to open a shop within a three-mile radius of the City of London. Nothing is said of the intentions of his partner, Mr. Magogg.

* * *

To commemorate the opening of a new coast road at Brighton by the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT, there is some talk of the thoroughfare being known as the Brighton Pybus Road.



"EXCUSE ME, BUT IS THERE A CHANCE OF GETTING A BATHING-BOX FAIRLY SOON, BECAUSE I RATHER WANT TO CHANGE IN ORDER TO SAVE A FRIEND OF MINE WHO 'S DROWNING IN THE NEXT COVE?"

A weekly paper thinks it is a good thing that so many university men are joining our police forces. It is of course most annoying to be charged by a constable with a Hoxton accent.

* * *

"In their secret hearts motorists often consign road-menders to a distant region," says a Hampshire magistrate. He who excavates is lost.

* * *

A South African artist now in London claims to eat glass for a living. When suffering from dyspepsia it is said that he goes on a light diet of barbed-wire and corrugated roofing.

* * *

The National Homing Pigeons Union complains that, although it pays three hundred pounds a year for weather-reports, they are often inaccurate. It should see what it can get for four hundred pounds.

* * *

"The real benefit of a holiday is the change of air," says a doctor. Not on the pier, where the band is still rendering "You Are My Heart's Delight."

* * *

Members profess great satisfaction with the achievement of the British Medical Association in attaining its centenary; but the fact remains that it was only kept alive by the doctors.

* * *

The bite of a new species of mosquito discovered near Epping Forest is said to cause a large greenish-looking swelling. We must get one to attack our prize marrow.

* * *

A clergyman writing in his Parish Magazine deplores the fact that there appears to be a growing public demand for sport involving more violent physical exertion. This only bears out our contention that Yo-Yo is gradually ousting shove-halfpenny.

* * *

A man who has left London to walk round the world is going to write a book when the trip is completed. There is no immediate cause for worry, however, as he won't be back for at least six years.

The Gangster's Getaway.

"DESPERATE BURGLAR AT WALMER. HAD DONKEY CART READY FOR PLUNDER."
South African Paper.

IN DEFENCE OF BRACES.

[A correspondent refers in the Press to the tradition that it is in bad taste to exhibit one's braces to the public gaze. He considers that they perform their function well and that the feeling against their exposure might be overcome if they were less of an eyesore. He pleads, therefore, for brighter braces.]

WHY should I sink in social status
Under a charge of grave offence
When I expose the apparatus
That holds my trousers in suspense?
I seek in vain a solid basis
For this objection to the sight of braces.

Woman without a blush confesses
To gadgets similar to mine,
By whose support her one-piece dresses
Are stayed from imminent decline;
We gaze and tremble at the bare
Thought of the outcome if they were not there.

Whenever I discard my "jacket"
(In tailors' jargon) and my "vest"
To give free play to club or racquet,
If also I debrace my chest,
There comes a doubt I can't ignore—
What is to keep my flannels off the floor?

Youth, with the fitness of a fiddle,
Says lightly, "How about a belt?"
"A belt," I answer, "strains my middle,
Squeezing a girth no longer svelte,
Or, by my generous curves displaced,
Allows the shirt to ruck up round the waist."

No, I shall stick to my suspenders;
And where's the shame if I appear
Publicly in a pair that renders
My modest heart immune from fear,
My breeks assured by those twin straps
Against the liability to lapse?

And, lest it still be said that shame might
Brand them because they hurt the eye,
I'll have them wrought of mystic samite,
Tricked out with gems and purple dye
(Always an extra charm it lends
When Beauty serves utilitarian ends). O. S.

POOPENHORN'S LION.

Willoughby Poopenhorn lived alone in a cottage in the Cotswolds. He had retired thither because he expected to find the solitude essential to a writer who intends to expose his soul and his enemies in a successful novel.

One morning he was working at his table before a window overlooking the lawn when he noticed a large yellowish quadruped stalking towards the house. From his memory of the picture which accompanied the letter "L" on the bricks of his childhood he at once identified the beast as a lion. His curiosity satisfied, he proceeded to finish the chapter upon which he was engaged.

When he went out an hour later he found the lion lying in the porch, evidently intending to stay. The creature took little notice of Poopenhorn beyond giving him a glance of tolerance and understanding, very much as a cat would have done in a similar situation.

Looking round the larder, Poopenhorn discovered a shoulder of mutton obviously intended for domestic consumption. He carried this out to the lion, intending to insert it in the beast's mouth as it lay; but on second thoughts he merely showed it the shoulder and threw it on the lawn. The voice of conscience, curiously employing the Yorkshire accent of his old nurse, whispered, "Better begin as you mean to go on. It's never too early to start good habits."

The lion came on to the lawn with the air of one making a concession and passed a pleasant hour biting the meat and toying with the bone. Meanwhile Poopenhorn interviewed his visiting housekeeper, Mrs. Bolt.

"I'm afraid we shall need another shoulder of mutton, Mrs. Bolt. I have used the one which was here."

"Very good, Sir."

"And, by the way, there's a lion about somewhere. When you come across him you'd better dust round him."

"Very good, Sir."

So the lion became accepted as one of the household, and if Poopenhorn had been satisfied to live and let live this state of affairs might have continued indefinitely. But that terrible egotism which drives men to enslave the nobler creatures was at work in Poopenhorn's brain. He desired to be a second ANDROCLES, followed about and fawned on by a lion to the admiration of the populace. ANDROCLES, himself a slave, naturally wanted to enslave something; but Poopenhorn should have known better. He was not content to have the lion living with him on terms of equality. A dog would have suited him better. In fact most of his ideas of the animal world had been derived from dogs. He was very much in the position of a professor predicting human conduct after an intensive study of lobsters.

One day, when he thought the lion was not watching, Poopenhorn sprinkled some thorns of *Rosa rugosa* on the lower steps of the porch and awaited events with the complacency of a BORGIA whose enemy had accepted an invitation to lunch.

Later on, sure enough, the lion came limping in with one paw in the air. All was working according to programme. Poopenhorn extracted the thorn with dexterity and delight.

Then something went wrong. Instead of falling at Poopenhorn's feet in an ecstasy of gratitude the lion gave a lick to his paw and without another look at the man settled down in his corner to sleep. Poopenhorn stole out and with a dustpan and brush removed the ungarnered thorns.

From that time the lion's behaviour was polite but chilly. Poopenhorn, perceiving that his guilt was manifest, began to feel resentment towards the beast which had put him on ill-terms with his self-esteem.

Mrs. Bolt probed the wound by delivering a panegyric on the household pet. "He's that quiet and clean in his ways, Sir, I likes to have him about the place. Little bit of company for you too, Sir, I always think."

Salt may, for all the pain involved in its application, have a therapeutic effect upon a wound, but to empty the whole cruet thereon can only have disastrous consequences. The word "company" stung Poopenhorn to the quick. He had wanted not a companion but an appendage.

Thus, when a quiet-looking tramp popped his head over the fence and said gently to the lion, "Coming, old man?" Poopenhorn was rather relieved to see the lion go off with him.

He noticed, however, that as they disappeared down the road together the man and the lion were walking side-by-side. E. P. W.

"UNENDURABLE PLEASURE INDEFINITELY PROLONGED."
From a Poster of a Non-Stop Variety.

It is useless to deny that we take our pleasures sadly.

"The Wild and Woolly Vest brought to your doorstep!"
Carnival Advt. in Surrey Paper.

Our laundry does that once a week in the winter.



MARS ON HOLIDAY.

"THOSE GENEVA DOCTORS HAVE BEEN TRYING TO MAKE ME SUN-BATHE. I DON'T HOLD WITH TAKING OFF ANOTHER STITCH."



AT COWES: LADY CHICK CHATTERBY TALKS TO THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

BEACH HINTS.

By a Connoisseur.

Dear Boys and Girls,—You will all want to know what I have to tell you about sun-tanning during the holidays. The whole principle of sun-baking or sun-browning or deep fat-frying for the human body by the use of cosmetics combined with the solar rays has developed, I am glad to say, from a mere pastime to something like a science or an art.

What equipment ought a girl or lad to take away to the seaside in order to acquire in a couple of weeks the healthy copper colour that sailors, dead starfish and wooden groynes attain by continual exposure to the ozone and the brine?

Much depends on the particular shade which is desired. For the ordinary beige tinting suitable to platinum blondes, about five tins of coker-nut oil, weighing not more than a pound each, a good brown boot-polish, to be rubbed into the cuticle with a fine suède glove, a bundle of lipsticks, which can be carried with the golf-clubs, and a plentiful supply of wood-ash and permanganate of potash ought to suffice. Cover the body with these in successive layers and then roll in the sand, and afterwards scrape with an oyster-shell and serve with small *croûtes* of crisp dried toast round the edges. In the event of damage by sea-water, baste anew with equal portions of lard and opoponax. The hair should be protected by an all-weather india-rubber water-wig, made in any shade desired and procurable at any good hairdresser's, and clamped to the ears either by means of transfer clips or clothes-pegs.

Freckles can be prevented by a *mousse* of strawberries and anchovy-paste, or, if desired, blown on the face with ordinary sepia from a hand-spray.

Brunettes have to be more careful in the culinary art. If overdone or boiled too quickly they flake away and become unpalatable. The best preparation is probably whale-blubber, applied carefully with a butter-pat, followed by a light dusting with browned bread-crumbs or *poudre d'amour*.

Lessons in the higher pelt cookery, however, are now supplied on nearly every beach by the Entertainment Officer of the Town Council, accompanied by members of the Watch Committee, and visitors have only themselves to thank if they fail to attain the desired colour without spending a night in the police-cells.

The principal shades offered at Brighton are macaroon, octoroon and *feuille morte*; whilst Ilfracombe and Weston-super-Mare specialise in old-gold, tea-cake and butterscotch.

The main cleavage of opinion on the subject of sun-cookery is in fact on the necessity or desirability of using the sun. Many believe that the sun is a definite obstacle to sun-bathing, the proper tints being best acquired in the bedroom or, better still, by curing the body with smoke in the same manner as a dried fish or a side of bacon or a York ham. Hermetically-sealed curing-huts, with large supplies of heather, ferns, etc., are now provided at many of the East-coast towns, in which sun-tan can be induced without the tiresome necessity of exposing the body to the rigours of daylight and wind.

Or, again, protective tan can be veneered on to the body in the bath-room on the first morning of the holidays, and even the lips and eyebrows rendered so fast by means of a new indelible colour-printing process that they defy every climatic condition except a water-spout or an earthquake.

Those who choose, on the other hand, for the sake of economy, indecency or any other cause, to sun-bathe by actual exposure to the sun should exercise

extreme care. The most suitable dress consists of one sun-helmet, one pair of smoked-spectacles, one pair of beach-trousers and one pair of stilts to avoid contact with the shingle, pebbles or whatnot before reaching the numbered parking-site on the shore. The sunlight should then be filtered through a screen of tissue-paper lightly smeared with gum-arabic on to the bust or torso. Revolve slowly, taking care that the heat is equally dispersed over every sector exposed, and finish the chin, cheeks, legs, etc., in detail with a magnifying-glass and a little white of egg.

Avoid all games. Tennis, beach-cricket, prawning, golf, boating and actual immersion in the water tend to make the tan run in blotches and roughen the fibres of the meat. In places where the vest slip may not be lowered a charming effect is obtained by openwork initials on the singlet, which by the effect of sunlight attain a rich chocolate colour, the rest of the body remaining pink or yellow as before. Efforts to tint the whole body in club-colours by the action of ultra-violet rays on various washes and oils have so far met with failure, I am sorry to say.

That is all just now. May you come back ring-straked and spotted as usual, whatever the weather may be this holidaytide! EVOE.

STOUT THOUGHTS IN LEAN TIMES.

(A plea for more adipose tissue.)

WHEN Jibling, tall and arrogantly svelte,
Observed, "My boy, it's time you took some fat off!"
Poking me hard and rudely in the belt,
I faced about and had my answer pat off,
Retorting with a grin,
"I have no wish, dear Jibling, to be thin,
So pray laugh that off."
He edged away in undisguised concern,
Like one who sees a worm abruptly turn.

For I deplore the pseudo-Spartan pose
That counts a modest bulging of the figure
As one of Nature's most derisive blows,
And holds exhausting exercise *de rigueur*
For him whose manly form
Tends slightly to transgress the athletic norm.
I claim with vigour
That far too long our harassed isle has seen
The tyranny and lordship of the lean.

In days of old our plump and prosperous sires
Bestrode the world, their contours boldly curving,
And those good things the inner man requires
They wolfed with gusto, which would prove unnerving
To Jibling's type of gink,
That woos the meagre shape and seems to think
It worth preserving.
Gone are those triple-chinned and hearty men
Who proudly crashed the scale at fifteen-ten.

Gone!—and the ample girth of brave John Bull
No longer stirs our youth to emulation;
Small wonder that our cup of woe is full
And deep depression still confronts the nation!
The hour, I say, is come
To boost again the truly British tum
Or corporation,
Scorning all envious sniggers from the ranks
Of tiresome and attenuated cranks.

C. L. M.



"AND THIS IS MY HUSBAND!"

"MAID TIED TO BED."
Morning Paper Headline.

We are not in favour of using such drastic methods to make them stay.

It is anticipated, states a daily paper, that many gamekeepers in Scotland will be badly hit this year. R.S.P.C.A. officials are rejoicing that the old Grouse Bird is going to get a little of his own back at last.

WEEWAH WOAKAY;

OR, MORE EDUCATION.

THE educationists (what a word!) will be swarming in the coming weeks; and I have had a good many kind invitations from queen-educationists to attend their conferences as a fraternal delegate. Alas! I have dates elsewhere; but here is one more message.

The time is surely ripe, dear educationists (*what* a word!), to expel the "New Pronunciation" of the Latin language from our schools and colleges. I have spoken to you about this, I fancy, before; but on a recent visit to my old school I was a little hurt to find that nothing had been done. I heard there a good many speeches in Latin, finely delivered, and in some cases composed, by the boys. In my day, when my chum and I conversed in Latin prose it sounded like two young men exchanging their thoughts in an elegant but virile manner. Now it sounds like two Dagoes making love; it sounds like a fraternal address from a South American republic; it sounds like a recitation from a Soho wine-list. I am aware that Latin prose was written originally by foreigners; but it should now be pronounced in good old English, as it was in my youth, and had been for a very long time before that.

One of the grand arguments for learning a little Latin was that it assisted us to understand and appreciate the so-called English language, which, with a delightful freedom from insularity, has borrowed and incorporated enormous chunks of Latin. The New Pronunciation makes almost nonsense of this argument. We do not really know (I'll bet a fiver) how the Romans pronounced Augustus; nor does it matter. We do not really know how SHAKESPEARE pronounced the month of August; nor does it matter. But we *do* know that *we* pronounce it August; and if you tell a child that the month of August is named after the famous Emperor Owgoostooss he receives the statement with incredulity and forms a prejudice against education which may last him all his life.

I do not know whether the idea of the educationists (what a *word*!) was that by degrees the New Pronunciation would govern not only our use of Latin but the "English" words we derive from Latin, *i.e.*, that we should come to speak of the Owgoost Bank Holiday; but, if so, singularly little progress has been made in this direction. Indeed the N.P. has not had the smallest effect in any of the branches of national life which make use of Latin. Not one of His Majesty's judges, I believe, has been persuaded to say that so-and-so is *soob yoohdicay* or *ooltrah weerayze*. The doctors keep on inventing things with Latin or semi-Latin names, but they rudely ignore the N.P. The vitamin, I fancy, is of much later origin than the N.P., but they call it a vitamin and not a weetahmeen. Politicians obstinately refuse to speak of the HOOVER *morahtorioom*, of *nay plooss ooltrah* or *wox populee*. In short, the New Pronunciation is no better than a secret cult, practised by pedants in the schools and colleges at the expense of our defenceless young. And the moment the young escape from the pedants, whether they enter a learned profession or not, they cast off the whole thing and return to the pronunciation of their fathers.

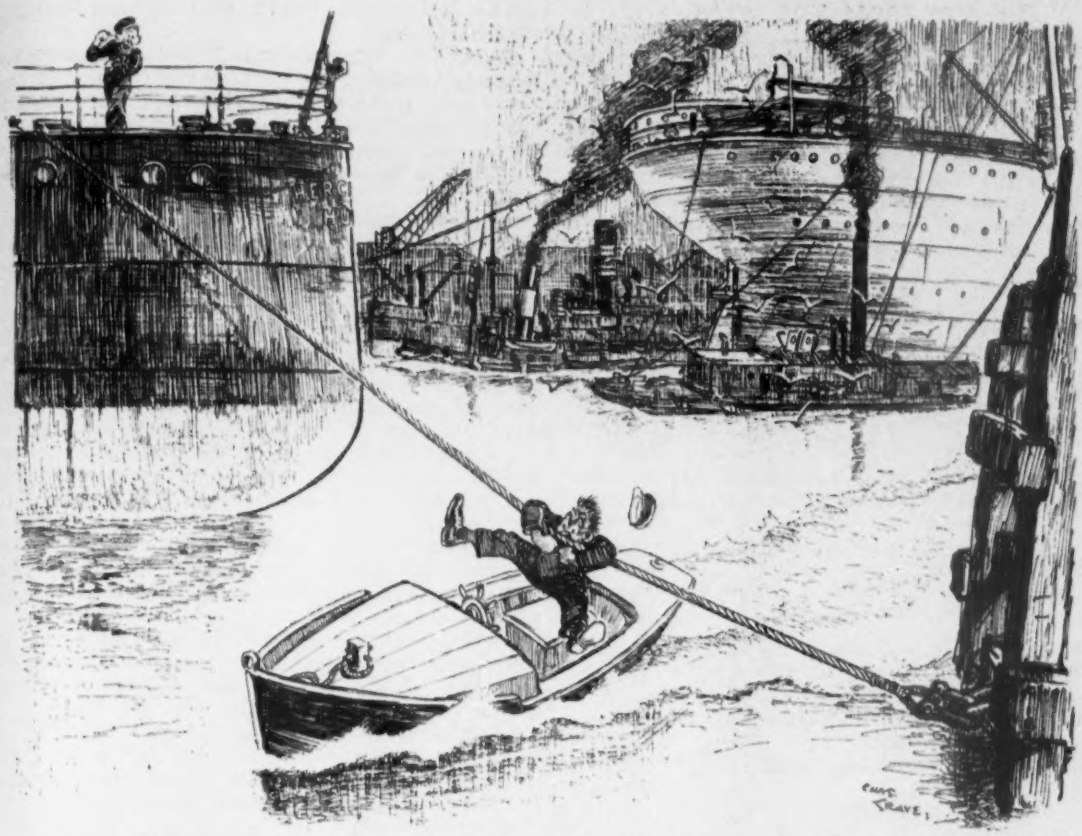
And so they always will. For not even the pedants themselves have the courage to practise their pedantry in real life. You will see a don in his classroom solemnly assuring an innocent boy that *lumbus* should be pronounced *loombooss* because it is thought (by whom?) that YOOLIOOSS KYZER pronounced it in that way. But I have challenged them in vain to go to a policeman and say that they want to take a motor-omnibooss to the tairminooss at Wictoria Station; to tell their doctor that they suffer from *loombahgo*; to tell the gardener to put *gerahniooms* in their window-boxes or their housekeepers to clean their carpets with *wahkoo-oom* cleaners; and the final ordeal of "Schools" is still, I believe, a *viva-voce* and not a *weewah-woakay* examination.



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING OVER THERE, GEORGE?"
"JUST WASHING UP THE CUPS, DEAR."

Half-a-century or more has passed since the horrid thing began. The pedants have had a good knock, and I really think that they might gracefully declare their innings closed. There are urgent national reasons why they should, quite apart from the sufferings of the poor Etonians. It is quite clear to me that the elements of Latin and Greek ought to be taught more, not less, not only in private but in State schools, and not only for purposes of culture or as an intellectual exercise, but as part of a "practical" education. Leaving literature out of the question, without a little Latin and Greek it becomes every year increasingly difficult to understand even the news-columns in the popular Press. Some of the sub-editors and snappy leader-writers would be very surprised to hear it, but their writings reek of the "dead" languages. Not long ago I came across the word "onomatopoeic" in a leader in *The Daily* —— (*several* million circulation). Heaven knows how it got there, and I expect somebody was sacked; but there it was, and it happened to be the right word.

That, no doubt, was an extreme example. But every week some new thing is flung into the news by the engineers, the scientists or the doctors; and nearly always it has a Greek or Latin name, whether it's a new entertainment, a drug or a disease. Cinema, vitamin, calory, gramophone, pantechnicon, auditorium, totalisator, aeroplane, psycho-analysis—and, I regret to say, aquadrome—here are only a few, and be very sure there are lots more to come (for the engineers, the scientists and the doctors are steadily extending



Ship's Watchman (to Motor-Boatman). "IT 'S NO USE YOUR TRYIN' TO CLIMB ABOARD 'ERE, CLARENCE. THIS AIN'T A PASSENGER-SHIP."

their sway). Our law is impregnated with Rome, and if you attend the High Court you will hear almost as much Latin as English. As for our modern politicians, whenever they are in a hole they rush for succour to the "dead" languages. The situation is saved by a *moratorium*, a *referendum* or a *quota*; they take this or that as a *casus belli* and issue an *ultimatum*; or, in a milder mood, they claim that the enemy has no *locus standi* and send him a *memorandum*; they declare a *maximum* tariff or a *minimum* wage; they make their calculations *per diem*, *per annum* or *per centum*, and base them on an *optimum* market; they postulate a *quantum* or a *tertium quid*; they demand a *quid pro quo* or a *sine qua non*, and are ready to stand or fall by the *status quo—mutatis mutandis*, of course, also *ceteris paribus*. They assume that the other fellow is acting *bona fide* (*prima facie*), but put the *onus* on him; they share out the profits *pro rata* or *pari passu*, and when all is over they make speeches about, *inter alia*, the *millennium*, *ad lib.* and *nem. con.*; *et cetera* (or perhaps I should say *et kayterah*).

One mining crisis, I remember, raged for months about a thing called the *datum*-line. But most of our artisans are quite in the dark about the origin of these important terms; they could not guess at first what *quota* meant and why; whether it had something to do with the totalisator and whether it rhymed with bloater or blotter.

In short, my Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, there could hardly be a more "practical" branch of education than the study of Latin and Greek; and if we are going to teach the masses anything we ought to teach them the elements of these "dead" languages. Compared with this, the proceedings of KING JOHN and even Mr. GLADSTONE are of minor importance. Recently it was proposed by the educa—— it was proposed to raise the school-leaving age by a year; and when that is done I trust that the children of the proletariat (WHAT a word!) will be introduced at last to our old friends *mensa*, BALBUS and even AUGUSTUS.

But in that great day (and this is the point at last, dear pedants) the N.P. will really have to go, because it will be quite impossible to popularise Latin and Greek while it remains. For if the children of the proletariat come home and lisp to Daddy in Dago baby-talk their little anecdotes about BALBOOSS and OWGOOSTOOSS he will probably beat them; or worse, he may be moved to anger against my dear aydookahtionists, to whom, herewith, fraternal love and greeting from their A. P. H.

Our Robottes.

"STEEL TYPISTS' REVOLVING CHAIRS."
Trade Catalogue.

"On the platform of a tube station stood a girl wearing a shirt open at the neck, a pair of brown holland shorts which revealed quantities of very brown legs."
Gossip-writer in Daily Paper.

Most hikers manage to get on with just the usual pair.

"There is Mr. L. Clive, who, with Flying Officer H. R. A. Edwards, won the Silver Goblets at Hendon, a repetition of their victory last year."—*Daily Paper.*

Next year the Diamond Sculls will be decided between Croydon and Le Bourget.

JOY FROM THE WEST.

[Senator BORAH has stated in a broadcast talk that it would be in America's own interest to revise War debts in order to bring about trade recovery.]

MUCH as the roseate-fingered, the Dawn, the gay mantled Aurora
Breaks on a watery world when the night has been tearful (If I may be pardoned the trope),
So, as it seems to me, suddenly Senator BORAH,
Speaking from Washington doubtless, has spilt us an earful Of comfort and hope.

And much as the words of the Wine-god, swift-footed, down-leaping,
With Mænads and Satyrs about him, I might say escorted By bunches of prominent Wets,
Consoled Ariadne on Naxos and stayed her from weeping, Came the words that the Senator uttered (if truly reported)
On the subject of Debts.

Far other, of course, were his fans and his votary garrison,
The men from the plains and the prairies and stern about credit
And rugged of heart and of hand;
And perhaps it was not very tactful to use the comparison I used up above to the Wine-god, but, as I have said it, The sentence must stand.

And it may be the huge Middle-West—Minnesota, Wyoming,
Wisconsin, Iowa and whatnot will heed him and follow The line of the leader from Ill.,
And the words of his speech will go out to their shacks in the gloaming
And perch on their caves, attaboy! like a twittering swallow—
I do hope they will!

But in any case, fair as a bride's or a chorus-girl's raiment,
As a rose that is plucked in the dew, as the waters of fountains,
So fair and so utterly sweet
To a taxpayer here is the Senator's talk on Repayment;
O.K. is his judgment, and beautiful, sure, on the mountains
Is the print of his feet! EVOE.

A NEW NOTE IN GUIDE-BOOKS.

A *Guide for Holiday-makers* is shortly to be published (692pp. 8vo; richly illustrated with line blocks of hotel-blocks and half-tones of the half-wits that stay in them; price 6/- net, 8/6 post free). The extracts given below will show that this work follows entirely different lines from the usual compendium of this type. We venture to think that the simple candour of these notices, touched as they are with poetry and human insight, will not be without an immediate effect (of some kind) upon the reader.

SWATTEM-ON-SEA.—This happily unique little seaside place, though forty-six miles from London, can be reached by train in a little over three-and-a-half hours. The sands are noted for their exceptionally dingy colour and sticky texture and are said to have inspired those fine lines of Stripling's—

> "Our England's beauty touches bottom
> Upon the sable sands of Swattem."

Nothing indeed could be more arresting than its seashore, diversified by a wealth of cigarette-cards, broken bottles and decayed fish. The abundance of its boarding-houses ensures a constant supply of mutton (h. and c.); and visitors will welcome the facilities afforded by the bus-services, which enable them to get away from Swattem at the shortest notice.

BOOBING ST. VITUS abounds in historical associations. It is easy to imagine that WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR might have landed at this spot had it been on the sea. Here, too, John Robinson lived in an obscurity so profound that no one has even heard of him; and it is famous as one of the few places in Wessex that escaped the notice of THOMAS HARDY.

BLITHERINGTON SPA.—Not only is Blitherington so conspicuous as a health-resort that it is resorted to by all the unhealthy in England, but it is also a town of exceptional antique interest. Its ruins are some of the finest in the country, more particularly its Perpendicular spinsters and Decorated colonels, which are on view every day free of charge. Indeed you could not possibly be dull at Blitherington. There is a large selection of ailments to choose from, and you will have many happy times deciding which you will try next. Gout-parties are made up daily, and lonely dyspeptics need never fear the lack of a confidant. For those with sporting inclinations there is a first-class clock-golf course, and patience may be had with two or three packs.

FROUSTLEIGH.—This quiet little village boasts houses that were built in the reign of EDWARD VII. Visitors staying there can easily walk over and see Bylge, which is only five miles distant.

BYLGE.—A cluster of houses dating back to the last decade of the nineteenth century forms this inconspicuous little place. From it you may easily walk over to Froustleigh, a matter of five miles or so.

SLAPPINGTON has been described as "The Mecca of Democracy," and indeed it lives up to its title. Its population, which during the winter months numbers some four thousand odd people, usually swells in the season to some fifteen thousand very odd people. The stream of holiday-makers which flows down the main street becomes very noisy and turbulent, leaping and tumbling like a Scotch burn (yet somehow with a difference) and breaking into a roar when it arrives at the sea. Here indeed wild life may be observed in all its exuberance, including the Greater Spotted Tourist, which migrates hither in large quantities.

Recreations.—Bathing, boating, bloating, yachting, bowling, bawling, angling, ogling, screaming and teething.

DEADHAM-ON-SAGGE.—Those who go to Deadham for their holiday will never attempt to go to any other place. (For funeral arrangements see Parish Magazine.)

OLD BILLY BARNABY.

OLD Billy Barnaby, he never went to school;
Folk say he's fairy-kissed and reckon him a fool;
Knows no arithmetic or lots of things I know,
But old Billy Barnaby can make a garden grow.

Columbines and marigolds, lavender and stocks,
Pansies and forget-me-nots, pinks and hollyhocks
Bloom in Billy's garden as they never bloom for me;
"It's just the way I talks to 'em," says Billy Barnaby.

Old Billy Barnaby, he rises with the lark;
Fine days or rainy days he works until it's dark;
Won't say a Thank-you for my best selected seeds;
"Lawks, no, the penny ones," he says, "is all *I* needs."

Radishes and lettuces, peas and runner-beans,
Cabbages and broccoli, every sort of greens
Grow in Billy's garden as they never grow for me;
"It's just the way I humours 'em," says Billy Barnaby.



She. "MISS JONES IS VERY ATTRACTIVE, DON'T YOU THINK?"
He. "YES—BUT NO BRAINS; JUST ONE OF THOSE PLATITUDE BLONDES."

Old Billy Barnaby, he's eighty come the Spring,
Bent with rheumatics but as happy as a king;
Grins when I grumble at the rain or drought or blight;
"Lawks, now, that's queer," he says; "*my* garden does all right."

Snails and slugs and harvest-mice, chaffinches and tits,
Prowling cats and straying dogs who trample things to bits
Pass by Billy's garden, but they never pass by me;
"It's just the way I looks at 'em," says Billy Barnaby.

Old Billy Barnaby, he never went to school;
Folk say he's fairy-kissed and reckon him a fool;
But I'd give arithmetic and lots of things I know
For old Billy's magic gift of making gardens grow.

Columbines and marigolds, lavender and stocks,
Pansies and forget-me-nots, pinks and hollyhocks
Bloom in Billy's garden as they never bloom for me;
"It's just the way I'm fond of 'em," says Billy Barnaby.

L. G. E.

Engaging Modesty.

"Five members of the Italian Cabinet have been dismissed, the official explanation being that Signor Mussolini desires to give others a chance to 'make good.' The 'Duce' has appointed himself Foreign Minister."—*Liverpool Paper.*

"CASTLE DOUGLAS.

. . . The visitor is excellently catered for as regards outdoor recreations, the main attraction being the golf course, consisting of 9 hotels."—*Hotel Handbook.*

We play better on a drier course.

DOCTOR'S ORDERS.

THOUGH not suffering particularly at the moment from sea fever, or Laureate's larynx as we call it in the country districts, I must go down to the sea again. In two days' time this place will know me no more and people at home will be saying, "What was the bathing like?" I do not honestly feel that I can give a fair opinion based on the first and only dip, taken a fortnight ago before I fell into the doctor's hands. I should have bathed quite frequently during the fortnight had it not been for him—not old Stethers at home, of course, but "Physician" of the Daily Press, who has deliberately and at least three times a week put obstacles in the way of my bathing.

Never, he says, *enter the water within two hours of a heavy meal.* This points to eleven o'clock in the morning as the first favourable opportunity of the day for a dip. That is unless you happen to know this place. From ten-thirty to one o'clock the sea is a veritable Sargasso of lost children, toffee-papers, dogs retrieving sticks, outfields from games of cricket, and four motor-boats remorselessly taking innocents round the bay for a shilling. There is literally no opening for the earnest swimmer. Besides, there is one thing that my daily paper won't reward me for as a registered reader, and that is being run over by motor-boats taking people round bays for shillings.

Thus bathing—apart from the grey grimness of an early-morning dip, of which I will speak later—is ruled out until three-thirty in the afternoon, and, if I play for safety by taking "within two hours" anticipatorily as well as retrospectively, this hour is not safe either, for tea at four-thirty becomes, under the influence of the sea-air, an affair almost savage in its heartiness.

I did once think that a dip in the early morning might meet "Physician's" requirements, and arranged with myself to set out well before breakfast. I took the paper with me, and on the way down his article caught my eye. *Never*, he was saying, *enter the water on an empty stomach.* It was only after some hours' practice in swimming on the back—on two chairs in the lounge—that I ventured down to the shore before breakfast again, only to find that the tide was making a very gallant attempt on the Channel and, according to those silly little clocks on the Beach Superintendent's hut, was not expected back from France before the next heavy meal had set in.

Last Saturday "Physician" wanted to know whether I had experienced an "after-glow" the last time I bathed. As a matter of fact I had, because I called in for one at "The Dogfish" on the way up. I would rather he did not get to know about that because he probably has a good many Doric rules about what he is sure to call "alcoholic stimulants." The only satisfaction I ever seem to be able to give him is in the matter of what he rather vulgarly calls "body-heat." He says that my body must be at a normal temperature when I "enter the water." I have bought one of those thermometer things just to please him, and it invariably says 98·4—they always do unless you are in hospital.

On Monday there was thunder about and I was registering a "drowsy numbness," like KEATS's. The body was ticking over nicely at ninety-eight-and-a-kick; the stomach (I can be crude too when I like) was unempty but not heavy. Do you suppose that "Physician" would let me wake myself up with a refreshing swim? Not a bit of it. There he was leering at me from the leader-page of *The Daily Gale*, and when he heard me thinking of going to get my things he screamed: *Do not enter the water if you are feeling in the least tired.*

There is really no getting past him. Yesterday again, when all conditions were fulfilled to the letter and I was about to set out, he remarked *à propos* of nothing: *Cotton-wool is useless for the ears; fibre and plasticine form the only efficient plug.* (What endless trouble might have been saved if only the elder *Hamlet* had known of this tip!) Ordinarily I never plug the ears; the only extra attention I give them is to pin them back sometimes when there is a capful of wind about. However, "Physician" knows best, and I did not want him sneering, "I told you so," if I should happen to go down with Drake's Disease or Water on the Drum. Needless to say all the plasticine shops were shut, though I managed to get some fibre by pretending that I wanted to rear an autumn crocus. By this time another meal was looming.

The time is now 6.45 P.M. It is two hours since we finished tea, and we are not feeding until 9.15 to-night as some of us are going to the pierrots. I wonder whether I could sneak down to the sea without being stopped. Hello—a twinge in my pen-finger; the dreaded Writer's Cramp or Scrivener's Palsy. "Physician" has got me again. *Do not on any account enter the water if you are in the least susceptible to cramp or muscular constriction of any nature whatever.*

Very well, then, I will stay in and think out dozens of articles ready for next year. I will be "Physician" myself. If I am not allowed to bathe I will take care that nobody else does. And what is more, I will track down this year's "Physician," find out his favourite pastime, and draw up such a formidable code of rules about it that he too "shall live a man forbid."



"I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU CAN STAND A SOU'-WESTER ON A DAY LIKE THIS."

"I GOT TO. IN THE WINKLE BUSINESS THE PUBLIC EXPECTS A BIT OF LOCAL COLOUR."

"THE 'COUP' IN PRUSSIA."
Daily Paper.

We look to Newcastle United to take the necessary steps to recover it.

"Laurel and Hardy . . . are coming to England for their first holiday together. But it will be a typical firm star's holiday—plenty of work attached to it."
Evening Paper.

Good. A shooting-star's holiday might be a nuisance.



THE BEAUTY SPOT.

LEADER. "... AND REMEMBER, FELLOW-HIKERS, NOT A WORD TO ANYONE ABOUT THIS DELIGHTFUL LITTLE SPOT, OR ELSE WE'LL HAVE THE RABBLE DOWN HERE SPOILING IT ALL."

LALAGE'S LETTERS.

DARLING DODO,—I've taken to sailing!

You see, we're staying with the Bob Ducklings at this heavenly cottage of theirs right on the Solent—at least I am, and William comes down for week-ends. To be quite honest, I expected to be hideously bored, but I was feeling so jaded after weeks and weeks of late nights and parties, and the Ducklings themselves are so charming, that I decided to risk it. So I brought down masses of library books and resigned myself to a rest-cure. Actually, of course, I've had nothing of the sort, because the very day after I arrived I discovered that I looked *ravishing* in shorts (Betty D. always wears them for sailing, and I tried hers on), and that I simply must have some excuse for wearing them. So there was nothing for it but to let Bob take me out in a pram and teach me to sail.

A pram, darling, is a precarious cockle-shell about ten feet long, with one sail and a strong prejudice in favour of turning upside-down. Bob says if you can sail a pram you can sail anything, which is obviously untrue but a very gratifying fiction. They once had a real live admiral to stay who was rather inclined to be patronising, so they sent him out on a squally day in a particularly temperamental pram. He capsized it three times in two hours, and was finally carried right over to the Isle of Wight, where he crawled ashore soaked to the skin and swearing horribly.



"HE CRAWLED ASHORE SOAKED TO THE SKIN AND SWEARING HORRIBLY."

Anyway, Bob says I'm quite a promising pupil, and I've now got to the stage when I no longer whang myself on the head with the boom when going about (note the nautical language, darling), and I can even take it, I mean her, out by myself up the creek without getting stuck on the mud oftener than every twenty minutes. Of course, if you get really *badly* stuck when the tide is going out, you just have to sit there for hours and hours until it comes in again. So you always take biscuits and a book, preferably one of those very long modern ones which you've been meaning to read for months and haven't had time to.



"'*No*, DARLING, *not* A BOAT.'"

My dear, it's really the most *intoxicating* sensation—sailing, I mean. I've quite lost the caravan urge and am now obsessed with the idea of buying a boat. I sit and pore over the small advertisements in *The Yachting World* and try to decide between a purely racing affair and a thing with cabin and auxiliary power. Needless to say it will all come to nothing, because next time William comes down he will say, "*No*, darling, *not* a boat," and remind me that we can't afford it and that we live in London, and that anyhow I should soon get sick of it. William has such a nice steadying influence upon me. Not an anchor exactly, but definitely a drogue (more nautical language).

Altogether I'm enjoying myself wildly and feel quite sorry that Cowes week is just beginning and that we've got to dress respectably and become sociable again.

Talking of sailing, Betty told me last night the inside history of Geoffrey Shillinghall's engagement, which surprised everybody so much last year. The Shillinghalls have got a divine place a few miles along the coast from here, and Geoffrey, being the eldest son and very good-looking and a perfect lamb into the bargain, was pretty heavily run after by young women. Last September two of them were staying in the house (Geoffrey's mother always asked them two at a time, as she thought Geoffrey was less likely to get involved). One was called Cynthia Something-or-other and the other was Maisie Plymley. They were both pretty and both intelligent and both good at games and both dead set on marrying Geoffrey.

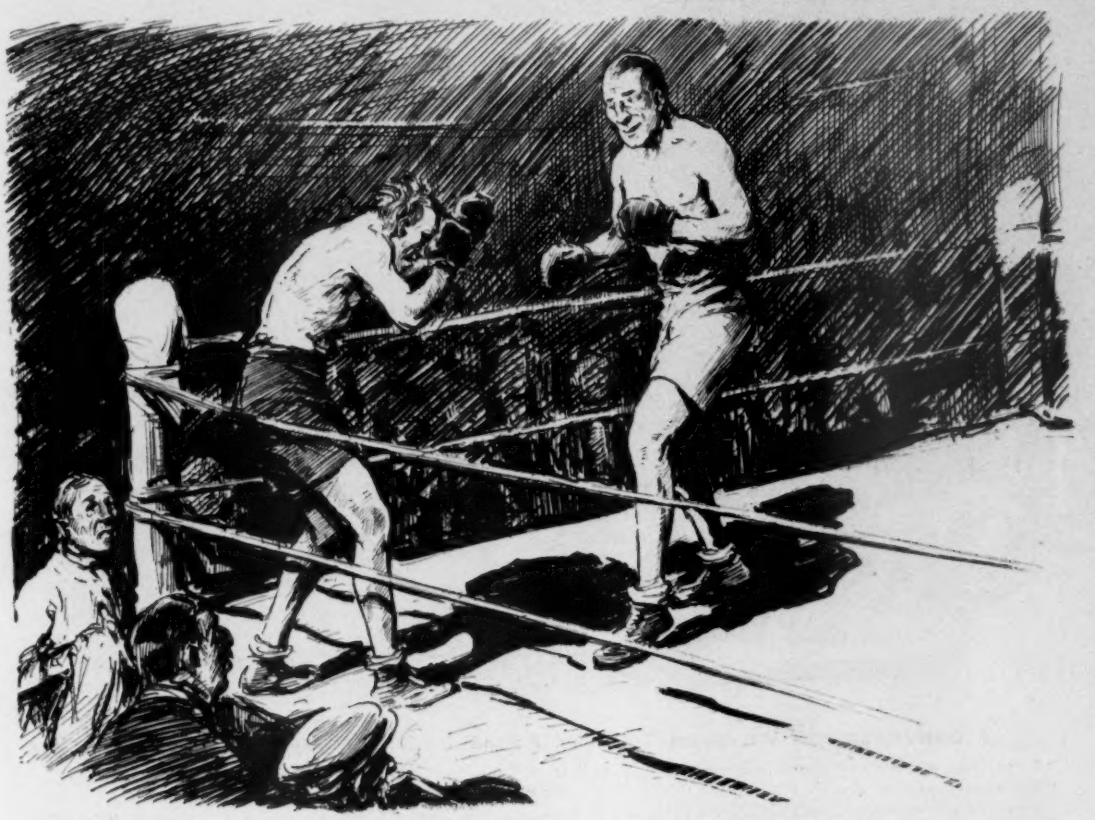
Geoffrey seemed equally interested in both of them, so it looked as though the whole thing was a deadlock, and Lady Shillinghall felt quite relieved. Then Cynthia, who happened to be a very good sailor, discovered that Maisie was a particularly bad one, and being a hard-boiled and unscrupulous young woman she asked Geoffrey to take them for a sailing picnic the very next day. The wretched Maisie, of course, didn't dare to let Cynthia go off alone with Geoffrey, so she simply had to say she'd like to go too.

The weather fitted in with C.'s plans beautifully, because it was lovely and fine in the morning, so there was no possible excuse for not going, and the three of them set off in Geoffrey's boat and sailed round to Dove's Point for lunch. Then on the way back a perfectly appalling sea got up, and poor Maisie was very, very ill indeed, and went bright green and looked like nothing on earth, while Cynthia kept as fresh as a daisy and said how she adored a good stiff breeze.

When they got home Cynthia was so sure that her plan had been a success that she incautiously wrote off to her greatest friend (who passed it on to Anjie Morryson, who of course repeated it to Betty Duckling), saying, "Well, that's that, my dear! I'll let you know soon what I'd like for a wedding-present." And the very next day Geoffrey proposed to Maisie, who,



"WHO ACCEPTED HIM WITH THE GREATEST JOY."



Voice from Crowd (to pugilist who has been covering up to avoid punishment). "YOU'VE COME TO THE WRONG SHOP. WHAT YOU WANT IS A BEAUTY-PARLOUR—TO 'AVE YOUR FACE LIFTED."

needless to say, accepted him with the greatest joy.

Which just shows how difficult life is for us pore women, and how you never really know what men will like. I suppose she managed to arouse his protective instincts—or perhaps he thought that a girl who would risk the horrors of sea-sickness for the sake of his company must be genuinely in love with him.

Good-bye, darling. I must go and dress myself up in Cowesish clothes—though to tell you the truth I hanker after those shorts. Love from LALAGE.

JAN.

An International Apology which Impends.

"When Ellsworth Vines swings his racket in Paris this week-end he will be playing for America, and that remark is just as true of Borotra and Cochet and all the others."—*Daily Paper.*

"AN INTRODUCTION TO ANCIENT AND HISTORIC YORK.

A pilgrimage round the walls of the city on a fine morning is a rare experience."
Hotel Guide.

York, of course, being subject to the English climate.

OH, WHERE AND OH, WHERE?

THEY say that no one knows
Just where the woodcock goes
At the Spring's close.
People know everything
Of where it goes in Spring;
Its song, its nest is known,
Its little eggs are blown;
And it is there all right
When Autumn shows in sight.
Only in Summer days
It does not come our ways.
When the high pomps are on
Where has the woodcock gone?

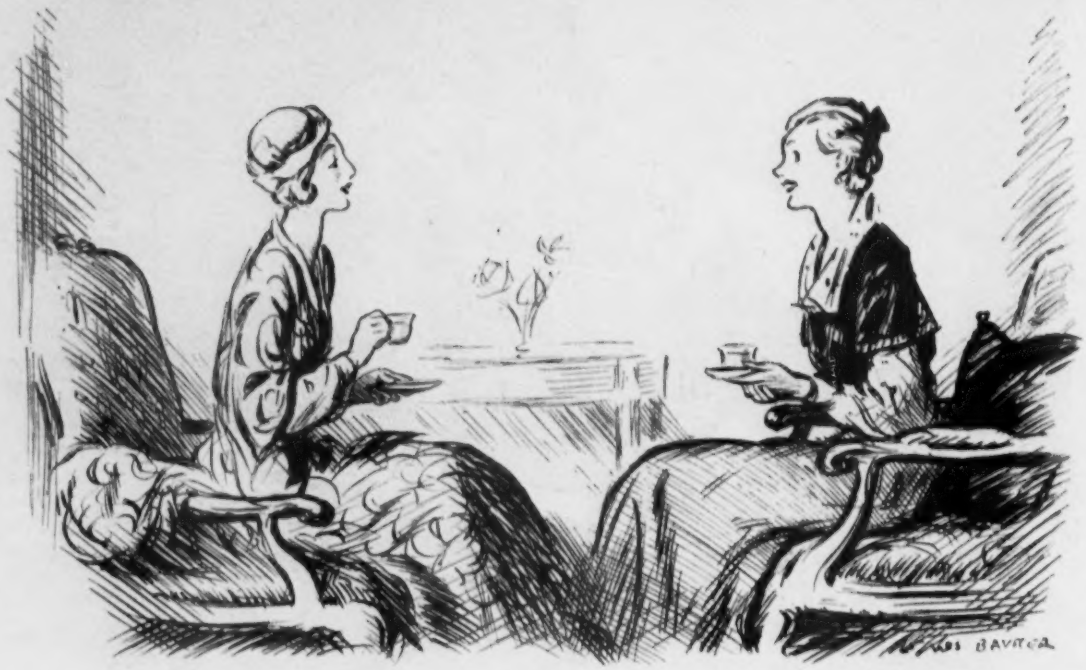
In SHAKESPEARE'S own career
All is not wholly clear;
Doings of his there be
That cheat our scrutiny;
The SWAN OF AVON pressed
Some secrets to its breast.
Then, brothers, let us clutch,
Who surely know too much,
The certain peace that flows
From knowing no one knows
Just where the woodcock goes
At the Spring's close.

You must not think that I
Know where birds go or why,
Though I observed in youth
One facet of bird-truth
And know till I am dead
That Robin's breast is red;
But a most birdy chap
Informed me of the gap
That has to be made good
About this cock of wood.

Guileless as his own dove,
We all, I think, must love
And as a rule assist
The ornithologist.
I would not baulk the man,
Save in this only plan
To probe and to disclose
Just where the woodcock goes
At the Spring's close.
For ever may he search,
And may the woodcock perch
Elusive in a tree
Hugging its mystery,
Happy that no one knows
Nor shall know where it goes
At the Spring's close.

". . . the car is big, the controls are essentially easy to operate, and there is an ambulance of power for all emergencies."
Scots Paper.

Very comforting to the novice.



A CONVERSATION WE SEEM TO HAVE HEARD RATHER FREQUENTLY OF LATE.

"I SUPPOSE YOU'RE NOT GOING ABROAD THIS YEAR?"
"OH, NO; I FEEL IT WOULD BE RATHER UNPATRIOTIC. ONE OUGHT TO SPEND ONE'S MONEY IN ENGLAND."
"EXACTLY—JUST WHAT I FEEL. THOUGH, BETWEEN OURSELVES, I HAVEN'T ANY TO SPEND ANYWHERE, MY DEAR."
"NOR HAVE I, DARLING."

CRAWL, BROTHERS, CRAWL.

I EXPECT you are yearning to experience a new and soul-satisfying urge towards something or other. If not, you should be. In any case I have the very thing waiting for you.

"Crawlism" is what you need. Become a crawlist and know the meaning of Earth Purity. Crawl with me and get charged with Soilfulness. As Professor Schnappschark so wonderfully says, "The lower we get the higher we think."

Professor Schnappschark, I may mention, has temporarily ceased working on his vast book, *Forty Years with a Bunsen Burner*, in order enthusiastically to assist as principal scientific adviser to my Crawlist colony. Oh, yes, and Mrs. Julia Plumm-Duffer will be joining us. She is that marvellous large blonde person who covers everything (in a journalistic sense), from the higher ethics of feminism to the "What to Do with Cold Rissoles" stuff. Morning and evening she crawls about her lawn and records her reactions to Earth Purity. A perfectly invaluable woman and—— But you are clamouring to know why you should become a crawlist.

Let me remind you how happy and contented, how, in a word, "self-urgeful" you were when as an infant you crawled. Now try to imagine how different would have been your subsequent life *if you had never ceased to crawl*. You see to what I am trying to lead you back? Surely it is clear to you that crawlism is the essence of Fundamentalism, and that to the fundamentalist Soilfulness is the only real stimulant to Retrogressive Living. That is why we —Mrs. Plumm-Duffer, Professor S. and myself—are so crazy about it.

The world on its hands and knees, earth purity for all—these are our aims. Who can say what the far-reaching effects of our experiments will be? Crawling about the ground all day we must inevitably come to think differently. Maybe we shall think in terms of Soil; we might think sideways or backwards or even upside-down. The possibilities are too marvellous. Will nudism ever be able to claim anything like that? I doubt it. I think that is why nudism has not got much of a grip in the City. Hard-headed businessmen fail to see sufficient future in it. Crawlism is what they have been waiting for.

I think we shall have happy times in my Crawlist colony. We shall crawl about sunny rugged hillsides doing good to certain muscles and bits of our inside which hitherto we had scarcely bothered about. We shall pop in and out of holes and caves and eat and lap out of simple arty-crafty bowls or troughs. What Nature-joy! Thinking soilfully, of course, all the time and learning the secret of Earth Purity. Also acquiring Earth Knowledge—Smells, you know, and all that. *So* vital.

Our dress? Oh, well, shorts and knee-pads as a working basis, don't you think? The knee-pads, of which I personally favour the good old cart-horse brand, could be as chic as you pleased and decorated, if desired, with public-school colours. How delightful to think we may revive the somewhat stricken knee-pad industry! I question whether the nudists will evolve anything half so productive.

So crawl along and bring a friend.

D. C.

"An audience of nearly 1000 listened to an exceptionally good programme in which the only non-British work was Haydn's The Heavens Are Yelling."—*Australian Paper.*
One of these foreign sky-talkies.



TEAM-WORK.

MESSRS. BENNETT, BALDWIN AND BRUCE (*together*). "THIS IS A FAR, FAR BETTER THING THAN FOR EACH OF US TO PADDLE HIS OWN CANOE."



THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO DRAGONS PRESENTS THE KNIGHT-ERRANT WITH A HUMANE SPEAR.

ADAPTED FOR THE SCREEN.

[The Hollywood version of W. M. THACKERAY'S *Vanity Fair* has been brought thoroughly up-to-date and dressed in modern clothes. It ends with the hero exclaiming, "Aw, what 's life without taking chances? "]

HUMBLY following the excellent example of certain contemporary dramatists who publish their plays before they appear, if ever, on the stage, I append my own adaptation of *King Lear* for the screen.

I have, after mature consideration, chosen *King Lear* (1) for the potential box-office draw of SHAKESPEARE, and (2) because, with one or two trifling modifications which I doubt very much whether the cinema public will notice, it makes an ideal gangster story for the screen. Here it is, with one or two of the "stars" I have in mind for the principal parts.

The film opens with *Al Lear* (NOAH BEERY), who by the way is a "bootician"—the bootlegger king of Chicago, in fact—driving in state with his thugs, musclemen and armoured cars to the railway-station. They bump off a few "cops" on the way, for *Al* is a keen disciplinarian and likes to keep his troops in trim. At the station the "Twentieth Century" comes in round the inevitable curve and off it alight *Regan* (MARLENE DIETRICH), *Goneril* (GRETA GARBO) and *Cordelia* (JANET GAYNOR), back from their finishing-school in Paris. *Goneril* and *Regan* have picked up two "boys" on the way, *Albany Mike* and *Cornwall Pete*, a pair of dago gunmen.

Lear looks them over approvingly and asks *Cordelia* what she has been doing with herself. *Cordelia* looks down demurely at her fifty-dollar shoes and confesses that she has fallen in love with a cabaret singer (EDDIE CANTOR), who is really a prince in disguise, though the audience doesn't know it yet. *Lear*, who is naturally furious that a daughter of his should have fallen in love outside his own exclusive profession—it is to him nothing short of filial impiety—announces that he has decided to retire and forthwith splits up his racket between *Regan's* and *Goneril's* husbands, cutting *Cordelia* off with twenty cents (approx. one shilling at par). This powerful scene ends with *Cordelia* singing

"Love is like a rainbow,
It shoos the bloos away,"

in a slow fade-out.

After that the film gets down to business. *Albany Mike* and *Cornwall Pete* start racketeering against each other and selling bad hooch—so bad that *Silas P. Gloucester*, a dear old white-haired friend of *Al Lear's*, is completely blinded by an overdose of it. *Lear* meanwhile is being "given the air" by his ungrateful daughters.

I have strengthened the famous scene on the Heath which in the original version lacks "pep." It now takes place in a cabaret "in the lowest quarter of the city," where *Al Lear*, in a slightly inebriated condition, soliloquises to a beer-bottle which he has balanced on the table before him about the "tough break" his daughters are giving him. Meanwhile the cabaret chorus, which has been performing an exotic dance, is transmogrified into a series of bottles which sway to and fro across the floor before *Lear's* agonised eyes. It should be one of the most moving scenes the screen has ever created.

Finally *Cordelia* and her husband "in remorse" come back to visit her father, find him, by a miracle, selling matches in the gutter outside one of his old speak-easies, rally his former gangsters and "clean up" *Goneril* and *Regan*. In a dramatic finale *Lear* is seen sitting outside their country home nursing *Cordelia's* first-born, a handsome curly-headed child, to the strains of the theme-song, "You roped me in, *Cordelia*."

With a galaxy of stars to put him over, the BARD OF AVON should come into his own at last.

"Mrs. —— was a granddaughter of the Rev. William ——, who was educated at Quince College, Oxford, England."
Canadian Paper.

A stronghold of Fruitarianism.

RrRrRrRrRr . . .

FOR four days I have been studying workmen picking up the road. No, I have not been making one of the invariable crowd round the invariable hole in some fresh part of Piccadilly; nor could I have lasted out four days if I had; though to many of the "regulars" anything less than a week's contemplation of a nice bit of road-up is a mere casual glance. I just stayed quietly at home here, and, since Mahomet (me for the moment) wouldn't go to the mountain, several mountains of London sub-soil and paving-stones and wood-blocks and so forth have come to Mahomet; in other words, men have started to take the road up outside my very house. Parts of it are still only halfway up, for there are—RrRrRrRrRr—at least two pneumatic drills. Both are at work as I RrRrRr-Rrite. Probably you can hear them from where you are.

Not being able, owing to the noise, to work myself, I fell back on that purest of human pleasures—watching other people work. Every day for four days now I have leaned either on my front-gate or out of my window contemplating Tom, Dick and 'Arry at their labours. Tom—a mighty man is he, with large and sinewy hands—has a most fascinating style. His speciality is to get the point of a very long pick under a kerb-stone, say "Hoop!" and give a quick smart heave. . . . The kerb-stone then flies up in the air like a feather, while everyone stands hastily from under. Later on it comes down.

Dick is the digging expert. He can dig more slowly without actually stopping than anyone I have ever seen. Watching Dick work is quite definitely a strain on the naked eye. 'Arry is a little man with a grin. His idea of a fair division of labour appears to consist in standing round and saying things like "'Igh 'nuff!" or "To me, nah!" No doubt he refers to this as organising brainwork and considers himself above mere manual toil.

There are also Joe and Sid (curse them!) who work the pneumatic drills.

One of the first things I did was to try to find out exactly what it was they were all trying to do. Tom frankly didn't know; he is obviously a man of limited ideas and I don't think he's yet quite certain even what part of London he's got to. Dick, when asked, also rather ignored the broader issues. He merely grunted "Diggin'," after which the conversation flagged. Joe and Sid, the two drillers, had quite understandably developed a protective deafness and never heard my questions. It was 'Arry, the intellectual, who told me that the job was "Noo pipes."

Though I had not then seen any pipes old or noo, I felt that this was probably the right answer. It was at any rate something long, because the upheaval, in the shape of a deep trench, stretched away up the road and down the road as far as ear could hear. Moreover, on the second day I thought I could see a big dump of pipes away down in the next battalion's section of trench. But, whatever was the object of their toil, its site had obviously been chosen by a fellow who knew just what Londoners expected of their streets, because it was buried bang under the gutter in such fashion that to get at it not only the gutter part of the roadway had to be taken up but also all the kerb-stones and—mark the subtlety of this—the outermost line of paving-stones as well. To have had it nine inches further out would have meant that there would have been no excuse for taking up the paving-stones; to have had it eighteen inches further would have meant that the kerb-stones need not have been touched either and only a strip of road-surface picked up, which would have been very poor calculation. The present siting is sheer genius.



TO SPITE HIS FACE.

PRESIDENT DE VALERA MAKES A NOTABLE GESTURE ON BEHALF OF THE EMERALD ISLE.

This morning Joe and Sid started to drill across the entrance to the garage of the house next-door, and they had got about three-quarters of the way across—far enough to prevent a car driving out—before 'Arry, the brains of the party, pointed out to them that there might be a car in the garage. They had a short consultation, and finally, while Sid and Joe suspended their labours just for the look of the thing, 'Arry advanced to the front-door.

Apparently it was his intention to ask deferentially whether the occupants would be wanting their car out that day, though I couldn't help wondering whether, in the event of their saying "Yes," he would reply equally deferentially, "Well, you can't then, 'cos we just dug a 'ole across the front." The fact that the interview might take this awkward turn appeared to strike him too, because he hesitated in what was evidently deep thought before ringing the bell, and finally retraced his steps.

"It may be hempty," he announced in explanation; "then we shouldn't 'ave to worry—see?"

He and Sid and Joe and Dick, who never misses an excuse of knocking off work, then proceeded to put his theory to the test by peering through the key-hole and the cracks of the garage-door.

Not learning anything from this, they at last called in Tom, the kerb-stone juggler, and erected a small human pyramid, of which Tom was the blasphemous base, while 'Arry, at the apex, managed to get a brief look through a fanlight before something went wrong with the pyramid's foundations and he returned to earth as quickly as one of Tom's own paving-stones.

"It *is* hempty!" he announced triumphantly, picking himself up, and Sid and Joe fell happily to further work—RrRrRrRrRr. . . .

It was just an hour ago, when the garage had been isolated entirely from the outside world, that the very spick chauffeur of the very span car that had left the garage early that morning and now wanted to get in again returned, to the amazement of all. He is still waiting indignantly in the road outside while 'Arry and Sid have gone off to the next battalion's front to borrow planks for him to drive precariously over. He is passing the time in arguing heatedly with Joe, who is having the better of him in every way by getting off his own snappy bits of repartee and then starting up his drill to drown his opponent's retort.

RrRrRrRrRr. . . . Which reminds me I have to go and get a tooth stopped.

A. A.

Sharing the Blame.

"POPE AND TARIFFS.
RESPONSIBLE FOR WORLD CRISIS."
Headlines in Daily Paper.

"LONDON HORSE TRAFFIC TO GO."
Headline in Evening Paper.

But motor-traffic will continue to stand still.



Gusher. "AH, HOW DO YOU DO, MR. BINKS? AND IS THIS YOUR MOST CHARMING FIANCÉE?"
Binks (with dignity). "THIS IS MY *only* FIANCÉE."

POLITICS AND THE PLAIN MAN.

WHEN the Seven Wise Cabinet Ministers, accompanied by seven Private Secretaries (with portfolios), sailed for Canada they carried with them the best wishes of the nation. It was the plain man's earnest hope that their deliberations might be blessed and the fruit of their labours be the renewal of prosperity for the Empire. But the moment those deliberations began he turned firmly to the cricket page or our prospects for the Olympic Games.

All this is very dreadful—and very natural—and the remedy lies not in altering human nature but in altering politics. Turn politics, and in particular international politics, into a series of great sporting events and there will be no further need to complain of a lack of public interest. Everyone enjoys a General Election, it is such fun watching the scores; and we all buy evening paper after evening paper to get the latest figures, just as we do when Kent are playing Surrey at the Oval. But I doubt if many people popped out every half-hour to get the latest news from Lausanne.

The present Economy campaign affords the perfect opportunity for international competition. We are all glad to make sacrifices for the country, but we should make them with even more joy and abandon if we knew that every million pounds saved meant another point towards the Economical Championship of the world. Given adequate backing, I would be prepared to offer a handsome silver cup (surmounted by figure of Thrift, with axe) to be held by the nation effecting the greatest proportionate saving in expenditure each year, the system of awarding points to be settled by a committee, on which I should not wish to serve.

Think of the excitement of Budget Day and the eagerness with which even Government Departments would economise when our prestige as a sporting nation was at stake. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S Conversion Scheme has met with a splendid response; but what if the papers had been able to announce:

ECONOMY CUP FOR BRITAIN
IF EVERYBODY CONVERTS!

Can you imagine these men robbing their side of the extra points by refusing to convert? The £1 bonus would perhaps have to go; it would savour a little of professionalism.

You begin to see what I mean? High Finance is such a mystery to the plain man that the saving of twenty-three million pounds does not convey very much to him; but a lead of ten points over the nearest rival is well within his understanding.

I have a vision in my mind's eye of the close of the Financial Season, 1933. It is the last day of play, and the stadium is packed with brokers, financiers, civil servants and taxpayers, for all the finest sporting blood in the country has gathered to witness Britain's final bid for supremacy. At the moment we are equal second with Peru, only a point or two behind the leaders—France. A great cheer greets the PRIME MINISTER as he descends into the arena of Practical Politics, and an even louder one follows the announcement that Peru has been disqualified for unfair tactics in putting all her salaried ministers to death. It is now a straight fight between France and Britain, and there is a tremendous scene of enthusiasm when, with only two minutes to go, Mr. MACDONALD puts us ahead with a brilliant late cut in Old Age Pensions.

That, if I may say so, is the stuff to give the troops. Moreover, what would succeed with Economy would be equally effective in the fields of Disarmament and International Debts. The former contest might well be made extremely spectacular; thousands would flock to Rosyth to see Great



"I'M GOING TO SWIM THE CHANNEL, MUMMY."
"ALL RIGHT, DARLING. DON'T STAY IN TOO LONG."

Britain easily defeat Monaco in the first round of the European Zone Disarmament Cup Competition by two battleships (one scuttled) and a cruiser to *nil*. If it be objected that abuses might creep in and that nations would be tempted to embark on ambitious building programmes in order to have more material to scrap, I answer that such a procedure would gravely prejudice their chances for the Economy Cup.

As for the Debts question, I do not think the United States of America would hesitate for long with another world championship well within her grasp.

More Unwanted Little Ones.

"LITTER PROBLEM AT WHIPSNADE."
Manchester Paper.

"ITALIAN MASTER SOLD FOR £70,000."
Liverpool Paper.

Smith minor offers to give his French master a free transfer.

"Ireland invites you to spend a holiday you will never forget."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

Some of us have done that already.

THE PRICE OF AIR-MASTERY.

[Air Chief-Marshal Sir JOHN SALMOND, addressing the cadets at Cranwell R.A.F. College, warned them against stunting "as a gross and nauseating form of showing off" and against early marriage as likely to make the cadet "a nuisance to himself, to the squadron and the Service."]

O SONS of the air, be not gammoned
Or snared by publicity's lure,
But hark to the counsel of SALMOND
And make your position secure;
For it is not *all* high-cockalorum,
Though into the zenith you ride,
And prudence as well as decorum
Your training should guide.

While he does not encourage skrimshanking,
'Tis clear that he strongly insists
On the risks of sensational "banking,"
As proved by the bankruptcy lists;
By the flight of the franc or the lira
The airman should not be decoyed
Into aping the wayward Chimæra
That zooms in the void.

Though pedestrians vainly beseech us
To shield them from hogs of the road,
On the wing, 'tis your duty to teach us,
That pigs are denied an abode;
If you wish to do credit to Cranwell
And stablish its fame in the front,
Don't make it a prep-school for Hanwell;
Don't marry or stunt.

Shun wedlock, shun jazz and its jingle,
'Twill save you unending regrets;
Be sober and serious and single—
Let this be the code of cadets;
For the student, whose nerve should be steadied
For keeping his head in the air,
To the plane should be faithfully wedded,
But not to the fair. C. L. G.

"WEDNESDAY, 27TH JULY.
Craichie Hall, holiday dance from 7.30 p.m. to 2.30 p.m. Free bus."—*Scots Paper.*

It must have been very welcome after nineteen hours' dancing.

A correspondent asks in a contemporary, "Can any of your readers tell me why there are so many 'White Hart' inns in Cornwall?" We hazard the suggestion that perhaps there is a strong demand for refreshment in that county.

HIGHER CRITICISM.

I OFTEN wonder how novelists manage to make a living. The answer that most of them don't is adjudged incorrect.

My complaint is that the novelist, in his struggle to earn a comparatively honest crust, is very unfairly treated. If you make a soup or sauce, yours is the world and everything that's in it. No one is allowed to print anything about you except undiluted praise. Your soup (or sauce) is the most magnificent in the universe, and anyone who says in print that it isn't may be haled to a dungeon cell. If, however, you make books, then any Tom, Dick or Harry (or even Gerald) may say in *italics* that yours are the direst things ever published. Perhaps they are, but that is not the point.

Do not imagine that I am smarting under the whips and scorns of a recent slating. On the contrary, the critics have always been kind to me. Of my seventh novel they said: "Shows a practised hand." And of my seventeenth: "Distinctly promising for a tyro."

No, I have no personal grievance. My protest is made entirely on principle. Why should not the purveyor of (say) liver tonic be subjected to the same candid criticism as the purveyor of fiction?

As, for instance:—

Simkin's Spiffing Sauce.—This sauce will come as a bitter disappointment to Mr. Simkin's countless admirers. We find it entirely lacking in that delicious piquancy and sharpness of tone which sauce-students all over the world have learnt to associate with the name of Simkin. Frankly this deplorable stuff will not do. Mr. Simkin must try again.

Tooper's Topnotch Toothpaste.—We have struggled conscientiously with Mr. Tooper's latest work, but we have come to the reluctant conclusion that this manufacturer will never produce anything more memorable than the mere toothpaste of commerce.

Jorum's Ginger-Beer.—This mineral can only be described, to borrow a Shakespearean phrase, as weary, stale, flat and unprofitable. No, thank you, Mr. Jorum.

Allnutt's Bombardo Alarum Clock.—This is the very last thing we should recommend as a bedside companion.

Biffham's Bottled Salad.—Mr. Biffham, by his recent extravaganza, has placed himself definitely in the front rank of modern saladists. While some exception might be taken on the ground of lack of form, there is in this super-salad a variety so rich as to disarm criticism. Russian influences are, of course, distinctly discernible, but what of that? Mr. Biffham, we give our word, should go far.

It may of course be argued that, while the publisher, by sending your books to the newspapers, deliberately asks for comment, the manufacturer does no such thing. Though this may be superficially true, my contention is that many a manufactured article—a best-selling cheese, for instance—invites criticism by its very existence, or, as they say in royal proclamations, of its mere motion. In any case, if manufacturers do not send out samples to the critics, why not? It is high time they began. And if any publisher of sauce, toothpaste, ginger-beer or salad will send me advance copies of his latest works for review, I will guarantee to give him that fearless yet constructive criticism which makes the life of the struggling author the joyous thing it is.



"SO YOU'RE STAYING AT THE 'DE LUXE.' WHAT'S IT LIKE?"
"OH, *QUITE* CLEAN AND COMFORTABLE."

AT THE PLAY.

CONTINUOUS GRAND GUIGNOL (DUKE OF YORK'S).

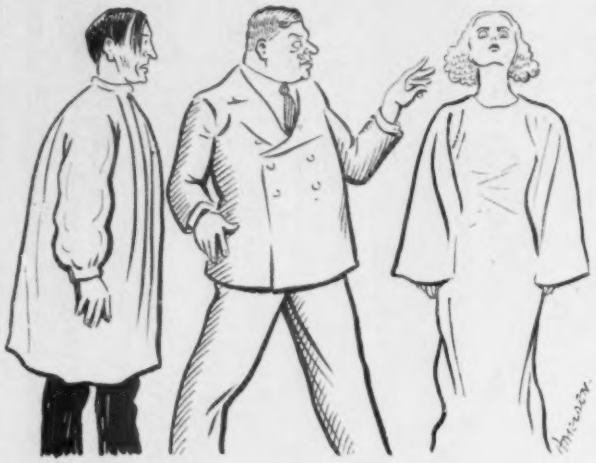
No ultra-sophisticated decadent (like the *Prince Garolletti* in one of the six little plays in the programme) seeking for the stimulus of horror to whip up a jaded appetite for life need apply at the Duke of York's. Here rather a pleasant decent British spirit of compromise prevails. Neither the management in selection of materials nor the players in presentation attempt to carry this peculiar form of entertainment to its logical end with the ruthlessness of their Parisian brethren. Here are no strangled cries, no fainting-fits, no sudden rushings of overwrought women from their stalls. The chocolate carton need not be abandoned for the smelling-salts. I hasten to add that no female under twenty-one or, making allowance for this hard-boiled generation, under seventeen, say, should be taken to this show.

A full house, even on a Monday night, is a tribute to the success of the management's calculation and of the judicious admixture of humour and tragedy provided.

Catalogue raisonné. Item 1. *Shepherd's Pie*, translated out of the French by SEWELL COLLINS: broad humours of a dinner-party given by an anxious clerkly person, *Alfred Gubb* (Mr. IAN FLEMING), with his eye on promotion, to his employer, *Judd* (Mr. FREDERICK ROSS), who "loves a good pie"; delays and embarrassments in the kitchen; substitution of imported German pasty for the British-made article, with pseudo-tragic consequences which may be guessed by the ingenious when the general situation has been outlined. Miss NADINE MARCH excellent as the harassed over-refined hostess, Mr. RUSSELL THORNDIKE as a voluble tactless Frenchman, and Miss BARBARA GOTT as a dyspeptic explicit about physiological details.

2. *The Medium*: revival of an old success (from the French), with Miss LYDIA SHERWOOD in Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE's old part of the medium who discovers the hidden horror in a sculptor's studio. One can't, of course, get the full flavour of this if one has tasted it before.

3. *Husbands Are So Jealous*, by HARRIS DEANS: neatly-planned episode of midnight visit of personable gentleman-burglar in evening-dress (Mr. IAN FLEMING) to charming lady (Miss ELIZABETH ARKELL) with elderly husband. With what weapon the burglar was armed and how he was foiled it would not be fair to tell.



A MODEL MEDIUM.

Darthez (a Sculptor) . . . MR. RUSSELL THORNDIKE.
Bervil (a Doctor) . . . . MR. FREDERICK ROSS.
Marcelle (a Model) . . . . MISS LYDIA SHERWOOD.

4. *The Seeker of Sensations* (*pièce de résistance*): *Prince Garolletti* (Mr. RUSSELL THORNDIKE) brings his mistress, the *Duchesse de Martigny*, to a squalid room in an evil inn in the worst slum in Paris. He wishes to make her afraid and himself to undergo the exquisite agony of fear complicated with other emotions, about which he is as communicative and demonstrative as decency permits. The lady (Miss LYDIA SHERWOOD admirably showed us the gradual realisation of the danger she was in from this complicated sadist) saves herself and is, in a new extremity, saved by a turn of events ingeniously arranged by M. CHARLES MÉRÉ, the author, about which I must be mum.

I am not sure that Mr. RUSSELL THORNDIKE sufficiently made clear the last change in the mood of the *Prince*, from contrived to spontaneous fear. Sufficiently horrific affair, however. Chocolate-munching suspended for a space.

5. *Couple of Couples*, by LAURI WYLIE. Symmetrical lapses, discoveries and disillusionments of two married pairs in a cottage let by two rival estate-agents to the parties.

6. *The Vigil*. A wife (Miss LYDIA SHERWOOD) seven years in a trance. A husband a constant watcher by her bedside. A sudden awakening. A piling-on of the agony for the awakened sleeper and the tortured JOB of a husband, whose sorrows were poignantly rendered by Mr. FREDERICK ROSS in a way to draw genuine tears from the eyes of even the least susceptible; with Miss LYDIA SHERWOOD very pale and wan as the wife, and Miss BARBARA GOTT very stolid as the clumsy *bonne*.

Seven minutes' interval and so *da capo*.

T.



BEDSIDE MANNERS FOR BURGLARS.

The Intruder . . . . . MR. IAN FLEMING.
The Lady . . . . . MISS ELIZABETH ARKELL.

A Pearl of the Pellucid.

"The wider use of motor-cars and motor-coaches is also largely responsible for the diminution of traffic on the railways."
Gossiper in Daily Paper.

"If any defect or mistake should be discovered in this pack of playing cards, please return it unused to dealer . . ."
—Guarantee on Playing Cards.

And report a misdeal.

"The Vicar will preach at 11 on 'The Principles of Christian Marriage.' The anthem at evensong will be Gustav Holst's 'Turn Back, O Man.'"
Suburban Paper.

Mr. Punch is much flattered by this endorsement of his "advice to those about to marry."



Pillion-Girl. "HE *must* BE GETTING FED-UP WITH ME. THIS ISN'T THE FIRST HINT HE 'S DROPPED."

PHONES AND THE MAN.

A GOSSIP-WRITER recently treated us to some intimate glimpses of the telephone methods and manners of the great; but in less exalted if not less important spheres there are telephone-users exercising a technique of their own just as worthy of study. For instance, there is my admirable friend, Farmer Haycock. A sturdy line of rustic ancestors who spent long evenings gazing over the five-barred gate at the sprouting crops has endowed the farmer with a telephone temperament which I venture to think is without peer up and down our land.

A telephone is in the farmhouse partly for business reasons and partly because of the costly delay in summoning our local vet to the bedside of a sick pig; but Haycock never approved of the installation—his wife's idea—and his superb telephone resistance may be traced directly to a grudge against the "machine," as he terms it. The farmer's technique, as might be expected of the man, is that of a stone-waller who never relaxes. When the bell rings he ignores it, apparently lost in ponderous reverie over the Fat Stock Prices. Then, timing to a split second just when the operator is going to say "No reply," he rises and envelops the ear-piece in a ham-like fist. Watching closely, one can almost see the instrument wilt as he breathes heavily over it. But apart from the necessary respiratory function Haycock wastes no breath.

Standing four-square to the instrument, he makes no comment, for it is his custom to wait for his caller to commit himself. The swish of breathing is the only indication that there is anything alive at Haycock's end. What happens to the call or the caller I have never been able to make out, but I *do* know that Haycock's lack of co-operation has caused our exchange to notch the highest incidence of nervous prostration among telephone-operators in the whole of the British Isles.

In violent contrast to Haycock is my uncle, Chutterbottle Curry, late Colonel of the —— Horse. Uncle Chutterbottle answers the telephone with a dynamic energy which explains how the campaigns in which he took part are among the briefest in our military annals. The instrument springs to attention when he roars, "Are you there?" at the same time violently oscillating the bracket, a performance which, apart from other interruptions, makes a conversation rather like trying to read a Chinese newspaper by flashes of lightning.

Choking down the temptation to answer "No" to this question, the caller is about to proceed with his message as best he can when he finds that Uncle Chutterbottle is not paying the slightest attention to him but is bellowing, "Clear the line there!" or "Get off the wire, you!" to some unknown adversary or adversaries whose interruptions are entirely confined to the typhoon or Chutterbottle end of the line. While keeping this one-sided altercation going he continues to shout, "Are you there? Are you there?" Should you attempt a reply you are forthwith ordered to "Get off the line!"

Berserk threats to bring a battery to blow the whole telephone system to smithereens are followed by the announcement that he will write to *The Times* about the scandalous state of

affairs. Then comes a final shout into the mouthpiece, "Are you there?" and loud cries (OFF) for "Jane, Jane!" (the Colonel's wife).

Thereupon the tumult and the shouting dies (or die, if you prefer it; I do), and after a while a small voice may be heard plaintively asking, "Who is it, please?" But just as you are about to reply there are loud noises (OFF), the plaintive voice says, "Oh, dear, oh, dear!" and there is silence once more. You cannot do anything now, for Aunt Jane invariably leaves the receiver off and forgets all about it.

The dream of my life is to get Farmer Haycock and Uncle Chutterbottle linked together in a telephone "conversation," but I am afraid that I shall never be able to realise it.

HOW TO LEARN BILLIARDS.

ARE you content to potter about the billiard-room marking up an occasional six (four off flukes)? Or do you wish to join that select band of cuemen whose masterly control of the ivories ranks them among the dynamic forces of the modern sporting world? You do?

THEN SEND FOR THE FIRST LESSON OF THE "CUSHPOCK" COLLEGE OF CUE-MANSHIP CORRESPONDENCE COURSE.

On receipt of your note-of-hand alone the first lesson will be despatched to you in a plain wrapper. If you are not entirely satisfied with the results and fail to run up big breaks, to the delight and stupefaction of your relations and friends, your money, minus a reasonable deduction for our labour and expenses, will be refunded in full.

The "Cushpock" course is complete, instructive and delightfully absorbing. One of the greatest bars to learning billiards in the home, viz., the need of a billiard-table, has been ingeniously eliminated by the "Cushpock" method. No expensive accessories, such as cues, balls, markers, baulks, spots, etc., are required. The "Cushpock" manual, *Sense at the Spot-End*, can be perused in comfort in a cosy armchair or digested with the evening meal. Just study the first chapter at home; then get your friend to invite you round for an evening's billiards and watch his astonishment.

Don't be content with out-of-date and wearisome slogging away at billiards with no results. Ten minutes with the "Cushpock" manual will teach you more than ten years on a table. The "Cushpock" method covers every phase of the game, from the selection of one of your friend's cues to entrance for the Mixed Billiards Open Handicap at Burston's.

Glance for a moment at Fig. 1. Wouldn't *you* like to be able to bring off this intricate shot? Faulkdrum asserts that he owes many thousands of points to this delicate stroke and

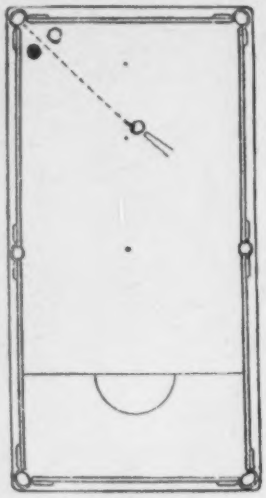


FIG. 1.

that its mastery demanded years of concentrated practice.

No concentration is needed to learn this shot by the "Cushpock" method. Within a fortnight you will be able to score freely not only *short jinnies*, but such elaborate strokes as *hazardous drop-pots*, *jab-losers*, *steeplechase snookers*, etc., etc. Within a month you will find yourself running up thousands. Within a year you will score millions. Eventually only death will bring your break to an end.

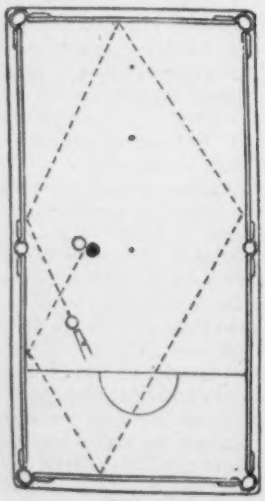


FIG. 2.

Fig. 2 illustrates a very simple shot for beginners. It is executed with either end of the cue, and combines slow left-hand come-back with a trace of spotted side and a dash of suspended spin. It is played with both feet on the ground. *You* can perfect this shot and many others of a similar nature in under five minutes.

Here are some unsolicited unexpurgated testimonials:—

"I have taken the first lesson and note a marked improvement. I now manage to keep the balls on the table fairly consistently, and during the last week have had to replace only one window-pane.

EXCELSIOR, Upper Clapton."

"It is wonderful. . . . Yesterday I scored three *flat-sided nursery winners* in succession.—HOT-POT, Ipswich."

The originals of these testimonials may be inspected at our offices upon the payment of half-a-guinea.

JOIN TO-DAY
AND POT THE RED THE "CUSHPOCK" WAY!

WELSH WATERING-PLACE: SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

No foot had printed it until we ran
Across the sand the ebbing tide left bare;
Turquoise and ivory and crystal span
A web of sea and sand and air—
And we, entangled in the snare,
Forgot the Cambrian coast and thought we lay
Rocked on the waters of a tropic bay.

But this was Sunday afternoon.
Slowly a dark invasion crept
Across the sun-bleached sand, and soon
Long rows of black-clad bodies slept
Post-prandial sleep in creaking canvas chairs;
Landladies left their cabbage-scented lairs;
In decent black they crunched across the sand
Or sat, arms folded, listening to the band,
The cornet moaning as their slow minds strayed
To lodgers, curried mutton, chapel teas
And lodgers, lodgers, lodgers!

Though the breeze
Blew cold upon our limbs we were afraid
To leave the sea and storm the barricade
Sateen and broadcloth built about the town.
Faced by that barrier, we preferred to drown.

"ROSSALL HEADMASTER'S RETIREMENT.

On behalf of the boys, W. W. Cruickshank, school captain, presented Canon Houghton with an all-electric wireless set and settee."—*Daily Paper.*

We found our loud-speaking divan too unrestful.



LITTLE RHYMES FOR THIBETAN CHILDREN.

THE YAK AND THE BUFFALO.

THE Lama said that long ago
The hairy Yak and Buffalo
Just lazed and grazed on hills and dales;
No grumpy drivers twirled their tails;
They never carried heavy loads
Nor bundled carts down dusty roads,
And, though they wandered far and wide,
They went together, side by side.

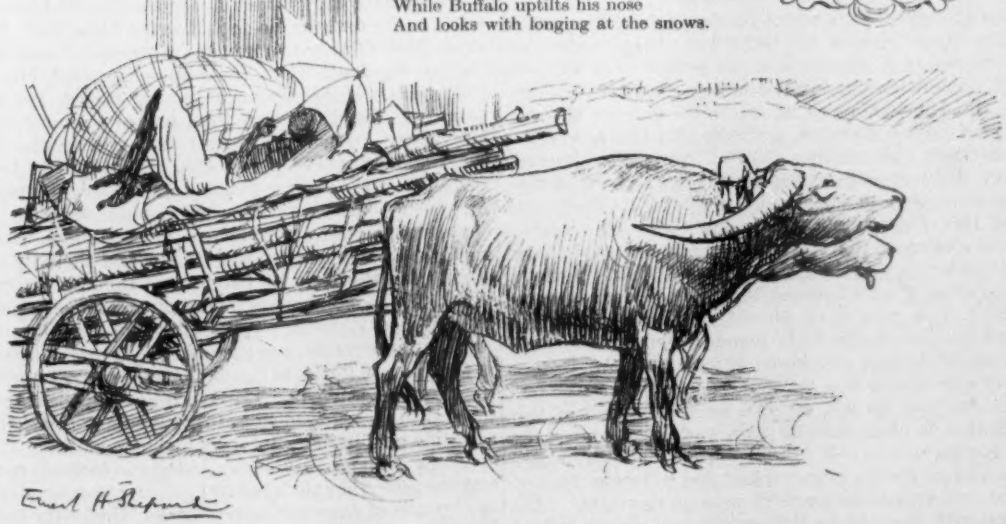
They never quarrelled till the day
They fought about a truss of hay;
Both wanted it and both were cross,
So, eyes a-flame and horns a-toss,
They pawed the ground and bellowed till
The echoes rang from hill to hill;
They made the crown of Kabru shake
And kept the mighty gods awake.

Then Chiresi the Wise decreed
To punish their untimely greed:
These friends should never meet again;
The Yak, he said, had best remain
To carry salt and tea and spice
Across the fields of snow and ice,
Whilst Buffalo he told to go
And labour on the plain below.

The hairy Yak and Buffalo
Were sorry they had quarrelled so.
They miss each other—that is why
Poor hairy Yak, with downcast eye,
Inclines his horns and peers in vain
To find his brother on the plain,
While Buffalo uptilts his nose
And looks with longing at the snows.









"STRICTLY BETWEEN YOU AND I, WHY DO THEY CALL 'EM PLUS-FOURS?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A Friend of Kitchener.

"Here at present it is very pleasant; lots of hippos and crocodiles about; one of the latter has already eaten two men." So wrote a famous Scottish soldier from Fashoda in 1898, demonstrating his uncommon faculty for appreciating the Nile countries at all times and on all occasions. Sir GEORGE ARTHUR, realising that this hero of his latest military biography—*General Sir John Maxwell* (MURRAY, 15/-)—was to spend very many years in Africa, has wasted no time in getting him there; for by the second page of this volume all the preliminaries of ancestry, childhood and education have been safely disposed of and he is seeing active service in Egypt as A.D.C. to the victor of Tel-el-Kebir. Thenceforward, though he is to take control in Ireland in a period of almost intolerable difficulty, nearly all his energies are to be given to the country where "MAXAWEEL" is still numbered among the rare Britons who have won affection as well as respect. If Sir JOHN had few opportunities to win renown on the battlefield this record makes it plain that no man was ever able to make martial law more tolerable to the governed; and once Lord KITCHENER had known him as friend and colleague his employment on administrative work became inevitable. His friendship with the austere KITCHENER had always indeed a certain quality of careless and unrestrained affection, the development of which in these chapters is perhaps the most fascinating element in Sir GEORGE's narrative.

Depressed America.

We all have urgent reasons for wanting to know what is going on *In America To-day* (HAMISH HAMILTON, 3/6), and I can think of no one more admirably suited to discern and divulge the truth than the former Socialist Member for Blackburn. Primarily an economic expert, but with far more traditional idealism than her programme warrants, Mrs. MARY AGNES HAMILTON returned from the States in May; and her study is not only up-to-date in itself, but informed with a very exact comparative knowledge of America's flourishing past. Depression, we gather, is now depression indeed. Even shoes are unshined, though the unemployed clamour to shine them; and the only industry paying (to the tune of two billion dollars) is cosmetics. Confidence in bankers has followed confidence in politicians to a limbo of distrust. A devastating insecurity, of which the LINDBERGH case was merely symptomatic, is described in terrible and intimate detail. And prosperity, which late last year was said to be "Hoovering round the corner," has receded in an apparently unturning tide. Apart from our scientific and friendly interest in her condition, it deeply concerns us to grasp America's attitude towards ourselves; and the more thoughtful of us have an apprehensive eye on the inroads of Americanisation here. Under the first head, Mrs. HAMILTON is not reassuring. To the average untravelled American, England is just part of Europe and

debts are debts. On the second, her attitude is unequivocal and her insight undeniable. If the English tradition is health—and for us it undoubtedly is—the American is disease.

Have you a Dog?

A *vade mecum*, pocket size,
Is here for all dog-lovers;
With hints in heaps it puts you wise,
It every crisis covers
Howe'er the road of life may go
That pups must put four paws on;
Things Every Dog-Owner Should Know
Is sooth from Major DAWSON.

Here's how to choose a puppy for
The home he'll best be suiting
(*E.g.*, don't buy a Labrador
Unless you're fond of shooting);
Here's how to breed and how to feed—
Don't all dogs say, "Deliver us
From any home which will not heed
That dogs were born carnivorous?"

Then here's how every dog should live;
The Veterinary College
Has passed through Major DAWSON'S sieve
To serve our tabloid knowledge;
His pocket wisdom buy therefore;
Send three-and-six, so shall an
Order command it to your door
From Mr. PHILIP ALLAN.

A Slade Professor.

I feel that Fate was neither kind nor unkind enough to mould the late Professor SELWYN IMAGE into an absolutely first-rate letter-writer; for excellence in this multifarious department implies as a rule some sort of exile and a supreme talent for bridging it. Hence it was perhaps a disservice in their editor to stress the supremacy of the *Selwyn Image Letters* (GRANT RICHARDS, 10/6) for the three-score years they cover. Good as they are, he had neither the opportunities nor the artistry possessed by more than one correspondent of the period between 1869 and 1930. This said, there should be nothing but gratitude for the publication of these sincere and graceful records of a life whose delightful blend of learning and craftsmanship represented the best tradition of its day. As it opens, this life has more than a spice of spiritual adventure. Urged to take Orders by his family, IMAGE was duly liberated from a vocationless career by his own disinterested fervour for Art and the entirely happy influence of RUSKIN; and the most striking of his letters are the Oxford ones of his youth, in which this conflict and the then Slade Professor's striking share in its issue are confided to the writer's brother JOHN. Subsequent details of a humanist's synthesis of painting, designing, writing and lecturing are crowned by a triumphant yet modest account of the one-time disciple's accession to his master's Chair. There is a certain ironic pleasure in watching the academic success of a man who served his own perverse apprenticeship to beauty in his own unacademic way.



The Artist. "YOU KNOW, THERE'S NOTHING MORE TERRIFYING THAN A BLANK CANVAS."
The Other. "STILL, I SUPPOSE IT 'S QUITE HARMLESS UNLESS ATTACKED."

Good Travelling Companions.

Those of us who are already acquainted with JAN and CORA GORDON'S books of travel will welcome *Three Lands on Three Wheels* (HARRAP, 12/6), and seize the opportunity to follow these gay and observant tourists as they make their way through parts of France, England and Ireland. The vehicle, not inaptly christened "The Wandering Wardrobe," on which the GORDONS made their expeditions was a motor-bicycle with a "box" side-car. On this "apparatus" they started from Paris and went through Burgundy and the Rhone Valley to Les Saintes Maries. But wherever they went joy in their adventures went with them, and anyone who wishes to fare well without undue cost (and the GORDONS never fail to appreciate good wine and food)

will find the description of this tour in France as useful as it is amusing. Arrived in England, the travellers resent and lament the lack of accommodation provided for people who want to see the country, but have to consider the expense of such excursions. "England," they say, "is capable of making the most astounding efforts. That has been proved clearly during the last year. Is there no chance of her making an effort for better, brighter and cheaper road-touring facilities? The small motorist (with wife) has come to stay." In Ireland the GORDONS stayed in the Aran Islands and so completed a delightful tour. The illustrations of this volume harmonise with the text.

The Lid off the Flicks.

On the dust-jacket of *Hollywood Nymph* (CASSELL, 7/6) I found "Here is the truth about Hollywood—and a good raucous story to boot," an invitation to critical brutality which I am loth to accept, for there are some good moments in Mr. JOHN V. A. WEAVER'S novel. A New York portrait-painter, recently divorced, was attracted against his better judgment by the guileless baby-face of a little waitress, who was sufficiently honest not to pretend that her innocence was anything but superficial. He took her home, painted her portrait and, discovering that in some unaccountable way she had restored his lost inspiration, in return decided quixotically to make her fortune as a film-actress. In this ambition he succeeded, and was inevitably and tragically let down. All this is not particularly convincing, and is really too heavy a frame on which to hang satire; but as a view of the film-racket from the ground-floor the book has a certain merit. We meet celluloid kings and their cabinets struggling in illiterate conference to decide whether their current film shall end in red-hot melodrama or in glucose regeneration; we see a tear-scene being shot in a studio to the accompaniment of a special lachrymatory orchestra; and we are privileged to climb into the top-drawer of Hollywood Society. Those who appreciate the super-charged idiom of America should enjoy these scenes.



Parachute Inventor (to Airman). "NOW DO YOUR VERY BEST. IF IT DOESN'T OPEN I'M RUINED."

Dreary Dublin.

Mr. FRANCIS STUART is a poet. I am perfectly prepared to admit this, even without the evidence of such eminent compatriots as Mr. W. B. YEATS and Mr. LIAM O'FLAHERTY. The other day he wrote *Pigeon Irish*, which was received with a chorus of praise that was remarkable even in these hysterical days. Now he comes forward again with *The Coloured Dome* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6), and I suppose Irish reviewers at all events will find plenty to praise in it, for patches of beautiful writing are to be found here and there. We are in Dublin with gunmen and revolutionists, and *Tully McCoolagh*, that wonderful woman, otherwise known as *Tulloolagh*, is in town, and *Garry Delea*, who works in a Turf commission agent's, is to meet her for the first time. A singular atmosphere this of Dublin as drawn by Mr. STUART. A damp and squalid city, haunted by major-generals and lower ranks of the I.R.A., furtive figures with one hand in their pockets perpetually pressing back the safety-catch of an automatic. One is oppressed by a feeling as of perpetual damp—sodden overcoats, dripping hats, spectacled eyes gleaming dimly through mist filled with strange unsatisfied longing. That note runs all through this remarkable book. A stranger from a foreign land, reading this, would go away with the impression that the Irish were like this—filled with desire for something unattainable, they know not what, and prepared to go through any suffering to secure it. Only they know in their hearts that they never will get what they want and that even if they did it would turn out to be something else. A nation of impossible dreamers, who require perhaps a poet to understand them—or perhaps only an eminently practical sensible man.

Restless Romance.

The central figure in Lady ELEANOR SMITH'S new book is a dancer who at the age of fourteen runs away with a juggler, tours Europe with him, is noticed by a Russian *ex-maître de ballet* and becomes first his pupil, then his wife. After her husband's death, *Lina*, already famous, abides by his maxims that a dancer must look after herself and "live uniquely and solely for her art." Up to this point the story is interesting, though Lady ELEANOR is inclined throughout to be too lavish in her descriptions and to overwork her adjectives. There is a good deal of padding in the middle of the book. We are told the same thing *ad nauseam* about the battle against age, and even *Lina's* one interval of self-less affection is spoiled in the telling by repetition of the legend that wrinkles seen in a mirror will prevent a woman from facing a man she has loved in youth. *Ballerina* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) is readable and entertaining on the whole, but I feel the author is still over-conscious of the picturesque and too anxious for dramatic effect to allow her prose any peace.

Rural England.

With good reason the publishers (B. T. BATSFORD) of *The Villages of England* (12/6) claim that Mr. A. K. WICKHAM has given both ourselves and visitors from overseas an excellent opportunity to realise the wonderful beauties of the English countryside. Mr. WICKHAM has divided England into five main geological regions, and it is impossible for anyone, however ardent a lover of towns and town-life he may be, to read of these villages without recognising what a marvellous inheritance they are. Over a hundred illustrations of really superb quality accompany the text, and a geological map of England completes a volume that is both useful and definitely attractive.

CHARIVARIA.

WE have no confirmation of the rumour that since Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has announced his intention of once again smoking a pipe Mr. STANLEY BALDWIN has decided to let his hair grow long.

* * *

MICHAEL BEARY, the jockey, declares that in acting as an intermediary between the Governments of Great Britain and the Irish Free State his object has been to promote better feeling between the two countries. So much for the belief that he was doing it to keep his weight down.

* * *

According to a *Daily Express* report, five hundred brass-band players at the Welsh National Eisteddfod threatened to down instruments. Some newspapers seem to have a distorted idea of what constitutes a threat.

* * *

In giving an interviewer his diagnosis of the world's symptoms, Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON undertook to make newspaper-readers' flesh creep. Fat Boys love doing this.

* * *

By means of a special instrument, which will be explained to the British Association, it is possible for a person to be sea-sick in his own home. This will be great news for lovers of this particular malady.

* * *

The speeches at the British Medical Association meetings were timed by sand-glass, each speaker being limited to ten minutes. At the end of this period listeners began to feel pretty hard-boiled.

* * *

A paragraphist tells of disputes between passengers on the District Railway as to whether the windows should be open or shut. Our own experience of the District Railway is that the final decision is with the windows.

* * *

A demonstration has been given of an attachment for motor-vehicles by which the pedestrian is tipped back on to a padded seat. Its general adoption should do much to remove pedestrian-chasing from the category of blood-sports.

* * *

The experience of two American comedians on their arrival in Glasgow, where they were so mobbed that they were powerless to prevent admirers from snatching articles from their pockets as souvenirs, reminds us that it is not on record that Glaswegians have ever extracted mementos from the sporrans of Scots comedians.

* * *

Mr. E. G. BOULENGER mentions that large snakes, which fetch high prices, are usually sold by the foot. The purchaser would of course have to take the whole serpent.

* * *

According to Sir W. ARBUTHNOT LANE, the most important factor in lessening the interval between perception and action in games and sports is exposure to the rays of the sun. Still, this doesn't satisfactorily explain the dashing *élan* of Nordic chess-players.

* * *

"Scotsmen on holiday in the South are, contrary to popular belief, very liberal," says a gossip-writer. It is said that they throw their pound-notes about like blacksmiths' anvils.

* * *

Flats in Mayfair were raided twice in one night last week. Is this the first step towards non-stop burglary?

* * *

A well-known aquarist is of the opinion that fish are easily shocked. They must be if ever they hear a real turtle telling a mock turtle what it thinks of it.

* * *

In a recent article Lord CASTLEROSSE states that it is impossible to reply to anonymous letters. Can it be that gossip-writers have limitations like the rest of us?

* * *

"Rubber Directors Unyielding," says a trade report. We should have expected some resiliency.

* * *

An agency message reports the capture of a bottle-nosed shark at Weymouth. We are not sure that "bottle-nosed" does not constitute a libel.

* * *

A contemporary reminds us that bulls charge with their eyes shut. It is well known that some butchers do the same.

* * *

"At the first sign of a cold in the head take a mixture of quinine and castor-oil," advises a medical correspondent. We shall wait and see if he has a better suggestion to make for the second sign.

* * *

A doctor declares that City men who suddenly take up childish games at the seaside generally suffer from the after-effects. It is indeed a pitiful sight to see a middle-aged stockbroker in the first throes of Yo-Yo-finger.

* * *

An Italian fisherman has discovered a bronze head of Apollo in his net. Doubtless he is now explaining to his friends the size of the body which "just managed to get away."

* * *

A woman in a train pulled the communication-cord because she did not like the face of the man opposite to her. It must be hateful to have a face that people will pay five pounds to get away from.

* * *

A coloured man was charged with climbing through a window with intent to steal. Even the most superstitious household wouldn't consider it lucky to have a black cat-burglar.

* * *

A Serbian couple, aged 117 and 115, have just celebrated the centenary of their wedding. It is said that when asked his opinion of married life the husband stated that the first ninety years were the best.



Meagre little Bather. "REALLY, SIR, I WISH YOU WOULDN'T COME DOWN HERE THROWING STICKS INTO THE SEA; THIS IS THE THIRD TIME THIS WEEK YOUR DOG HAS BROUGHT ME IN."

THE GRAN CHACO AFFAIR.

[Reflections, provoked by the anniversary of our entry into the Great War, on the bellicose behaviour of Bolivia and Paraguay, which is engaging the attention of the League of Nations and the Pan-American Union.]

As well befits a sporting fan,
I boost my party all I can;
Battle or bout, it seems to flavour it
If I select and cheer my favourite;
I get no good unless I choose
One side to win and one to lose.

That's how I felt on August 4
When we began our largest war;
Our Bright Young Things, then in the nursery,
May disregard this anniversary,
But I recall, though not so bright,
A good idea I had that night.

I still can trace, by memory's map,
The hour of entry on the scrap,
How I took sides that very minute
And hoped at once that we should win it,
Thus indicating, out of hand,
A preference for my native land.

But, when I read of this affair
Down in S.A. (I don't know where),
I feel no sort of partiality
For any cause in that locality;
The fate of Chaco's putrid swamp
Can't make my pulses really romp.

It may be lack of local blood
That turns my ardour dull as mud,
Leaving me careless how the fray goes
Between these hordes of heated Dagos;
In any case my tongue is tied;
I shall not shout for either side. O. S.

AN ELIZABETHAN BROADCAST.

(To spare nerves already jangled by "Ye Olde Petrolle Pumpe," etc., this has been rendered into modern English.)

BEFORE I begin the news I have one S.O.S. Will William Shaxper, last heard of at Stratford-on-Avon two years ago and now believed to be holding horses outside a London theatre, go at once to Shottery Cottage, near Stratford-on-Avon, where his wife Anne is seriously ill.

The name is S-H-A-X-P-E-R, Shakespeare, to go at once to Shottery Cottage.

WEATHER REPORT.

Rainy at intervals during the next few days. A depression from Iceland is moving southwards and is expected to cause strong S.W. winds in the Channel and North Sea.

NOTICE.

We wish to remind listeners once again that the news issued is copyright and must not be repeated for the purpose of gain by strolling minstrels, players or other rogues and vagabonds.

SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN
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Spanish Armada Coming.—A courier from Plymouth reported that when Admiral Drake was playing bowls two days ago news was brought that the Spanish Armada of one-hundred-and-fifty vessels had been sighted west of the Lizard. The Admiral, who was two up and three to play, retained his composure and continued the game. The courier reported that when he left the ships were being warped out of the harbour.

Dinner to Sir Walter Raleigh.—A dinner took place last night at Somerset House, the guest of honour being Sir Walter Raleigh, the distinguished courtier, adventurer, poet and authority on Irish affairs. His Grace the Duke of Somerset presided. Others present included Sir Christopher Hatton, commanding Her Majesty's Bodyguard; Mr. Spenser, the well-known poet and secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; Mr. Christopher Marlowe, author of that striking melodrama, *Tamburlaine*, now enjoying a successful run at the Globe Theatre, Bankside; young Mr. Benjamin Jonson, of Cambridge (making one of his rare appearances in public); Mr. Francis Bacon and others. In the course of a speech Sir Walter humorously referred to the cloak-laying incident which was the foundation of his varied and successful career. "I kept my head then," he said, "and it brought me fortune. I hope I shall never lose it."

Later, in reminiscences of Ireland, Sir Walter referred to the introduction of the West Indian batata, which, he said, showed every sign of becoming a standard crop and of being popular with the Irish natives.

At the conclusion of his speech Sir Walter delighted the company by performing his celebrated trick of placing in his mouth a rolled leaf of the tabaka plant, setting it on fire with a taper and sucking into his chest the smoke from the resultant conflagration, afterwards expelling it through his nose without apparent difficulty or pain.

In connection with the above event our listeners will be interested to hear that the young King James of Scotland has always disapproved of the habit of smoking, as this practice is now called. His Majesty is at present engaged on a work entitled *Counterblast to Tabaka*, which will be published at the sign of "The Red Stag," in the High Street, near the Cathedral, at Edinburgh.

Pillion-Riding.—In a case brought before Mr. Justice Shallow at his seat, Charlecote, Warwickshire, a damsel, Una Quince, sought damages against one Henry Oatfield who, she alleged, had caused her to fall from the horse on which she was riding pillion behind her swain. The said Henry Oatfield, himself on horseback, had struck their horse, causing her to be thrown to the ground. The damsel stated that the said Henry emerged from the side-path riding furiously.

His Honour, in giving judgment for the defendant, remarked that the habit of pillion-riding, though now well established, had always seemed to him immodest and a danger to the public, whose guardian under the Blessed Queen Elizabeth he was. The damsel left the court in tears.

Roads.—The state of the roads at the present time makes travelling very difficult. A coach belonging to a nobleman and containing his wife and daughter was recently stuck in the mud near Brighthelmstone in Sussex on the fourth day of its journey from London. Palfreys were procured and the ladies were placed on them shortly before the coach sank almost completely beneath the surface.

SPORT.

Bear-Baiting.—Last night in the Southwark Gardens a bear-baiting took place which was well attended. In the first round the bear killed three dogs and was bitten twice. In the second round he was bitten once and the dogs escaped injury. In the third round the bear broke his chain and put to flight all those that stood by, including a man dressed in black and a curious tall hat who had previously been heard to remark that the whole business was scandalous, as the spectators seemed to be enjoying themselves.

Archery.—The inter-county archery competition was again won by the men of Nottinghamshire. The strong archery tradition in the Sherwood Forest district dates back several hundred years.

Bowls.—Admiral Drake won.

That ends the news for to-night. We would remind listeners that this week's Foundations of Music series will consist of the lyrics of the late Earl of Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyatt and others, orchestrated by Mr. Thomas Campion for the sackbut, shawm, psaltery and dulcimer. Listeners are advised not to miss this unique performance of vernacular music.

Good-night, everyone. Gooood-night.

"STRUCK BY FALLING HOSE."
Headline in West-Country Paper.

A gentleman would have looked the other way.



BALBO BUILDS A WALL

TO KEEP OUT THE GENEVA DOVES.

[General BALBO, the Italian Air Minister, imitating his namesake in the Latin Grammar, threatens to erect a barrier (no doubt with Signor MUSSOLINI'S approval) against the League of Nations, which he describes as a Trust, and accuses of conspiring to block Italy's aspirations to possess a strong Air Force.]



Village Spokesman (giving thanks to new local Bigwig for presenting prizes). "I'M SURE WE'RE ALL VERY GRATEFUL TO THE GENTLEMAN FOR BEING WITH US 'ERE TO-DAY. 'E DON'T PUT ON NO HAIRS AND GRACES LIKE SOME ON 'EM; YOU 'VE ONLY TO SPEAK TO 'IM FOR FIVE MINUTES TO FIND 'E'S AS *SIMPLE* AS *SIMPLE*."

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

WHEN I was telling you last week about Tom, Dick and 'Arry, the happy little band which for the last ten days has been digging a trench for "noo pipes" outside my house, I completely forgot to mention George. George is a night-watchman and lives at the moment of writing just in front of my garden-gate. He has only been there a week, but his technique is good. I mean, should any question of ownership of that particular bit of land arise nine judges out of ten would only have to take one look at George's little encampment to be convinced that he must have been in occupation from time immemorial at least and probably longer.

George generally comes to the surface towards the latter end of the afternoon. Tom, Dick and 'Arry are by then thinking of calling it a day and their pauses to lean on their pick-handles, hitch their trousers or spit have become so frequent as to be almost continuous. Sid and Joe too have probably stopped their pneumatic drills, though this makes no difference to me, because the noise is by then going on inside my head. The rest of their working-time they all devote to clearing up their tools and talking to George, who never says anything more than "Ar!" with varying intonations, and meanwhile potters round his lair. No doubt he's not properly awake yet.

George, I may say, is a super-potterer. He can potter better than anyone I know—better even than a retired Army Colonel living on a small country estate. I have seen him pick up a red lamp and put it down again in exactly the same place three times running before finally picking it up and putting it down again in not quite the same place. And he has twenty-seven lamps.

I am talking of course about George I. George II. is forty-two yards up the trench and only has twenty lamps. George III., a mere twelve-lamp man, is fifty-five yards down it. I never knew night-watchmen clustered so close; I thought they were much more strung out. Perhaps this grouping is in accordance with some new adage, like: "Set a night-watchman to watch a night-watchman"; or perhaps I just happen to be in the middle of a heavy concentration of Georges preparatory to a big offensive in this sector. In that case George I.—my George—is most certainly the O.C.G., or Officer Commanding Georges, because he has a far better lair than either of the others. Georges II. and III. have only a sentry-box with a hard seat and of course—even these summer nights—a glowing brazier just outside. George I. has a complete little home built up of baulks, tarpaulins and some of the noo pipes, and almost good enough to have been a Reserve Line Company Headquarters during the War. Moreover he can get his brazier right inside—and does; and why he isn't dead of asphyxiation I don't know. I can only assume that, to anyone who can smoke the tobacco he does, a mere charcoal-brazier is much the same as a stick of incense in a drawing-room.

George I. also has a bigger dump of coke than either of the others, and a really fine collection of paving-stones, mauls, sledge-hammers and early racing-editions for the past ten days. All this little lot he nightly guards with a jealous and watchful eye from inside his hermetically-sealed *bijou* residence. I should just love to see some light-fingered *Raffles* try to slip one of George's mauls or sledge-hammers into his pocket and make off with it. Why, George would spot it in a flash—that

is to say, at about the third recount next morning.

In his moments of relaxation George is a theoretical gardener. In my garden. He came in one night when I was returning from a theatre and advised me to cut my delphiniums down as soon as they had flowered and I'd get a nice cropperbloom in the autumn. He then struck another match and admired my candytuft. I asked him why he didn't start a bit of garden outside his own little dug-out, and he considered the question very thoughtfully in all its aspects for some minutes and then said it was the question of soil. When paving-stones and such were taken up, you see, the earth underneath was no good, you see—it had no "yewmus." With difficulty I choked back a suggestion—for I have no sense of humus myself—that he might at any rate lay out a patch of crazy-pavement; and I am rather glad I did, for I feel certain now that George would have done it.

For George is a man of resource—how resourceful I did not know until I glanced out of my bedroom window early this morning and saw him preparing his final cup of tea before turning in for the day. Out of the huddle of tools round his residence he selected what looked like a couple of iron bars and, picking up a small billy-can, crossed the empty street to the far pavement. Here he used one of the bars to lever up a man-hole lid and with the other, which I now saw was a turn-key, he opened up the Metropolitan Water Board's main. A fountain of water spurted up, brimming the man-hole and flowing over the pavement into the gutter. George calmly let it rip a minute or two till he was quite certain it was clean, then, bending down, he washed out his can in the deluge, filled it with clear cold water, turned off the main and replaced the lid.

While some hundreds of gallons of water cascaded down the street George recrossed the road with a billy-can of water for his morning tea.

I'm glad to have known George.

A. A.

Economy in the South.

"Alderman Mrs. ——, J.P., resented the prizes."—*South-Country Paper.*

Relayed from a Bunker.

"GOLF.

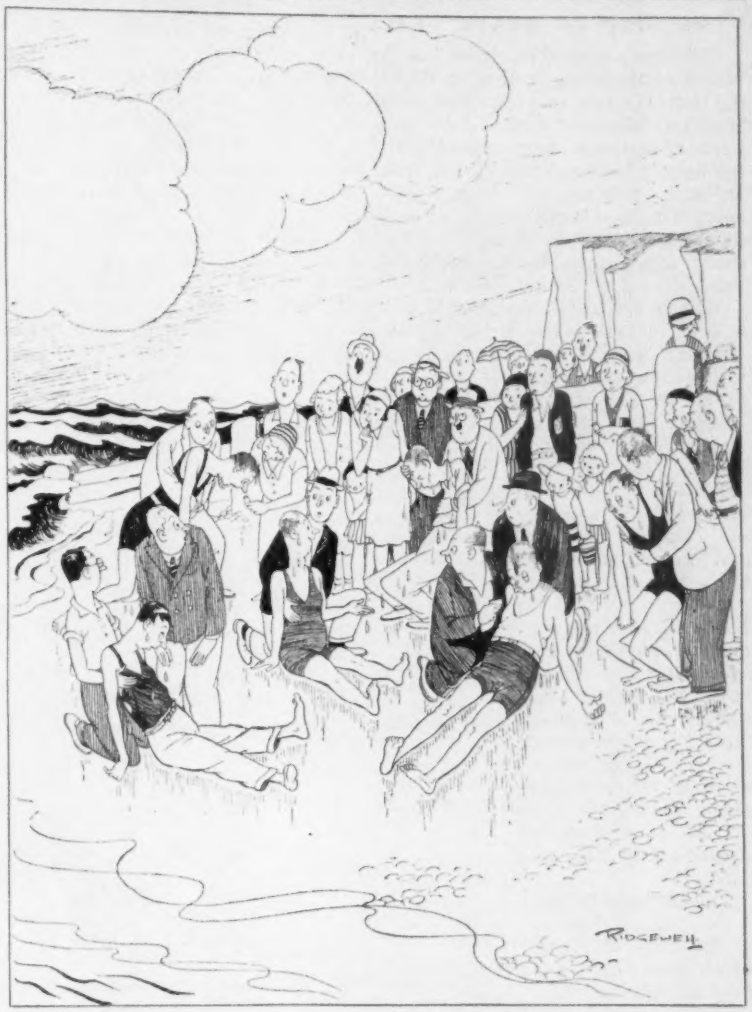
Ste emfw yp shrdlu etaoin vw fyp fiffffffic."

Scots Paper.

"MANY PEERAGES HELD BY MINERS."

Headline in Canadian Paper.

Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN prefers to remain a commoner.



Original cause of narrowly-averted tragedy. "NOW LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT: WHO ACTUALLY SAVED WHO?"

GRANFER SCROODLE.

Granfer Scroodle,
Honest soul,
Never drew no
Weekly dole;
He served as hedger
The R.D.C.,
And died last week
At seventy-three.

"I bain't no scollard,"
He often said,
"But I've allus earned
My daily bread."
To a mort o' things
His mind was dark,
And he always signed
With Scroodle's "mark."

When he went West
A week ago,
We thought he'd left
No sort of dough;
He cut his cloth
Exceeding fine:
The sum in fact
Was four-and-nine.

Therewith was left
By Scroodle's whim
His Club deposits
To bury him;
For he always said,
"A man ain't made for
Enjoyin' things
He hasn't paid for."

Granfer Scroodle,
All of grit,
Never drew no
Benefit:
Time held sharper
Shears than he,
And cut him down
At seventy-three.

"THE SHIP OF STATE," ETC.

"WE are a race of mariners," as the Mayor of Burbleton said when declaring open the new paddling pool in the Haddock Memorial Park. And, being a race of mariners, we use a great many sea-terms in ordinary life, that is, when on land. But the odd thing is that, being a race of mariners, we so often use them without knowing what they really mean, without realising sometimes that they are sea-terms.

When a British politician is (actually) at sea he mentions the various parts of the ship with extreme caution, and rather than commit himself to nautical terms will generally speak vaguely of "that thing." I am sure that our seven statesmen on their voyage to Ottawa thought twice and more before they spoke of such difficult matters as "companion-ways" and "knots." But when the politician is on the platform or in the House he becomes immensely nautical; the splash of the sea is heard all through his speech: the "Ship of State" is storm-tossed in the earlier parts, rides on an even keel about the middle, and (in the peroration) is steered safely into harbour.

And all might be well if he confined himself to the Ship of State, which never does any very complicated manœuvres and is not likely to lead him into grave error. But when he begins to criticise other politicians (for "trimming their sails," "sailing too close to the wind" and so forth) he begins to make bloomers. So let us try to be clear about these things.

I am quite prepared to make a few bloomers myself. Some correspondents have already taken me to task for speaking of "casting" my anchor off Cleopatra's Needle the other day. Mr. JOSEPH CONRAD, I am informed, wrote some withering words (which, alas! I have not read) about people who "cast" their anchors. Well, Mr. CONRAD no doubt knew all about ocean-going ships in which people "let go" their anchors or, I believe, "drop" them. But he knew nothing about my Thames-going ship or my anchor. My anchor does not hang neatly over the side, like a ship's anchor, ready to be "let go." It is (as I thought I had made perfectly clear) inboard, and generally the women have erected a tea-table over it or festooned it with washing or knitting. If you "let go" my anchor nothing would happen. I have to disentangle it first, and then, because it is very heavy, I have to "cast" or throw it, or I should never get the darned thing over the side at all. And, with all respect to everyone, I shall continue to cast it. But that is by the way.

You have all heard one politician accuse another of "*tacking backwards and forwards.*" This in politics means that the other fellow is reckless or untrustworthy. Heaven knows why. "Tacking" or "beating" against the wind is the only way of proceeding against the wind under sail. It is an extremely scientific and skilful proceeding; it might be said to savour of the miraculous; but it is quite straightforward and reflects nothing but credit upon the man who does it well.

Sometimes the statesman or financier is darkly accused of "*sailing very near the wind.*" This means sharp practice, going as far as you can in dirty work without bringing yourself within the law. But it is the whole art of tacking to sail as close to the wind as possible, that is without losing speed and distance. If you sail *too* close to the wind your vessel will go slower and, though pointing more nearly towards her destination, will be making less real progress. You will then be inefficient or foolish, but not tricky, clever or dishonest. Leader-writers and others may correctly use this expression if they wish to suggest that the other fellow is failing in his object through (*a*) trying to be too clever or (*b*) not knowing his job; but not in embezzlement or corruption cases.

And you all know the politician who "*trims his sails to every wind that blows.*" This poor fellow is an object of universal contempt; he is a time-server, an opportunist, insincere, self-seeking. But at sea he is a skilful, patient and painstaking seaman, doing his job. "To trim the sails," says my *Manual of Seamanship* (written by an admiral) "signifies to set them in the most favourable direction for the wind." And how else, one may ask, is the Ship of State (unless of course she has an auxiliary engine) to be brought safely into port?

By the way, is the Ship of State a sailing-vessel or a steamer? The point should be decided.

Another stand-by of politicians is the "sheet-anchor." Here I cannot help them, for I have never yet discovered exactly what a sheet-anchor is. But perhaps the following passage from my manual may throw a little light on the matter:—

> "*How is a sheet-anchor shifted forward for use as a bower-anchor?*
>
> Let it go from the waist, weigh it, and then cat and fish it."

I look forward to hearing some statesman cry in the House of Commons: "Trial by jury is the sheet-anchor of the Constitution. Let us see to it that it is well and truly catted and fished."



Beach Attendant. "WE'VE GOT STRICT ORDERS TO STOP BATHING FROM CARS, JOE, BUT NO INSTRUCTIONS ABOUT AIREOPLANES."

But we all splash about in sea-language without knowing it; and, not having one of these expensive dictionaries, I don't know now whether some of my favourite terms were born on land or sea. "Bear up," for example, means "to bear the helm to windward, to alter course, turning the ship's head more away from the wind." Why does this mean on land "Be comforted" or "Be brave"?

We say that So-and-so is "chock-a-block," meaning "full up"; how many of us know that it means originally "when two blocks of a tackle have been hauled close together"? We speak figuratively of our friends "falling off"; so indeed did the poet SHAKESPEARE. I suggest that he did not mean falling off a pedestal or anything else, but got the term from the sailors, who speak of "falling off" the wind, *i.e.*, falling off the wind to leeward. We speak of "making headway" and "forging



Bashful Lover. "BEHAVE PROPER, ALFRED. I WON'T HAVE NO NONSENSE, WITH ALL THEM EYES LOOKIN' AT US."

ahead," and both these expressions, I believe, we owe to the mariner; also the saying that So-and-so "goes by the board," *i.e.*, overboard. The stage-manager too cries "Strike" (*i.e.*, "dismantle") "the bedroom scene," as the captain cries, or used to cry, "Strike the fore-top-gallant mast!" One day perhaps the politician will cry, "Strike the Gaming Act of 1835." Certainly, I think, as they go so far in marine figures of speech they should go further. They should have the Ship of State much clearer and fuller in their minds and not be content with keeping her on an even keel or steering her safe into harbour. Let them study my charming manual and put the Ship of State through some manœuvres of a complexity parallel to the complexity of our times.

How, for example, would they sling the sheet-anchor of the Ship of State under a launch without using the trunks?

Answer.—"The cat pendant (or chain) is rove through the cat davit and shackled on to the gravity band. . . The anchor is lifted off the anchor-bed by the cat pendant, the third leg of the anchor sling is shackled to the gravity band, and as the anchor is lowered in the water the other two legs of the sling are brought round the boat and secured together by a slip or toggle.

"This is a very quick method of laying out a sheet-anchor. . . ."

Yes, let us have more fresh air from the sea; let us brighten our politics with hawse-holes and coamings, bucklers, navel-pipes, fish-davits, bill-boards, knees, stanchions, fife-rails and belaying-pins, clewlines and clew-garnets, slablines and reef-tackles, parrels, burtons, spankers and vangs. The vocabulary of the sea is inexhaustible; our modern speeches are all the same.

And now what fun you will all have discovering my own bloomers! Haul away, all! A. P. H.

Heavy Conversion.

"CONVERSION LOAN.

Major Elliot said that the assents up to date numbered 1,587,000, and the dissents 115,000, giving a total of 1,702,000. The assents were 6.14 per cwt. of the whole . . ."
Irish Paper.

"The Sirens of the Thames."

IN a genial reference to his recent lines, "The Sirens of the Thames," Mr. Punch's esteemed contemporary, *Syren* [sic] *and Shipping*, gaily charges their author with having committed an error when he spelt the name for a steam fog-signal with an "i" instead of a "y." Mr. Punch ventures, with great deference, to point out that the name for a singing sea-nymph who attracts the attention of sailors is identical, in spelling and derivation (Greek, *seiren*; compare French, *sirène*), with the name for a fog-signal which serves the same purpose. The spelling "syren" may have acquired the sanction of popular nautical usage, but cannot be accepted by literate landsmen.

"WAR ON THE MUSK RAT.

The Ministry of Agriculture has made another move in the war against the musk rat. . . .

The circular also asks for information as to the appearance of the animals."
Daily Paper.

Will some kindly zoologist describe it for the Ministry?

THOSE BLUER BLUES.

IN spite of the assiduity with which our dance-bands broadcast nightly and for weeks on end the same vocal one-steps and other dance-tunes, I am forced to the conclusion that our love and welcome quickly change to gall and satiety. When this is eventually recognised, those responsible present a fresh lot as like the previous batch as possible and play them for six weeks, while we once more go through our process of love and loathing.

I am shortly offering to the various hotel conductors and bandsmen another bundle of vocal melodies for broadcasting. Their virtue is that they are novel in the sense that their titles are unfamiliar to diners, listeners-in, dancers and the sixpenny bazaar, while preserving those elements which characterised our discarded favourites.

I have classified the list to inspire confidence (and ensure an audition). For the rest, it will be perceived that the choruses themselves are largely all about nothing in particular, relying as usual upon the extremely good orchestration, for we can all weather anything if the trombone and mustel organ are present to assist us.

1.—"*When the Stars in the Sky.*"
(Slow Waltz) *Ben Marcato.*

Note.—This number, which will be very popular at subscription dances in the Lillie Road, can best be described as the "weather and news" song, for the singer, in planning the assignation, dwells in detail upon the condition of the heavens and gives in advance the message he intends to deliver at the tryst—a bafflingly superfluous action which renders the assignation unnecessary.

When the stars in the sky
Are replaced by the sun,
I'll say, "I Love You" (*Um-ta-ta*);
When the moon is withdrorn
At approach of the morn
I'll say, "I Love You" (*Ta-ta, umph-ta-ta*).
For love endures for e-ver
Though the clouds have hid the blue;
When the stars in the sky
Are replaced by the sun
I'll say, "I Love You" (*Blip-blip-blip*).

2.—"*When Sambo Plays the Yo-Yo on His Oboe in Ning-Po.*"
(Tango) *Allegro staccato.*

Note.—This is one of those facetious-incredible numbers in which the composer postulates an unknown dance in order that the subject of his song may play it upon some known instrument in some authenticated locality which happens to be accommodating (more or less) in the matter of rhyme. The fact that "oboe" is here pronounced "obo" must not distress us any more than we were distressed when "Pasadena" was made to rhyme with "greener" in an earlier (and long-scrapped) popular song. Ning-Po, on the other hand, is indisputably situated in Chi-Kiang, China.

There's a feeling that is stealing over China
For zippy music-men who hail from Carolina;
All the Chinks have scrapped their fluting;
There's a smile on ev'ry dial,
Which is finer
Than anything you ever used to see in China;
For when Sambo plays the yo-yo on his oboe
It's enough to galvanize the very dodo;
With his "Oompa-oompa" razzing
He would set CONFUCIUS jazzing
Down in Ning-Po;
When Sambo plays the yo-yo on his oboe,
When Sambo plays the yo-yo on his oboe.

3.—"*Good-night, Moravia.*" (Blue).

Note.—This number is in the Nostalgic-Central-European class, and the reader is asked to believe that when it is played by Hunk Dory's Saveloy Orphans at the Playfair Hotel, London, the effect of the massed guitars is passably touching:—

Good-night, Moravia!
You roused me with your glittering light;
Now I'm on my best behaviour
An' stay in at night.
I'm growin' so good,
But you weren't my saviour;
I lived while I could;
Good-night, Moravia!

4.—"*Singing Down the Street.*"
(Fox-trot)

Note.—The gentleman of this type of chorus has apparently no friends. Possibly his confessed predilection for vocalising in public places may account for this condition. The recurrent "la-la-las" indicate the diatonic (though still syncopated) scale with which his idiosyncrasy is illustrated:—

Seems it's true that when I'm blue
Nobuddy listens to me;
My love falls orn deaf ears,
Still I'm hummin' through my tears
La la la la la la la;
Swingin' along singin' a song
May cheer someone I meet.
Doh re mi fa, la la la la,
Singin' down the street.

With regard to the remainder of the numbers, there is (5) The Recriminatory-Reminiscence Number that begins—

"You useter order oysters on the shell,
Now we dine *table d'hôte*, which ain't so well;"

and a fox-trot of which I have great hopes, entitled, "You're Sitting on My Lipstick Now."

RACHEL.

"In Sweden, and in Russia formerly, the company before dinner stood at a buffet, and ate caviare and smoked salmon sandwiches . . ."—*Evening Paper.*

It is a better rule not to smoke anything just before dinner.

THOUGHTS BEFORE SACRIFICE.

I AM a human sacrifice. That's what I am. People travel miles over the bleak desolate downs just to see the Sacrificial Altar at Stonehenge. It is hardly worth the trouble. They can see the real thing any Saturday afternoon on any village cricket-ground.

Thoughtless spectators think we enjoy this game. They are the kind of people who argue that the fox enjoys the hunt as much as the M.F.H. and that the bull positively leaps with joy when he sees the matador. It is simply not true. Nobody really likes to be a sacrifice.

Now I come to think of it, the stumps are arranged curiously like the monoliths at Stonehenge. True, we have three stumps, while the Ancient Britons had two with one huge bail balanced across the top. The Druids believed in the wider wicket.

If archæologists weren't so bad at games they might have stumbled on the significance of this ritual. The human sacrifice, clad in white, is driven to the crease. He stands in front of his wooden replica of Stonehenge while brawny men hurl missiles at him. Nothing but an inadequate little club stands between him and destruction. He makes one slip and the white-robed priest raises a finger to the sky. He is condemned. There is no hope of reprieve. Stonehenge in its prime must have been like that.

Go back, you idiot! He's out. Now I must buckle my pads. It is my turn soon. My hands are palsied.

Don't do it! Can't you see he's tempting you to nibble at them? Don't you realise that you and you only stand between me and destruction?

My playing days ought to be over; but every week the secretary has to scrape together eleven players for the first team and eleven players for the second team. When you remember that players disappear suddenly for their summer holidays, become engaged to girls in the next county, take up dirt-track racing, outboard-motoring, or become air-minded, we can understand an occasional shortage of sacrifices.

I don't know why the invitation isn't refused. But then I still don't know how the ancient Druids secured *their* sacrifices. There must be something morbid in us which allows us to be driven like sheep to the slaughter.

I am always selected to go in ninth wicket down. No, please don't call it "last man in." If it's a good wicket I don't go in to bat. Sometimes, when it's a bad one, I go in with instructions to hit and get out. I generally manage fifty-per-cent of this.



Young Lady (who has just had a fire in her flat, to hall-porter). "OH, BY THE WAY, TOMKINS, IF THE FIRE-ENGINE COMES WHILE I'M OUT, IT'S FOR US."

How's that? Well, if that cross-eyed umpire hasn't given him out! His umpiring is a scandal. Fifty behind and one wicket to fall. *My* wicket to fall. And another hour to go. Don't need an hour. Can do it in two minutes.

Am I ready? Quite ready. Sit on the splice and play out time? Certainly. Watch the left-hand fellow? Comes quickly off the pitch with a nasty break-back? I thought as much.

I must go. The bat weighs a ton. What is that dull booming I can hear? Curious. Just like Big Ben. It's my heart.

The fielders look at me contemptuously. The wicket-keeper grins. The umpire casually waves his hand to indicate I have middle and leg. "Shan't be long now," says first slip. The bowler begins his murderous run. I am glad I have a bat now. I can defend myself with it.

The ball whizzes at me. I shut my eyes and wait for the end.

Something has happened. The umpire is signalling. A small boy is tossing the ball from the boundary. "Well played, Sir!" shouts our captain. I have made four runs.

"Over" is called. All I have to do now is to lean negligently on my bat and look on. My partner misses a full toss. He is out. I am not out. I shall be not out until next Saturday afternoon. My average has leaped up from ·01 to ·04. I march back to the pavilion treading on air. What a glorious game! W. E. R.

Smith Minor in a Vehicular Mood.

"Imagine a prim and proper old Victorian lady walking into a room with her landaulette held to her eyes."—*Schoolboy's Essay.*

"FINE OLD PERSIAN STRIPS."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

LANSBURY'S Lido again?

THE BONNE-À-TOUT-FAIRE.

UNQUESTIONABLY the most important personage in the South of France today is the *bonne-à-tout-faire*. Since the collapse of the pound, all the impoverished English are seeking her out and imploring her aid. The anxious eyes of mistresses pore over the almost unintelligible advertisements for maids in the local French papers, searching ever for "*B.à.t.f. sér. dév. b. réfs*" (which, being interpreted, means "*Bonne-à-tout-faire, sérieuse, dévouée, bonnes références*").

How are the humble and meek exalted! In more prosperous days we were snobs, sniffing at the very idea of running a household with only a *b.à.t.f.*, however *sér. et dév.* The minimum staff was a *cuisinière* and a *femme-de-chambre*, or perhaps a *ménage* man and wife. Now things are changed and *bonnes* are as scarce as English strawberries in May—and sometimes quite as delicious when you get them.

There is Emilia, for instance, a squat little merry-eyed Italian from over the border, strong as a mountain-pony, as broad as she is long, with a tousled mop of curly black hair and the energy of a tornado. What a joy she is! Such humour! Such sense and sensibility! Did she not remark to her mistress comfortingly before the awful impending *déménagement*, when stacks of furniture were expected from England and the house was still full of workmen: "Never mind, *Madame*, we shall certainly find something to laugh at"? And when terrible things happened did she not save situation after situation with her luscious olive-oil laugh? She stood in the midst of chaos, her black eyes twinkling, her white teeth flashing, holding her plump sides and laughing, laughing, laughing in the face of catastrophe.

Will *Monsieur* and *Madame* ever forget the anniversary of their wedding-day when for dinner Emilia dished up two pigeons, heads and all, each with a white blossom in its beak and the two beaks touching—the nearest approach to turtle-doves that she could compass? Her employers realised the implied compliment and thanked her fervently for the delicate attention.

Less attractive looked the otherwise delicious dish of *gnocchi* that, in early days before she had learned the complicated uses of silver and porcelain, she served up in the tin basin of the kitchen weighing-scales.

What matter these things—if two square little hands will insist upon piling up a mountain of plates and dishes and carrying them tucked under a fast-doubling chin when waiting at table? If a door be closed by the hooking round it of a stumpy leg clad in a darned black stocking? If two fat little feet are never seen save in rather shabby *pantoufles*, and if a tongue wags unceasingly of events in the market, of the *amours* of the postman, the swelling family of the butcher and other irrelevancies during the serving of dinner?

Monsieur, accustomed to silent English service, may sometimes frown irritably as the shrill voice of Emilia continues her story from the kitchen whilst changing the dishes. But he can appreciate devotion when he meets it, and all his irritation is forgotten when Emilia, popping her buzzle head on one side, holds an appetising dish under his nose and, gazing beseechingly into his eyes, pleads, "*Encore un peu! Encore, Monsieur! Cela fait du bien! Il faut manger!*" All men like to be petted.

She has a trick of converting to her own uses any object that attracts her. I have already instanced her adoption of the kitchen weighing-basin; and one day the perforated lid of the large English bread-bin was missing and when questioned Emilia admitted that she was using it as a drainer for the family washing. The new guests' bathroom was secretly appropriated for a *lavoir*, and the fact only discovered when a *chic* English *Monsieur* was turned in there to wash his hands. He came back, smiling apologetically, to explain that he could not get inside owing to the serried lines of washing hung across the room to dry.

Salad plates (*demi-lunes*, as Emilia calls them) were puzzling novelties, used at first in many original ways. But there are certain English things which she obstinately refuses to utilise, and only chuckles indulgently when asked for a reason.

Her method of cleaning a room *au fond* is highly interesting. She seizes mats and rushes with them into the open air, gives them one Italian bang and kick and replaces them. She whirls a broom dangerously round an apartment, then flicks wildly with a duster to distribute elsewhere the dust she has made; smiles triumphantly, tosses her curls and trots off to the next duty. *Madame* follows surreptitiously in her wake with a small hand-brush and dustpan and a *damp* duster.

To appreciate the strength of those little sausage arms of Emilia's she should be seen digging up vegetables for dinner from heavy clay or carrying enormous loads of olive-wood. This she will presently light with fir-cones and blow into a blaze with the huge long-handled English bellows, just the same height as herself, which are the great excitement of her daily life.

She has a fine sense of drama. All her exits and her entrances are effective if noisy. She bursts into the tranquil *salon* of *Monsieur* and *Madame* to inform them tragically that one of the hens has invaded the pigeon-cote, displaced the mamma fantail, who is



THE ABSENT-MINDED SCULPTOR.



"EXCUSE ME, SEAMAN, WOULD YOU MIND—ER—UNDOING OUR CABLE? BE CAREFUL TO UNTIE THE RIGHT ONE; IT 'S THE THINNER OF THE TWO."

endeavouring to bring up a family—"*la pauvre!*"—and laid a huge egg in her nest. "*Que faire?*" and a wild despairing gesture of two solid brown arms.

When she presented *Madame* with the parent fantails she brought them into *Madame's* bedroom early one morning and awakened her by waving the basket over her drowsy and startled head: "*Un petit cadeau pour Madame!*"

Finally, when *Madame* first showed her the dainty white bedroom designed for Emilia's own use, with its hollyhock and delphinium cretonnes, its white furniture and even an oval mirror, like that in the room of *Madame* herself, the little *bonne* first threw up her arms to heaven and then flung them around *Madame's* neck, implanting upon each of her cheeks a smacking kiss redolent of garlic. "*Ah, Madame! Permettez que je vous embrasse!*"

Light Work for Capitalists.

"Elderly man with capital, capable of answering tel. Small salary."
Advt. in Canadian Paper.

An Aerial Dry Dock.

"A Hitlerite aeroplane, carrying two steamers, flew over the huge crowd."
Malay Paper.

FLOREAT SUBURBIA.

[A correspondent of *The Sunday Times* has written to ask who was the author of a poem which began:—

"What becomes of all the pretty women
Who marry plain men,
And go down and live in the suburbs?"]

O POET, your old-fashioned ditty,
Though smart in its cynical way,
Is a waste of gratuitous pity
On life in the suburbs to-day.

That love in a cottage might flourish
No doubt you were ready to grant,
While denying that Putney could nourish
This tender and sensitive plant.

But why should we limit approval
To cottages other than Swiss,
When beauty's enhanced by removal
To haunts of suburbanite bliss?

Fair women are welcome at Wembley;
They add a fresh lustre to Sheen;
They glitter at ev'ry assembly
In Golder's delectable Green.

They reveal in the style of their dwellings
A strange architectural kink,
And the names by their fearful misspellings
Turn purists and pedagogues pink.

But they've all the new gadgets for freezing,
On loggias they hardily roost,
They find Mr. PRIESTLEY too "pleasing,"
But revel in FREUD and in PROUST.

The creed of their Bloomsbury preachers
They greedily swallow in gulps;
And they worship the "flatulent features"
That EPSTEIN so forcibly sculps.

They have lectures and dances and tennis,
Sun-bathing and lidos *ad lib.*;
They need not go vamping at Venice,
At Monte, Madeira or Gib.

Like Turks who've abandoned the turban
They've ceased to be dowdies or duds,
And erased from the title "Suburban"
The stigma of stick-in-the-muds.

C. L. G.

". . . it is recorded that as late as 1871 insane persons were being dipped in a loch near Strathnaver, in Sutherland, in the hope of exercising the malevolent spirit."
Glasgow Paper.

Nowadays we just take malevolent spirits for a ride.

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE WOMAN-HATER.

Mr. Testament was a woman-hater, and he had been born like that, because his mother had been frightened by a cook who had got tipsy and thrown a saucepan at her when she had given her notice, so he couldn't help it, but it was awkward, as he had to have nurses when he was little and they couldn't do anything with him, he hated them so. Still it was better when he went to school, and by the time he grew up he had learnt to control himself when he saw a woman, and could sit next to one in a bus if he had to without shivering all over. And he lived at a club where all the servants were men, and went to a church where there were only monks and women weren't allowed, and had the typing in his office done by clerks, though it was more expensive and not so neat, so he got on fairly well, and the only thing he missed was that he couldn't find a man to darn his socks and he had to do that himself.

Well Mr. Testament had to go to Borneo or Madagascar or one of those places on business, and there were several women on the ship, but he told the purser that he was a woman-hater and should complain if any of them spoke to him, so none of them did, and when he walked round the deck for exercise and a woman passed him he looked over the side and pretended he was looking at porpoises, so he wasn't much bothered by women's society, and as he sat at a table for meals with his face to the wall he didn't know any of the women on the ship by sight even.

Well the ship was wrecked in a typhoon or a monsoon or one of the things they have in those parts and everybody was drowned except Mr. Testament and Miss Lull who were thrown up on a nice island where there were yams and bread-fruit and pawpaws so that they needn't starve, but there was no accommodation for separate establishments, so Mr. Testament had to make the best of it. And he told Miss Lull quite frankly that it would make him queasy to look at her, so he shouldn't do it, and they had better live on different sides of the island, which wasn't very big, but he said he did recognise that women were human beings and that if he saw a ship passing on his side of the island he would let her know, but after they were taken off there would be no necessity for any further communication between them.

Well Miss Lull was rather offended, because she knew she was quite pretty and she had thought she might cure Mr. Testament of being a woman-hater, as she would have him to herself on the island for some time. So she was going off in a huff, but Mr. Testament said I have always been polite to women when I have been forced to take any notice of them, I will go to the other side of the island and you can stop here. And Miss Lull thought that wasn't so bad of him and she said thank you, but he only quivered with disgust at the sound of her voice and went off without saying anything more.



"SO HE BUILT MISS LULL A NICE HUT."

Well it was very dull for Miss Lull on the island except when some things were thrown up from the wreck, and once there was a box which she managed to open and it was full of hundreds and hundreds of silk stockings, and she tried them all on, which passed the time until she was ready to go to bed under a palm-tree. And one morning there were a lot of oranges thrown up and she was very glad of them, because there weren't any orange-trees on that island and she was getting very tired of pawpaws. And when she had eaten several of them she said I will take Mr. Testament some, I daresay he will be glad of them too, and perhaps he is tired of having nobody to talk to by this time.

So she did that, and when she got to the other side of the island she saw Mr. Testament lying under a coker-nut tree, and he didn't move. And when she got up to him she thought he was dead, but he was only stunned through a large coker-nut falling on his head, and she said oh poor fellow and fetched water from a spring there was there and took his head on her lap and sprinkled his face, and when he came to he opened his eyes and looked at her.

Well of course he wouldn't have done that if he had been quite himself, but he didn't find it so nauseating as he had anticipated, and when he felt better he was able to thank her, without feeling too squeamish, for watering his face, and as a reward he showed her the little hut he had made for himself out of driftwood. And she said I haven't got anything nice like that, and he said no and why? because women are no good to anyone, not even to themselves. And she said well anyhow they can bring men to when they have been stunned by coker-nuts falling on their heads. And he said well yes I forgot that, and now I think you had better get back to your side of the island.

So then Miss Lull burst into tears and said I do think you are unkind, I am so lonely on my side of the island and I think you might build me another little hut like yours and we could talk to each other sometimes.

And Mr. Testament said well I did talk to a woman once a few years ago when I couldn't get out of it without being impolite, and I found I could support it if I kept my eyes shut the whole time, very well I will.

So he built Miss Lull a nice hut, and they had some agreeable conversations together, and they didn't always agree but Mr. Testament got quite to like Miss Lull and sometimes wondered what she looked like, because he hadn't looked at her since he had come to from being stunned and found his head in her lap, and he had forgotten.

And then one morning she said she had a fly in her eye and he simply must take it out because she couldn't do it herself. So he controlled his squeamishness and looked for the fly in her eye and he couldn't find it, but he went on trying to and was surprised to find that

he liked doing it and it didn't make him queasy at all, and when he had gone for a little walk to calm himself he came back and said he might as well see if there was a fly in her other eye.

Well that very afternoon a ship hove in sight, and Mr. Testament tied his shirt to a bamboo stick and waved to it, and presently a boat came and took him and Miss Lull off, and the passengers made a great fuss of them and lent them clothes and treated them to champagne.

And when the captain of the ship told Mr. Testament that he had better give it out that he was engaged to Miss Lull, so as to save talk, because it looked rather fishy their being on an island together without a chaperon, he gave it out willingly, and Miss Lull didn't contradict him. A. M.

An Impending Apology.

"ABYSSINIA RECAPTURES REVOLTING EX-EMPEROR . . ."—*Japanese Paper.*

The Cult of Courtesy.

"The bride was given away by her father (a popular member of the Finsbury Park Bowing Club) . . ."—*North London Paper.*

BRIGHTER "O.B.'S."

THE fierce floods of criticism which descend periodically on the various departments of the B.B.C. appear so far to have been avoided by those responsible for Outside Broadcasts.

Quietly and with the minimum of fuss they enable us to be present at any function of sufficient public interest, from Lord's to Loch Lomond, from Wimbledon to Wembley.

Hitherto we have been content to accept their efforts without question, grateful for anything they have cared to offer us. But the time has now come when we must look to the "O.B." man to bestir himself in order to keep in touch with modern developments.

I have before me as I write a photograph of Miss GERTRUDE EDERLE, the famous American swimmer. She is wearing a bathing-costume and a bright smile as she surf-rides at a high speed in New York Harbour *and at the same time delivers a broadcast address.*

Now obviously this has enormous possibilities. It is not for me to teach the "O.B." man the technical side of his job, but surely, if Miss EDERLE can indulge in surf-riding and broadcasting simultaneously, it is not too much to hope that in the near future we shall be able to listen to many of our prominent sportsmen giving us running commentaries on their own play. Thus:—

"TATE has just bowled me a full toss on the leg side. I know, of course, that some people would like to see me hit it for four, or even six, but the public must not be unreasonable. After all, I have only been batting for an hour-and-a-half, and they cannot expect a man to start hitting risky boundaries so early in his innings. There! I have just tapped it to forward short-leg."

Or possibly it will be the bowler speaking:—

"I am just about to bowl to SUTCLIFFE. I shall bowl him an off-break. I know of course that SUTCLIFFE plays off-breaks with perfect ease and that the ball most likely to get him out is a fast yorker on the leg-stump; but I shan't bowl that yet. I shall keep on bowling off-breaks until he is thoroughly set and then send down a yorker when he is least expecting it."



"YOU'D BE SURPRISED WHAT A LOT OF VISITORS WE GET HERE IN AUGUST."
"I SHOULD."



"YOUR FATHER SEEMS TO GET ON VERY WELL WITH THAT SILLY LITTLE JOAN. SHE ALWAYS SEEMS TO ME TO BE HALF-WITTED."

"OH, WELL, MY DEAR, YOU MUST ADMIT SHE'S RATHER ATTRACTIVE; AND THEN, YOU SEE, DADDY IS JUST AT THE IMPRESSIONABLE AGE."

Tennis, again, has possibilities. Imagine ELLESWORTH VINES:—

"I am just about to deliver my cannon-ball service. The score is love-all in the first game. I see that a certain Mr. Scrivener has recently suggested that it is unfair that tennis-players should be allowed two services. It seems that he bases his argument partly on the fact that I should be unable to take my own cannon-ball service if I were standing on the other side of the net. I am still trying to work this out. Meanwhile the score is now fifteen-love."

There will be no limit to what the "O.B." man will be able to do for us. We shall now learn what it is that our heavyweight champions really do whisper in each other's ears as they linger in a loving embrace in the middle of the ring. We may even overhear Mr. Punch's old friend, General Forcursue, addressing his ball which has strayed into a bunker and—— But no, I am wrong. The "O.B." man *will* be limited in certain directions.

Anyway, here are a few suggestions. I feel sure we shall all begin to count the days.

OTTAWA AND BEACHVILLE.

(Lines on reading in a certain newspaper that "Mr. BALDWIN Sells the Pass," and again, "Mr. BALDWIN Hauls Down the Flag of Empire.")

IN costumes of correctitude
The bathers swam beside the shore;
The Mayor remained uninterviewed,
The children yo-yoed as before;
No voice was heard to cry "Alas!"
Save mine alone in all the town
When Mr. BALDWIN sold the pass
And hauled the flag of Empire down.

The anglers on the western pier
Who cast their lines upon the wave
Continued that amusement drear
Nor looked particularly grave;
The man who taught the riding-class
Jogged on and on (his name was Brown)
When Mr. BALDWIN sold the pass
And hauled the flag of Empire down.

The golfers on the fourteenth tee
Propelled their balls into the air
As though Britannia yet was free;
It struck me that they did not care;
A slice into the long rough grass
Was still their sorrow's crowning crown
When Mr. BALDWIN sold the pass
And hauled the flag of Empire down.

So none but I remained to think
That Beachville's pomp and Beachville's pride
Were even now upon the brink
Of ruin, and aloud I cried,
"Ye little shelters built of glass,
This was the end of your renown—
When Mr. BALDWIN sold the pass
And hauled the flag of Empire down!"

The people heard; they would not stop;
Unmindful of imperial woe,
With hampers full of buns and pop
They kept on walking to and fro;
The grown-up persons said, "You ass!"
The young ones fled before my frown
When Mr. BALDWIN sold the pass
And hauled the flag of Empire down.

EVOE.

. . . Springs Eternal in the Golfer's Breast.

"A. Joseph, professional, is leaving at the end of next month to reopen a nine-hope course between Chester and Mold."
Manchester Paper.



TRYING IT ON THE DOG.

MR. DE VALERA'S IRISH SETTER (*bitterly*). "I'M THE ONLY LIVING THING HE SEEMS TO HIT."



Budding Playwright. "CHARMING PLACE, STRATFORD. I'D LIKE TO COME AND LIVE HERE."
Adoring Wife. "YES, LET'S. IT'LL SAVE THE AMERICANS SUCH A LOT OF TROUBLE LATER ON."

"HORACE."

THOUGH he had not played golf for nearly twenty years, HORACE HUTCHINSON remained to the end an outstanding representative of the game which he had done more than any other Englishman to transplant to English soil. He was not only a great player in his prime but a great advocate of golf, who combined mastery of the clubs with a literary gift and an historical knowledge which have won for his writings a classical prestige. And his influence was all the greater for the wide range of his interests in sport and pastime. Cricket owes him much. There is no pleasanter work in the *belles lettres* of bat and ball than his little anthology of *Cricketing Saws and Stories*; there is no better account of the old country-house cricket than his exhilarating *Peter Steele*. He was an expert angler, a good shot and a fine billiards-player. He wrote with much charm and close observation on natural history. Of later years he turned his enforced seclusion to fruitful account in fiction, essays and courageous explorations of the riddle of man's destiny.

He was christened HORATIO, but, though he had a NELSON touch in golf, he was always known as HORACE; and that was right, for he had much of the kindly urbanity of his Latin namesake. He was indeed a delightful companion, welcome and able to hold his own in any company. While golf was his principal recreation, he was keenly interested in politics, philosophy and psychology, and it was this mental versatility that enabled him to write in *The Quarterly Review* one of the best and most judicial of the character-studies that have yet appeared of his friend Lord BALFOUR.

He will be missed on many greens, from St. George's to St. Andrew's, for, though a generation of golfers has grown up since he was forced to give up playing, wherever he went he left, in the happy phrase of another hero of the game—the renowned and respected "JOHN HENRY," whom he discovered, befriended and encouraged at Westward Ho!—"the fragrant memory of a courteous and kindly gentleman, whose assistance when it was so sorely needed will remain a cherished record in golfing history."

One of those who knew and loved him in his strength and admired him even more in the years of his infirmity can find no better words to sum up his life and character than the old Roman epitaph: *Nil unquam peccavit nisi quod mortuus est.*

C. L. G.

Are Doctors Careless Feeders?

"Yes, doctors see many queer things in their profession. The insignia of the profession—a black coat and triped trousers—hides many an unassuming hero."
Sunday Paper.

"The invasion of Whitby has begun. The local fishermen, who are insoluble weather experts, forecast a fine week-end. . . ."
North-Country Paper.

This is the only kind of weather expert who is likely to survive.



First Village Worthy (to second ditto). "'IM? THEY DO SAY 'E BE A FAMOUS AUTHOR FROM LUNNON. BUT DOAN'T 'EE GET TALKIN' TO 'IM—'E'LL ONLY PICK YOUR BRAINS."

A RIVER ECLOGUE.

THERE are, or, as they say in Latin, *sunt*,
Who (*qui*) in summer (*tempore æstivo*)
Embark upon the river in a punt
With their impedimenta and derive oh!
Such profit and delight
From pushing it all day
And tying up at night
In some secluded bay
Among the nightingales and gnats and new-mown hay.

Quorum pars fui (I myself have been
One of that company) and from my pillow
Have gazed at daybreak on the watery scene
And watched the willow-warbler on the willow,
And ere the sun has kissed
The summit of the hill
Have seen the river mist
The river valley fill,
Making it very beautiful and cold and still.

How sweet it is on rising to *desipere*
In loco, and supply one's simple needs
By climbing up the bank where not too slippery,
And cooking bacon on the level meads;
And, having drunk, to dip
One's teapot in the stream
Where water-beetles slip
And baby minnows gleam
Till the kingfisher comes along and spoils their dream!

How good to see the mayfly on the wing,
Hear the snipe bleat, surprise the heron hunting,
And revel in the peace that rivers bring
Whether you ride at anchor or go punting
Past gardens where the gloom
Gives refuge from the glare,
And red geraniums bloom,
And roses scent the air!
Carpe diem! there 's nothing better anywhere.

And if the wind blows and the stream descending
Makes you push hard against the river bed,
And now and then the way appears unending
Before you reach the lock that lies ahead,
Well, anyone can float
Downstream and look his best,
But when you 're in a boat
It 's upstream is the test;
Hoc opus, hic (as VIRGIL puts it) *labor est.*

"THOSE VICTORIAN DAYS.

Every school, echoing the Eton School song, chants of 40 years on . . ."—*Civil Service Paper.*

Including Harrow College, in its well-known boating song.

"Mr. John —— yesterday was presented with a pair of ebony hair brushes as a parting gift from his former colleagues on the 'West Briton.' "—*West-Country Paper.*

A comb would perhaps have been more effective for the purpose indicated.

ŒDIPUS AT THE CROSS-ROADS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Some three thousand years have passed since the occurrence of the first road-death of which we possess any authentic record, but it is still possible, I think, to draw a lesson from it, and especially so at the present time when the loss of life and limb on our public highways has reached such appalling proportions.

It was (you will remember, Sir) at a place where three roads met that the hapless Œdipus—which means Swollen-Foot, and no wonder, after the long hike from Corinth and no newspapers to tell him to soap his socks before starting—came into collision with a fast car driven by Laius, travelling incognito, and drawn by the speed and strength of horses. Just where the road to Daulis narrows the two came face to face, and Laius, according to the evidence, tried to hog the man on foot. Œdipus, never the sort to be lightly pushed into a ditch by anyone, least of all by a driver so ready with abusive language as the King of Thebes, fetched him a shrewd blow with his walking-stick as he attempted to pass and tumbled him out into the dust. After which he moved on with an easy conscience to Thebes, solved a riddle which was puzzling the inhabitants and became King, what time the spirit of Laius fled shrieking to Hades.

So ended the first important Road Accident—not, as those unacquainted with SOPHOCLES might at the outset have supposed, with the extinction of the pedestrian but with the complete and final bouleversement of the road-hog. Is it not a great pity, Sir, that in our own day, though drivers of the Laius type have increased and multiplied like locusts, pedestrians with the spirit and enterprise of Œdipus are nowhere to be found? The old unhappy far-off king set us an example which we are much too slow to follow.

To point to the fate which later overtook him as a warning against such precipitate action is ridiculous. Car-owners insure themselves against the slaughter of their victims; what is to prevent us protecting ourselves in the same way against possible accidents to them? The mistake that Œdipus made in not taking out an adequate Third-Party Policy at Delphi is one which need never be repeated.

May I then through your columns appeal to all pedestrians to follow the lead of Œdipus? Awake! Rally your depleted and disjointed ranks, take up your artificial arms and hobble forth against the common foe. It is idle to look to the law for aid in encompassing his destruction. Tell me not their mournful numbers, for you will soon find when you arrive in court that things are not what they seem. Within those hallowed precincts no car has yet been known to exceed a speed of fifteen miles an hour.

No, the time has come to strike for ourselves and to strike quickly. The task that lies before us grows daily more difficult with the ever-increasing speed of the motor-fiend. But we must practise—practise until we can be sure of bringing down our man with a well-flung crutch at forty, fifty, sixty miles an hour. And then to leap upon the running-board, seize him by the neck and, without releasing your clutch, enmesh him in his own revolting gears! What ecstasy!

Our present methods, the furious shout after the retreating vehicle and the still more futile procedure at law, are impotent and out-of-date. "Retaliation"—that, Sir, must be the watch-word of the walker.

Œdipus, patron saint of pedestrians, I salute you.



"SAY, COP, I LEFT HOME THIS MORNIN' AN' HAVEN'T BEEN SEEN SINCE."

AT THE PICTURES.

TWO DISPLAYS OF NERVE.

EARLIER in the year English film-distributors incurred a widespread criticism by rejecting the Kamet film in its raw state, on the grounds that it was unsuited to the public taste. Now that, cut and edited, it is to be seen at the Polytechnic, I hope all these gentlemen will be drawn by curiosity to visit it, and will be moved to tears of remorse by their lack of perspicacity, for it is a film which can hardly fail to attract intelligent people.

The all-British expedition which conquered Kamet in 1931 was organised and led by Mr. F. S. SMYTHE, and, in addition to being the newspaper correspondent of the party, he also worked the camera, a task in which he has been notably successful. I should say that seldom has a photographer had better material or more difficult conditions in which to avail himself of it.

After a brief introduction to the six members of the expedition we see them move off from Ranikhet on the 150-mile march to the foot of Kamet. Seventy porters and a few yaks carried their equipment, which ceased to seem so vast when one learned that the base camp would be pitched at 15,500 feet, right away from all supplies. But I doubt if it ever even began to seem vast to the porters, each of whom



Mr. F. S. SMYTHE (introducing his film). "EXCUSE ME FOR NOT LOOKING MORE CHEERY, BUT THIS ARMCHAIR COMFORT IS GETTING ME DOWN."

carried the equivalent of a bedroom-suite on his back and yet emerged from under it at the end of the day with a rapturous smile. They are Nature's Hikers, and when the Olympic Committee have the sense to adopt my suggestion of a Rucksack Marathon these porters will amble away with it. Some of them had strangely European features, like wizened Scots gillies who had sunbathed too much.

The scenery between Ranikhet and the base camp was magnificent. The Ganges, the Himalayan foothills and the occasional mountain villages with their temples and goggle-eyed children afforded fascinating shots.



MODEL HUMPS FOR HIKERS.

And then came the real struggle. With a few selected porters the expedition began its slow progress up the face of Kamet. To those of us who get giddy on a step-ladder such a movement appears not so much an affair of skill as of magic. Great crags of ice overhung the climbers' path; avalanches went thundering down around them; the air became so rare that towards the end they had to rest between each step, and the night-winds were unimaginably searching. That final climb was an exhibition of astonishing courage and determination; and, watching the men in the last stages of exhaustion crawling up an almost vertical ice face, it is hard for us to remember that Mr. SMYTHE, who was operating the camera, must have been similarly spent.

The fade-out comes after a series of panoramic shots from the summit, and shows, lying mistily below, mountains far higher than the Alps. I would have liked to see a little of the descent, but I suppose the summit really represented the peak of the film.

Mr. SMYTHE'S casual and modest commentary ensures continuity for a film that would have been no discredit to a regular camera-man (who would probably have died of over-exposure the first night), and is a remarkable achievement for an amateur who was at the same time responsible for the fate of the expedition. Here for once are no synthetic glaciers, no studio gallants, no pop-eyed blondes, but a body of adventurous young men going about their actual job. You should go and see them at it.

Der Hauptmann von Koepenick, at the Cambridge, is a satire on Prussian officialdom based on the great hoax of 1906. The dialogue has been left in German, but sufficient English captions have been added for the story to be easily followed.

I think myself this film has been rather over-praised. It has some extremely funny moments and the acting is good; but the introductory passages need a lot of cutting, and one wonders how convincing the leg-pull would seem if at the back of one's mind one hadn't the knowledge that in actual fact it surprisingly succeeded.

In the film *Wilhelm Voigt* is an old forger with a family solicitor's face, who after a long series of sentences has been refused a citizen's papers and even been imprisoned for trying to steal them. He puts on a captain's uniform, accosts a platoon of soldiers



A "CAPTAIN" WHO GOT AWAY WITH IT.

Wilhelm Voigt . . . . MAX ADALBERT.

and commands a section to accompany him to Koepenick, a suburb of Berlin. There he marches into the town-hall, poses as a staff officer, arrests the Mayor and Treasurer, packs them off with a guard to report at H.Q., empties the till and then discovers that there is no office at Koepenick for the issue



"MUMMY, ARE NIGGERS LIKE LOBSTERS? 'COS I'VE FOUND OUT ABOUT LOBSTERS. THEY'RE BLACK TILL THEY'RE BOILED."

of the identification papers which he wanted! But the hoax causes so much delight, even at Potsdam, that he gets both his papers and the Imperial pardon. (In 1906 the real VOIGT was imprisoned by the infuriated authorities—a more credible ending.)

Voigt's previous career should have been sketched in far more briefly, and the whole *tempo* needs speeding up; but it is worth sitting through the first half-hour for the fun which follows. MAX ADALBERT'S interpretation of *Voigt* is beautifully done, and MAX GULSDORFF as the *Mayor* proves himself a comic actor of considerable originality. I liked very much the clever device by which the titanic merriment of the world was indicated. There is an irresistible gusto about canned Teutonic laughter. ERIC.

DECKO.

IT is now possible to report upon the success of the new sport—provisionally named "Decko"—for which the material has been provided by the municipal authorities at Paddleton-on-Sea.

The game revolves round the band-stand enclosure, where deck-chairs are placed in the proportion of one to every twenty of the wood-slatted variety. The object of each player is to seize a deck-chair and retain it until seats are folded for the day. A player so ensconced is said to be "enviable" and at once incurs the strategic attentions of his rivals.

Play commences at 2.30 each afternoon. Points are awarded as follows: For a chair captured between 2.30 and 3.0, two points; between 3.0 and 3.30 (the peak half-hour), five points; between 3.30 and 4.15, three points; from 4.15 onwards, one point. A bonus of one point is allowed for a chair in the inner ring, facing the conductor.

Competitors occupy the wooden seats until they see an opportunity of becoming "enviable." Positional play is important; for example, it is only the tyro who places himself near a deck-chair when the occupant is equipped with a work-bag and a novel. Camp-stools and shooting-sticks are barred.

The case of a player who feigned lumbago in the vicinity of an "enviable" Girl Guide is now before the Rules Committee. Any player advancing towards a deck-chair-holder who is merely changing his position forfeits his score for that day. Otherwise there is little restriction and much scope for guile.

Teams have been entered from all the leading hotels, and some exciting play has been witnessed by the spectators on the free side of the railings. The superb tactics of Major Stalker, the "Sea View" ace, have aroused great enthusiasm. On one occasion he had risen to cover the apparent retirement of a chair-holder, only to find that his quarry was simply moving out of the sun. To take one pace forward was to court disqualification. With commendable aplomb the Major explained to his neighbour that he had mistaken the band's tune for "God Save the King," and calmly re-seated himself.

The best of players, however, may be caught napping. Only yesterday Mr. Ponderby, captain of the "Bella Vista" team, having achieved a modest two, set his deck-chair comfortably in the fourth notch and was preparing to spend the five-point period defensively when the rung began to slip. Suspecting foul play, Mr. Ponderby rose to remonstrate with the competitor immediately behind him. At once an elderly gentleman slipped in and made a brilliant capture.

This little-known master of the game is to be offered a Life Vice-Presidency of the Decko League when it is formed.

AT THE MUSIC-HALL.

"NON-STOP REVELS"
(LEICESTER SQUARE).

THE full title of this show, given at a theatre newly adapted from cinema to supplement the already existing superfluity of theatres, is "Non-stop Revels Glorifying Variety." Perhaps the glorification consisted in the elaborate and laudable efforts of the management to minister to our sense of comfort and desire for luxury with a Garden Lounge (which is also a dance-hall), and a Fountain Court (which is incidentally a Soda-Fountain Court, and a restaurant fully licensed). And, as the management observes in a hearty introduction to the programme, "with prices from 1*s.* to 5*s.*, including tax, cheap isn't the word." Apparently a resolute pleasure-seeker could stay inside this palace from two o'clock till midnight, putting in a late lunch, tea, cocktails, dinner and a dance, filling in the intervals with glorified variety.

Perhaps the programme did show signs of hasty preparation, due to these subsidiary occupations of an anxious management, and therefore should not be judged too harshly. Two outstanding turns, variety at its best, were COLLINSON and DEAN, back-chatters, and LAPP and HABEL, acrobats. COLLINSON (or DEAN), a pert adolescent moron, argues with DEAN (or COLLINSON)—the programme is in general rather waggish than informative—a friend of the youth's family anxious to set the youngster up in a job, about ambition in a dialogue crammed with superb inconsequences and diverting misunderstandings. This is worth while going some way to hear. LAPP and HABEL—LAPP (or HABEL) irrelevantly disguised as a battered SHAKESPEARE—have invented a really droll turn of that type of elemental simplicity which makes the best kind of joke. I will not spoil your shock of pleased surprise by revealing the essence of their little mystification.

An attractive Chorus, some forty strong, maintains the jolly pagan traditions of the Square. There seems positively no end to the supply of symmetrically-shaped, athletic and (professionally) exhibitionist young women of the island race, and some enterprising manager will some day assemble them all together for a Week-end to Week-end Super-Marathon Revelrevue-variety for a mass-inspection. Also perhaps some more than ordinarily original *entrepreneur* will give us a programme without the now inevitable band, without the now inevitable conductor oozing "personality" and trying to bluff us into the belief that his extravagant antics



MR. OLIVER ASTON—A LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR.

have any appreciable effect upon the musicians under his baton and grimaces. There were two such bands in this programme—one rather more restless than the other.

HORACE KENNEY is a clever comedian in the mournful-fatuous line, and his "Trial Turn" ought somehow to have come out better than it actually did. Perhaps a little shortening and a mitigation of the obviousness of some of the exchanges between the *Comedian* and the *Manager* would help.

"Sensation" (as advertised) was provided in at least two phases of the turn of BALLIOL and MERTON—the courageous and skilful dives of the lady from a high pillar, once head-first on to the strong right arm of the gentleman, and again legs-first on to his neck! The preliminary exercises of this pair, the hurlings and swingings of the slender female by the strapping male, had been distinguished from the now familiar pattern by the importation of amorous embroideries—a faun with crude designs upon a reluctant maiden; a sort of fairy prince with a more polite approach. These, I think, added little to our entertainment. But the dives aforesaid were genuine thrillers betokening perfect mutual confidence between the athletes and a high degree of physical fitness.

The THREE PIRATES scored their points chiefly with kicks, thumps, thwacks and pin-pricks on the more ignoble portions of each other's persons in a primitive Rabelaisian mood which has no doubt its attraction for the less exacting. LOLA DE FRAINE, "our little hostess," comely, self-possessed and full of veiled meanings, sang some modern songs for us; and MARIE KENDALL, "our very own MARIE," reproduced for us the choruses of her triumphs of forty years ago by way of reminding the progressive younger generation that the 'nineties did not lack their audacities. ERIC RANDOLPH tore passion, sentiment, time and rhythm to tatters with a mellifluous voice. FREDDIE FORBES was a sort of *compère* of the show—with a personality and a method, which, however, lacking variety, are more engaging at first than later—and was the blonde heroine of an affair in the bedroom of a Bloomsbury boarding-house, assisted by GARRY LYNCH, secondary heroine and foil, and AL and BILLY GOLD, as two strayed revellers. This was a NOEL COWARD trifle, *Oranges and Lemons*—a very early COWARD, I should suppose, and rather cruder, I imagine, in presentation than in intention. T.



MR. FREDDIE FORBES (COMPÈRE) FINDS VERY LITTLE MATERIAL FOR CRITICISM IN MISS LOLA DE FRAINE'S COSTUME.

Cupid Flies North.

"NEW ENTERPRISE.
MATCH-MAKING TO START AT W. HARTLEPOOL."
Yorkshire Paper.

DOMESTIC PROBLEMS.

V.—MR. BEENY'S BUDGET.

"William," said Mr. Beeny, "I see no chance for reform in this house until we have drawn up a budget."

"A budget?" said William.

"Yes. It's a horrid word, I know, and has poisoned the life of millions of people; but it seems to be the only one to use, unless we say an estimate of expenditure."

"It will come to the same thing," said William with a sigh.

"I fear so," said Mr. Beeny with another. "Well, the first thing to do is to see how much our income is likely to be and the next to see how we can cut down so as to live within it. A dreary morning's work, I am afraid."

"Do you really need me at the moment?" William said with a glance of some eagerness at the door.

"Certainly," said Mr. Beeny. "How can I economise without you? So far as I can calculate, on the liberal side, we can call our net income £2,400, while our household expenses, food, drink, coal, light, telephone, rent, washing, rates and taxes, Mrs. Wilkins and you, William, come to—what do you think?"

"I have no idea," said William.

"They come to £1,400," said Mr. Beeny, "to which we will add, for emergencies, another £100. That leaves us a balance of £900 to play with."

"What do you mean by emergencies, Sir?" William asked.

"Wear and tear. The glasses that are broken, for example; renewals of worn-out things; builders' odd jobs; plumbers' odd jobs; window-cleaning; chimney-cleaning; Christmas-boxes. Very well; now let us look at my personal expenditure. Clothes, for instance. How am I off for clothes?"

"You want a new silk hat," said William—"that is if you are going to any more funerals or weddings."

"We might deny ourselves both?" Mr. Beeny suggested.

"In that case you're all right," said William. "Not smart but creditable."

"Say £50 for the year," Mr. Beeny suggested.

"Ample," said William.

"Subscriptions, wedding-presents, etc.," Mr. Benny read out. "I suppose they must be the same?"

"They might all come down a bit," said William.

"No, I shouldn't like that," said Mr. Beeny. "There'll be too much reduction for me to join in too. Let's say £100."

William shook his head.

"Very well, then, £80. Cigars? I ought perhaps to smoke cheaper cigars, but I don't like them. Every time I've tried to economise there, I've lost money. In fact hitherto, whenever I've tried to economise in any direction, I've lost money. But we are turning over a new leaf. I could of course smoke fewer."

"Not you, Sir," said William.

"Very well, then, we'll leave cigars at their present figure: two a day at two shillings each; that's a bit over £70."

"Yes, Sir; but what about those you give away?"

"I'd forgotten those. I must stop giving them away, I suppose."

"Better put down another £40," said William, "and another £20 for cigarettes. You could give cheaper fruit at your dinner-parties," he added; "you like everything so good. There's few noblemen even who give their guests such fruit as you do."

"Nothing's too good for a guest, as my poor mother used to say," said Mr. Beeny.

"True," said William—"at any rate for some guests. But we must cut our coats according to our cloth—a saying of my father's."

"Then we come to books," said Mr. Beeny. "I hate the idea of buying



British Officer (in foreign port). "AND IF ANY COMMUNISTS TRY TO GET ON BOARD WITH THEIR LOUSY PAMPHLETS LET ME KNOW AT ONCE."

Quartermaster. "IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU, SIR, I WON'T DISTURB YOU UNLESS YOU HAPPENS TO HEAR THE SPLASHES."

fewer books. How are the authors to live, poor devils? And theatre-tickets? I suppose I spend a hundred pounds a year on books and plays?"

"Quite," said William.

"Well," said Mr. Beeny, "we will take stock. In addition to the original household expenses—£1,400 plus £100—we have got £360. Now the margin for the unexpected. For instance, illness. I've put down £100 for illness, but if I had to have an operation and go into a nursing-home I should need more than that for the surgeon alone, long before any nursing-home fees began at all. And nursing-homes are very dear, William. In fact I can't think why anyone invests in anything else."

"We must keep well, Sir," said William.

"We must try to," said Mr. Beeny. "But this is no time for such facile optimism as that. It is not the best for which we must nowadays prepare, but the worst. I shall be on the safe side and make the allowance for illness £200. What do you say?"

"As you wish, Sir," said William. "If you expect to be ill you're less likely to be so than otherwise. It's the unexpected that happens."

"That brings our total to £560," said Mr. Beeny. "And then there are loans to people I can't very well refuse. They call them loans."

"But oughtn't you to refuse?" William asked.

"Probably," said Mr. Beeny. "But I can't; not if I see them. The only way is for you to prevent me from seeing them, William. I find I've been lending on an average £200 a year for a long while now, and borrowers' needs are not likely to decrease. In fact they have begun to increase already."

"You've been lending quite recently, Sir?" William asked.

Mr. Beeny admitted it. "In fact," he said, "I must expect to be touched this year to the extent of £300. I'm sure of that unless you can stop it. And that means that our total now comes to £2,360. But there's still another thing to be considered—the unknown. Borrowers are certain; illness is far from improbable; but what about a fire, William? Which reminds me that I forgot about insurances. Everyone knows that the insurance money never really covers a fire. I think we ought to add another £200 for the unknown. With that £200 we are now £160 in excess of our income. What is to be done?"

"Hope for the best, Sir. Next year things may be all right again."

"Ah, William, that is partly what has brought us to these straits: our English habit of trusting to luck and the usual miracle. I implore you, William, not to be so optimistic. Even if it is against your nature, be gloomy."

"Yes, Sir."

"Gloomy, William. You're smiling."

"I was thinking of the pictures you now and then buy," said William, "and won't be able to buy any more."

"No, no more picture-buying," said Mr. Beeny.

"The poor artists!" said William.

"Dear, dear!" said Mr. Beeny; "this is very sad."

"And I've thought of another thing," said William. "Your holiday abroad. What about that?"

"No more holidays," said Mr. Beeny.

E. V. L.

REGIMENTAL RHYTHMICS

SOME little time ago it was my privilege to draw attention in these columns to the official recognition of community singing for the troops. It is with considerable regret, therefore, that I now have to record that the scheme, on which so much care and thought had been bestowed, has been a failure.

There were several contributory reasons, and it is unnecessary to dwell upon them now. I need only mention that the officers in medical charge of the troops were, as a whole, not in favour of the scheme because of the alarming prevalence of pulmonary troubles due, it is thought, to standing open-mouthed on dusty parade-grounds. In spite of the beneficial effect on the receipts of the wet canteen the order has therefore gone forth that no more compulsory choral parades are to be held.

Fortunately the authorities are not easily discouraged, and I was not surprised to learn that a new project is practically ready for trial. It has long been recognised that dancing, if studiously and scientifically practised, conduces to the acquisition of the soldierly qualities of precision, poise and speed, and is of value in developing physique, initiative and an eye for ground. Consequently it has been decided to do away with such time-worn and humdrum physical exercises as "With double knee-bending and chin pointing inwards, outwards, sidewards, upwards and downwards, on alternate feet—HOP!" and to introduce in their stead a series of infinitely more graceful and useful contortions, such as, "Double *chassé-croisé* and bow; pirouette, pose and kiss the fingers; judging the time—BEGIN!"

The possibilities are tremendous. As a highly-placed official remarked to me, one has only to compare the gaiety and elegance of a General's inspection of the future with the staid solemnity of the present ritual to realise how enormously the *moral* of all concerned will be raised. In support of this assertion he showed me a draft of the suggested procedure, which is intended for English regiments serving at Home stations. Modifications will of course be necessary to suit other racial and climatic conditions:—

1. Reception of the Inspecting Officer with a "GENERAL OBEISANCE"; Officers saluting with a graceful sweep of the head-dress, other ranks making a leg.

2. MAXIXE MILITAIRE by the Machine-Gun Company.

3. MORRIS DANCE by the Mechanised Vehicles.

4. MUSICAL SKIPPING by the Company-Sergeant-Majors.

5. BOLERO by the defaulters (in costume), under the Provost-Sergeant.

6. Exhibition of CURVET, CAPRIOLE, CARACOLE and GALOP by the Senior Major.

7. SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY, danced by the Band and Drums, playing continuously.

8. *Finale:* GRAND CHAIN and COTILLON, led by the Colonel and Adjutant, with favours by the Quartermaster, leading to

BREAKDOWN,

after which the Inspecting Officer may say a few words.

MR. PUNCH ON TOUR.

THE Collection of original Drawings by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, Sir JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER, and of reproductions of Famous Cartoons, Forecasts and other exhibits from *Punch*, which has been on view at the *Punch* Offices, is being made accessible to our readers in the Provinces. It will be shown at the City Art Gallery, Aberdeen, August 20 to September 17; at Middlesbrough, October 1 to October 29; at Southport, November 12 to December 10, and at Plymouth, December 24 to January 21, 1933.

Invitations to visit the Exhibition at any of the above places will be gladly sent to readers if they will apply to the Secretary, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

"MR. ROOSEVELT ON WAY TO PAY DEBTS."
Headline in Daily Paper.

The very least we can do is to meet him half-way.

"Tanks were accorded Lady —— by Mrs. ——."—*West-Country Paper.*

One way of getting rid of cumbrous memorials.

"Surprises have been fertile in German politics of late years, but it may be predicted that Herr von Papen will succeed Herr von Papen as Chancellor. . . ."—*Daily Paper.*

Just like AMURATH.

THE GUARANTEE THAT GREW.



"I'M GOING TO KNIT A BATHING-SUIT OUT OF THIS NEW WOOL, GUARANTEED NOT TO SHRINK.



I HOPE IT WON'T SHRINK; IT'S QUITE SHORT ENOUGH.



THIS IS TERRIBLE; IT'S GROWING."



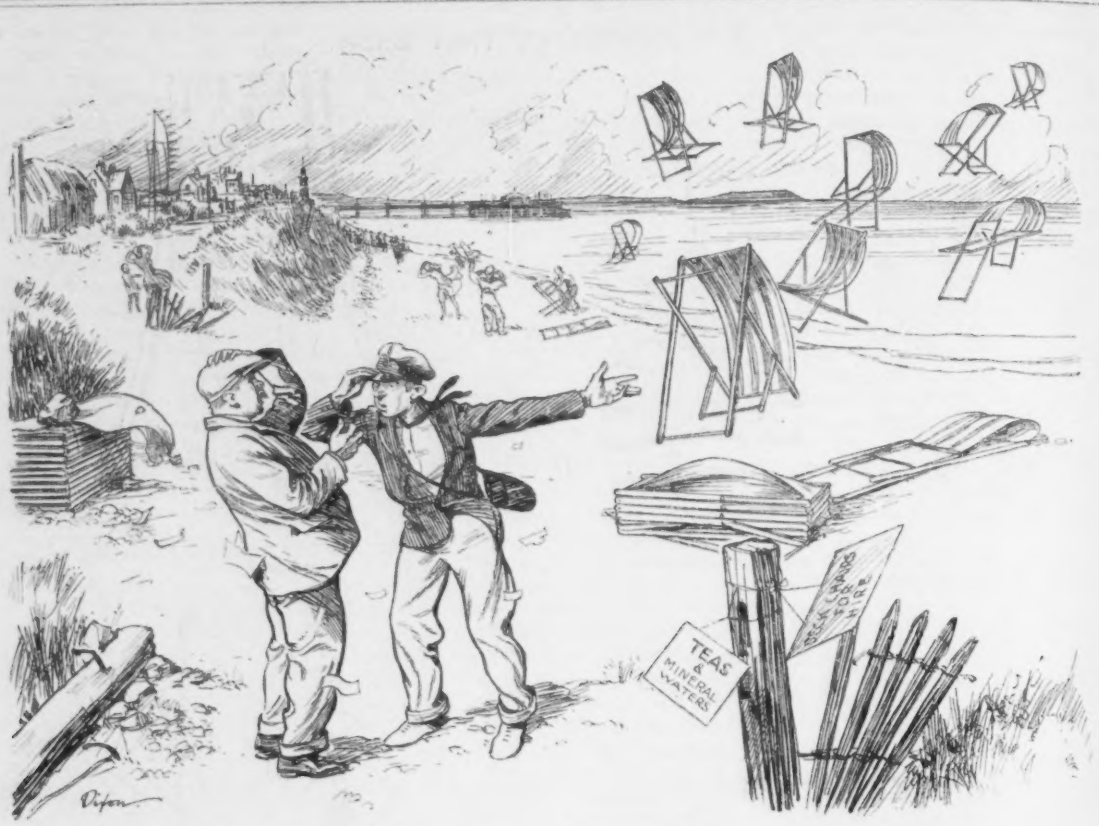
"NEVER MIND! THEY'LL BE TAKEN FOR SHORTS."



"PERFECTLY GHASTLY!"



"CHEERIO! PYJAMAS!"



Deck-Chair Man. "THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO, SIR, AND THAT'S TO PAY PEOPLE TO SIT IN 'EM."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Carlyle Revitalized.

AMONG the many factors which have contributed to our neglect of CARLYLE—his gospel of work, so distasteful to amateurs of amusement, his apocalyptic religiosity, his Teutonic style—I should set the absence of a compact, even-tempered and interesting biography. This want has now been supplied by Professor EMERY NEFF, of Columbia University, whose *Carlyle* (GEORGE ALLEN AND UNWIN, 10/6) has revived my own jaded appreciation to the point of a resolve to re-read *Past and Present* at the first possible moment. A born biographer's indefatigable zeal has seen Professor NEFF not only through the CARLYLE documents but over all the CARLYLE country, with the result that his description of THOMAS' and JANE'S sojourn at Craigenputtock, for instance, takes on something of the harsh magic of *Wuthering Heights*. His human settings, whether of Annan farmers, Edinburgh pedagogues, Glasgow tradesfolk or Chelsea *littérateurs*, are exactly what are required to show up his central figure; and he entirely re-establishes (if re-establishment were needed) CARLYLE for his own age. Where, I think, he speaks a trifle beyond his warrant is in hazarding a possible return for the sage's philosophy to-day. CARLYLE excelled in denunciation. Professor NEFF holds, with undoubted validity, that had his era attended in a practical spirit to CARLYLE (or to RUSKIN or MORRIS or KINGSLEY or the DISRAELI of social reconstruction for that matter) our own inheritance might have been a less gloomy one. Having entered upon it, however, we have our own prophets to produce. *Carlyle's* work will make no more history but will remain as literature.

Rough Justice for Ireland.

When a certain small estate was put up for sale near Wexford in 1923, the proceedings were quite seriously denounced by one of the company because his ancestors had been dispossessed in 1641. A fatal tendency to hug the miseries of days gone by, to prefer the shadow of grievance to the substance of achievement, this, and not the over-lordship of the Sassenach, has been, in the view of Lord MIDLETON, the curse of Ireland from centuries before ST. PATRICK and even until to-day. Five hundred years ago it was recorded that the Irish were "wont to go to war immediately after the feast of Easter," and in *Ireland—Dupe or Heroine* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) it is suggested that this uneasy custom has never disappeared from a country on which innumerable benefits have been lavished by a big relative often puzzled and often exasperated but always desperately anxious to soothe and pacify. Lord MIDLETON is primarily concerned to show what prosperity was awakening in Ireland while ARTHUR BALFOUR was Secretary, but finds room to pay generous tribute to men of views differing from his own—JOHN REDMOND, for one—and to hail down chapter and verse on America's head in proof of a degree of interference no other nation under heaven but our own would have tolerated. It is well, for instance, to have this country's sacrifices in support of America's cherished Monroe Doctrine contrasted, though not of course too often or too fiercely, with her own recurrent interventions in Irish affairs, and Lord MIDLETON is the right man to do it.

A Sea Change.

Just the yarn for a holiday hour
Is *Sea Green Grocer*, by JASPAR POWER,
Capital fun both in matter and manner
(GRAYSON AND GRAYSON, seven-and-a-tanner).

Reginald Pybus, purveyor of tea,
Hadn't a notion of going to sea,
But, after he'd finished a hectic day
In a sailormen's pub down Limehouse way,
Greatly astonished, himself he found
In the *Herod Antipas* eastward bound,
And many and varied adventures had he
Before he came back to his shop and his tea,
With a stock of strange oaths from the ends of the earth,
A gainer in *nous* if a loser in girth,
While as for the schoolmarm, his former intended—
I leave you to learn how that incident ended.

If sea-going humour be fare to your mind,
You may count JASPAR POWER distinctly a find.

The English Countryside.

Perhaps the pleasantest fashion of seeing ourselves as others see us is to adopt the point of view of the discerning tourist—usually, I find, an American. He ignores, unless he is on business, our industrial cities and our industrial suburbs; he does not—connoisseur that he is—confine himself to beauty-spots indicated on the time-tables of charabancs. And it is primarily for him that Miss KATHLEEN CONYNGHAM GREENE has produced *The English Landscape* (NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 12/6), which depicts in prose, verse and photography just what Mr. BALDWIN says he thinks of as England when he is abroad—the immemorial England that our tourist will wish to take home with him. No country in the world has so devoted its first minds to the praise of its landscape and to those interests and occupations which arise in and out of earth and sea; and Miss CONYNGHAM GREENE, with a wealth of verse and prose at her disposal, has composed her bouquet very prettily, though personally I cannot understand any anthologist of our countryside resisting the Dorset of BARNES's Lyrics and the Suffolk of FITZGERALD's *Letters*. She has mingled some rarely appreciative contemporaries with the COBBETTS and JEFFERIES, the DRAYTONS and CLARES of the past; and her photographs—eighty odd, purveyed by the Federation of Civil Service Photographic Societies—are delightfully characteristic and in several cases exquisitely composed. Mr. DYER's "Poplar Tree" and his "Downs and Windmill," Mr. SHAND's "Harvest Fields" and Mr. ATKINSON's "Whitby Harbour" are only four of many whose sensitive intention and technical success show notable artistry.



THE WORM TURNS.

Hairdresser. "HAIR'S GETTING VERY THIN ON TOP, SIR."
Customer. "IT IS. WOULD YOU CARE TO BUY ANY SECOND-HAND BRUSHES AND COMBS?"

The Divagations of Denzil.

I can imagine more edifying but few more entertaining ways of discovering Ireland than in the company of *Denzil*, the English hero of Lady LONGFORD's second novel, *Country Places* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6). This young man was first lured to the land by a large, tweedy, horsey girl, whom he presently married; but *Gladys Pybus*, daughter of a Protestant clergyman and incongruous wife of a landowner, became his guide. *Gladys* was naïve and

yearned to be sophisticated; she was full of gossip and empty of brain; but, like *Denzil*, she was "not too good at getting on and off a horse," so naturally she was a solace. Later on she was so fascinated by the thought of becoming a divorcée as to announce that she and *Denzil* could do "any going to Brighton that was necessary," and this in spite of her husband's protest, "Do you mean to lie there on those pillows, in this room, with 'Daniel in the Lions' Den' on the wall, and seriously tell me that you want to be divorced?" I am as grateful for *Gladys* as I am to her first husband for discovering that dust is the result of "destroying furniture and dusters together," and for the guest who continued to be a guest because she was "used to staying in houses"; but it is difficult to select from among so many causes for thankfulness, since every page is alive with wit and irony. Funny books tend to be tedious, but this one is a joy from beginning to end.

A Happy Farmer.

The farming life fills Mr. ADRIAN BELL with a genuine and intense delight, which is conveyed to the reader of his books. Of these the third now appears: *The Cherry Tree* (COBDEN SANDERSON, 7/6), continuing the story of *Silver Ley*. Quietly realistic and deliberately unexciting, this is just the book for the townsman whose heart is in the country. He will soon be engrossed with the farmer's problems and lulled by the calm atmosphere of cornfield and meadow. For variety and depth of interest, the farming life is shown to be superior to all others. "We grow weary of everything except understanding," and in farming some new mystery is apparent every day; the escape from a mechanical routine is compulsory. Countryfolk know this well enough and are sure to concede Mr. BELL'S main contention almost before it is stated. But these will find abundant interest in comparing Suffolk farming practice with that of their own county. Thus two publics should find this book to their taste. A vast amount of country lore is included, together with many personal observations on birds and beasts. A sane, careful and entertaining work, written in unpretentious and charming style.



Captain. "YUS, YOU CAN ARGUE AS YOU LIKE; YOU KNOW THE RULES OF THE CLUB—'CRICKET CAPS AN' TROUSIES' GOES IN BEFORE 'BARE 'EADS AN' FOOTBALL SHORTS.'"

A Country Town.

As regards keen observation and conscientious work Mr. FRANK SWINNERTON has for some years gained the respect and admiration of discriminating novel-readers, and *The Georgian House* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6) adds yet another feather to his cap. Here he takes Sandersfold, a small town on the south coast of England, as the scene of his story, and he describes both it and its inhabitants with such uncanny skill that he made me at any rate feel that for the time being I was a Sandersfoldian. Possibly in these days Mr. SWINNERTON'S tale may move at too dignified a pace for those who in fiction look for nothing except continuous thrills. But to people of quiet mind the little world of Sandersfold, with its *Davitts*, *Holpens*, *Mr. Spears* and *Miss Furze*, should remain a delightful memory for many a day. This is not a "great" novel, but it is an exceedingly good one.

A Little under Proof.

In his new volume of stories, called *West Highland Spirits* (WARD, LOCK, 7/6), Mr. C. J. CUTLIFFE HYNE, like the hero of more than one of the yarns contained in it, forsakes the navigation of blue water for that—no less difficult in its way—of the Minch and its adjacent creeks and channels, and the ways of foreign seaports and exotic islands for the society of fairies, Picts, seal-men and mere Hebridean crofters, of whose habits in general and of whose industry in particular he appears to have a very poor opinion. *Captain Xenophon Chalmers*, a staunch supporter of the U.P. Church, with a taste for whisky which has not paid excise-duty, makes a fairly efficient substitute for *Captain Kettle*, with *Mr. Pighills* (of Goole) in the part of *McTodd*. The latter worthy incidentally makes his appearance *in propria persona* in the two last—and tallest—tales in the book. On the whole—to enlarge on the metaphor suggested by the title—the author's spirits are here, by comparison with former products of the same literary still, slightly under proof.

Halfway up the Social Ladder.

Felstone, a country town in the Midlands, was more than liberally supplied with *Wilsons*. *Mrs. Robert Wilson*, imported from a London suburb, was a social climber; *Mrs. Bertie Wilson*, who lived next-door to the *Robert Wilsons*, was too busy with her children and her debts to have any ambition; and *Jack Wilson*, the Felstone grocer, was totally unrecognised by *Mrs. Robert* until his brother, a distinguished dramatic critic, visited his native town. All of these *Wilsons* have been most acutely observed by Mrs. JEREMY HICKEY in *Semi-Detached* (HURST AND BLACKETT, 7/6). Quite justifiably GEORGE BIRMINGHAM, in an introduction, speaks of the author's "caustic shrewdness and malicious humour"; but Mrs. HICKEY can also be kind, as her pleasant portrait of the courageous *Mrs. Bertie* completely proves.

Exhortation to Local Martyrs.

"BUY YOUR REFRESHMENTS FROM THE CARNIVAL COMMITTEE. British Red Cross Men will be in attendance."—*Carnival Programme.*

"The old Roman Church, built by the daughter of William the Conqueror in XV. century, with post-office and village stores, are within a few minutes' walk."—*House-Agent's Blurb.*

And just round the corner is the Gothic pump erected by the Druids, from Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN'S designs, to commemorate the Jubilee of QUEEN VICTORIA.

CHARIVARIA.

A WOMAN-WRITER relates that a taxi-driver who had read her articles refused a tip and said a smile would be enough. This never happens to us.

* * *

Captain ZETTO, who is now in London, claims to have made a seven-year trip round the world without paying. This probably constitutes a non-Scot record.

* * *

Dean INGE has announced that he will not join the semi-nudist sunbathers. We hasten to point out that no suggestion that he would was made in these columns.

* * *

A leading racing-pigeon fancier says his birds seem to prefer Russian maple-peas to those imported from Canada. So much for the Ottawa Conference.

* * *

Relief was felt that the strike of Covent Garden pea-shellers was settled before the duck-pluckers came out in sympathy.

* * *

Salzburg is described as the Malvern of Central Europe. Yes, but Salzburg hasn't got a SHAW.

* * *

Lord PONSONBY says he longs to be a MUSSOLINI. So far there is no sign of MUSSOLINI expressing any desire to become known as the Italian PONSONBY.

* * *

The assertion of an authority on vagrancy that tramping is rarely hereditary should dispel any alarm about the posterity of hikers.

* * *

According to an agency message from La Paz, the Bolivian Government has decided to cease hostilities against Paraguay. We understand that ticket-holders are to have their money refunded.

* * *

In view of the report that the women of Paraguay have sworn that they will use no cosmetics till their country is victorious it is anticipated that they will take precautions to keep their powder dry.

* * *

A gossip-writer finds that a few hours in a police-court are reassuring. But then gossip-writing is not yet a misdemeanour.

A lady has written to a daily paper expressing the opinion that productive mental activity is greatest after the age of forty. Before reaching that age many people have hardly begun to write letters to the papers.

* * *

Dr. R. COVE-SMITH, the famous Rugby footballer, maintains that a teaspoonful of brown sugar is a better provider of energy than beer. It would be interesting to see a farmer test this by offering teaspoonfuls of brown sugar to his harvesters.

* * *

The hen near Genoa which has created a record by laying thirty-three eggs in a week is believed to have been actuated by a desire to comply with the DUCE's demand for large families.

* * *

A Hollywood film now being made is to be called *A Farewell to Arms*. The established popularity of the cabaret-scene discourages the hope of *A Farewell to Legs*.



"WHAT DO YOU KEEP JERKING THE ROPE FOR? I DON'T KNOW THE SIGNAL."
"HICCUPS."

A Cornish Pasty contest having been held at a flower-show in Launceston, arrangements are being hurried forward for a "Tossing the Haggis" exhibition in the Highlands.

* * *

The discovery by a French professor of medicine that the brains of a rabbit are an antidote to fungus-poisoning is believed to be the outcome of his observation that usually the person who eats poisonous fungi hasn't the brains of a rabbit.

* * *

It is credibly reported that Mr. BALDWIN has exchanged pipes with a Red Indian; but Lord BEAVERBROOK is understood to take the view that such transactions lie outside the real purpose of the Ottawa Conference.

* * *

One of the risks run by Professor PICCARD in his attempt to ascend into the stratosphere is that of colliding with a meteor. At the moment of course it is not compulsory for these luminous bodies to carry rear-lights.

* * *

It has been discovered that Wendelstein, one of the Bavarian Alps, has moved nine inches during the last hundred years. It would be interesting to know how long it would take an average office-boy to catch up with a mountain like that.

* * *

The Chicago police are reported to be using a serum which makes a person tell the truth. This must be the stuff which theatrical Press-agents use.

* * *

According to a beauty-specialist, eyebrows will be worn much lower in the autumn. It is not yet known whether Mr. GEORGE ROBEY will have the bottom part of his face lifted or the top part let down.

* * *

A strange fish weighing one ton and thirteen feet in length was shot in shallow water at Poole and brought ashore. Parties of local anglers are said to be going about hand-in-hand in order to describe it.

* * *

The case is reported of a small boy who says his prayers in his sleep. We are reminded of the man who said Grace in his sleep, his wife's name being Amelia.

THE HERO OF THE HEAT-WAVE.

IN PRAISE OF MR. LANSBURY.

He may not have the pep and grit
Of statesmen born to lead;
His Poplar record, I admit,
May not be nice to read;
But more than bronze (or marble) bust
His memory shall endure
Who found for London's heat and dust
A local water-cure.

True that his Lido isn't framed
On Adriatic lines,
Nor boasts the *chic* by Juan claimed—
Juan-les-Pins (the Pines);
But here on LANSBURY's modest plage,
Even in hours of rush,
No "slips" or daring décolletage
Force the refined to blush.

Some men have netted much renown
Out of Geneva's lake,
But he deserves a larger crown,
A palm of nobler make,
Who, lending to the Serpentine
A hint of sea-lapped shores,
Brought Margate's bliss, if not her brine,
Up to our very doors.

Let MAXTON seek to rectify
The proletariat's lot,
Hoisting his fiery cross on high
To make them red and hot—
I 'm all for LANSBURY's milder ways,
His more parental rule,
Who in a heat-wave earned this praise:—
"*He kept the People cool.*" O. S.

FOR CHANNEL ASPIRANTS.

THE Channel-swimmers are at it again. Once more the shingle of the South Coast is flecked with the irregular lumps of gear-grease which at this period of the year become detached from the backs of bulbous ladies and gentlemen who ignore the adequate packet-service to the Continent and prefer to flail their way across like so many whales or kippers; except that whales and kippers, being designed specifically for the job, think nothing of doing it without an accompanying vessel crammed with meat-extract, canned music and publicity-agents.

Sometimes, when I read that "Mr. Herbert Paddle, of Tewkesbury, who has made twenty-seven unsuccessful attempts on the Channel, will try again next week, sucking nut-toffee and encouraged by a brass band playing his favourite Hungarian Rhapsody from a tug," I long to send the poor bozo a first-class ticket so that he can get abroad in comfort and have done with it.

But I do not wish to seem harsh to the fat ladies and gentlemen. Everyone has his own idea of fun, and Channel-swimming, so far as it goes (usually about halfway), is clean fun, once the gear-grease gets washed away. I only wish to put on record my regret that in all the acres of space which are devoted by the Press to the human porpoise there is never the least mention of that early father of Channel-swimming, Joseph Hollinshay.

Here are the facts about him. Born in 1820, he died in 1880. Owned a small chemist's shop in Dover. Never married. Reddish curly hair and a tendency to freckles. He played very movingly on the violin. And one evening in August, 1850, a strange impulse seizing him, he went down to the shore in his shirt and trousers, kicked off his boots and swam across to Calais.

Who says so? I can hear you saying. The answer is that Hollinshay said so, but nobody believed him. The French police laughed in his face and imprisoned him for a month for being without proper papers of identification. When he got back to Dover his friends were equally sceptical, and, being a sensitive and retiring fellow, he never mentioned his exploit again. At his death his papers went to a relation of mine who was his executor; he thought Hollinshay a crank and put them away in a drawer.

That is how *Hollinshay's Log*, probably the most extraordinary document in the marine annals of the country, has come down to me unread. . . .

As I have shown, he took with him no tug. But in the hip-pocket of his trousers he carried a small mackintosh bag in which he placed his watch and a notebook and pencil. Being a chemist, he was accustomed to jot down his reactions; and so when, after many hours, the English coast was reduced to a blurred line behind him, he turned over on his back and, extracting the bag from his pocket, made the first entry in his log:—

"Water strangely smooth. Am floating in great comfort. Lamp in parlour of 'The Crooked Crayfish' no longer visible. Eleven-fourteen o'clock."

Lean limpid prose. He swam on. Then we get:—

"Land out of sight. Realise braces unsuited to natation, clinging to shoulders. Hesitate to discard as loss of trousers would inevitably follow. Can neither land nor carry log without them."

What a noble picture this is of true modesty and the call of literature triumphing over the inferior claims of comfort and efficiency. Then:—

"Have just encountered huge sea-creature, which swam alongside and regarded me with two large eyes like fires. Hailed it kindly, at which it gave a roar and disappeared. Moon very bright."

A long stretch of steady swimming must have followed, for the next entry begins:—

"Moon setting. French fishing-smack came very near. Three men working with a torch. Made at me with a spear, taking me for a halibut, but when I shouted, '*Suis nageur, pas poisson!*' they fled away in great alarm."

So the log continues for many pages. The sun rose up in a clear sky; two seagulls took a breather on Hollinshay's back; his braces were causing him acute discomfort; he all but swallowed a curious eel, with a garland of seaweed on its head, which mewed at him like a kitten. The French coast came in sight, evoking from Hollinshay's pencil-stub a passage of even greater descriptive beauty than those on which I have already dwelt.

He swam on. Then in the last entry of all he describes his landing:—

"Just dusk. Lonely coast but a lighted cottage visible. Firm shelving sands which are exquisitely agreeable to my feet. Emerge from ocean."

Memorable words. And the log ends with this epoch-making sentence:—

"*Unstrap from my body the three pigs'-bladders to which in the main I attribute my successful transit.*"

I have printed it in italics so that its tremendous message may be brought home to all who are about to engage in the usual seasonal imbecilities in the English Channel. The wise ones will take a leaf from *Hollinshay's Log*. Only, as they thresh in their myriads to the other side, let his name be loudly sung. ERIC.

Curiosities of Geography.

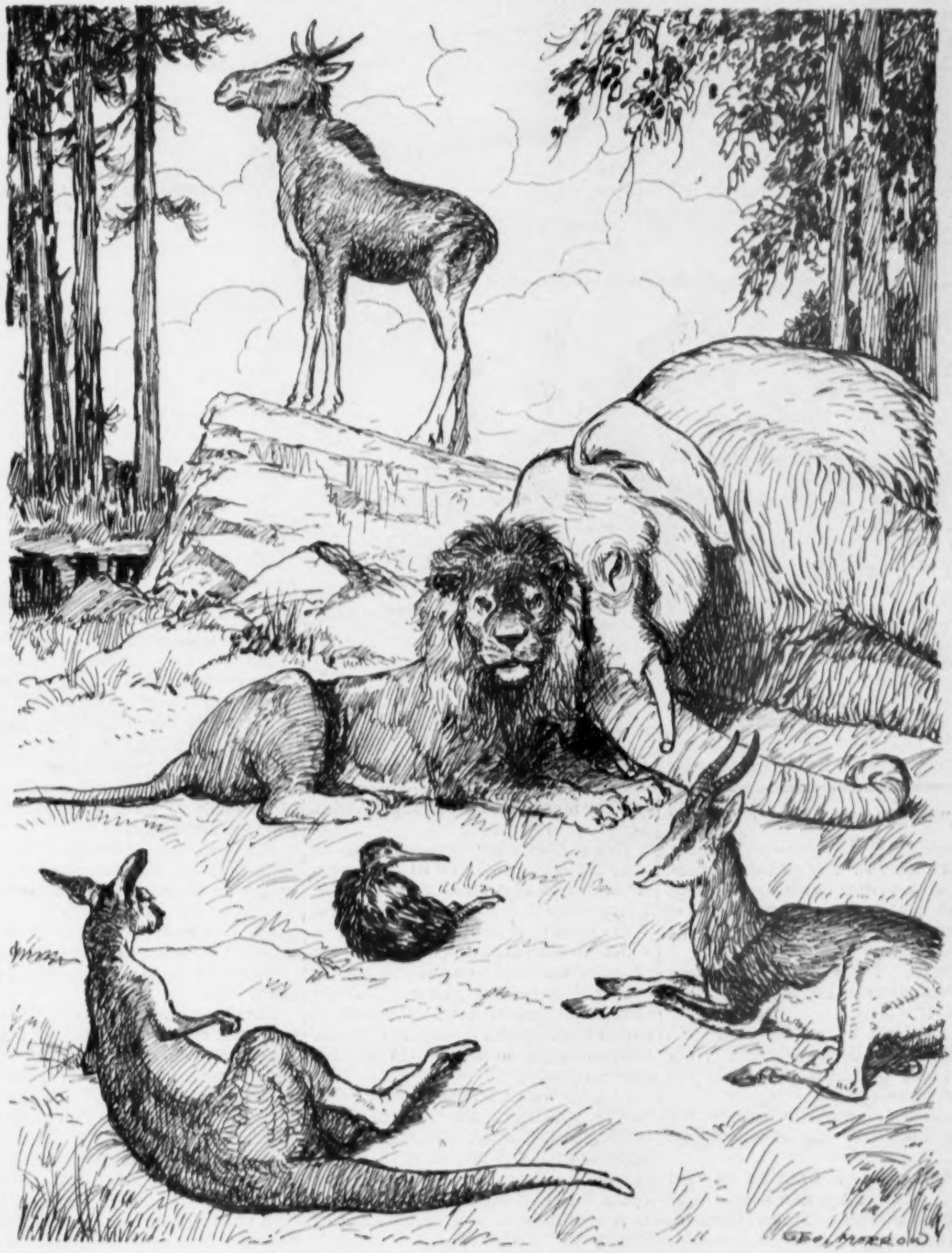
"Elizabethan songs are being sung and Elizabethan dresses tried on in almost every large country house in Wiltshire, from Salisbury to the coast."—*Daily Paper.*

"WELSH TITLES.
CUPID AGAIN SUCCESSFUL IN THE SPRINTS."
Manchester Paper.

He always was a rapid little boy.

"Chauffeur, Gardener, Handy Bridge Parties."—*Advt. in New Zealand Paper.*

"My new man changes gear like an angel, but he does revoke so."



THE VERY NEARLY HAPPY FAMILY.

BRITISH LION (*to fellow-representatives of the Empire*). "IF ONLY THE MOOSE WOULD LIE DOWN WITH US HOW PERFECT IT WOULD BE!"

[Latest advices indicate that the moose is considering the adoption of a more congenial posture.]



The Lady (a little dazed after being bumped off motor-cycle). "NEVER MIND, DEAR; WE'VE STILL GOT EACH OTHER."

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS?

NOTHING, I thought—no, nothing surprises me so much as the abysmal depth of my own ignorance—except perhaps that this bottomless pit of nescience is shared by nearly everybody that I know.

"Charles," I asked him suddenly, "what exactly can President HINDENBURG *do*?"

"Oh, I don't know," he answered. "Smoke. Eat. Drink Pilsener. Walk about under the limes. What do you want him to do?"

"I meant," I said, "what are the definite limits of his constitutional powers?"

"How should *I* know?" replied Charles. "Call it a gallon a day. The Germans are much stronger than we are in these matters."

The poor fool had just been round in eighty-four, and it was almost impossible to make him take anything seriously, but I went on trying.

"How," I said, "do the powers of the President of Germany compare with those of the Presidents of the United States and of France?"

"The higher the fewer," said Charles, and went to sleep.

But it does seem funny, I went on thinking, that we know so little, considering how important everything is. I remember long ago, before the Great War, hearing a man read a paper in which he compared and contrasted the constitutions and parliaments of the principal European Powers, and for almost a day afterwards I was possessed with a burning zeal to acquire a similar knowledge for myself. But nothing ever came of it.

I am no worse, I believe, than other people who are not specialists in political, scientific and financial affairs. Bolivia, they tell me, is at war with Paraguay. Shut your eyes, put your hands behind your back and tell me what you know of Bolivia and what of Paraguay. "Every schoolboy knows," wrote MACAULAY, who happened to be a human encyclopædia. What he ought to have written, unless he was referring to specialists, was, "Only a schoolboy knows," or rather, in these days, "Only a schoolgirl knows." The boys have an unhappy knack of aspiring to adult ignorance, while girls often cling to their knowledge until they are seventeen.

Draw a map of South America (I suppose it is South America) and place in it, with their proper boundary-lines, the territories of Bolivia and Paraguay. Of course you can't. Equally of course you knew nothing about the troubles in Serbia which led to the Great War.

There is a Royalist rising in Spain, and I am calmly informed by a newspaper that "*General Sanjurjo, who is one of Spain's strong men, is in complete control of Seville.*" Ought I to have known there was likely to be a Royalist rising in Spain? Ought I to have known that the gentleman with the two *j*'s was one of the Iberian heavyweights? The newspaper gives me a photograph, but as it only shows the head I cannot form any private estimate of Battling SANJURJO's fighting powers. He brushes the hair well back from the forehead, as dictators used to do; but I seek in vain for symptoms of dictatorship in the eyes, the nose and the chin.

This applies also to VON PAPEN. It applies to ADOLF HITLER as well.

Probably the name, the character, the precise policy of Herr HITLER ought to be familiar by this time to three-quarters of the population of Great Britain. But are they? I reflected.

"Are they?" I said aloud, waking Charles from his gross sleep.

"Are *what*?" he murmured.

"What exactly does ADOLF HITLER stand for?" I asked him, to make myself quite clear.

"Because it hurts him to sit. Ask another," said Charles, and went to sleep again.

You might urge that the ignorance of scientific truths is more widespread than ignorance of *Weltpolitik*, and I would not deny the contention. But science can be kept at arm's-length by a resolute man. World-politics have a way of jumping on us and upsetting our finances and our private lives.

"What is dew?" asked somebody the other day. And after a heated debate amongst five speakers it was unanimously decided to leave dew where it was—and a very wise and innocuous decision. One can always use a ground-sheet.

But if the whole of Asia, I continued to reflect, began to pour hungry and hostile immigrants across Europe, a thing which has happened on previous occasions, the dates of which every schoolgirl can specify, we should none of us know how the trouble started or why. Repeated wireless lectures have made this almost a certainty. For what, after all, was the wireless given to us except to turn off when it dealt with unpleasant topics of this kind?

Flying, I think, as well as broadcasting, accounts for our ignorance of what is happening to the world. Three hundred years ago, if a man had just returned from Pekin, there would have been a natural curiosity to know what it was like there—whether, for instance, its inhabitants had two heads, wore tails or ate men. Nowadays we merely ask what time the flight was done in and if it beat the record. If not, who cares about Pekin? A few days later perhaps, gratified to learn what lubricating-oil the flying-man used, we decide to put it in our own car. And the flying-man himself, beyond mentioning that he developed slight engine-trouble near Constantinople or was sick over Samarcand, tells us nothing at all. Even if he didn't break the record but was obliged to make forced landings, he has little to say.

"The Bessarabian air-mechanics gave me every assistance and provided me with a meal of stewed camel" is about as far as his information goes.

It is not enough. I sincerely believe that every voter at least ought to pass a general knowledge examination every year in order to bring his education on current topics up to something like the level of what every schoolgirl, wretched creature, knows.

"And where would *you* be if that was so?" I inquired of Charles, prodding him with a putter out of his hoggish repose.

"Disfranchised," he said lazily. "But I am now."

I asked him if he was not ashamed to know less than the average schoolgirl.

"Not in the least," he said. "Why, I can't even do Kentucky Derby or Over the Falls. But going to the seventeenth——"

I prepared myself in turn for a quiet nap.

EVOE.



Change Bowler. "WHAT ABOUT HAVING THAT BLACK-AND-WHITE COW A BIT FINER?"

TONGUES IN TREES.

IN more romantic days than these
Young lovers, making verse,
Would frequently invite the trees
To hearken and rehearse
A maiden's name—Corinne or Phyllis,
Lucinda, Phœbe, Amaryllis.

We voice no similar request
In lyrics penned to-day,
For modern girls are not addressed
In this melodious way;
Imagination simply boggles
At trees that whisper names like
"Woggles."

W. K. H.

Commercial Candour.

"LOUDSPEAKERS, ——. Remarkable for its completely uniform rending of the musical scale."—*Wireless Dealer's Advt.*

THE SAFE OF THE ADJUTANT.

OUR Adjutant, like all Adjutants, is *ex-officio* Treasurer and Keeper-of-the-Privy-Cash-Book for a vast number of regimental concerns, ranging from the Sergeants' Mess Catering Fund, with a daily turnover of about eleven gallons and a consequent weekly cash-balance of anything over twenty pounds, down to the Battalion Cycle Club, with a week-end turnover of two bicycles and a consequent deficit of anything up to ten guineas. In between come the Miscellaneous Account and the Reservists' Clothing Fund and the Sports Fund and so on; and in recognition of his various financial responsibilities the Adjutant has in his office no fewer than three large safes, locked at every pore. He invariably carries the keys to these on a steel chain welded, we think, to his fifth rib, as well as the keys of various confidential drawers, cupboards, secret chambers and clandestine garages; and the general effect is that of a chatelaine of olden days who has married a house-agent.

Now a certain touchiness has always been apparent in the Adjutant's attitude towards his safes and his keys; nothing draws him better than to haul a stray key out of your pocket and casually try it in a safe or so. He has been known to spring up from tea in the Mess and run jingling down to the office because someone has mischievously suggested that he might have left one unlocked. In short he has a safe-complex; but it was not till the other day that we really found out why.

It seemed that some years ago, when the battalion was out in Malaya, the Adjutant, as a junior subaltern, found himself in the wilds clearing jungle for a new road. He had a bunch of mixed Malay and Chinese labourers, a few tough old corporals as overseers, a formidable-looking safe containing the pay-roll, largely in silver dollars, and a trusted Chinese book-keeper named Lung Ping.

Lung Ping was a bland old man with that crooked sense of honesty—or perhaps that honest sense of crookedness—peculiar to the Oriental. It was pretty certain he extracted an illicit "squeeze" from each of the coolies in return for so generously keeping a tally in his beautiful book of the wages due to them from the white man. On the other hand it was equally certain he would have died rather than purloin a single silver dollar. Not, apparently, that he had much chance, for the Adjutant, full of warnings about the predatory skill of natives, felt that a fair division of labour was for Lung Ping to keep the books while he kept the only key to the safe.

Regularly, therefore, every night in his bungalow the Adjutant checked over Lung Ping's books with the cash-balance, locked the safe, hung the key round his neck and went to bed in the next room, while Lung Ping ambled off to his little wooden shack fifty yards away and doubtless slept with his precious books under his pillow.



Swimming Instructor (to gasping pupil). "YOU GOT THE 'SWALLER DIVE' ALL WRONG, SIR—IT AIN'T GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH SWALLERIN'!"

Then came the day when the Adjutant *lost the key*. For hours he was practically a mental case, the only thing that actually saved him being that luckily he had lost it very definitely—in a river, not vaguely among the coolies. He managed to keep the loss secret till that evening when Lung Ping asked for twenty-five dollars for a payment due, and he was forced to take the old man into his confidence.

Lung Ping heard him gravely and considered the situation in silence for some minutes, then said, "How muchee you pay for one piecee man open safe?"

"But there isn't a locksmith man within a hundred miles."

"P'laps not. But how muchee?" persisted Lung Ping.

The Adjutant mumbled something about ten dollars, Lung Ping promptly suggested twenty, and at the end of half-an-hour's bargaining, during which the Adjutant felt he was assisting at some inconsequent after-dinner game, they settled on fourteen dollars fifty cents. Lung Ping then explained surprisingly that he had a nephew among the coolies who might do it.

The Adjutant was considerably shaken on learning that every night for the past few weeks the safe had apparently been at the mercy of a skilled locksmith among his coolies, but he was completely shattered when Wing Ho appeared and, under his uncle's eye, proceeded to set about the Adjutant's impregnable safe with a couple of bits of bent wire and open it in seventeen minutes.

In a sort of daze the Adjutant handed over the fourteen-dollars-fifty, too overcome even to comment upon the incidental absorption by Lung Ping of the four-fifty as commission. Later on, however, he recovered sufficiently to tackle the problem now presented. It was impossible, he argued to the smiling Lung Ping, that Wing Ho and his bits of wire should be sent for every time the safe had to be opened, apart from—— Here Lung Ping kindly suggested that if it was the expense that was worrying him he had no doubt that he could arrange for his nephew to take on the job at a weekly salary rather than as piece-work. The Adjutant explained tersely that it was not the expense, it was Wing Ho. Lung Ping promptly replied that, should the Adjutant distrust Wing Ho, well, he also had another nephew, one L'Ming Soo, who would do equally well, or even a cousin, Yung Chang. . . .

Barely retaining his mental equilibrium, the Adjutant silenced him. It was inconceivable, he grimly pointed out, that his safe should continue to be apparently at the mercy of any coolie with a bit of wire, and yet inaccessible to himself. Again Lung Ping interrupted, more diffidently this time. He explained that, though he hadn't liked to suggest it at first for fear of being suspected of dishonest leanings, he personally could open the safe any time the Adjutant wanted, and moreover,



Wife. "WHAT! YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE TICKETS YET?"
Husband. "NO. THE FACT IS I'VE NEVER BEEN TOLD WHERE WE 'RE GOING."

he added with a touch of pride, far quicker than that fat-fingered Wing Ho, who was only an untrained lad and had taken seventeen minutes over the job. For a modest five dollars extra per week he himself would undertake to be the missing key. . . .

By the time the Adjutant's reeling brain had adjusted itself once more, he could only see one aspect of the case, namely, that by some incredibly lucky chance he had not lost any money during the weeks that the safe had lain practically wide open each night to half the employees on his pay-roll. He at once ordered it to be moved into his sleeping-quarters. "And why there 's anything left in it at all I don't know," he finished wearily.

With the gentle smile of one humouring a child Lung Ping enlightened him. Being partly responsible for the Adjutant's money, he had not dared leave it lying about casually all night in a safe when anyone could walk in and help himself. So every evening when the Adjutant had retired he had opened the safe with his wire, taken out the money and stored it in a place of safety—a hole in the ground under his own bed—returning it intact each morning. One couldn't trust these light-fingered coolies, he explained, so one had to take extra precautions.

The Adjutant wasn't himself for weeks after that; indeed some of us say he isn't right yet. However, if you want to have a real bit of fun, just go into the office and fiddle with a bit of wire at the keyhole of the safe which contains the Cycle Club deficiency—and then run for your life. A. A.

THE SMALL BAZAAR-KITTEN.

A LAY OF CAMP.

SHE wasn't any beauty,
She wasn't any catch,
She was stripy and sooty,
With a piebald patch;
Her eyes were yellow,
With a smut in each,
And her voice was as mellow
As a corncrake's screech.

But the weather was dismal,
Hot, sticky and still,
Boredom abysmal,
Company nil;
All the books written
Seemed cheerless as chaff
When the small bazaar kitten
Joined the camp staff.

She came for her tummy's
(And no other) sake,
That was shrunk like a mummy's
And ribbed like a rake;
She "talked a lot o' lovin',"
But her heart was set
On the cook-house oven
And what she could get.

When she wanted her rations
She sat down and keened;
She'd fly into passions
And scratch like a fiend;
She'd steal like a tinker
With never a "please";
And we really couldn't think her
Immune from fleas.

Her morals were minus,
Her manners were vile,
But—she did incline us
To a long-lost smile;
In feelings and feature
She was just a tramp,
But—we missed the creature
When we shifted camp. H. B.

"YOUTH TAKING TO THE ROD."
Angling Paper.

What does the Headmaster of Lancing say to this?

"Thomas —— was summoned for riding a cycle without a front light at 1.45 p.m. . . ."
Provincial Paper.

This raises the question, What line does a conscientious policeman take during an eclipse of the sun?

PLEASANT SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

I.

AMAZING LOVE-STORY OF DENTIFRICE JONES, THE BEAUTIFUL SHOP-GIRL.

WAS OFFERED COSTLY GEMS BY LOVE-MAD RAJAH.

ROMANCE, RICHES, POWER MIGHT HAVE BEEN HERS.

BUT WHEN FATE PRESENTED THE ACCOUNT . . .

THE story of my astounding romance, seared as it is on to my soul by the flames of passion, is a tale too intimate, too sacred to my innermost self to be related to the general public did I not feel that its narration may be of assistance and guidance to other girls as young and inexperienced as I was once. It is for this reason alone and not from any hope of personal gain that I have been persuaded to publish the first and only authentic story of my brief romance (Dramatic and Film Rights reserved).

Four years ago, when my tale begins, I was employed as a saleswoman in the

LINGERIE AND UNDERWEAR

department of a famous London store.

Love had so far played no part in my life, and though I had my dreams of romance I little suspected the startling manner in which they were to be fulfilled. Indeed even now, when the gossamer threads of those dreams are turned to a tawdry tinsel and I am left with naught but a heartache for the might-have-been, I sometimes ask myself, "Was it really true?"

One morning, when I was employed in the irksome routine task of pinning the prices on to gentlemen's undervests, I suddenly became aware of a

HANDSOME FOREIGNER

who had approached the counter and was eyeing me strangely.

Inexperienced though I then was in the ways of the world, I recognised at once that he wanted to get into conversation with me and, as I was not at all that sort of a girl, I immediately moved to the other end of the counter and started to manicure my nails.

But I had reckoned without the determination of the stranger. With a thrill of alarm I saw him move over towards me, and the next moment I was being addressed.

"I wish," he said in a well-educated voice with a slightly foreign accent, "to see some

PYJAMAS

suitable for a gentleman of stout build."

Silently I produced some samples and showed them to him. Box after box was opened for his inspection, to be rejected by a wave of the hand or a simple expression such as "Foul!" or "Filthy!" It seemed that nothing would please him. At last I came to a pair in

CHAMPAGNE-COLOURED SILK.

He pondered over these for some time and then suddenly shot a direct question at me.

"How much?"

"Nineteen-eleven," I answered after a moment's pause.

"Good!" he said. "Please to wrap them up and send them to my hotel. Here is my address."

I glanced indifferently at the card which he held out to me, but it was not without a thrill that I saw that the name of my acquaintance was His Highness the Rajah of Roodhigore and that he was staying in a suite at the

WOOLWORTH ASTORIA.

At first I was so excited at learning the identity of my admirer that I could think of nothing else, and I hurried down to the footwear department to break the news to my friend, Myrtle, who had always been my adviser in social matters.

Myrtle, who was far more experienced than I, advised me to be very careful, particularly as he was a foreigner, and not to accept any presents from him yet. When I said that he had not offered me any yet, her opinion of him changed and she said that he had been the perfect gentleman. When I came to know His Highness better, or Ernie, as I afterwards called him, I found that that was the verdict which was invariably passed on his behaviour.

Later in the morning, when I got back to my counter, I found that Fate had another surprise in store for me. His Highness was still waiting for me where I had left him, and as I approached his face lit up and a sort of yearning expression came over it.

"My change, yes?" he said in tones almost of entreaty.

"Pardon," I replied, and handed him the change which I had inadvertently overlooked.

He took it from me, and for an instant I thought he was about to imprint

A BURNING KISS

upon my outstretched hand. Instead he raised his hat and turned away from me.

But he was not to go without giving me some indication of his real feelings, for even as he left me I heard him murmur almost to himself—

"YOU HAVE BEEN WASTING MY TIME."

Ah! did he but know it, I was not so indifferent to his advances as propriety and my strict bringing-up made me appear.

* * * * * * * *

Next Sunday I will tell you of my further meeting with His Highness, and how he became even more passionate in his advances.

POLISHED AGATE.

(*With acknowledgments to Mr.* JAMES AGATE'S *weekly displays of erudition, cleverly disguised as dramatic criticism, in "The Sunday Times."*)

IT is recorded by CASIMIR DELAVIGNE of the inhabitants of Limbo that they never weep—

"Mais aussi leur rire jamais
N'est qu'un sourire."

From this, I think, we may safely conclude that they never witnessed the performance of *Sez You!* at the Hoxton Odeum. If "Goldie" was correct in deducing mental vacancy from sonority of cachinnation, then my mind and those of my fellow-spectators must have been perilously close to that vacuum which we are told that Nature, unlike suburban housewives, abhors. BERGSON no doubt has several passages on the character of laughter which would come in well here, but as my copy at the moment is upstairs by my bedside I will defer the trouble of looking them up to a more pressing emergency.

What was it all about? I can only reply in the words of old *Kaspar*, the most famous and most fatuous of agnostics, "Nay, that I cannot tell." I find on my programme against the name of Bert Boko a reference to THÉOPHILE GAUTIER. "Thy exquisite reason, dear knight?" Why, his reminder—the citation is perhaps a trifle hackneyed, but, once more to quote *Sir Toby*, "what of that?"—

"Tout passe. L'art robuste
Seul a l'éternité."

And how magnificently robust Bert Boko's art is! It has the torose muscularity of MONET'S peasants or the Farnese Hercules. In his hands the rathe-ripe cheese takes on not merely comic but cosmic qualities, the *passé* domestic



The Dog-Snob. "NO, HE 'S NOT PURE-BRED, BUT HE MARRIED INTO A VERY GOOD FAMILY. HIS FATHER-IN-LAW TOOK TEN FIRST PRIZES."

kipper becomes Leviathan and the vaguely Æschylean figure of "mother-in-law" is terrible as an army with banners. In the familiar words of old FULLER, "Here be no nice quillets and quiddities, no wanton whim-whams nor subtile fission of fine hairs," but, as BALBUS wrote to CÆSAR of the acting of ROSCIUS, "*Hæc est edepol materies militibus danda.*"

After the joint the sorbet; after the burliness of Boko the sprightliness of Susie and Sally, the Sisters Swan, refined comedy duo, a living refutation of the Shakespearean axiom that "two stars keep not their motion in one sphere." Had PROUST but known them how unqualified would have been his preference for "*Du Côté de Chez Swan*"! As I watched I found myself murmuring with CHARLES D'ORLEANS

"Allez-vous-en, allez, allez,
Soussi, Soing et Merencolie;"

only while Soing and Merencolie depart I would have Susie (and Sally) eternally stay. LAMB says somewhere—but perhaps my readers have had enough of LAMB. It is not everyone who shares MARY'S oviphilous tastes, and *toujours agneau* may well become as monotonous as *toujours perdrix.*

Alcoholism in the North.

"HOLIDAY THRONGS DRENCHED IN BURTON."—*Local Paper.*

"Eight members of the crew of a Royal Air Force flying boat narrowly escaped drowning when their machine was forced down in the sea off the north coast of Ireland yesterday.

The crew was thrown into the water, the heavy smell buffeting the machine so severely that it was broken up."—*Indian Paper.*

Fastidious flying-boats would do well to avoid the aroma of the north coast of Ireland.

RHODA BROUGHTON.

[Under the heading, "Best Sellers of Yesterday," MRS. LEAVIS, in *The Listener*, deals severely with RHODA BROUGHTON for her "incomparable naïvety," "imitation daring," "unprincipled use of effects," "insipid" conversation and the "flow of commonplace meditations" to be found in her "dead" novels.]

THOUGH the vogue of the lady who fluttered
Victorian dovecotes is fled,
And this verdict, complacently uttered,
Pronounces them hopelessly dead,
One scribbler, intent on rewarding
The gifts she bestowed in her prime,
Can not be debarred from inditing
A protest in rhyme.

Though her "naïvety" may move the abhorrence
Of those who "awareness" adore,
Who continue to lionize LAWRENCE
And welcome the WOOLF at their door,
Her spirited dialogue, *pace*
The Listener's acidulous quill,
So natural, witty and racy,
Refreshes me still.

As a quite unrepentant Victorian
I 'm viewed with disdain and despair
As a species of ichthyosaurian
In Gordon or Bloomsbury Square;
Yet, though it may prove most unchancy
To flout Mrs. LEAVIS, I own
To a permanent fondness for *Nancy*,
Belinda and *Joan*.

Her characters were not seraphic;
They never professed to be saints;
Though unversed in the alkaloid traffic
And frugal of pigments and paints,
In the course of their family quarrels
At times o'er the traces they kicked,
But to latter-day poultry-yard morals
Were never addict.

Her style may be shapeless and rambling,
And grate on fastidious ears,
But there wasn't much scurry or scrambling
In a rate of one book in two years;
And, by way of a suitable *coda*,
Her art at its brightest and best
In the phrase *βαιὰ μέν, ἀλλὰ ῥόδα*
Is fitly expressed. C. L. G.

PASSENGERITIS.

IT is not really so very strange that men of intelligence are to be found who derive satisfaction from possessing and driving their own car. Even the somewhat childish occupations of pushing a gear-lever about and wagging a hand over the side, to say nothing of the critical and contemptuous observing of other owner-drivers, prevent the mental faculties from becoming entirely dormant.

But in a friend's car you are barred by etiquette and other considerations from pushing things about, and you require a very powerful and vindictive mind to be able to maintain a derogatory interest in other cars when you yourself are not driving. Consequently, unless you happen to possess the "perfect passenger" complex (which I do not), you begin to suffer from what I can best describe in one word as "passengeritis."

Women appear to be immune from this disgusting and shameful malady. That is because to a woman, especially a mother of very young children, a car is as good a place as any in which to keep up a steady flow of domestic conversation. The air and motion strengthen her lungs and stimulate her descriptive powers, whereas they simply make me sleepy, paralyse my intellect and give me a glazed expression which no one, not even myself, admires. A woman appreciates motoring so much that she has to be shouted at two or three times before she will interrupt herself to say, "Yes, isn't it lovely?" of something which has long been left behind; and when she arrives at Aylesbury or Winchester or wherever it is she is a little disappointed that the drive has been so short. It takes a woman to get the best out of motoring as a passenger.



WEST AND EAST.

Mr. MAXTON and Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN (to each other). "MY DEAR FELLOW, IF IT 'S PROGRESS YOU 'RE AFTER YOU 'RE LOOKING IN THE WRONG DIRECTION."

It might be argued that there is no reason why I should object to being the drugged victim of passengeritis, since I should be no loss to anyone if I *did* fall asleep. Unfortunately, life being what it is, only a little child can fall asleep in a car and preserve a picturesque appearance and at the same time avoid arousing the suspicions of the police. Few car-owners care to be seen driving an inert and crumpled form that looks as though it might have been hit on the head with a spanner. Besides, I never could more than doze in a car; and dozing in a car is far more uncomfortable than struggling to keep awake.

Probably twenty minutes with a book would put me right, but to produce a book in a car would suggest that I was not appreciating the scenery. It is not that I mind offending the scenery, since scenery that is rushing about and dodging round corners does not command my respect so much as scenery that stands still while I lean on a gate and look at it. A passenger, however, owes a duty to his host, and it is only human for a host to refer to scenery in a way that implies he has put it there himself; and I would not miss saying "Ah!" at it for worlds. There are bits of my own special scenery spread about here and there which I have made a good many people go and look at, and I know exactly how he feels.

My idea is, the motor-car designer should provide some means of occupation for those of us who suffer from this repulsive passengeritis—technical occupation, I mean—such as is offered, for example, by the constructor of small sailing-craft. To this stoutly conservative and healthily unsentimental brand of boat-builder a passenger is a person from whom sufficient work is expected to render any regard for comfort a sheer waste. He may be too much of a fool to be trusted with the intellectual side of navigation, but at least he can haul on a halyard, use a baler or perch helpfully on one gunwale until the approach of the boom instructs him to make a rapid dive for the other.

The car in which I should be the perfect and contented passenger would have some tackle for me to haul on, a megaphone through which I could comment upon the behaviour of arrogant or less ably handled craft, and a petrol-bilge for me to keep sweet with a scent-squirt. Oh, yes; and don't you think a biggish car might carry a miniature brass cannon for salutes and all that? Such fun! D. C.

Potted Grouse.

"From the moment the first bird falls, and the first brace is packed, potters will work with feverish haste to fill special trains from the moors to London."—*Local Paper.*

"No contributions, literary or pictorial, submitted to the 'Daily Dispatch' will be returned on ejection unless a stamped addressed envelope has been provided."
Daily Dispatch.

Is this violence necessary?

TOPICAL MORALITY.



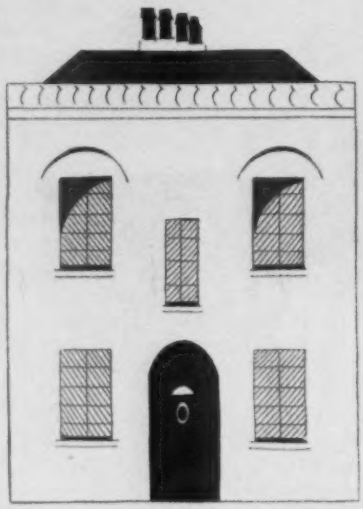
I.—WE TOOK OUR FOREIGN FRIEND DOWN TO SLOWCOMBE-ON-SEA FOR A BATHE.



II.—THE SAME EVENING WE TOOK HIM TO A RIVERSIDE CLUB.

LALAGE'S LETTERS.

DARLING DODO,—We left the Ducklings on the 8th and I spent a hectic two days in London trying to buy myself a suitable hat to wear with tweeds



"YOUR OWN HOUSE LOOKING REPROACHFULLY AT YOU."

up North. I couldn't decide between a beret, which is comfortable but *so* hackneyed, and one of these new deer-stalkers like the old-fashioned fore-and-afts that the men always seem to be wearing in family photograph-albums. Annajanebrown tells me that they're going to be *the* thing this autumn, but I tried one on and I must say I looked like death. I couldn't find anything else I liked either, so, my dear, I just *invented* a hat and got Annajanebrown to make it for me.

It's called the Little Scooter, and I simply go about pretending that it's the very latest fashion, and needless to say everybody believes me and says they *must* go and buy one like it! It's something like a man's tweed cap, only rather softer, and you wear it with the peak either at the back or at the side, according to whether you want to look appealing or piquante. It's rather JACKIE COOGAN-ish—the sort of thing street-urchins wear when they're hurtling along on those home-made scooter things. Hence the name.

I was glad to get away—one always has a faintly guilty feeling about being in London in August. I don't mean from the snobbish point of view in the least; but it's as though the buildings themselves, and especially your own house, were looking at you rather reproachfully and saying, "Good lord, aren't you going to let us have *any* peace and quiet? We thought we'd got rid of you for at least a month." Also most of the streets are up, and you meet huge buses charging about in some of the *sacredest* squares looking like very rowdy and slightly tight trippers that have got into a private garden by mistake and are jolly well going to make the most of it.

We came up here on the 10th to stay with the Walchesters, who have taken this place for three years from the Willie McRowans. The McR.'s are feeling dreadfully broke, poor dears, so Tubby is letting them live at the West Lodge for nothing on condition they open the gates! Willie says he never realised before how he'd been under-paying his lodge-keeper, and is very busy trying to invent a new kind of self-opening gate; but whenever he is on the point of thinking out something really ingenious he has to go toiling off to open the existing one.

This looked like being just the usual sort of house-party—good shots and dull wives, a continual clicking of knitting-needles and much comparison of rival stocking-tops. Why is it that women who would never dream of doing it anywhere else always knit feverishly at shooting-parties? Personally I can't and won't knit, so in self-defence I started another bit of patchwork, which they look at rather disapprovingly as though it were cheating. In the evenings bridge, paper-games—of the *chastest* variety, darling, as the Guy Feverfews are here—and (of course) Corinthian bagatelle. You know the kind of thing.



"A RAMSHACKLE CAR BRISTLING WITH TENT-POLES."

However, it was saved from utter ordinariness by the fact that on the very morning of the Twelfth, when we were all standing outside the front-door waiting to start off up the hill, a very ramshackle car came panting up the drive, bristling with tent-poles and



"HOLDING HIM AS THOUGH HE WERE SOME NEW SORT OF VERMIN."

rücksacks and strange bundles, and driven by Cornelia Burgeon, who was dressed in hand-woven linen, with a raffia hat and sandals. She tumbled out of the car, kissed Dorothy effusively (they were at school together) and said, "Darling, you *did* say we could come and camp on your ground any time, didn't you?"

Dorothy said, "Who's 'we'?"

Cornelia said, "Oh, Decimus Grebe and I. You know Decimus—he writes such *intelligent* poetry. We're having a camping holiday together, and everybody has been *so* kind. I promise you we'll be no trouble at all."

Tubby, who always loathed Cornelia, said ominously, "Do you happen to know what the date is?" Cornelia looked puzzled and said, "Date? No, I'm afraid I'm terribly bad at dates; but if you really want to know I've got the dearest little diary in my rücksack—I made it myself at my bookbinding class." Dorothy, to change the subject, hastily asked where Mr. Grebe was.

"Oh," said Cornelia, "Decimus has gone wandering off up there to look for a really nice heathery place to camp," and she waved her hand towards the moor.

Tubby said, "Good God!" and went off up the drive like a thunderbolt, leaving the rest of us to follow as best we could. Luckily MacGregor, the

head-keeper, had already caught Decimus and was holding him firmly but perplexedly by the arm as though he were some new sort of vermin that he'd never had to cope with before.

"I doubt it'll be one of they hikers" was the only explanation he could think of. Decimus Grebe was looking more utterly Bloomsbury than ever (you remember, I told you about him—a young man with pudding-bowl hair I met at one of Cornelia's parties?) in navy flannel shorts and a pale-blue pull-over. Tubby felt bound to rescue him from MacGregor, but he told him that as he'd come he'd jolly well have to stay, whether he liked it or not, and he planked him down in a butt with William and me. At first he looked very pained and strained, and shut his eyes whenever a bird fell anywhere near; but after a bit he got quite thrilled in spite of himself and kept on murmuring things about the beauty of savagery and the æsthetic charm of sadism (whatever that means).

The bag was so particularly good that Tubby quite thawed by the end of the day and told Cornelia and Decimus that they could pitch their tents in the field at the end of the west drive if they liked. Needless to say, Guy Feverfew is shocked to the marrow (if he has one) at the idea of two people who aren't married going on a camping holiday together, but Dorothy assured him that it was all most respectable. Tubby merely grunted and said, "My dear fellow, have you ever *been* on a camping holiday? There's no *time* to be anything but respectable."

Good-bye, darling; they're clamouring for a fourth at bridge. Love from LALAGE.

JAN.

SALUTE TO GOSSIP-WRITERS.

HOORAH for the chaps in our Papers
Who tell us with pep in their pen
Of Society's curious capers,
Its wonderful women and men;
Hooray for the way they endeavour
The tastiest bits to impart
As they pleasure the plebs with the doings of "debs"
And the hectic affairs of the Smart!

How delighted we are at the details
Of Lady de W.'s dance,
The intriguing "between you and me" tales.
The glamour of Life at a glance!
When we peep at reports on a party
There is always a chance we may glean
That the Countess of Q. was in indigo-blue
And her daughter in ultramarine.

How enchanted we are with the chatter
Recorded of X. and of Y.—
What the former was asked by the latter,
What the latter received in reply!
And it's something to share in the secret
Of why Lady Whatshername works,
When we learn that it's done for a wager or fun
And not for the sake of her circs.

How tremendous it is to discover
That the Marquess's favourite dish
Is the breast of a masculine plover,
While his father is fonder of fish!
And if news of the State is disturbing
It appeases our trouble to see
That the Duchess of Z. likes a book while in bed
And the Duke takes a tot in his tea.

Another Victory for the Nudists.

"Margate Council recently decided to prohibit the use of bathing slips."—*Daily Paper.*



THE GOURMET'S NIGHTMARE.

Ghost of Twelfth-of-August Grouse. "SERVES YOU RIGHT FOR EATING ME ON THE VERY DAY I WAS SHOT."



"NOW, JILL, THIS ISN'T A VERY FAST SHUTTER, SO GO INTO THE WATER AS SLOWLY AS POSSIBLE, PLEASE."

THE CHANCE MEETING; OR, NATURE AND MAN.

I KNOW not why it came as such a shock,
But come as a great shock it did to me
When, bald except for one lone glistening lock,
The face of Brown protruded from the sea.

Was there no other little wave-washed town
From whose green waters and resistless surge
At half-past twelve P.M. the head of Brown
Might decently have chosen to emerge?

Was there no fashionable watering-place
Whose situation on the breeze-swept brine
Might have composed a setting for the face
Of Brown and kept it further off from mine?

Plain were the features, pink and bright and wet;
The rest was hidden by the engulfing blue;
Quite obviously social etiquette
Commanded me to murmur, "How do you do?"

Yet still I lingered and no words arrived,
Till suddenly, as if to ease my pain,
The unsolicited phantasma dived
Into the deep illimitable main.

The thought, half-conscious, came: "It may not rise
But find eternal haven in the deep
And save all conversations, all replies;"
But no; Fate does not let us off so cheap.

Man's duty is to smirk and to behave,
To mumble fatuous greetings by the score;
There was a tumult in the foam-flecked wave
And Brown had bobbed into my life once more.

Now must we speak or be for ever dumb,
Mention where last we met and how and why;
Let all the mutual commonplaces come
From bubbling lips. It was too late to fly.

I looked. He looked. We both became aware
Of all that needs must follow—smiles and bows,
The presence on the ocean here and there
Of either's family, each other's spouse.

By some swift instinct we were both impelled;
I saw the Atlantic like a lake of myths
Enislanded with Browns, and he beheld
The sea an archipelago of Smiths.

Stark, or approximately stark, and framed
By Mother Nature, from whom naught is hid,
We made the huge decision unashamed—
We longed to cut each other. And we did. EVOE.

The Spring Floor that Sprang.

"A ballroom released at a Luton, Bedfordshire, fête has been picked up and returned from Wijkaanzee, Holland."
Leicestershire Paper.

This Modesty.

"SIR,—I was surprised to see last week that no one of eminence had dealt faithfully with Bishop Palmer's theory of Dispensation; may I therefore be allowed to do so?"—*Letter in Church Paper.*

"We never seem to remember that the medical staff of the hospital is an honorary staff and that the nursing staff is next door to it."
Weekly Paper.

Yet we "seem to remember" that this proximity is frequently reflected in the Marriage Column.



ORDER FIRST.

GERMANY (*to President* HINDENBURG *and Herr* VON PAPEN, *who have been discussing the formation of the new Government*). "I DON'T MIND WHAT GOVERNMENT I HAVE SO LONG AS IT GOVERNS—AND AT ONCE."



Gardening Fanatic. "HE 'S A GREAT MAN, I GRANT YOU, BUT HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A GREATER ONE IF HE 'D DROPPED THE FOREIGN OFFICE AND CONCENTRATED ON HIS CARNATIONS."

L'ALBUM TERRIBLE.

EVEN in these enlightened days people still show us photographs. Not the ghastly family albums of years ago, but holiday-snaps, from which we have to guess which is Robert and which is high-tide at Margate.

This year Frederick had had his camera fitted with a forty-inch long-focus lens, by which the middle-distances are eliminated and there is a general closing-up of objects actually far apart. He used a new infra-red plate, by means of which pictures can be made of objects invisible to the human eye.

Armed with this formidable weapon he went abroad, and on his return he brought it, together with his bag, the result of three weeks' shooting, to show me.

"How many pictures have you taken," I asked, "roughly speaking?"

"Between five and six hundred," he replied.

The night was yet young, and short of strangling Frederick and throwing his body into the celery-trench there was no way of stopping him. "Proceed," I said, and waited.

Exhibit 1 was placed upon the table. It consisted of a white cloudy-looking foreground, with a thing rather like a factory-chimney at the back.

"Now," said Frederick, "what is it?"

"Where was it taken?"

"In Paris."

"The Eiffel Tower?"

"No."

"The guillotine?"

"No."

"Give it up."

"The North Pole."

"It can't be!"

"Have you ever seen the North Pole?"

"No."

"Well, how do you know what it's like?"

"But it isn't really there, you know."

"It must be there; the camera cannot lie."

Frederick then produced Exhibit 2. "Guess," he said.

"Are we still in Paris?"

"Yes."

The scene was a panoramic collection of buildings.

"The Exhibition?" I hazarded.

"That was years ago," said Frederick coldly.

I knew Paris well, but could recognise nothing in the group.

"From left to right," said Frederick, "we have the Taj Mahal, Cleopatra's Needle, the Pyramids and the Woolworth Building in New York."

"Did you take the picture in a film-studio?" I asked.

"Film-studio nothing! I was standing on one of the gargoyles of Notre Dame."

"Yes, yes," I murmured soothingly. It was obvious he must be humoured. "And where else did you go?"

"Nowhere except Paris. Here is a snap of the Niagara Falls and the Bridge of Sighs; they look nice together."

"Have you any views of Paris? The Morgue or the Bastille or anything like that?"

Frederick shook his head. "This camera only takes pictures of objects beyond your range of vision. I could get Paris perhaps from here, if you like."

"Yes, do try. The roof would be a good place. Go up that ladder and inspect."

Frederick mounted. I removed the ladder and crept stealthily away. Some-



Actress's Child (at Zoo). "I SAY, MUMMY, WHAT A LARGE PUBLIC THAT ANIMAL 'S GOT!"

one would find him in the morning, no doubt; and if they didn't it wouldn't much matter.

"Hey!" he called, "where are you going?"

"I am catching the next aeroplane to Paris and taking with me a camera like yours. Then I shall proceed to make a picture of a local asylum and you on that roof, all on the same plate, and send copies to the papers. That will be my revenge."

"What is your price?" said the voice of Frederick.

"Your word of honour that never again as long as you live will you show me any more photographs, snapshots, pictures, views, negatives, prints, plates or films of any kind whatsoever. On this condition only will I stay my hand."

Frederick leaned against a chimney-pot and gave the Fascist salute.

"I promise," he said solemnly.

So far he has kept his word.

Smith Minor's Holiday Bombshell.

"The Cingalese are a nation of people who never marry."—*Schoolboy's Answer.*

CONFERENCES.

By Switzerland's icy mountains,
On Lake Geneva's strand,
Where Ottawa's soda-fountains
Improve a thirsty land—
In these and other places,
That human types and races
May reconcile their cases,
Pow-wows are often planned.

And in the street outside my flat,
As part of the day's routine,
Each noon there is a lively chat
By the butcher's boy and the baker's brat
And the lad from the grocer's (green).

Calm reigns, and seats provide ease
Where delegates confer;
Upon their *bona fides*
Detractors cast no slur;
I understand they're able
To bar unseemly babel
At the Round or Oblong Table
When conferences occur.

But quips are exchanged and whoops of joy
And practical jokes between
The youths that the tradesmen here employ—
The butcher's lad and the baker's boy
And the brat from the grocer's (green).

For me my heart rejoices
That Man would appear to-day
To prefer the use of voices
To that of the armed affray;
I hold with the nations' bleatings
On armourings and fleetings,
And favour the friendly meetings
Of the R.S.P.C.A.

But, though it may be a foolish fad,
I find I'm not so keen
On the kind of conversations had
By the butcher's brat and the baker's lad
And the boy from the grocer's (green).

C. B.

"FOG HOLDS UP SHIPPING.
CHANNEL SWIMMERS UNABLE TO START."
Evening Paper.

Many Channel swimmers recommend a small electric siren clipped to the nose.

PIRATE GOLD.

Jimmy's promise of a water-treasure-hunt, with its suggestions of galleons, doubloons and things, drew us down to the landing-stage in an excited crowd. There were not quite fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest; we were, all told, eight souls, counting Jimmy as a soul by courtesy. Marjorie and Beatrice had bagged the dinghy; Ronnie had manœuvred Selina into a queer tubby sort of craft, while I sat along with Herbert and young Jennifer on the end of an extremely unwieldy punt, which was itself rather like an elongated dead-man's-chest. Jimmy stood on the bank with a bicycle, a megaphone and an air of benevolence.

"Do explain," begged Marjorie. "We're all feeling frightfully yo-ho-ho-ish."

"A treasure of fabulous value," said Jimmy, "has been concealed in, on or about this river."

"Animal, vegetable or mineral?" asked Selina.

"Mineral surely," I argued. "Paper pieces-of-eight would be inflation of the most disastrous kind."

"Mineral is correct," said Jimmy. "Competitors will be provided with clues concealed in bottles thoughtfully dropped by the management at various points. I laid a long, long trail this morning."

"But won't the clues have floated away by now?" objected Ronnie.

"I gave the bottles strict instructions to stay there and bob about," said Jimmy. "Bottle One will give the clue to Bottle Two, and so on. Having read clue, you re-cork bottle and throw it back for—not *at*—the next boat."

"And where will you be when the bottles are being thrown?" asked Marjorie.

"As referee, I shall patrol the bank, keeping competitors in sight and shouting 'Warmer!' impartially. Everybody ready? Then up anchors and at em'!"

Marjorie pushed off upstream, sculling gracefully. Ronnie followed, making heavier weather, but Selina only smiled admiringly when he splashed her. (I suspect Selina of being a womanly woman.)

"Now, Uncle Herbert," cried the child Jennifer.

Herbert stood up, lunged with his pole, lost his balance and precariously regained it. The hunt was up.

Our rate of progress was slow. While Herbert plied his pole I sat still, paddling hard but ineffectually. There is about the attempt to propel a heavy punt with a small paddle a feverish futility which reproduces the spirit of the best Russian novelists. ("Ah! little brotherkin, life is like that.")



Landlady of Seaside Boarding-house. "COMPLAINTS AGAIN? THEY 'RE ALWAYS FINDING SOMETHING FRESH TO COMPLAIN ABOUT."
Maid. "NO, MA'AM; IT 'S THE EGGS AGAIN."

"Do hurry!" implored Jennifer, who is at an age when pirates' treasure means everything. "The first boat's picking up a bottle."

We saw Beatrice lean out and retrieve a floating object. Just then the punt turned round and headed for home. When we brought her nose into the straight again we saw the dinghy forging ahead towards the second clue. Ronnie and Selina were hailing the referee, whose bicycle had brought him abreast of them.

"You ought to disqualify those people," shouted Ronnie. "They've jammed the cork in so tightly we can't get at the clue. Heave us a corkscrew, will you?"

"No," Jimmy shouted back, "but I'll reveal Clue One. It is: 'Continued in our next thrilling bottle.'"

We advanced upon the second clue in the same order: Cambridge (the dinghy) leading, with Oxford (the tub) second. Aberystwith (the punt) was placed, but only just. Again the desperadoes in the dinghy scanned the clue and returned it to the water hermetically sealed.



"YON'S FINE TOBACCO. WHOSE IS IT?"
"MINE."

"Sir HENRY MORGAN used to *bite* the tops off his bottles," volunteered Jennifer solemnly.

"No bottle-biting, please," called Jimmy. "Steam straight ahead."

We picked up the next two clues more easily, but before we could reach the fifth the punt executed what I can only describe as a series of spinning nose-dives. Soon we were alone upon a waste of waters, dinghy and tub having disappeared round a sharp bend. Jennifer was almost in tears.

"Do buck up!" I begged.

Herbert gave a tremendous heave. The punt shuddered and paused like a frighted steed, then leaped her cable's length. When we rounded the bend the tub had vanished and the dinghy was returning downstream at racing speed. As it passed us I heard Beatrice say, "Do you know those people?" and Marjorie replied in a very Frinton voice, "Trippers, my dear."

Cunningly we surrounded our fifth bottle, which Herbert retrieved with his pole. Then he retrieved his pole. Then I retrieved Herbert.

The clue read: "Treasure buried twenty yards inland from first bottle." This explained why the dinghy was dashing downstream. We put about and followed in a succession of crab-like lurches.

"Look!" cried Jennifer; "there's a little creek. Pirates always bury their treasures near creeks. And there's a hedge——"

"But that's where the second bottle was; it's nowhere near the first one," I objected.

"Never mind; let's land," urged Jennifer excitedly; "there's something in the hedge."

Have you ever tried to moor a hammer-headed punt to a muddy rush-grown bank? Our craft swung round in circles like a racehorse refusing to come to the tape. I put out one leg. The bank gently receded. Just as an icy flow of water began to flood my shoe Jimmy's bicycle bore down on us.

"Warmer!" he bellowed through his megaphone.

"Hurry, hurry!" implored Jennifer; "the dinghy's coming back."

It was true. Marjorie was sculling towards us at a rate of several knots.

"We claim a foul," she called reproachfully to the referee. "We've been ashore opposite the first bottle and there's nothing in sight for miles."

It was a tense moment. Were we to be beaten on the post? We were not. Jennifer had slipped off her shoes and stockings. With a wild cry she splashed ashore and darted towards the hole in the hedge. In another moment she was waving aloft the pirate's treasure, which glinted golden in the sun.

"Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of ginger-ale!" sang Jimmy.

"Mineral!" ejaculated Marjorie in disgust. "And it wasn't opposite the first bottle, anyhow."

"I threw my first bottle in second," said Jimmy, "just to make it harder."

* * * * *

The crew of the tub returned very late and, incidentally, engaged to be married. Their excuse that they had accidentally followed *a bottle that wasn't playing* was adjudged pretty thin.

Mr. Baldwin's Movements.

It is rumoured that, after his exertions at Ottawa, Mr. BALDWIN will take a brief course of the tonic waters of Beaver Brook, New Brunswick.

"... the referee stopped the fight in the fifth round. One of Renault's ears was nearly several, so terrific were Stribling's punches."
Evening Paper.

"The better to hear you with, my dear," as RENAULT said to the referee.

THE LITTLUNS.

ALTHOUGH now and then a lion escapes from a travelling circus and takes refuge in the forest of Fontainebleau, the French, I believe, have no Whipsnade. The Jardin d'Acclimatation in Paris has, however, recently opened a very amusing side attraction in the shape of "Le Zoo des Petits," which has the double meaning of a zoo containing only little animals and a zoo for the special delectation of little people. Although tragically far from being a child myself, I went the other day to see it, and now I want Sir CHALMERS MITCHELL to consider the possibility of railing off a part of Regent's Park to the same end.

My usual luck is to be avoided and run from by such lambs and kids and piglets as with the most amiable intentions I approach. But a minute after entering "Le Zoo des Petits" I was up to my knees in them. Never have I been among so many ingratiating unaffrighted creatures. Little pigs with flat pink noses very wet and inquiring made it difficult to walk; kids and lambs nibbled hopefully at my hands; because, you see, for every animal that is behind bars there is one that is free. More than free: familiar; with a familiarity born of honest greed, and since almost every visitor carries one of the feeding-bottles filled with milk—"biberons"—or a supply of bread, which you may buy near the gate, and since the appetite of a "petit" seemingly grows by what it feeds on, this friendliness, this absence of fear, is not likely to become less.

My own contribution to the feast took the form of oranges for an undersized elephant, who took them one by one delicately from my hand and, with a graceful wave of his trunk and a glance from his exceedingly small but very shrewd and observing eye, disposed of them whole in a receptacle that has never yet been filled and probably never will be. As to whether he is ever going to be bigger, I am ignorant, knowing very little about the species—he may of course be no infant at all but correspond to a pony and be permanently trifling; but a day will come, I suppose, when every other animal here, no longer qualified to be called a "petit," will have to be transferred to the Zoo proper. This undoubtedly is the case with the two lion-cubs in their pit out of range of contact and with the company of black bears, who are also out of reach but bring themselves nearer by their skill in standing on their hind-legs very much as you and I.

In a long experience of zoos in many parts of the world and a considerable knowledge of the repertory of cries of pleasure and surprise uttered by those who visit them, I can state that no exclamation is more rapturous, sudden or sincere than that which is called forth by a bear assuming the upright pose. It is so at Mappin's Terrace, it is so in the Bronx, it is so at HAGENBECK'S and it is so in the Bois de Boulogne. Bread was the favourite food for bears while I was there, but I noticed on the floor dozens of india-rubber mouth-pieces indicating that the "biberons" had been in play earlier in the day and that the bears had grabbed at them.

It was, however, the tiniest monkey I have ever seen who seemed to enjoy this form of nourishment the most: a monkey newly born, with abysms of sorrow in its eyes but in a mood to stand no nonsense from any neighbours that might desire the bottle too. But monkeys are too sad for a Zoo des Petits. The right inhabitants are the little pigs, the kids, the lambs and the calves. For these are not conscious of the mysteries of eternity; these caper and nuzzle and are gay.

E. V. L.



Rural Policeman. "'ERE, I *want* YOU FOR NOT STOPPING AFTER AN ACCIDENT."

AT THE PLAY.

"TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD" (MALVERN FESTIVAL).

FAIRLY continuous reflection for the best part of three days not having revealed to me what exactly, nor even what generally, the lively author of this intellectual harlequinade was attempting to say, I have some sense of grievance, I confess. Good Shavians hold (and possibly the Arch-Shavian shares their views) that little jokes of a curious vapidity and, in the present venture, of a rather rank schoolboy coarseness are imported into the later work of the Master to make it palatable to the average English moron and tempt him within range of the guns of sound doctrine. But, if this be so, then surely it is logically incumbent on the teacher to take the trouble, in the backward pupils' behalf, to give the expression of that doctrine some sort of coherence. At one point near the end it did at the time seem to me that, for all his disclaimers to the contrary, perhaps the more for them, the author was making through the mouth of his queer parson-burglar a humble general confession of failure, which might be paraphrased by one attempting to read between the lines: "I have preached in season and out of season because I can no other; if I have destroyed faith in shams I have built nothing permanent; I have jested and jibed, but jibes and jests are not enough. I am not by any means as cocksure as I appear to be. I am in fact as much in the dark as you."

If that was the intention it was a noble and a touching gesture. But I am not so sure. May not the very importing of such serious themes as the hunger of the disillusioned for some real positive faith in place of barren negations, and the widespread dismay of helpless decent men in the face of impending disaster, the clothing of these themes in beautiful words and the setting of them casually in a medley of wayward, irresponsible and not always innocuous nonsense be proof of an incurable flippancy? Genius, like wealth, has an exacting account to render. To promise bread (implicitly) and throw a custard-pie may even be the unforgivable sin.

But how serious and pretentious we are getting! Let us to the business of the play.

In "one of the best bedrooms in one of the best suburban villas in one of the richest cities of England" *The Patient*, referred to generally as *Mops* (Miss LEONORA CORBETT), is lying sick of the measles. Perched above her head is a bizarre figure, *The Monster*, the Bacillus of Measles (Mr. ERNEST THESIGER), suffering as the patient suffers, recovering as she recovers (which seems a little unscientific). This episode need not detain us, as it is evidently out of the draft for quite another play. *The Elderly Lady* (Miss MARGARET HALSTAN) fusses hysterically over her spoilt darling, bullies an exasperated doctor (an old Shavian puppet) into altering his treatment, and is finally led from the room by the new night-nurse (Miss ELLEN POLLOCK), *Sweetie*, who is in fact a jewel-thief in league with an ex-airman, ex-clergyman (and her own ex-lover), hereafter referred to as *Popsy*. The invalid, making sudden recovery, disables the burglars, falls in love with *Popsy*, accepts his suggestion that she shall steal her own jewels, fly from her intolerably affectionate mother to freedom and adventure in a foreign land and be held to ransom—ransom to be paid by *The Elderly Lady* and proceeds of sale of jewels to be split between the three conspirators.

On "a sea beach in a mountainous country" is set the Headquarters of a British Expeditionary Force sent out to apprehend the kidnappers of *Mops*. *Colonel Tallboys* (Mr. SCOTT SUNDERLAND) is in nominal, *Private Meek* (Mr. WALTER HUDD), clearly inspired by another SHAW, in effective, command. *Tallboys* is a decent stupid man out of an army invented by the author many years ago and unchanging with the passage of time and great events; *Meek* is a miracle of quiet efficiency, has been more than once a Colonel himself but has made a habit of resigning and re-enlisting because he can't stand the conversation of the Officers' Mess. And there is a *Sergeant Fielding* (Mr. RALPH RICHARDSON), a student of BUNYAN, puzzled because his guide's "wrath to come" has already come in the Great War and the parable is no longer serviceable. (Here are flashes of true Shavian insight and invention, with splendid rhythmical sentences delivered with a fine gravity and dignity by Mr. RALPH RICHARDSON, who seems to adorn and enlarge every part he plays).

Popsy reappears under a new and aristocratic name, talking, preaching, talking, with an unctuous suavity veiling a hopeless boredom and disillusionment; *Sweetie* passes herself off to the uncritical *Colonel* and his Staff as a foreign countess; *Mops*, in false wig and sunburn, as native servant to the two adventurers. *Mops* develops a passion for the detached disdainful *Meek*; *Sweetie* for that fine figure of a man, the *Sergeant*, who turns disillusioned from his apocalyptic text to the charms of the ex-housemaid ex-nurse with philosophical acceptance of the doctrine that a female rake may settle down the better for her experiences to fidelity and domesticity. *The Elderly Lady* returns to find her child and is beaten over the head by the exasperated *Colonel*; the father of the ex-parson, an upright atheist (Mr. H. K. AYLIFF), despairing because in these days of change and relativity there is no certainty, not even the certainty that there is no God, appears in a cave (why he was there and how he got there we have no sort of explanation), curses his flippant blackguard of a son and utters lamentations at great length and with some monotony of utterance (perhaps not unlikely in the type); *Private Meek* wins his battle against the local natives by the explosion of a few well-placed maroons; the *Elderly Lady*, her nature changed by the blow from the *Colonel's* umbrella, essays to take up life with her daughter from a new angle; and the curtain falls upon the sleek *Popsy* preaching, preaching on the theme of ultimate disillusionment.

There was a beauty of phrasing in this last long poetic rambling utterance of the philosopher-burglar which gave scope for Mr. CEDRIC HARDWICKE's admirable elocution and delicate voice-modulations. He here played against the patience of the house, looked like losing through no fault of his, and finally won—a notable triumph which made a fitting end to a rich performance.

Our brilliant author may exasperate but he cannot be a bore for long. There was much to laugh at, much to stimulate (and darken) thought. It may be only a certain rancour (perhaps at not being clever enough to penetrate to his serious intention, if any) which distorts the perspective of this crude account of the matter. He was well served by his players, particularly by Mr. CEDRIC HARDWICKE and Mr. RALPH RICHARDSON; and by Miss ELLEN POLLOCK, who cleverly indicated the lapses from assumed refinement and the fundamental hearty animal flavour of the little sensualist, *Sweetie*. On the whole, however, a disheartening experience.

T.

"ORDERS ARE ORDERS" (SHAFTESBURY).

IAN HAY has taken a new partner, ANTHONY ARMSTRONG (Mr. Punch's "A. A.") into his profitable business of ragging the combative Services. This time it is the Army's turn. *Orders are Orders* is a military diversion which deals with the disturbances that began in the heart of *Captain Harper* (Mr. BASIL FOSTER), the Adjutant of The Loyal Regiment, and flowed over into Ante-room, Orderly-room, and Gymnasium, to the prejudice of discipline and the all-but-frustration of

the regiment's serious business of the moment, which, according to the single-minded *Captain* (*Q.M.R.*) *Ledger* (Mr. CYRIL SMITH), was the apprehending of *Ronald the Rat*, who had been persistently tampering with the regimental food-supplies.

Captain Harper, half-engaged to the *Colonel's* daughter, *Veronica*, has fallen victim to the bright eyes and pearly teeth of *Fifi Delamere* (Miss ADELE DIXON), daughter of a Vice-Admiral Pocklington. *Fifi* has planted one pretty foot on the rung of the celluloid ladder by the help of *Wanda Paluka* (Miss OLIVE BLAKENEY), a rampaging young American star, under the direction of *Ed. Waggermeyer* (Mr. REGINALD PURDELL). *Wanda* suggests to the Adjutant that, if he can see his way to lend a company of the Loyals to *Ed.* to take a part in his typical scenes of English life, *Fifi* will fulfil her ambition and he (the Adjutant) stand well with his beloved. The guileless and infatuated *Harper*, professing to believe that there may be decent publicity for the Army, in accordance with recent precedents, in an honest presentation of some details of barrack-square routine, lends his aid. Leave, written for to the authorities, is meanwhile, in the absence of the *Colonel*, presumed. And before the simple fellow can look up from the signing of the Quartermaster's chits, and indenting for devices for the circumventing of *Ronald*, *Ed.*, his lamps, cameras and company, costumes and properties are installed in the gymnasium; a stockade has been erected, the set for an attack by savages upon a British outpost, to be rescued by American marines, and so forth.

Meanwhile the Mess orderly, *Slee* (Mr. ERNEST JAY), and his assistant, *Goffin* (Mr. REGINALD BACH), have taken a hand. They have led *Ed. Waggermeyer*, sounding them carefully as to the amount of "looking after" that will be necessary, to believe that he may safely leave it to them. You must never mention money to British officers. They'll take it, of course, but they pretend it doesn't exist. *Ed.*, astonished at the moderation of their demands (which have been calculated rather in terms of the thirst of *Slee* and *Goffin* than of the supposedly reasonable expectations of higher ranks), rashly assumes that he can buy the whole British Army for a hundred bucks, hands out enough on account to keep his new allies happy and goes to it.

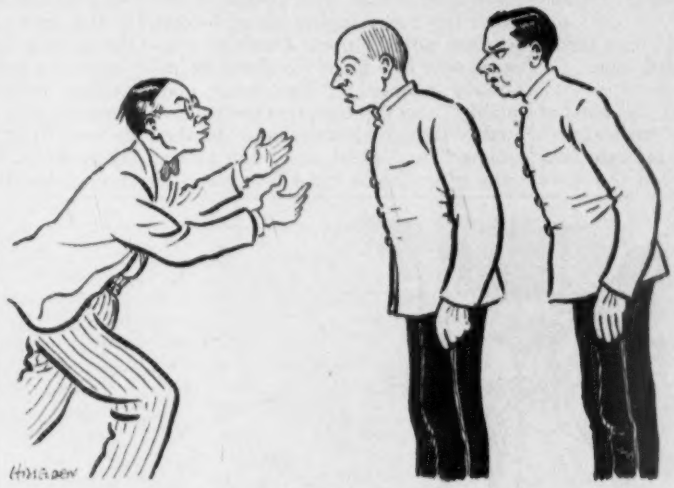
Meanwhile the *Colonel* returns and explodes. Is pacified and flattered by *Wanda* to the point of taking a part. Is "shot." Explodes again—mostly because *Ed.* can't help putting his arms affectionately round his neck when explaining his drivelling plots. Breaks away to his room. . . . It is unfortunate that this is the moment chosen by the inspecting General, *Twistleton-Foxe* (Mr. MICHAEL SHEPLEY), to drift into the gymnasium.

It now only remains for various young women to be found concealed in sundry rooms opening off the orderly-room; for *Privates Slee* and *Goffin*, disguised as savages, to be brought before the reluctant *Colonel* at the instance of the imperturbable *General* and dealt with. I think you can see the drift of the plan and imagine the amiable possibilities of the situations here indicated.

Of course it happened that *Foxy* knew old Pocklington, *Fifi's* father, so the Adjutant gets off lightly. The *Colonel*, however, is invited to a private conference with the *General* in the O.C.'s room, whence are heard issuing loud, harsh words, including, "*Orders are Orders!*"

Go forthwith and admire the ever resourceful and high-spirited Miss BLAKENEY, with her flow of diamond-bright American idiom (of which the authors seem to have full command); the quiet slyness of Mr. JAY and the wooden stolidity of Mr. BACH; the briskness of Mr. HENRY THOMPSON'S hectoring *R.S.M.*; the friendly-malicious portrait of the *Quartermaster* most intelligently presented by Mr. CYRIL SMITH: the smiles of Miss DIXON; the fatuous self-satisfactions and blusterings of Mr. CLIVE CURRIE'S *Colonel*; the embarrassments of Mr. BASIL FOSTER; and the exceptionally good travesty of a film-director in alternating moods of high optimism and dark despair by Mr. REGINALD PURDELL. The quiet humour of the inspecting *General* was well rendered by Mr. MICHAEL SHEPLEY. The whole goes with a rattle and swing under Mr. FRANK CELLIER'S clever producing hand. A good honest laughter-making show.

T.



ORDERLIES ARE ORDERLIES.

Ed. Waggermeyer (MR. REGINALD PURDELL) SECURING THE POWERFUL AID OF *Privates Slee* AND *Goffin* (MESSRS. ERNEST JAY AND REGINALD BACH) FOR THE PRODUCTION OF HIS BRITISH ARMY FILM.



A FRONTAL ATTACK ON THE COLONEL.

Colonel Bellamy . . MR. CLIVE CURRIE.
Wanda Paluka . . MISS OLIVE BLAKENEY.

Funnier Cricket.

"FARCEFUL BATTING AND DEADLY BOWLING."
Daily Paper.

"HALFPENNY RESTAURANT.

I have noticed that many of the patrons . . . include well-fed clerks and pretty young stenographers who powder their noses in between the halfpenny soup and the halfpenny fish."
Daily Paper.

Now you know why the halfpenny soup tastes like that.

THE EXPERT TRIES IT.

"DRINK a glass of hot milk before going to bed," said the young doctor briskly, "and after getting into bed banish petty worries from the mind and try the old-fashioned plan of counting sheep coming through an open gate."

"My own sheep?" said Farmer Gubbins.

"No, just sheep," said the young doctor in an absent-minded tone.

* * * * *

That night, comforted by his hot milk and his faith in the medical profession, Farmer Gubbins got into bed, blew out the candle, tucked the sheet under his chin, closed his eyes firmly and at once set about the preliminary arrangements for counting sheep, knowing that if he didn't start immediately on something definite like sheep he would begin worrying about the sunshine and the rain and the sick cow and one thing and another.

It was easy enough to imagine an open gate—picnickers and other people were for ever making a plaguey nuisance of themselves by wandering over his farm opening gates and forgetting to shut them—but unfortunately the open gate he chose to picture was the rather rotten one leading from Twenty-Acre into Ten-Acre, against which a good-for-nothing young varmint of a boy had carelessly backed a horse-and-cart that very day. However, remembering that he was supposed to be counting sheep, Farmer Gubbins pulled himself together and concentrated as cheerfully as possible, with his eyes tight shut, on what was left of the gate.

The first sheep that came through was a Lonk tup teg. It was as healthy a Lonk tup teg as Farmer Gubbins had ever seen, and he couldn't help letting his thoughts dwell for several minutes on Lonks in general and in particular on this uncommonly hardy young animal which was such a credit to his imagination. But, remembering that he was supposed to be *counting* sheep, he said "One" to himself and let the Lonk tup teg pass on.

The second sheep was a Romney Marsh double-toothed gimmer, and a pretty good double-toothed gimmer as double-toothed gimmers go. Farmer Gubbins, however, resisting the temptation to think about Romney Marshes, said "Two" to himself and let the double-toothed gimmer wander off in the wake of the Lonk tup teg.

The next sheep was a Devon Longwool gimmer hogg, followed by a Southdown aged wether, with another young Lonk tup teg romping along behind. At that point Farmer Gubbins whispered over to himself the sheep he had already counted: "Two very good quality Lonk tup tegs, one pretty good quality Romney Marsh double-toothed gimmer," and so on, and when he was quite sure that he had a firm grasp, so to speak, of the first five sheep, he turned his attention to the gate again and, lo and behold, what should he imagine coming through but a remarkably fine Lincoln-Rambouillet cross-bred ewe hogg!



"WHAT 'LL I PUT IN THE ADVERTISEMENT ABOUT SPORT, FATHER?"
"SAY: 'TWENTY THOUSAND ACRES OF ROUGH-SHOOTING, FISHING, HIKING, GOLF, YO-YO AND DRAUGHTS.'"

The annoying thing was that he couldn't remember for certain that it *was* a Lincoln-Rambouillet cross-bred ewe hogg. He only knew that it was a sheep which he had seen in a photograph in his text-book on sheep-breeding, and he was sure that he would never get a wink of sleep that night until he remembered what kind of sheep it was. So he thought and thought, until at last he got up out of bed and lit the candle and put his trousers on and went down to the kitchen and got out his text-book and carefully turned over the pages until he found the animal he was looking for among the American sheep. It relieved his mind a lot to know that it was a Lincoln-Rambouillet cross-bred ewe hogg, but he was a trifle cold when he got back to bed.

Fixing his closed eyes once more on the gate he saw a bunch of Scotch Blackfaces, evidently with a dog or two behind them, coming through helter-skelter. They were in such a hurry that it was impossible to count them, so he imagined the whole lot on the other side of the gate again and brought them through one by one so that he was able to count a dozen winter ewes, four six-toothed wethers, nine double-toothed gimmers and one little heeder. Then he went right back to the beginning to determine how many sheep had come through the dratted gate from the time he saw the first Lonk tup teg.

And so, to be brief, Farmer Gubbins had a very busy night. After the first hour or two he was thoroughly mixed up, but it couldn't be helped. In any case Border Leicesters, whether he had counted them right or not, made a good show, and there was some very fine mutton among the Shropshires, while Cheviots, Welsh Mountains and Oxford Downs were up to average. At last, toward morning, he imagined an enormous flock of Suffolk four-toothed wethers on the other side of the gate, and it was such dull work counting them coming through that he got drowsier and drowsier until finally he fell fast asleep as it were at his post.

The following night he imagined himself leaning over a pig-sty prodding a pig in the ribs—just the same old pig all the time—and cured his insomnia.

Fashions in the Free State.

"GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S PARTY.

Mr. McNeill looked distinctive in a tailored suit of pale pink Irish poplin. . . ."
Irish Paper.

"Femmes, Battez vos Marys (Traditional Songs of France) *arr. Bax.*"
Programme in Wireless Paper.

We thought they only beat the tum-tum in Africa.

"Mr. T. K. —— has had the Town clock dail cleaned, painted white, and re-figured."
Local Paper.

Its Irish namesake would be all the better for similar treatment.



TAKING OUR PLEASURES SADLY.

THE FIRST DAY ON HOLIDAY.



OUR PAGEANT.

"HALLO, OLD MAN, HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE WE DEMOBBED—NOT CHANGED IN THE LEAST."
"AND YOU—QUITE YOUR OLD SELF—NOT TURNED A HAIR!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Education of a Great Proconsul.

A MAGNIFICENT portrait and a magnificent landscape go to the making of *Intimate Letters from Tonquin* (JOHN LANE, 15/-). The portrait is that of their writer, Marshal LYAUTEY; the landscape is the landscape of the French colony of Indo-Chine, from barrack to jungle, from civilised seaboard to brigand-infested interior. Here, at the age of forty, in a two years' unforeseen apprenticeship to campaigning and administration, HUBERT LYAUTEY learnt the arts that flowered more visibly and richly in Morocco. Hitherto he had merely, he said, vegetated. Tonquin, the stepchild of French colonial enterprise, was his darling chance—and he took it. England—the England of Fashoda days—was then the supreme enemy; and it is amazing to encounter this great Frenchman's open enthusiasm for our colonising ability. We discouraged functionaries; we understood men. Only our personal attitude towards natives struck him as a thing done better by the French. It is not, however, solely for its handling of great problems that these letters are rare and admirable. LYAUTEY is far too big to despise small things and far too great a contemplative to let himself be devoured by action. From the paternal young Englishman on the liner out who helps his frail wife to wash the children, to the noble mandarin who arrives in his green lacquer palanquin to make acquaintance with a French train, the letters are full of exquisitely meditated observation. A great book, and delightfully translated by an interpreter who realises the value of leaving French constructions just French enough to retain their intimacy of idiom.

High Failure.

Poets have a traditional tenderness for the high failure that is said to overleap low success, but their appreciation, usually posthumous, is an indifferent consolation to the man who spent his life trying to combine the nobler adjective with the more solidly satisfying substantive. A varying amount of disgust with a world which had not answered expectations attends the careers of all five heroes of *Studies in Sublime Failures* (BENN, 15/-); and Cardinal NEWMAN, Lord CURZON, COVENTRY PATMORE, MORETON FREWEN and CHARLES STEWART PARNELL undoubtedly repay the trouble and expense of their dissection under this head by Mr. SHANE LESLIE. Apart from a just and charming critical evaluation which is the summit of the PATMORE article, I found the book more satisfying with its men of action than its philosophers and more genial in handling its non-Catholics than its Catholics. It was inevitable that Cardinal NEWMAN, "a queen bee . . . set to do the work of a drone," should furnish the sting of an unpleasant contrast with his opponents; but with PATMORE the biographer tends to overstress the legitimate qualms of the refined soul in the face of its cruder co-religionists. The critic's estimate of CURZON, if less sympathetic than Lord RONALDSHAY'S, is perhaps a shade more subtle; and MORETON FREWEN, the bimetallist, comes into his own

as the champion of half-a-dozen other lost causes equally susceptible of revindication. "MORTAL RUIN," that "belated Elizabethan," is a virile, picturesque, many-sided and little-remembered figure who keeps biographer and reader alertly occupied for only too short a span.

Contacts and Repulsions.

Mrs. BROWNING remarked of the travelling of her day that it "shook" people together, whereas living under the same roof "fastened" them; and a union closer but even less adhesive than the first of her categories is, if I may believe Mr. SISLEY HUDDLESTON, the result of rolling about the same ocean liner in the company of your fellow-passengers. Of these strictly interim relationships *The Captain's Table* (HARRAP, 8/6) is the well-informed and detailed record. Placed among the *élite* of the *Manchia* for the duration of a transatlantic voyage, *Peter Vernon*, Professor of Economics, surveys the cosmopolitan hierarchy as graded by the Chief Steward. "Movie Queens, Ambassadors, Bankers, Cardinals, Tennis Champions, Society Persons, Bootleggers, Authors"—not quite the whole range is represented, but, as the lady said to whom NAPOLEON remarked that all men were rogues, "*una buona parte*." All are more than a trifle bored. The dulness of the radio, "with all the world to draw on," is phenomenal. The absorbing powers of crime-fiction wane. Even a Polish baby, born in the steerage, fails to stay the course. Still, there is an American editor eloping with his secretary, a "sporty" French girl infatuated by a cocktail-shaking English colonel, a movie star and her Russian prince, dissembling their mutual aversion for purposes of advertisement only. *Professor Vernon* succumbs to a German dress-designer. His main function, however, is critical; and as a critic he is entertaining though perhaps insufficiently differentiated from his quarry. A less facile toleration would, I feel, have anatomised the *Manchia's* human cargo more memorably.



Quartermaster. "COME ON, MA'AM, IT'S QUITE SAFE. THEM AS FALLS IN WE ALWAYS FISHES 'EM OUT."

The Green-Eyed Goddess.

Meet *Mr. James Wesley Norton*, a young man in the advertising business with a Cleveland firm, on the eve of marriage and not feeling too good about it. The fact is he had a way of getting himself involved with women, and, though *Constance Burnett* was clearly a wonderful specimen—a born aristocrat who had somehow strayed into the post of secretary to the President of the Colossus Motor Works—he may have had a hunch how the marriage would turn out. It started tolerably well, except for an unfortunate speculation in Wall Street and the fact that his grand appointment as Chief of Staff of Federated Associates, Inc., under the presidency of *Mr. Peter Van Rensselaer Rich*, gradually became worth nothing at all. Still, he had managed to make friends with *Jerry Turnbull*, who was a sportsman and a millionaire and started him in journalism, employing him to write up the Story of the Man Riches Could Not Spoil. From that he drifted naturally into writing a personal sketch in a magazine which had some success and incidentally involved him with beautiful *Zoe Alvarez* and ultimately with old *Sol Kaltenstein* and a film company. Mr. WARREN SPENCER is the author of this cheerful work, called *Forever and For Ever*, and published by METHUEN at 7/6. It may be intended as a warning to jealous wives or philandering husbands, but in my opinion the only sure thing is that *Norton* is well out of it.

The Dominant East.

The first hundred pages of *Golden Horn*, by Major F. YEATS-BROWN (GOLLANCZ, 8/6), are occupied by a somewhat sensational reconstruction of events in Turkey

between 1908 and 1914. To be quite frank, this sort of thing has been better done elsewhere. From the hundredth page onward, however, the author is again the "Bengal Lancer," perfectly balanced between thought and action, who charmed us in a previous volume. The account of his personal behaviour as the prisoner of and escaper from the Turks makes exciting reading. Not only his physical but also his psychic adventures are thrilling in the extreme, particularly vivid being the description of one variety of opium-dream. But it seems that, after all, the Western mode of consciousness cannot co-exist with the Eastern; one or the other must dominate. And now ancestry and upbringing are dragging Major YEATS-BROWN steadily Westward, in spite of his conviction that "the Great War was but the prelude to the gathering of invisible forces from Angora to Pekin," and that "we in the West, sick with the congestion of our lusts, starved in our imaginations and busy with undiscriminating activities, are in danger of losing our soul." Will he not then turn his face Eastward again?



Disgruntled Customer (to Seaside Fishmonger). "AN' ANOTHER THING—LOOK AT YOUR MISERABLE SHRIMPS. WHERE DOES YER BRIGHTER SEASIDE MOVEMENT COME IN?"

Love Lost and Found.

Herr KARL FRIEDRICH BOREE'S book, *Summer's Not Over* (FABER AND FABER, 7/6), is a denial of the motto—"Happy the wooing that's not long a-doing," for the story, in spite of an ending that is true to life and false to hope, has a great quality of joy and tells only of such sorrows as may befall any lover. The narrative is told in the first person as from the lips of a middle-aged German, staff-member of a university, who falls in love with a girl medical-student. It is a little too long, and might be tedious were it not for the exquisite manner of its style. The hero, in his common arrogance, sees the whole of nature as handmaid to his love, and, having seen, has the grace to gather together in a few phrases a whole spring or summer or September morning for our delight. He becomes a preacher of animism, is acutely aware of a world not lost but found for love, and writes as gravely and beautifully of his discoveries as though the dew were still unbrushed in Eden. There is no plot in this tale of a not-fully-rewarded wooing, with all its bickerings and jealousies and ecstasies and the to-and-fro of love, but there is enough wisdom to console any who may deplore the author's occasional lapses from decorum. I fancy that we owe a good many thanks to the translator, Miss JUNE HEAD, for having preserved the original loveliness.

South American Studies.

These Southern People (COBDEN-SANDERSON, 8/6) is offered to us as a new kind of travel-book. Mr. ALAN PRYCE-JONES, with a modesty unusual in this (and at his) age, thinks that a few months' journeyings through South American States does not equip one for an adequate account of them. He elects then to present us with three stories, a short, a short-long and a long-short, and to use his traveller's notes for the compounding of local colour for the background against which he sets his figures. Queer figures they are. In "Chile" a young North American woman, needing money for her sick child and her casual Chilian partner, win a Marathon dancing competition. In "Brazil" (the best, I think, of the three) he shows us the heart of a strange lonely romantic primitive girl in her first love-affair. "Ecuador" strikes a sinister note. A middle-aged Ecuadorian marquesa, too partial to cocktails and to her sleek, unscrupulous, acquisitive footman, finds death at his hands. A mournful squalid tragedy, well-invented and told with a compressed impressionism which makes careful reading necessary. Mr. PRYCE-JONES has a fine sense of words which makes such care worth while. But I can well imagine Chilians, Brazilians and Ecuadorians being dissatisfied with his impressions.

Whither?

The political kaleidoscope shifts so rapidly in Germany that in some respects *Hitler* (ROUTLEDGE, 7/6) is already out-of-date. That, however, is Mr. EMIL LENGYEL'S misfortune and not his fault, and his book in its account of the growth of the HITLER movement is definitely valuable and often amusing. As an opponent Mr. LENGYEL has every right to hit hard, but unprejudiced readers may not find it easy to believe that HITLER as he is depicted here could have risen to the position which he occupies in Germany to-day. In spite of its limitations this is a book that I can recommend to all who wish to study the career of a very remarkable man.

Romantic Adventures.

When *Roy Venning* and *Roland Graham* set forth from "the outermost civilised corner of India" and left the Pass of the Blue Poppy behind them they were on their way to a land of romance and to adventures most wonderful. In *Fairy Silver* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) "GANPAT" allows his imagination full play. He gives us a beautiful lady in distress and a perfect knight to adore and assist her; he describes the country in which the travellers found themselves with persuasive eloquence and, clever novelist as he is, he intermingles hard fighting with a love-story that never suffers from sentimentality. Such a tale as this may be too fantastic for everyone's taste, but those who want to get away from realistic fiction will do well to follow *Roy* and *Roland* to the land where they won great honours while losing their hearts.

CHARIVARIA.

DETECTIVES in bathing-costumes have been on the watch for thieves at public swimming-baths. It is not so easy to recognise a detective by his bare feet.

* * *

Bagpipes were played during a Manchester girl's unsuccessful attempt to swim the Channel; but it does not appear that her failure was attributed to this cause.

* * *

A pond at Oxford into which unpopular undergraduates are thrown has been emptied for cleaning. From time to time it becomes necessary to clear it of unpopular undergraduates.

* * *

Caravanners and campers-out are said to have adopted this mode of life in order to save expense. They find less difficulty in raising the wind on the heath.

* * *

Tramps are said to be drinking a mixture of methylated spirit and castor oil which makes them mad. Another view is that they must be mad to drink it.

* * *

A paragraphist suggests that most of the grouse served in London on the Twelfth came from the nearer counties, such as Surrey, Essex and Suffolk. Considerable secrecy has been observed with regard to sport on the moors of the Home Counties.

* * *

A writer says that golfers are rarely moved by scenery. On some links the committee would be content if the scenery were moved more rarely by golfers.

* * *

"Where Do We Stand?" asks a *Morning Post* headline. In a general way the answer is: "In the tube."

* * *

We read that a Perthshire man has had eleven teeth knocked out by a taxi-cab. It is remarkable what some men will do to avoid visiting the dentist.

* * *

On reading that the great Duke of WELLINGTON was a poor performer with a shot-gun we were moved by the thought that if he had fought NAPOLEON with shot-guns he might have missed him.

The "baler," a machine used in the manufacture of motor-cars, consists of a pair of huge jaws which crunch up surplus fragments of steel. We should like to test it with some of our cook's pastry.

* * *

In view of the proposal to exclude all horse-drawn traffic from within a considerable radius of the City, no time should be lost by those who wish to test the theory that it is impossible to cross London Bridge without seeing a white horse.

* * *

Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS confesses that as a boy he told lies so often that his parents disbelieved him on one occasion when he was speaking the truth. Yet he has overcome this tendency sufficiently to edit a popular Sunday paper.

* * *

"QUEX," of *The News-Chronicle*, considers that a title would be of no assistance to him as a gossip-writer. The idea of offering him a peerage will therefore be abandoned.

* * *

We are urged to regard a visit to the dentist as a beauty-treatment rather than as a boring and painful ordeal. Our difficulty has been to avoid the feeling of being bored.

* * *

When serious landslides followed a severe thunderstorm in County Mayo a rumour spread that Ireland was seceding.

* * *

A Canadian composer has written a symphonic tone-poem descriptive of an attack of influenza. Our experience of influenza and symphonic tone-poems is that they have in common the effect of inducing profound depression.

* * *

An astronomer says that as stars grow older they decrease in weight. He has evidently never heard the stage creak as a fifteen-stone *Mimi* trips over the boards in *La Bohème*.

* * *

"Eight Neanderthal skeletons are being sent to London for study," says a newspaper. But will it be much good to them now?

* * *

When a main burst near the Tower last week a stream of water poured past the sentry on duty. We are not told whether he called upon it to halt.

* * *

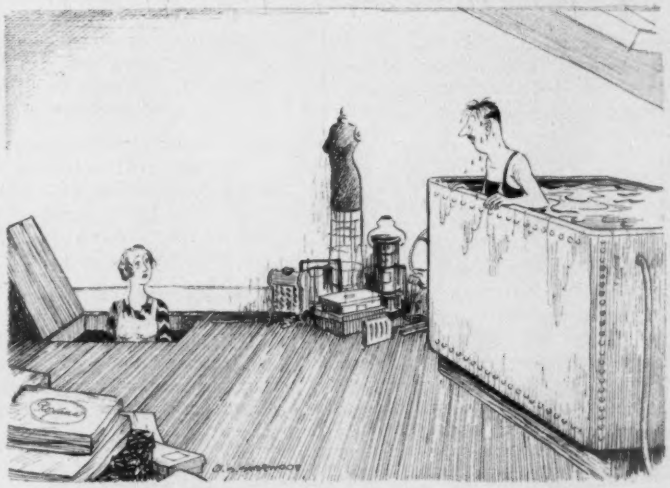
A contemporary observes that politics makes strange bed-fellows. But they soon get used to the same bunk.

* * *

Unless world-affairs begin to improve soon it is feared that even the meek will refuse to inherit the earth.

* * *

We read of professional footballers who are pretty good at ping-pong. Yet spectators insist on their playing football.



He. "I CAN'T FIND ANY TRACE OF A LEAK, STELLA, BUT IT HAS GIVEN ME AN IDEA. WHY NOT GIVE A BATHING-PARTY?"

THE WISDOM OF THE SERPENT.

WHY did Sybilla in the twilight,
Silently climbing through a skylight,
Levant from Mitcham Fair
And, nesting in a tree at Horley,
Perturb the population sorely
And cause a local scare?

Why did this strange elusive dodger
Bite Mr. DAY, sent to dislodge her,
And his advances spurn,
Although he subsequently wound her
About his manly neck and found her
Resigned to her return?

Why did this well-conducted boa
Evade, erupt like Krakatoa?—
I know not; all the same
I think the cause of her rebelling
May well have been the vile mis-spelling
Of her historic name.

"In an official statement the police state that when the two men saw the officer they ran away from the coffee stall, from which they stole two shillingsworth of guns."
Evening Paper.

The hot-dogs must have been asleep.

KRAKATIT.

[The most powerful destructive and disintegrating force in the world. Conceived by KAREL CAPEK in his book of that name.]

FOLLOWING on the invaluable experiences gained during last year's cricket season, the Committee of the M.C.C. has invited all newspaper cricket experts to join them in the happy task of bringing the national game into line with modern requirements. The full report will not be issued for some time, but Mr. Punch is able to give some advance information of decisions already made. Naturally enough these deal largely with the subject of Test Matches:—

1. An expert, for the purposes of this Report, is any person writing regular cricket articles in recognised national newspapers who

(*a*) Is not on the Selection Committee but thinks he should be; or

(*b*) Once played long-stop for Aberdeenshire.

2. For the purposes of argument, any article more than seven days old shall be deemed not to have been written at all.

3. Every cricketer selected by so-called Selection Committees for future Tests shall be immediately dropped unless the selection is approved by a two-thirds majority of Expert articles appearing during the subsequent seven days.

In the event of everybody being rejected under this rule, all names shall be put in a hat and the first eleven drawn out shall be considered as the England XI. (*Note.*—Nothing in this rule shall be considered as exempting any player from criticism by Experts or the Selection Committee from their responsibility for any player's failure.)

4. Any player who fails to hold a catch, make a century or take a wicket shall be immediately and forthwith ejected from the team and hooted off the field by a committee of Experts fitted with megaphones. He shall be replaced by any player approved by an Expert. To avoid undue delay through argument, the Expert who can get his man on to the field first shall be deemed to have won. (*Note.*—Nothing in this rule exempts such substitute from criticism by any or all of the Experts, including the one who selected him.)

5. If any batsman, in the opinion of no fewer than two Newspaper Experts, becomes unenterprising and/or so slows down the game that the production of Special Editions is delayed or made difficult, he shall be liable to be given "out" for obstruction.

6. Before play begins each day the Captain shall have prepared a digest of all expert advice given in the previous twenty-four hours and shall base his tactics on such advice. Where advice on any point is contradictory he shall toss up and abide by the decision. (*Note.*—Nothing in this rule shall exempt the Captain from criticism if his tactics are, in the opinion of the Experts, unsuccessful.)

7. All players selected shall be considered unworthy until they have given proof to the contrary. They shall then still be considered less worthy than any player not selected.

8. All Selection Committees are of necessity and always composed of idiots, maniacs and deaf-mutes and are obtuse, myopic, insensate, rank, rotten and meet to be kicked.

9. All games shall last as long as the public will buy Special Editions about them.

10. Fraternising with the enemy shall be encouraged in moderation, so that the "spirit of the game" may still be written and talked about.

11. An "incident" (by which is meant "unpleasant incident") shall occur or shall be deemed to have occurred at least once in every match.

12. The name of the game shall be changed to "Krakatit," to distinguish it from the inefficient and out-of-date game as played on village greens and school playing-fields, up against brickwalls and lamp-posts, in every town and in every part of the country on Saturday afternoons and on summer evenings, the game so played being of no interest to Experts as defined in this Report.

For which relief, says Mr. Punch, much thanks.

DISCARDED SUITS.

Verses written in contemplation at the War Office during and after the heat-wave.

ONCE on a bougainvillea-clad verandah
In India (where the bougainvillea grows)
Some darsi fashioned you with cunning hand (a
Darsi can also fashion with his toes),
With native skill he pieced your bits together
And wrought a perfect suit for Indian weather.

Many irrevocable years have flitted
And Time has changed the figure you encased
Since that too-distant heyday when you fitted
And buttoned comfortably at the waist.
Those halcyon days have long become a fable
And I am fettered to a War-House table.

Heat-waves permit departure from the normal;
Convention then behind convenience lags;
Good-bye to office-jackets, black and formal,
Adieu to their attendant stripy bags,
For, in the phrascology of Tooting,
We stage a come-back for our Indian sooting.

Long have you been forsaken and forgotten,
Laid up in lavender—no, naphthalene;
The coat in places grown a trifle rotten,
The collar and the cuffs not over-clean;
But now protesting wives press out the creases,
Administering petrol where the grease is.

So, Anglo-Indians in drill or tussore
Unwontedly adorn an office room
And brighten up the morning train and bus or
The War-House passages' perpetual gloom,
Unconscious that a waistcoat may be showing
Inadequate allowances for growing.

And memories of far-away Srinagar,
Of treks or jungle-camps replete with thrills,
Adventures up the Ganges after mugger,
Ephemeral flirtations in the Hills
Come floating back with you across the distance,
A purple patch upon a drab existence.

But heat-waves are a vain and brief illusion,
"*Tout passe*"—the fact admits of no dispute—
The Indian suits creep back to their seclusion,
The memories and dreamings follow suit;
Official togs are once again *de rigueur*,
More suitable perhaps—at least they're bigger!

Things which might have been Expressed less Brutally.

"The Annual Excursion of the Sunday School to the seaside lacked one thing to complete its full and blessed day of happiness and enjoyment—the absence of Mr. ——."—*Parish Magazine.*

"There was not a ripple on the water as Norman Abbot steered the motor-boat towards his yacht. Here it was safely tethered . . ."
Story in Daily Paper.

The motor-goats were tethered further up the stream.



THE C.O.M.

MR. PUNCH'S MODEST DESIGN FOR A MEDAL TO BE AWARDED TO THE GALLANT ARMY OF OFFICIALS WHO HAVE TOILED SO UNCEASINGLY IN THE INTERESTS OF THE GREAT CONVERSION SCHEME.



Elderly Person (after listening to praises of centre of group). "REALLY! LOOKS HALF-BAKED TO ME."
Girl. "DON'T BE SO MORIBUND, DARLING. HALF-BAKED! WHY, HE 'S THE SILLIEST ASS IN OUR SET."

A GOOD WORD FOR THE FILMS.

THUGGERY is abroad. Banditry is rife. Brigands are about. Or so I judge from the popular Press. Every evening I read of new smashes-and-grabs, motor-highwaymen and Tooting Turpins (so to speak). And we have now, therefore, a grand opportunity to test a favourite theory about a very popular subject—the influence of the cinema.

It is widely assumed and asserted that much of the above unpleasantness is due to the influence of the moving pictures. When a citizen of London, poor and unemployed, sees a Chicago gunman at work on the screen he instantly (according to the theory mentioned) says, "Ha! that 's a good idea!" leaves his comfortable fauteuil, walks out into High Street, Suburbia, and robs a bank-messenger or snatches a handful of diamond-necklaces out of the nearest jeweller's window. (How or where in the world he disposes of diamond-necklaces in these hard times I do not know and cannot guess; but that is by the way. Apparently it is still considered by the experts to be worth while to steal diamonds, so the times cannot be quite so bad as one thought. The real crisis will be at hand when diamonds are left about in open boxes outside the shops, like greengages, and nobody bothers to remove them. But this, as I think I said before, in parenthesis.)

The theory is, you see, that works of art and entertainment have a powerful influence on the conduct of the people. A good deal might be said about that theory; but, for Heaven's sake, reader, let us stick to the point! It might be remarked, for example, that if immoral literature is to be blamed for immoral conduct, moral literature might be more often credited with some at least of the good conduct of the people. It very seldom is. The "modern novelist" is often blamed for the excesses of the naughty "modern girl"; but the Victorian novelist is never praised for producing the virtuous Victorian girl. The Victorian novelist is said to be a faithful mirror of the good times in which he lived; and it might be (but is not) said that the modern novelist is only a faithful mirror of the bad times in which he lives. If that be so, it is obviously as foolish to throw stones at him as it would be to throw stones at our own looking-glasses when our faces ceased to satisfy us. But do *please*, reader, let us keep to the point.

That, however, I now perceive, *is* the point, if any, of these observations. If the evil parts of talking-pictures govern our conduct, we must assume that the good parts govern us too. Well, friends, if we don't assume that, it means that the British mind is only open to pernicious influences. And who is going to say that in public? Nobody. Very well, then. . . .

Where was I? Ah! I know. Gunmen. There is threatened a serious outbreak of gunmannery in our country. If it became really serious our gallant police would probably be unable to cope with it; partly because they are not numerous enough and partly because they are largely engaged upon the enforcing of more important laws—the time of selling butterscotch, the hours of backgammon, eating, drinking, dominoes, etc. So the ordinary citizen will have to play his part.

Well, is the ordinary citizen ready? What, in other words, will the ordinary citizen do when he suddenly perceives a "gun" or "gat" emerging from his carburettor or chest-of-drawers? Will he cower or conquer? For my part I

have faced the question squarely. That is to say, whenever I creep into my hall, crawl up the stairs or open the larder-door after dark; whenever (which is much less frequent) I take money to the bank I imagine that some thuggish incident is just about to upset me. I look for gunmen under the gas-oven; I expect "gats" in the grocery-cupboard; the police are two or three boroughs away and I must deal with the bandits, etc., unaided. How do I do it? Do I put my hands up and tamely deliver the dough or do I thwart thuggery and deliver it up to justice?

I must confess (brutal though it sounds) that as a rule, in imagination, I take the latter course. The number of thugs, bandits and brigands I have caught (in imagination) under the grand piano or in that nasty dark corner at the bottom of the kitchen-stairs would populate Pentonville for years to come.

How, I say again, do I bring off these feats? And I must record that my chief source of inspiration and strength is the modern novel and the modern film. It must be remembered that even in the most lurid films and fiction the gunman seldom or never comes off best in the end. Sometimes he is bested by the official forces of law and order, but more often by the ordinary citizen, like you and me. And most of us have seen how easily the stupid and cowardly thug can be made to look foolish. When he puts a pistol to our heads we coolly poke a pipe into his stomach, and in the dusk the fellow takes it for a loaded gun. When he hisses, "Hand over the dough!" we reply disdainfully, "Oh, yeah . . . ?" When he informs us that we have only five minutes to live, we answer calmly that we left our name and address with three policemen at the corner and that they will search the house if we do not leave it in four minutes. It is bluff, of course, but it always comes off; and how absurdly simple!

If the films do really "put ideas" into our heads which we afterwards employ in practical life, let us all at once study the methods of Mr. C. CHAPLIN. It is quite impossible to imagine Mr. CHAPLIN being overawed by a thug or bandit. Yet (on the screen) he is only a common little fellow like you and me. And what he can do surely we can do.

Let us all then practise that disconcerting "Oh, yeah?" (but in private); let us all have our pipes ready; let us all acquire the trip or cow-kick with which Mr. CHAPLIN would so deftly lay low a "smash-and-grabber." And let us all be thankful to the films, which have taught us the wholesome lesson that if we face thugs fearlessly virtue (that is we) must triumph.



Fastidious Yachtsman. "CAN'T YOU FIND SOME OTHER PART OF THE RIVER ON WHICH TO PRACTISE YOUR HORRIBLE CULT OF NUDISM AND PICKLED ONIONS?"

I am sleeping alone in the house just now. A suspicious character has been observed in the neighbourhood. Loitering. (Anyone who is not dashing about at sixty miles an hour is a suspicious character in these times.) It is midnight and I hear strange noises below. Some thug is after the goldfish. In the old days I should have thought twice about descending, but now——

"Oh, yeah?" Where is my pipe?

A. P. H.

"JUMP ON WALL STREET."—*Evening Paper.*

And risk being bumped off.

"FARMERS GROWING BITTER."
Sunday Paper.

But home-brewed beer never tastes quite the same.

". . . who appeared recently at the Westminster Theatre in James Barrie's 'The Anatomist.'"—*Glasgow Paper.*

A good play—though not so well known as Sir NOEL COWARD's *Mary Rose.*

"Gent's khaki shirts, with collars attached—the shirts for wear."—*Advt. in Local Paper.*

The collars, of course, are just for the laundry to gnaw.

A SUPER-CROOK'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

My son, the time is approaching when, like all young creatures, you will be leaving the parental nest, eager to spread your wings.

I have tried to train you in the rudiments of my own career, the career in which I have made such astounding and spectacular successes. I have taught you some of the easier confidence-tricks, have shown you how to forge signatures, have instructed you in the beginnings of blackmail. Very soon—for you are a quick learner—you will be able to stand on your own feet. But in the meantime I have some last pieces of advice that may be helpful to you when you begin to prey on society, as your fond old father has preyed before you.

You may make the mistake I myself made, as a very young man, of thinking the simpler, humbler people the easiest to hoodwink. I remember the first time I tried the Charm-of-Manner swindle on which my subsequent fortunes were raised. I selected for practice, inexperienced as I was, an old woman selling coloured balloons outside one of the London parks. Immaculately attired, my pleasant, handsome face lit by the frank, open smile I had been practising assiduously for some weeks, I approached her, raising my hat courteously.

"I have been admiring your beautiful balloons," I said, beaming friendship and good faith at her. "I should like to buy them all for the tenants' children on my estate, but unfortunately I have lost my purse. Could you let me take them with me? I will send my secretary with the money immediately on my return. You see," I added hesitatingly with a slight and charming diffidence, "I am the Duke of Westminster."

"Ho, are yer?" was her impolite reply. "Well, yer Grice can go and fry yerself in batter."

A disagreeable, vulgar old woman. I saw that it was no use trying to deceive that class of person. Nor was I much more fortunate with my first confidence-trick. Here I again made the mistake of choosing someone in a humble position. I made the acquaintance of a simple countryman who had come to town for a holiday. After the usual preliminaries I made the usual overtures about the usual gold-mine into which we were to put, at enormous profit, our combined capital.

"Just to show that we trust one another," I told him, "before you hand over your life-savings to me to place in this venture that will clearly make your fortune, here are ten pounds I will leave in your charge. I will come back in half-an-hour and get them."

I came back in half-an-hour, but I did not get them. The simple countryman had vanished.

I saw then that I should have to change my tactics if I were to succeed in my profession. The lower grades of society were altogether too ungullible. I should have to aim higher. I began to make the acquaintance of City men in big business; stockbrokers, financiers, company promoters. I managed to get in with a few politicians. I got myself introduced to a Cabinet Minister. I found that the higher you went the more easily the Charm-of-Manner trick came off. Before my frank, open smile those hard-boiled stockbrokers, financiers and company promoters became innocent little children. The Cabinet Minister, learning that I was related to the Russian Royal Family and had lost a fortune in the Revolution, sympathetically invited me to his country house and introduced me to his wife and several charming daughters. A canned-meat magnate, who had ruthlessly crushed hundreds of small firms out of existence and caused a number of suicides, was intensely stirred by my tale, told in my own inimitable manner, of a diamond discovery in South Africa, and pressed a cheque for ten thousand pounds into my hand in preliminary payment for shares in the company I was on the point of raising.

It was then that I got my Big Idea.

I walked one day into the head office of one of the largest banks in the country and, sending in my card—the Marquess of Lyme Regis was my name at that period—demanded to see the Managing Director.

I found him a perfectly delightful elderly gentleman of the old school; obviously a model of true British banking integrity. He rose courteously when I entered.

"The Marquess of Lyme Regis?" he asked. I bowed. "I am delighted to meet you. Pray be seated."

After a few opening remarks, during which he learnt with interest and surprise that I was related by marriage to the Royal house of Bourbon, I stated the object of my visit. I said that I wanted him to lend me a hundred thousand pounds for a vast international scheme I was forming in association with the principal governments of Europe.

"That is a large sum," he said, hesitating a little. "You can give security, of course?"

"If you require it, certainly," I replied. "I can obtain guarantees for the money from my good friends, Lord ROTHSCHILD, the Duke of NEWCASTLE, the AGA KHAN, JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER and others."

I smiled in my frank, open manner. My handsome, pleasant face expressed candour and good faith. The Managing Director, a man famous in high finance, melted like wax.

"Of course I must see my fellow-directors," he said. "But I think there will be no difficulty in providing you with the credit required."

I thanked him gratefully and rose.

"With regard to guarantees," I said in my charming, ingenuous way, "if you would like me to ring up my old college friend, Lord LONSDALE——"

"Pray do not trouble, Lord Lyme Regis," he replied. "Your word will be sufficient."

And that, my boy, was the first rung of the ladder I have since climbed to such remarkable heights. By self-assurance, a winning personality and the free use of great names I have



Cockney Wife. "I WONDER WHY THEY CALL THIS 'ERE 'THE STRAND,' 'ERBERT? 'TAIN'T A BIT LIKE IT."



"BETCHER FIVE POUNDS I GET YER AHT THIS OVER."
"'OW MUCH YER GOT?"
"THREE-'A'PENCE."
"ORRIGHT—I 'LL BETCHER."

raised a superstructure of fraudulent financial concerns in which all the markets of the world are involved. You, who have inherited my pleasant, handsome face, to whom I have patiently taught my frank, open smile, will, I hope, soon be treading the same victorious path. Remember what I have told you. Work always on a large and spectacular scale. Avoid the lowly and the humble. Avoid old women selling coloured balloons. Avoid simple countrymen who have come to town for a holiday. It is among the powerful, the experienced and the shrewd, the kings of finance and the captains of industry, that the Great Swindler finds his spiritual home.

A Careless Cinderella.

"SLIPPER ACROSS RY. LINE.
SERAJGANJ PASSENGERS' NARROW ESCAPE."
Indian Paper.

"The committee agreed, subject to the consent of the Commissioners of Ancient Monuments, who have scheduled the brides."
Provincial Paper.

We think that elderly romance should be facilitated in every way.

THE HORSE MARINER.

I saw the old sailor
  Looking out at the sea;
Nobody was haler,
  Methought, than he;
Puckered his cheeks were
  And tanned deep brown,
Tarry his breeks were
  As any in the town.

Wise to the weather
  Were those grey eyes,
Adding up together
  Signs of the skies;
Ever on the look-out
  He pondered it,
And now and then he took out
  His pipe to spit.

What was he dreaming
  As thus he stood?
Of great ships steaming?
  Methought he could
Tell me of the Indies
  And the isles forlorn
And what high wind is
  About Cape Horn.

Did he think over
  His last cruise made,
This old sea-rover
  With bags thus frayed?
Would he be willing
  To tell me a tale
If I slipped him a shilling
  For a pint of ale?

So I drew near him,
  Thinking at worst,
Possibly to cheer him,
  But he spoke first;
Grimly he shot one
  Question at me keen—
Did I know what won
  The 3.15? EVOE.

"MACARONI COMBINATIONS."
Brazil Paper.

In summer we prefer light spaghetti ones.

"The 42nd Battery was raised at Woolwich in 1816 under the title of the second Company of the 9th Battalion. It fought at Waterloo in 1835."—*Tattoo Programme.*

The tumult must have died a bit by then

". . . the Mancunian, whose crest is supposed to be an umbrella rampart . . ."
Manchester Paper.

But most of the time he has to hold this over his crest.

PLEASANT SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

II.

DENTIFRICE JONES CONTINUES HER AMAZING REVELATIONS.

THAT MAN . . . MY DEADLIEST ENEMY.

ASTOUNDING SCENES IN LONDON'S SMARTEST RENDEZVOUS.

LAST week I told you of my first meeting with His Highness the Rajah of Roodhigore and how his innate sense of the proprieties prevented him from making any avowal of the admiration which I could see so plainly written in his eyes.

It was many days before I saw His Highness again, and I was beginning to think that he had recognised the enormous gulf which was raised like a barrier between us, when one day he appeared again opposite the counter of the drapery stores in which I was employed.

This time he came up and addressed me without hesitation and with a

SMILE OF RECOGNITION.

"I wish to buy a 'Snugfit' undervest," he said in incisive tones.

"Not in stock," I replied.

"That is a great pity," he said. "I have worn nothing else for two years. I am now very much attached to it. Perhaps you will show me some other brands?"

"I am sorry," I answered, "I cannot attend to you just now. I have a lot to do this afternoon."

"Very well; I will call again later on. Are you going to be

DOING ANYTHING THIS EVENING?"

I smiled to myself when I reflected how easily I had discerned his real purpose—to arrange an appointment with me. Just as I was about to refuse his offer with indignation I was suddenly struck not only by the Oriental courtesy of his manner but also by the importance which he so obviously attached to my reply.

"No, Your Highness," I answered eventually; "but I shall be very pleased to dine with you if you really wish it."

There was a short pause. He seemed almost surprised at my acceptance, and for a moment his obvious delight left him dumb.

"Certainly," he said at last with the air of a man making up his mind. "I shall be delighted. Meet me at the Café des Pleins Ventres at eight o'clock. Till then, 'Ah river. Dirt cheap.'" (He told me afterwards that he spoke Italian like a native. His grandmother was a Boloni.)

With these words he turned and was immediately lost in the crowd which was always clamouring at my counter.

I will leave my readers to imagine the state of my feelings for the rest of the day. Indeed it was some time before I could concentrate on the novel which I had brought to while away the time.

Punctually at half-past eight I found myself outside the glittering façade of the Café des Plein Ventres. I must confess that I was not a little overawed by the sumptuousness of the place to which His Highness had invited me. The pig's head in the window alone proclaimed it to be a meeting-place of the Elect of London.

At length, brushing aside my nervousness, I passed through the swing-doors and the next minute was greeting His Highness, who had already arrived and had engaged a table in a

SECLUDED CORNER.

of the restaurant.

With my arrival he rose to his feet and assisted me to a chair opposite him. His first words were enough to put me completely at my ease: "I wish to eat a lot."

Very soon I was talking to him like an old friend, telling him of my life and of my ambitions for the future, while the soft-footed waiters passed and repassed bringing an endless succession of

COSTLY VIANDS

to our table.

I found His Highness to be a most attractive listener. Indeed throughout the whole meal he hardly spoke at all, except for an occasional remark to the waiters, such as "More food" or "More wine."

At the end of the dinner I attempted to draw my companion out and to induce him to tell me something of his own past. At first I was successful, and he started to tell me of his life in India and of the gorgeous mosque in which he lived, surrounded by Hoodoos, who ran to obey his slightest wish.

As he unfolded his tale of wealth and splendour I began to feel that here at last was a man whom I could love with all the ardour of my passionate nature.

Gradually, however, he appeared to grow preoccupied, and then all of a sudden he seized my arm in the

GRIP OF A VICE

and drew my attention to a man disguised as a waiter who was standing before the cash-desk and was writing something in a notebook resembling those which waiters use for making out bills.

"That man," he whispered in a hoarse undertone, "is my deadliest enemy. He carries at this moment a document the very presentation of which will spell financial ruin for me and my House. We must at once escape from here."

I realised from his tone as much as from the words themselves that the matter was urgent, and that it was no time to ask questions.

HIS HIGHNESS HAD BEEN TRAPPED.

Could we but escape in time?

Fortune favoured us. At that very instant one of the other diners, a sinister-looking man in evening-dress, called to the spy and appeared to be handing over some money to him. Quick as a flash His Highness had risen to his feet and was moving towards the door. I followed not a whit less swiftly.

Even as we passed through the entrance a cry from the cash-desk indicated that our escape was observed.

But it was too late! Our luck still held. Outside in the street a bus was on the point of moving off. His Highness sprang on to it and then assisted me to the footboard.

Looking back at the Café I saw our

BAFFLED PURSUER

standing in the doorway angrily waving the document which was to have brought disaster upon the House of Roodhigore.

His Highness appeared to be entirely unmoved by the narrowness of our escape.

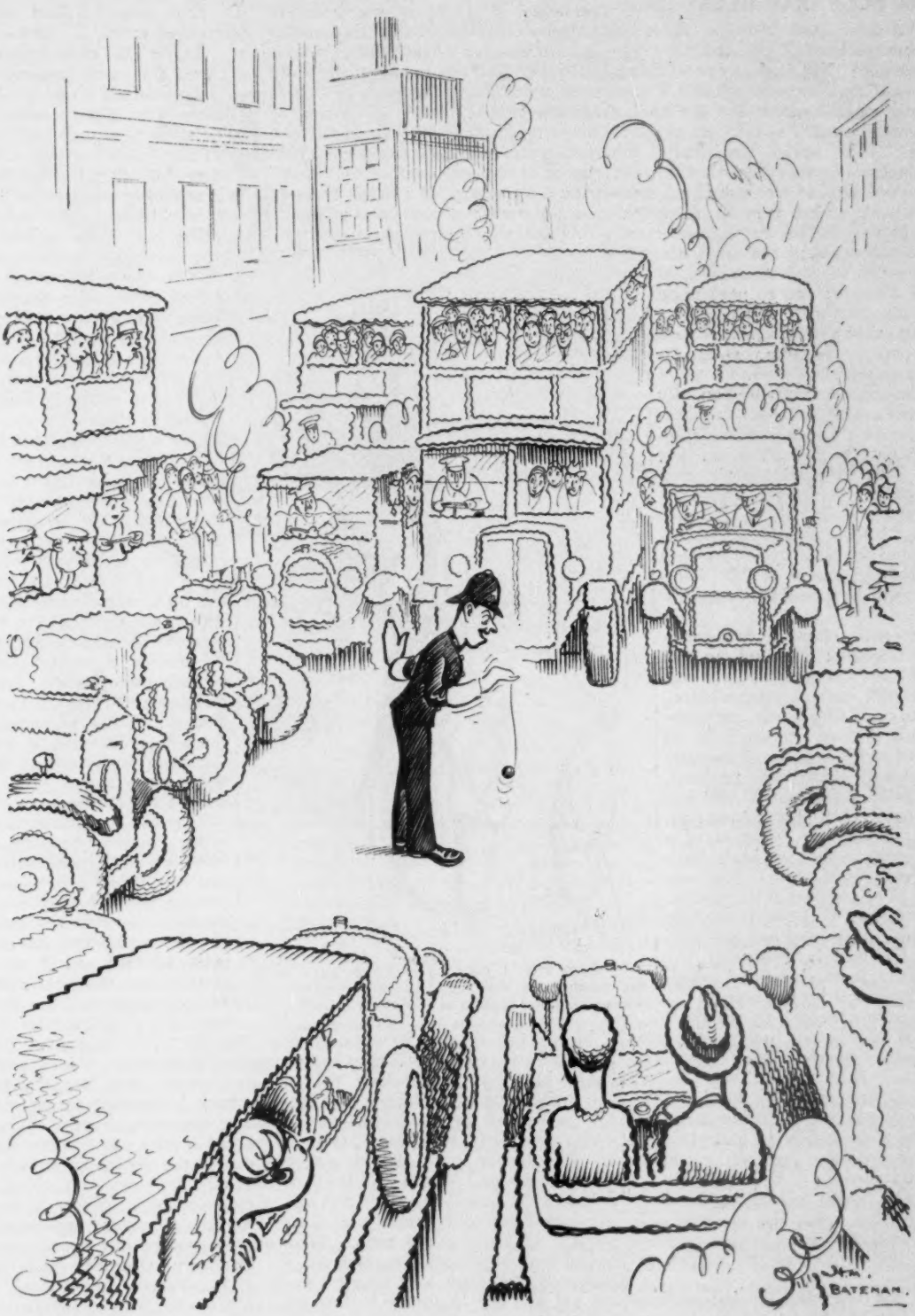
"I do not like to run after so heavy a meal," he exclaimed lightly, drawing a cigarette from an enamelled case.

* * * * * * * *

Next week I will tell you of my further adventures with this amazing personality, and finally of the shattering of our romance and of the disillusionment which followed.

"Professor Piccard will attempt a new height record in a fresh ascent in his stratosphere from Zurich, whither the stratosphere has been transported by road."—*Moroccan Paper.*

He has courageously decided to leave his troposphere behind.



CONTROL.

OUR ALL-RANKS RELAY RACE.

WE have just had our Battalion Sports and Captain Bayonet is the hero of the hour. Not from any outstanding physical feat, such as winning a tug-of-war single-handed, but for having invented a really novel form of relay-race. Two weeks previously the Colonel had been overheard to say that he would like to see something more interesting and, if possible, more consistent with the fact that the performers were soldiers than the usual running round the race-track in shorts with a baton; and so next night Captain Bayonet went into a huddle with several sheets of Mess notepaper and a large port and his great scheme was born.

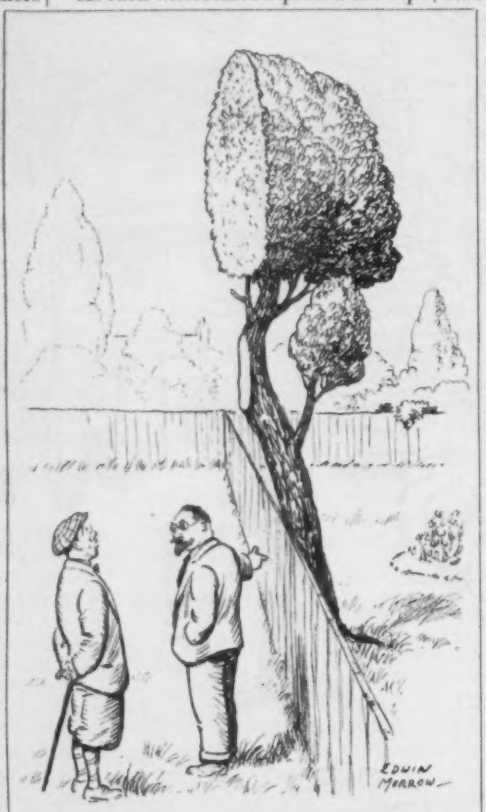
The relay-race, as subsequently run to Captain Bayonet's specification, was a terrific success from every point of view. The fact that "A" Company—Bayonet's own Company—happened to win it has really no bearing on the matter, though it was adversely commented on at the time by the tougher touch-line elements of "D" Company, who happened to be runners-up.

Bayonet's relay-race went something like this: The first lap was run by the Company orderly corporals who, each carrying a baton, had to cycle fifty yards, circle the medical tent and return. As all arrived at the tent simultaneously and at some thirty miles per hour, the choice of the medical tent as a turning-point displayed great foresight, though the addition of a bicycle-repair-shop would also have not been out of place. A valiant attempt on the part of the medical orderly from "C" Company to help his side by rushing out and putting L/Corporal Scabbard, "A" Company, in bandages and splints was frustrated by the umpire.

On return the orderly corporals handed their batons to their respective Company - Quartermaster - Sergeants, who had then to fold and tie ten blankets and run fifty yards. This spectacle was responsible for the invention of a good deal of entirely fresh and exceedingly pungent comment, definitely hostile to C.Q.M.S. Fourby-two, who, owing to carrying his blankets on his head like an enormous beach-hat, was quite unable to mark down the authors of the various remarks.

For the third lap the batons were handed to the oldest private in each Company, who had to proceed fifty yards by wheelbarrow, the motive-power being supplied by the youngest private. "B" Company was definitely unlucky over this in that their oldest private was our Private Barrel, who is no sylph. Half the distance had barely been accomplished to cries of "Good old wheelbarrel!" when the bottom of the conveyance fell out and the rest of the lap was completed to the great detriment of both the seat of "B" Company's oldest private's oldest trousers and the surface of the sports ground.

As each wheelbarrow passed the tape a biscuit was handed to a bugler of the Company concerned, who had to eat it, blow the "Cookhouse" call to the satisfaction of an officer, and run fifty yards with the baton. This was in a way almost the best turn of the lot, for the biscuits provided were a sort of super-cracknel, like a mouthful of Sahara. "C" Company's bugler was over-confident and made the fatal mistake of blowing too soon. Four notes came out perfectly; the fifth never came out at all; indeed it hasn't come out yet and the bugle has had to go into the store for dismantling. "D's" bugler had the same trouble but a stronger pair of lungs, after which the officer judging stood well to one flank. "D" thus secured a lead which they maintained over "A" almost to the end. As for "B," their bugler took so long over the whole business that we can only conclude he wasn't hungry.



"MIND YOU, I LIKE TO LIVE AMICABLY WITH MY NEIGHBOURS, BUT I HAD TO BE PRETTY SEVERE WITH THIS CHAP ABOUT HIS BEASTLY TREE."

Batons were next handed by each bugler to his Company-cook, who had to run fifty yards carrying a dixie full of water. He then handed the baton to the second-in-command of the Company, who had to strip and run another fifty yards. On the Colonel's recommendation Bayonet suggested to the officers concerned, without telling anyone else, that from dictates of modesty and temperature they should wear bathing-dresses under their outer garments. On his own initiative and by way of evening things up he further suggested to the cooks, also without telling anyone else, that it would be a pity to waste those bathing-dresses and they might dispose of their dixies full of water by pouring them over their seconds-in-command. This was, so to speak, the *clou* of the afternoon. "B" Company, whose cook, Private Butt, had by a masterly and unexpected sprint actually caught up with the others, had immediately to bring off another masterly and unexpected sprint just ahead of the infuriated and dripping Lieutenant Holster. Being unfortunately in the wrong direction, it put "B" Company finally out of the race, which thus rested between "A" and "D," "D" leading.

The last lap was in the hands of the Company-Sergeant-Majors, who each had to swallow the baton and run a final fifty yards to the winning-post. Perhaps one should mention here that the baton was not the usual stick but a quart-bottle of beer, and it was owing to this fact that "A" Company, who possessed C.S.M. Magazine, were able to defeat "D."

For the "D" Company C.S.M. was already three-quarters way through his baton before C.S.M. Magazine received his from Lieutenant James, who was loudly expressing regret. Wrenching the top off with one motion, Magazine inverted the bottle above his head, opened some sort of a valve in his throat and was halfway to the post before his only other competitor had remembered not to stop to wipe his mouth.

Thus "A" Company won, beating "D" by what was subsequently known as C.S.M. Magazine's Last Lap.

"C" and "B" Companies were, at the earnest request of their sergeant-majors, allowed to complete the course. A. A.



Tourist. "I SUPPOSE THAT 'S YOUR OLDEST INHABITANT?"
Village Schoolmaster. "YES, SIR. QUAINT SURVIVAL; QUITE A PERIOD-PIECE, IN FACT. THE VILLAGE'S SOLE REMAINING EXPONENT OF A PRE-B.B.C. ACCENT."

THE COMMISSION AGENT AND THE YOUNG IDEA.

A FABLE.

A CERTAIN Commission Agent had so won the Esteem of his Fellow-citizens by his Industry and Honesty that when he stood for Election to the Council it naturally resulted that he romped home in an Easy Canter.

On assuming his Civic responsibilities as a Councillor the Commission Agent decided to look into Elementary Education, and on a Monday when a Dearth of racing gave him the Requisite leisure, he set off in his Civic Capacity to inspect a Seminary that was run under the Auspices of the Council.

When the First surprise of the Commission Agent's arrival at the Seminary had Worn Off, the Pedagogue proceeded to put his Pupils through their Paces; and after the Commission Agent had witnessed a Demonstration of their Dancing and Singing and an Exhibition of their Clay-modelling, he turned to the Pedagogue and said, "This is All very well in its Way, but it is Remote from the True Object of Education, which is to Train the Child for the Big Race of Life; and although a Child may practise Choral and Terpsichorean arts without impairing its Staying Powers or become addicted to Sculpting without Necessarily developing into a Windsucker, yet I contend that the Best thing for a Child to Train on to get Placed in the Prosperity Stakes is Arithmetic, for I myself should certainly Not be the Man I am To-day had I not early on Mastered the science of Ready Reckoning. With your Permission I will now test your Pupils' Form in this subject."

Now the Pedagogue was an Æsthete, and it had Always been his Failing to concentrate on the Studies that were Likely to lead his Pupils to an Appreciation of the Beautiful to the Neglect of Utilitarian subjects. Thus he had little Confidence in his Pupils' proficiency in figuring, but he felt Obliged to accord to the Commission Agent, as a Councillor, the Formal Permission he desired. Whereupon the Commission Agent addressed the Children in Rather a loud voice: "Can any little Boy or Girl tell me the Answer of this Sum? A Father gave his Son a Shilling on his Birthday, and the Son forthwith made an Investment of Sixpence each way Saxophone, Any to come All on Euripides II. to Win. Saxophone was second at Twelve to One, and Euripides II. dead-heat at Two to One. How Much should the little boy Draw?"

The Pedagogue steeled himself for the Worst, since it seemed to him that his Pupils must Certainly be Stumped as a body by a Sum that was Quite Beyond his own Powers. He was glad, However, to see that Most of the children were Loyally having a Shot at It, for their arms went up as they chanted in Unison, "Please, Sir, Three Shillings," and he was Overjoyed that this, so the Commission Agent said, was the Right Answer.

Moral: Street Betting is a Good School for Practical Ciphering.

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE ANCIENT DRUID.

ONCE there was an ancient Druid who was very much respected in his tribe and good at telling what would happen with the weather and the crops from the way ravens croaked or people sneezed, or by licking some bronze taken hot from the fire but not so hot as to burn his tongue. And every five years they had a great festival and burnt some enemies in wicker cages if they had captured any lately, and the Druid could foretell a lot by the way their entrails behaved while they were being burnt, but he didn't care so much about that because he was really quite kind-hearted, and as he got older he liked to see people kissing under the mistletoe, which was part of the Druid religion, better than seeing them frizzle.

Well when the Romans conquered Britain it soon got spread about that they didn't agree with the Druid religion and were going to stop it if they could, but the Druid lived a long way from where they had been fighting and went on with his religion just the same as before, but he made it his business to learn as much as he could about the Romans. And it was fortunate for him that some Roman soldiers were taken prisoners by a tribe some way off and he was able to arrange a swap with the Druid of that tribe and get three of them to burn for his festival which was coming on that year. And it was some time before the festival, so he was able to make friends with the Roman soldiers and learn a good deal of their language, and he was rather before his time in loving learning for its own sake, and was something like the Master of a College at Oxford or Cambridge would be now, except for the port and the human sacrifices.

Well just before the festival was due to come off the Romans won a great battle in that part of the country and took the Druid and all his tribe prisoners. But the Prætor who was looking after things was a sensible man who didn't want to leave bad blood behind him, so he sent for the Druid to have a talk, and was quite friendly, because he liked the look of the Druid with his white beard, and when he found out that he could talk Latin quite well he was more pleased with him than ever and brought out some Falernian for him to drink, which he liked, as he had been a teetotaler before.

So then the Prætor said well now let us get down to it, what about this religion of yours? It seems such a footling religion for a nice old man like you to go in for, why I heard only yesterday that lady Druidesses attend services with no clothes on and their bodies painted black. Now I ask you, do you honestly think that is the sort of thing respectable people want to bring their children up to?

And the Druid said oh we don't go in for that here, in fact we don't have Druidesses at all, they are more trouble than they are worth and I had all ours burnt in wicker cages when I took over. But when you talk about respectability and bringing up children what about Jupiter? From what I have been told he goes on in a rotten way for his time of life and I wonder that Juno puts up with it.



"SO THEN THE PRÆTOR SAID WELL NOW LET US GET DOWN TO IT."

Well it was lucky for the Druid that the Prætor had lived abroad a lot and wasn't so much shocked at this as if he had always lived in Rome with a temple next-door, or he might have had the Druid executed there and then for insulting his gods. But all he said was well I am not against theological discussion at the proper time, but we have got to get this business settled. The burning of people in wicker cages has got to stop. It is simply not done in these enlightened times except for an example. I have no objection to the sacred oak and mistletoe business, and in fact when you cut it with a golden sickle, with white clothes on and a crown of oak-leaves, I shan't mind attending the ceremony myself, because I am broadminded and one of those who think that any religion is better than none if it keeps the people quiet and gives them something to amuse them. But the burning alive I will not have, and unless you agree to turn all your wicker cages into eel-traps you will soon find yourself inside one of them with a nice fire to keep you company. And when it comes to entrails let me tell you that I know something about that because we practise that kind of divination ourselves, but with animals and not human beings, and I should think we might find out something quite interesting from watching your entrails wriggle, but we shouldn't have the benefit of your advice afterwards.

Well the Druid was quite glad to do away with the wicker cages and burning people inside them, but he thought he might as well get something out of doing away with them, so he said well I will agree to that under one condition, that you kiss all the girls of the tribe under the mistletoe when we have our festival and make a speech telling everybody that it means that the Romans and the Ancient Britons are friends, and that I asked you to do it.

Now that was just the sort of thing that the Prætor wanted, so as to leave peace behind him when he went away. So he said well I don't know about all of them, but I don't mind kissing twelve of the prettiest, or perhaps twenty. Of course I know that you only want to keep your religion, but I am broad-minded and don't mind that as long as it is harmless and you don't let on to JULIUS CÆSAR.

So it was arranged like that, and they had the most delightful festival which people came from miles around to see, with all the Roman soldiers kissing the Ancient British girls under the mistletoe and the Prætor and the Druid being taken home afterwards sitting in a cart drawn by white oxen. And a few days afterwards the Romans marched off and the Prætor and the Druid kissed each other good-bye under the mistletoe, though neither of them cared for that part of it because of their

beards, but they knew that the people would take it as a sign that there was peace between the Romans and the Ancient Britons and burning people in wicker cages had come to an end.

And that was the beginning of people kissing each other under the mistletoe, which goes on to this day and is the only part of the Druid religion that is left. And it was all due to one sensible kind-hearted Druid, but his name has been lost in the mists of antiquity.

A. M.

THE CONSPIRATORS.

SIX of a summer morning shining after the rain,
As I wake from a chill foreboding dream vaguely haunting the brain,
Till all in a flash I remember, dash! that I've got to catch a train.

A train to take me to London, to waste my peerless powers
Over a darned committee-meeting, losing the golden hours,
With the lawn unmowed and the weeds unhoed and the rabbits wolfing the flowers.

And while I gulp my coffee with curses in my heart,
The gardener-chauffeur-handyman, a stick in every part,
Perspiring freely, reports that really he can't get the car to start.

A spell of futile cranking confirms one's wildest fears:
She's every complication known to her twenty hectic years,
With an added knock in her steering-lock and hiccups in her gears.

Shove her into the garage and run to the cartshed quick;
Roll the old victoria out if the cobwebs aren't too thick;
Oats in the sieve, if you want to live, and down to the meadow for Mick—

Old grey Mick, who was hunted and hacked so long ago,
Carrying four to fourteen stone as he felt the family grow,
And did his part in the luggage-cart till they voted him too slow.

Into the shafts, good Micky! If the mildewed harness hold,
We'll cut it fine at the station, boy, as we used to cut it of old;
You've more than a hint of a curb and a splint, but your heart is a heart of gold.

Down by Lullings and Leamland and up by Galleybird Hill;
If the pace might fairly be called a crawl there's less to fear from a spill.
A little wheezy? Then take it easy; we've thirteen minutes still.

And then, with the goal before us, the struggle nearly through,
Your stringhalt mending every stride, you cast your off-hind shoe
As if you divined your master's mind, with the train precisely due.

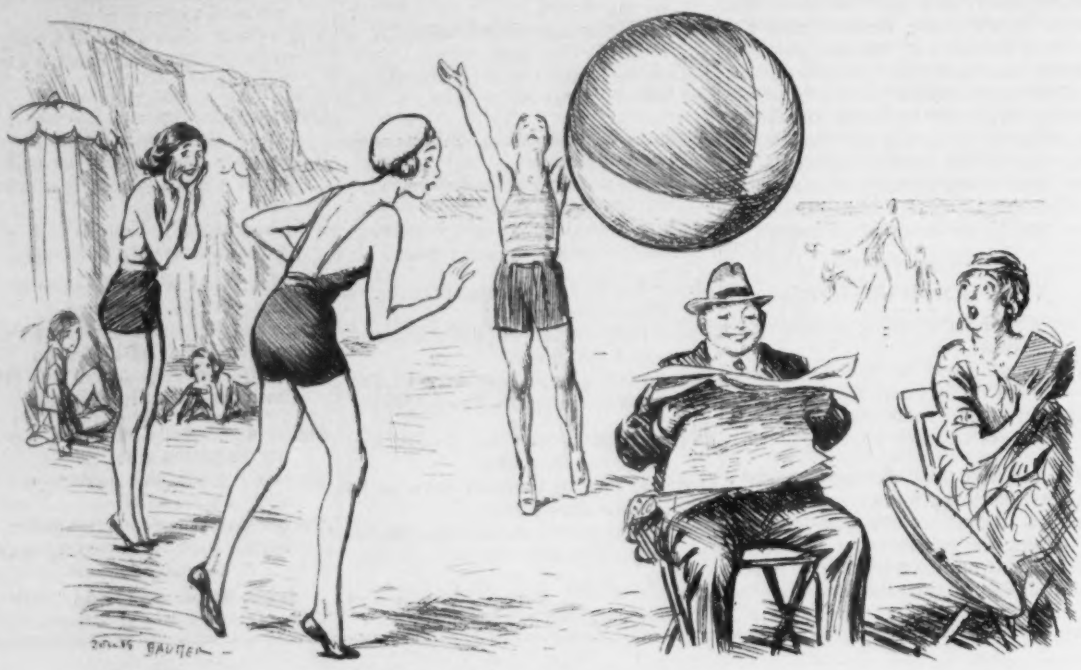
And so we honestly missed it. I wired my respected chief
My deep regret at the *contretemps*, filled with a blest relief,
And Mick and the car have a medal and bar for so cleverly coming to grief.

Smith Minor Scores an Inner.

"*Fortuna belli* = Pot luck."—*Exam. Answer.*



"FURL THE MAINSAIL? NO, NO; FURL HER LADYSHIP'S TROUSERS!"



Misguided Optimist. "EVERYTHING IS GOING UP, MY DEAR."

MR. WINCH'S THUNDER.

THE article was exactly 1,326 words long, counting "electro-statical" as two.

O Noctes Cœnæque Deûm! What a supreme, what an exquisite masterpiece it was! Neither QUINTILIAN nor the finest sub-editor in Fleet Street could have found fault with it. In all its length and breadth there was not an irrelevant word, not a redundant syllable, not a truism, not a cliché.

What infinite grace and power lay in the writing! BACON in his most concise mood collaborating with LAMB in his most picturesque could not have achieved anything to compare with it. Never since man first mated pen with paper had such an epic been conceived.

It was all about thunderstorms. Inspiration had come to Mr. Winch shortly after a fork of lightning had prodded his cow-barn and immolated two of his prize Frisians.

When the article was finished Mr. Winch himself took it to the editor of *The Daily Impress*. The editor read it while Mr. Winch waited. He was enraptured and ravished by its magnificence. In a husky voice he assured Mr. Winch that such superb prose had never been written—not even in *The Daily Impress*. Then he put his pipe in his mouth and offered Mr. Winch twenty-five guineas, payable on publication, provided that every other copy in existence was destroyed.

So Mr. Winch surrendered the *chef d'œuvre* body and soul, with all rights and the paper-clip thrown in. And the editor said that it would be published and paid for as soon as the next thunderstorm shook England, but not before, because it was the policy of *The Daily Impress* to print only topical articles.

Mr. Winch then went home and prayed very earnestly for thunder, and whenever the Litany was recited in church he scowled at the plea for deliverance from lightning and tempest. Mr. Winch was not a fool, and knew there could be no lightning without thunder.

Ten months passed. England was drenched with rain, inundated with floods, bruised with hail-stones, devastated by gales, frozen with cold and melted with heat, but not once was there the faintest whisper of thunder.

Then the editor wrote and asked him for his photograph. So Mr. Winch journeyed to London, expended forty-per-cent of the promised twenty-five guineas on a dozen "full-face cabinet size" and posted one to the editor, who said it would accompany the article with a thunderstorm inset.

Another six months passed. Mr. Winch grew desperately impatient and the editor nearly put the immortal work on the Home Page during the silly season.

At last the storm came. It broke late one night, and an article on Britain's temperate climate was hastily cut out of the editorial page to make room for Mr. Winch's masterpiece.

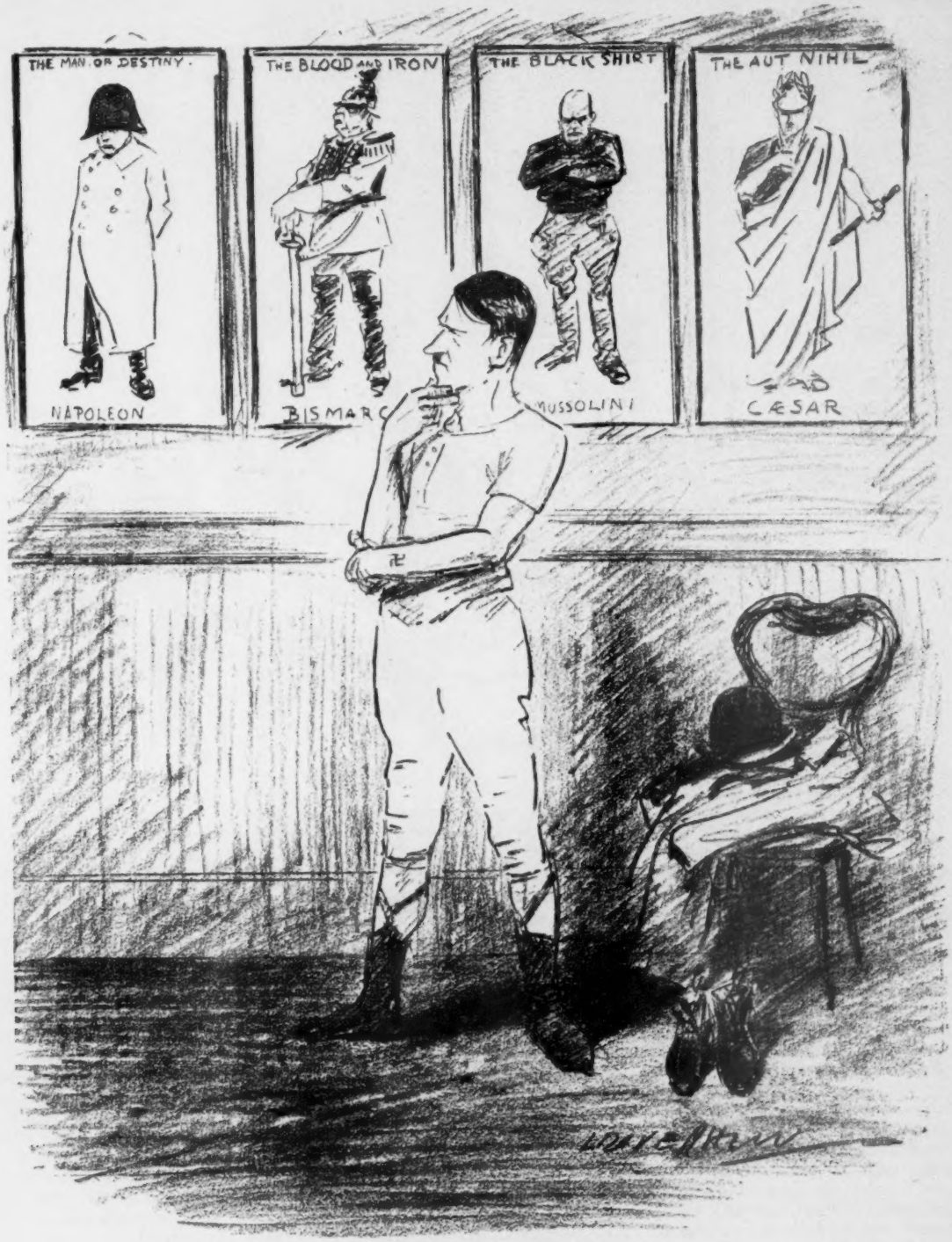
Mr. Winch lay awake all night listening happily to the crashing thunder and taking a maniacal delight in the vivid lightning. The next day 1,427,386 (certified) people would read his superb accomplishment. Hollywood no doubt would base a film on it. Possibly Mr. COCHRAN would get a play written round it and have the Lyceum transformed into a representation of the universe, fixing the first night on Thor's Day as a final touch of artistry.

In the cold dawn of the next morning Mr. Winch splashed through the watery streets to his newsagent and asked for a copy of *The Daily Impress*. The newsagent said they had not been delivered. Mr. Winch pawed the ground and cursed *The Daily Impress* in every department.

While waiting he bought another paper. The chief item of news was that during the night the offices of *The Daily Impress* had been struck by lightning and burnt to the ground.

Crueller Cricket.

"Somerset had eighty minutes' batting at the end of the day. Longrigg was run out at 19, and then Young laid about him."
Manchester Paper.



THE GIANT'S ROBING-ROOM.

HITLER. "WHAT I WANT IS SOMETHING A LITTLE LIKE ALL OF THESE, BUT IN THE LATEST GERMAN STYLE."



"COULD I HAVE THIS AFTERNOON OFF, SIR?"
"I SUPPOSE IT 'S YOUR GRANDMOTHER'S——"
"YES, SIR. HER FIRST ATTEMPT TO SWIM THE CHANNEL, SIR."

SLICKER SHAKESPEARE.

["There may be something in Mr. COCHRAN'S idea that, if a SHAKESPEARE play were produced with the speed and the slickness of revue, there would be a public for it. He sometimes talks of trying the experiment with *Romeo and Juliet*."—*Daily Paper*.]

BUT why not put on *Romeo and Juliet* definitely as a revue and get the speed craze out of our systems? The revue style would give unlimited scope for bright modern costume and all-modern atmosphere, since the lead has been given us in this matter by sundry managers already; it would also rid us of any necessity, indeed, of any possibility, of adhering too slavishly either to the book or the language of ELIZABETH; and happily the play is full of the stage direction, "Enter Chorus," which we can interpret as we like.

ACT I. SCENE 1.—*The Piazza, Verona.*

Opening chorus of Italian peasant-women,
"Contadine Are We."

Enter Chorus of Bersaglieri.

We cannot allow any *donna* or *uomo*
(*Va via, va via,* and *subito* too!)
To lounge on the steps of the stately *Duomo*;
Your baskets and persons are spoiling the view.
Oh, cease to regale on black bread and chianti,
And leave the place tidy for strangers who tip;
Go back to your mountains, *avanti, avanti*!
Some tourists with *lire* are just off a ship!

All. Italy for the Italians! Hurrah!

[*Exeunt Bersaglieri, driving peasants before them. Twelve saratoga trunks are wheeled in by male chorus of Fascisti. The trunks open and twelve tourists step out.*

Chorus of Tourists.

"Where shall we dine?
Oh, me! What fray was here?"
(That is a fine
From WILLYUM SHAKESPEARE).
Ha, ha, ha!

Captain of Fascisti. Has the Signora any perfume to declare?

First Tourist. I had, but I lost heart when I smelt your streets an' threw it on the trash-basket. Gee! I wish we were back in London.

Cap. It is a fifty-lire fine to be heard not liking Verona.

Enter Romeo, Montague *and the* Rev. Laurence.

Romeo. Can I sell the ladies any postcards or corn for the *pigeone*? Noble ruins, *due lire.*

Rev. Laurence (*aside*). Oldest family in Verona. Ruined by the War, but young Montague is already restoring its fortunes peddling curios and acting as guide. How do you do? I am the English Chaplain.

Fourth Tourist. I don't reckon the Hollywood one need lose his sleep about it.



Tailor (measuring old running man). "IF I MAY SAY SO, SIR, YOU DON'T BREAST THE TAPE IN THE SAME PLACE YOU USED TO."

Enter Tybalt *and* Sampson.

Sampson. I am Mr. Capulet's butler. He is giving a dance to-night and hopes to have the pleasure of your company. Dancing to amplifier relaid from Mantua.

Romeo. I think I'll look in for an hour.

Tybalt. You can't be seen at auntie's, Monty. She loathes you.

Romeo (furious). *Porco sporco!*

Tybalt (livid). Gate-crasher!

[Romeo *fells and stuns him.*

Rev. L. Dear me! These vendettas. Most unfortunate.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

Lady Capulet's boudoir. Lady Capulet *is having her face lifted.* Capulet, *a cocktail at his elbow, is reading "La Fieramosca," the* Nurse *is knitting.*

Lady Capulet. Well, Cap, I've always said that if a girl hasn't got herself off at fourteen, these days, she's nowhere.

Nurse. Miss one, chain and purl. . . . I remember, when I was a maid. . . .

Lady C. Your autobiography ought to be worth a fortune, Nanny.

SONG (*The Nurse*): "Happy Days!"

Now, when I was twenty-four, I had lovers by the score,
And the offers that they made were very curious;
I admit it was sublime, but it took me all my time
To determine whether they were real or spurious.

Cap. STOP HER! *I don't trust the next lines!*

Nurse:

I remember, with some soldiers, sitting down upon a log
(The Sergeant had his arm about my waist),
But he sent the privates off—he was ever such a dog—
And they scooted, shouting, "Each man to his taste!"

Lady C. Thank you, Nurse. We'll ring if we need you. [*Exit* Nurse.

Enter Juliet *in her cami-knickers.*

Juliet. Powder my back, Mums.

Lady C. You'd better wear the pink to-night. Your *fiancé*, Paris, is turning up.

Juliet. Then I shall turn him down!

Lady C. I can make allowances for your being upset over your cousin, Tybalt, getting a black eye this morning in the Piazza, but impertinence I *will* not stand. The wedding invitations are posted. For Thursday next. Early closing. Here comes the trousseau!

[*Mannequin Parade, featuring Friska, the Most Beautiful Girl in the Universe, and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.*

ACT II. SCENE 1.

The Capulets' *Ball-room. Specialities include Toledo and Para, whirlwind dancers; Marvello, the man without a brain, and Mr. Laydon's Young Cockerels.*

Enter Romeo, Juliet *and the* Rev. Laurence *in evening dress.*

Rev. L. Ah, Miss Capulet, you look pale.

Juliet. The thought of marrying Paris gives me a headache.

Rev. L. Let me offer you some aspirins. Their effect will last forty-two hours. Pain banished . . . sound sleep . . . verse.

Romeo. Paris! That lounge-lizard! Then I'll go round to the chemist for a double strychnine.

DUET (*Romeo* and *Juliet*): "I've Got Those Love-and-Honour Blues."

SCENE 2.—*The Balcony Scene.*

SONG (*Romeo* and *Juliet*): "A Sub-Rosa Rose by any Name is Sweet."

Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies as Rambler, Damask, Moss, William Allan, Cabbage and Tea roses. Friska as a Blush rose. At eleventh plugging of Chorus, the Roses file along under multi-

coloured spot-lights and ascend balcony trellis, to suggest growing flowers.

SCENE 3.—*The Golf Links.*

Chorus of Caddies in sleeveless pullovers.

Enter Romeo *and* Tourists.

Romeo. The eighth green adjoins the cemetery; gracious monuments often spifflicated by the sportings.

[*A motor drives in bringing* Juliet *on a divan.* Paris *and* Rev. Laurence *rush on.*

Rev. L. Miss Capulet dead? What *could* she have eaten at dinner?

Paris. It was the nightingale and not the lark. Capulet's cook is a good boiler but a bad roaster.

Rev. L. It's for the best. Her—er—affair has made a terrible scandal.

Romeo (*annoyed*). It's those damned aspirins Laurence gave her.

Paris. That'll be all from you, Montague.

[*He brains* Romeo *with a mashie. A voice shouts "Fore!" and* Paris *falls dead as the ball hits him.* Juliet *wakes.*

Rev. L. Hah! You *have* given us a naughty fright. Your—er—admirers—this has been such a tiresome day—are no more.

SONG (*Juliet*): "What is Life Without The Boys?"

Juliet. And now bring me some poison

Second Tourist. Allow me, Ma'am. My last two flasks of American rye. Drink' em both down. One flask only gives gastritis.

[Juliet *drinks both and dies.*

Enter Romeo's *father in plus-fours.*

R.'s Father (*adjusting his monocle*). Well, Capulet, my boy, after all this there seems no reason why we shouldn't dine with each other. Come and play a hundred up to-night. Poor Julie!

FINALE (*The* Montagues, Capulets *and Company*):

Let's all be pals, part with a smile!
Take that little frown away, it never
was worth while.

CURTAIN descends while Caddies throw souvenir Ping-Pong balls to audience.

RACHEL.

IN A TOWN GARDEN.

A MEMORY OF MAY.

How good the latter Spring-time is
That happens to be fine!
Birds sing their songs, "each bird has his,"
Of much the same design.
Or so I find them, and the trees
Are very green, and all the bees
Have pollen sticking to their knees
And fly in a straight line;
And here are tulips still ablow,
And hops upon a trellis grow.



"OH, UNCLE JOHN, WHAT AN *ADORABLE* LITTLE BOAT! IS THAT WHAT YOU CALL A DINKY?"

Now, while the earnest bees conspire
To fill the sticky comb,
I feel, in vain, their strong desire
Not to remain at home.
What memories might the time bequeath
Of crag above or tarn beneath,
Wind, naturally on the heath,
Or various kinds of loam!
But, seeing hops, I know, I know
Whither—or where—I want to go.

Yes, as I gaze again (agen)
With my attention fixed,
O men of Kent, or Kentish men,
Men I have always mixed,
Magic, deposited on me
By hop-bines and an apple-tree,
Sets my internal vision free,
And I perceive, betwixt
Fact and the fabric of a dream,
The Weald, the Medway-seeking stream,
The oast-house, the half-timbered farm,
The undecided lane
That saunters with a casual charm
Half there and back again,
The low domesticated hills
Where the long winds revolve the mills,
Kent, fruitful, placid, kind, that fills
With quietness the brain—
There, there the rural Pan breathes still;
I cannot get past Shooter's Hill.

VERGES.

"Well-established Tobacconist Business For Sale, central position; loving accommodation."—*Advt. in North-country Paper.*

We thought the era of the Tobacconist's Daughter had passed.

"Gipsy Smith, the evangelist, placed his hat over the microphone, saying, 'I like my voice to be natural.'"—*Daily Paper.*

We should never have suspected him of talking through his hat.

AT THE PICTURES.

AMERICA'S INFERIORITY EXHIBITS.

ONE wonders how long the powers that be, if there be any powers, are going to allow their film-producers and novelists to portray America as Satan's Own Country. If one were to generalise from such books as JOHN DOS PASSOS'S *Nineteen-nineteen*, which I have just read, and such films as *Justice for Sale*, which I have just seen—both single examples among many—America is a land of violence, drunkenness, graft and unworthiness, and Americans carry their base passions all over the world. The powers that be, no doubt, are so sure of the untruth of this presentation that they treat it as negligible. But isn't it going on rather too long? Might not nations as well as stars employ Publicity Agents to emphasise merit?

Granted that the sordidness and seaminess of the New York underworld and the corruptness of its magistrates are proper material for the European picture-lover, *Justice for Sale* (The Empire) is very good entertainment, particularly as a film-actor second to none, WALTER HUSTON, plays *Judge Moffett*, the villain of the piece, who sticks at nothing to save his ill-gotten dollars and his skin. Once again we are struck by the circumstance that even more remarkable than the callous selfishness and brutality of these screen malefactors is the inexplicable loyalty they can extract from their adherents. *Judge Moffett* has a right-hand man named *Grogan* (TULLY MARSHALL), a benign-looking spectacled old thing, who for his employer carries out with diligence and despatch the most despicable missions; but as to the bond between them we are told nothing. Not everyone, however, is vile; for there is the stern, white-haired, public-spirited reformer—played by LEWIS STONE at his sternest, most public-spirited and snowiest—who has devoted his life to making the city clean and sending *Moffett* up the river, but is murdered for his pains. And there is the young couple, PHILLIPS HOLMES and ANITA PAGE, with a baby (a very capable performer but unnamed in the programme) and sentimental domestic interludes, who are "framed" by *Moffett* in a desperate effort to remove evidence. With such material the drama moves excitingly along to the moment when *Moffett* is caught and cornered. It is then that WALTER HUSTON shows once again what a magnificent actor he is,



"SPEAK, CAN'T YOU?"

Judge Moffett . . . . . WALTER HUSTON.
Mike . . . . . PHILLIPS HOLMES.

and the moment is worth all the wickedness that has led up to it.

I wish I could laugh as heartily as the rest of the audience at the New Gallery at the spectacle of two favourite comedians in bed together in a haunted house. To be not laughing when everyone else is may confer on some of the silent and mirthless a feeling of superiority; but in my own case it leads to self-questionings and doubts. Who am I to be mirthless, I ask myself, where so many rock? or why should I be wrong when so many are right? But somehow or other I did not find *Thark* very nutritious. All my old friends are in it—RALPH LYNN (who wears his eyeglass in bed) with his incomparable inconsequence; TOM WALLS, sparing a few minutes from training Derby winners, with his world-knowledge and cheerful insolence; ROBERTSON HARE, with his impregnable meekness, and MARY BROUGH, with her unappeasable indignation. All are in it and all work hard; but for such farces as Mr. BEN TRAVERS'S, photography and the microphone are not enough. Too much of the spirit evaporates. More and more am I convinced that the stage and the film have their own separate places.

At the New Gallery there was a *Mickey Mouse* travesty of the Olympic Games by the inexhaustible WALT DISNEY, full of fertile ingenuity. But a successor will have to be found soon; not because *Mickey* is flagging, but because the imitations of him are so inferior and wearisome that they are bringing the formula into discredit. E. V. L.



ALDWYCHERY MAKES STRANGE BED-FELLOWS.

RALPH LYNN. TOM WALLS.

"OTTAWA AND ARGENTINA.

. . . . This suggestion, no doubt, will not find favour with Lord Beaverbrook, who already is shouting from the house tops that Mr. Baldwin is about to 'sell the puss' once again."
North-Country Paper.

He may wish to get rid of it before Mrs. RUNCIMAN lets it out of the bag again.

"PORT AND GENERAL."
South African Paper.

Port and Colonel is another familiar association.

"In the Enniskillen area many places were flooded, causing great inconvenience to residents and motorists. The lightning at times was of all hues. Sportsmen on the lake for the grouse shooting had trying experiences. Some of the boats were almost swamped."—*Belfast Paper.*

Anglers on the moors for the salmon-peppering also got splashed.

"Northwestern University's ten Austin scholars will leave the United States shortly for a trip to England and the Continent. Courses will be taken by some at Oxford University of London, the Sorbonne University of Munich, Berlin and Madrid."
Canadian Paper.

Cambridge remains unmoved by this intelligence.



Reporter. "YOU 'RE WORKING VERY HARD, AREN'T YOU?"
Youthful Film-Star. "YEP; I 'M HOPING TO RETIRE WHEN I 'M TWELVE."

THE OLD ORDER.

My tiny daughter and my son
  Walk with a nurse who must,
By the diplomas she has won,
  Be worthy of their trust;
Yet she can never teach a half of what
    their father knew,
Whose nanny was a grey-haired witch
    —nurse to his father too—
She spoke in riddles
  From morn to night—
"When white cloud criddles
  There's rain in sight;"
And "Rain goes over the sea to Spain:"
And "There's the black dog on your
    back again!"
And this is another queer thing she
    said,
"You must have got out wrong side
    of bed."

My tiny daughter and the boy
  Who trots beside the pram
Have each a hygienic toy,
  A rubber cow and lamb;
Their nurse's mind is very full of scien-
    tific facts,
She answers everything they ask and
    notes how each reacts:
Whereas my nanny
  Would say, "What next?"
And, far too canny
  To seem perplexed
By awkward problems, made these
    replies,
"Who asks no questions gets told no
    lies;"
And "Curiosity killed the cat;
Give over asking me things like
    that!"

My children's nurse knows all
    about
  Their health, but, though she
    could
Aseptically put to rout
  A host of germs, I would
Rather her charges knew the comfort
    of my old nanny's lap
And heard her murmured spells of
    magic against a day's mishap—
"Come, I'll soon settle
  That nasty sting:
In Dock, out Nettle!
  There—that's the thing.
Never you mind, in a hundred years
It won't much matter, so dry those
    tears."
Now all of her hundred years are gone,
But most of the things she said live on.

Our Procrustean Publishers.

"No. 135. A SHORTER LONGFELLOW."
Publisher's Catalogue.

The Valhalla of the Old Joke.

"The Perseids are a vast, elliptical ring of particles of comic dust and stones . . ."
New York Paper.

Latter-Day Glory.

"CRICKET.
ANOTHER FINE VICTORY.
FOR PUDSEY SAINTS."
Pudsey Paper.

"TO-DAY IN THE GARDEN.
There is yet time to sow Swede turnips; they will grow quite large enough for kitchen use. Sow also a batch of orange jelly, which will keep well during the winter months."
West-Country Paper.

Now is the moment to prune the flowering meringues.

AT THE PLAY.

"BEHOLD, WE LIVE" (ST. JAMES'S).

MR. VAN DRUTEN chooses a dark theme but develops it in no mood of wilful pessimism. Life can, he explains, be pretty foul. If you're a half-wit, a cad or a complete insensitive you can persuade yourself that you're having a good time, or at least conceal the fact that you're having an extremely bad one by wildly pursuing the pleasure ghosts of Mayfair and Montmartre. But if, like our heroine, *Sarah, Mrs. Tono Cazenove* (Miss GERTRUDE LAWRENCE), you are made of better stuff, this will break you. And you will want to get out of it all with overdoses of sleeping-draught, or if the husband you once surprisingly loved even more surprisingly, in a stupid drunken temper, presents with apparent seriousness a loaded revolver at you—well then by bullet. If you suggest that there are easier methods, short of legal process, for a woman with money of her own and a complete loss of love for and patience with a really worthless, polygamous, coarse-grained partner of escaping from an intolerable situation our author will reply: "But the poor darling, you see, has lost all faith in herself, simply hasn't the courage to begin again. She needs a strong tonic to brace her will." This he provides in the person of *Gordon Evers*, highly intelligent barrister with a wife part butterfly, part wasp, and (on the word of his mother) of romantic disposition, though this is, as you will guess, well concealed behind Sir GERALD DU MAURIER'S almost impenetrable mask. And when you have come to life again and learnt that the dawn over Montmartre is better than the paling flares of the night-clubs and what-not below, that there is healing in the English countryside and in the remembrance of what you were in your happy childhood—then you can take a little flat in Shepherd Market and really begin again. And when your friend, having concealed his love, unwilling to take advantage of your gratitude, at last declares it and you have had your three short years of perfect happiness—a vengeful wife won't release your man, but his broadminded mother takes you to her heart and understands—why, then Death creeps up from the dark background and robs you. But you have your memories, and on these you must make shift to live—and *can*.

Mr. VAN DRUTEN displays again his conscientious habit of letting his characters do what is in them to do. *Evers*, honest soul, does confess to "minding a little" that he has missed his judgeship, while still holding the world well lost for love—on balance. *Sarah* has her moments of being tiresome, and we can well see that *Tono*, the cad (and afterwards blackmailer), would with his nature have frequently found her exasperating. *Sarah* in short is a woman, not a heroine of romance.



"BEHOLD, WE MUSTN'T DIE YET."

Sarah Cazenove (Miss GERTRUDE LAWRENCE) to *Tono Cazenove* (Mr. RONALD WARD). "DON'T BE SILLY—THE CURTAIN 'S ONLY JUST GONE UP."



"LIFE IS MOSTLY FROTH AND BUBBLE."

Dame Frances Evers . . DAME MAY WHITTY.
Gordon Evers . . . . SIR GERALD DU MAURIER.
Sarah Cazenove . . . . MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE.

I could find only two small flaws in detail. I think it possible that *Sarah*, even the strengthened and developed *Sarah*, might have found herself unable to rally her womanly wits and courage to make it easier for her man announcing his likely doom, instead of making it more difficult for him; but, if so, then I think she would have been quite incapable of singing at *Gordon's* request more than a very few strangled bars of the lullaby, "*Schlafe, mein Prinzchen*"—a memory of perfect days in Salzburg. She did sing them indeed with a very moving colourlessness, but I doubt the possibility of the feat of completion.

A small thing, worth noting in the interests of the integrity of the realistic pattern. Another, even smaller: our author is a poetry-lover, and WORDSWORTH'S "Earth has not anything to show more fair" is quoted, and with effect, by *Evers* in the Paris hotel at the shy beginning of the friendship of *Gordon* and *Sarah*. But I thought that the later echo of it at the crisis of their dark fate had a faint air of unlikeliness. *Evers* was not a man who would talk about dawns of new life when desperately fighting against a threatened breakdown of his fundamental reserve.

Miss GERTRUDE LAWRENCE filled out her part with a fine sincerity, colour and depth. The lighter touches of gaiety, such as the amusing recitations remembered from her Ghent convent days, and the franker happier moments of their intercourse were also admirably done, and not overdone. For she, very properly, played as it were under the cloud of her temperament. She wasn't, it is true, always very audible, but one rarely missed the intention of any passage, if one occasionally missed the words.

I was half inclined to bet that Sir GERALD would shelter himself behind the protective panel of his assumed part and refuse to let real emotion break through. I was wrong. He preserved the balance between the two sides of his character—reserve and emotionalism (with perhaps a slight overloading on the side of reserve, natural in all the circumstances). He was a man genuinely and deeply in love; he was later a genuinely sick man tortured with apprehension about the more difficult burden to be borne by the survivor of such sweet adventures. There were also perfectly appropriate exhibitions of that extraordinarily finished ease of understatement—a particularly delightful instance was the short passage leading up to, "You love me?" "*Yes.*" "Then go and have your bath," with a friendly pat on the beloved arm—a whole year's wooing and winning in a score of seconds. . . .

Which all only adds to our grievance that he so seldom allows himself to present a character that gives him scope for the more serious side of his art that he so sedulously masks, and that way tends to atrophy.

Dame MAY WHITTY's study of a kindly, understanding, broadminded old woman with a sense of fun was admirably sketched in. And what an ingenious little soap-bubble-blowing scene the author had invented for mother, son and son's lover to bring out a lighter passage of his pattern! Other portraits—Miss EILEEN PEEL's of a heartless, empty, modern young *poseuse*, *Jewel Stribling*, was a clever piece of work; Mr. RONALD WARD's of the Compleat Cad, *Tono*, and Miss EVERLEY GREGG's drab, disapproving but fundamentally if grudgingly understanding "daily help" were excellent; as was Mr. ALEXANDER ARCHDALE in the deferred opportunity of showing the seriousness behind the light façade of young *Hector Stribling*, *Gordon's* evil genius and friend. Mr. VAN DRUTEN's abandonment of orthodox form for looser episodic treatment in six scenes was justified. . . . An honest and moving piece of work. T.

97 DEGS.

IT is only when we suffer under what the papers call a heat-wave that we realise how little scientific progress has done for humanity and how badly modern what-d'-you-call-ums has broken down.

How fine a period of human history was the Ice Age! Heat existed then for those who required it and could be procured quite as easily as it can be now. The cave-dweller or He-Man had but to rub two sticks together for seven hours or so and the Red Flower or flame of fire was born. The She-Woman cooked the dinner of chilled mastodon and the It-Child laughed as the sparks flew upwards to the blackened roof of their abode. Outside the world was a mass of beautiful cool ice wherever the eye might turn.

Contrast this delightful existence with our life at the present moment and it will be seen at once to what a pretty pass (if I may coin a phrase) we have come.

SUITABLE BREAKFAST-MENU FOR A HEAT-WAVE.

Porridge and Cream.
Grilled Mackerel with Mustard Sauce.
Kidneys and Bacon.
Cold Ham.
Coffee. *Marmalade.* *Cheese.*

I am aware that some scientists hold a theory contrary to mine with regard to the Ice Age or Plasticine Period, maintaining that the chances of survival were uncertain, that the He-Man was unprovided with vest-slips, the She-Woman badly coiffured and the It-Child under-educated and suffering from inability to express the subliminal ego. But even if so, how small a price to pay for decent climatic conditions! The human race has survived to build cities in which hotels, flats and offices, full of central heating, erect themselves almost to the sky; but in which of them is central freezing laid on? In which?

We can freeze meat as easily as our ancestors did in the Ice Age, but the living human being—how far more important than the brute beast!—is simply allowed to go bad. We build Lidos but they are tepid. We decorate our public squares with fountains but the water in them boils. Policemen on point-duty suffer untold agonies, whereas they might be equipped with chemically-frozen boots.

SUITABLE LUNCH MENU FOR A HEAT-WAVE.

Pea Soup.
Roast Beef. *Horseradish Sauce.*
Potato. *Cabbage.*
Suet Pudding with Treacle.
Gorgonzola Cheese.
Old Ale.

As an example of the futilities of science we need only turn to the exploits of Professor PICCARD, who last



Mistress of the House (to Electrician). "GOOD GRACIOUS! YOU 'RE STANDING ON MY PRICELESS SPINET."
Workman. "SORRY, MUM; I THOUGHT IT WAS A PIANNER."

week went up in a balloon to find the stratosphere. Doubt had long existed in the scientific world as to what this stratosphere actually was, physiologists maintaining that it was the place in which when you got there there was nothing, while meteorologists like HITLER and EINSTEIN contended that it was the place where the atmosphere, having gone as far as it could go, began to turn round and go back again. This can be explained more simply with a yo-yo than it can in print. But all were at one in believing that the stratosphere was cool, and high hopes were entertained that Professor PICCARD would bring it back with him.

Nothing of the sort was done, nor, on the other hand, were any popular cruises organised to visit the stratosphere and obtain a breath of air.

SUITABLE TEA MENU FOR A HEAT-WAVE.

Potato Scones.
Muffins. Bride-cake. Maté.
Splits and Strawberry Jam.
Devonshire Cream.

If astronomers and physiologists are helpless in the face of—whew!—if, as I say, the chemical departments of science can do little to prevent us from gasping like a stranded hake, medical science does less.

"Avoid worry," say the doctors. "Eliminate fatigue. Eat less. Repose during the middle hours of the day. Let the clothing be lighter than usual."

But the fact is, of course, that during a heat-wave the doctors are not there. They are sitting up to their necks in salt-water at Skegness, and have told the housemaid (poor creature) to answer telephone-calls. By this time they ought to have invented some injection of refrigerated formaldehyde or permanganate of insulin, some bacteria from the roës of deep-sea fishes, some secretion from the glands of the walrus or the Arctic fox which would lessen the fever of the blood.

SUITABLE DINNER MENU FOR A HEAT-WAVE.

Turtle Soup.
Pork Cutlets and Soya Beans.
Roast Grouse with Force-meat Balls.
Hot Ice Pudding.
Anchovy on Toast.
Burgundy. Green Chartreuse.

London, in fact, is helpless in a heat-wave. I have seen it stated that the interior of St. Paul's Cathedral is cool. But how many of our teeming population is it able to shelter from the torments of heat in this world—or indeed the next?

* * * * *

I prepared the technical data for this article in the Reading-Room of the British Museum, wearing a university bathing-costume with a cabbage-leaf on my head. In another part of the same building I found the mummy of RAMESES II. with a party of friends looking delightfully cool in linen *négligés*. Outside it was still 97—no, by thunder, it was

SUITABLE SUPPER MENU FOR A HEAT-WAVE.

Fried Sausages.
Mashed Potato.
Apple Dumpling.
Welsh Rabbit.
Cocoa or Hyoscine.

98 degrees. EVOE.

CULTIVATING THE MIND.

(With great deference to one of the latest of our charming gossip-writers.)

THIS article takes one minute seventeen seconds to read. It takes more backwards.

Cultivating the mind is a thing which is not paid enough attention to. People say they have not got the time. The answer is they should make it. The mind is a part of the body. So it needs exercise. Without that it is bound to grow flabby.

Many people live so quickly that they forget their minds. They miss a great deal. I know a lot like that. In the old days it was different. My great-grandfather, Lord Crumb, cultivated his mind. He read a *Times'* leader every morning before breakfast. Before dinner he made a rule of thinking for ten minutes. Sometimes he thought about life. At others he fixed his mind on some big problem, like eternity. He was a very busy man. He shot a lot. He was famous at the Carlton for his sneezes. Although he never took snuff he was a natural sneezer. Once on a Monday he sneezed 159 times between luncheon and dinner.

I like people who keep their minds in training, like athletes. One of the nimblest minds I know is that of Sir Claude Colycke. He is a nephew of the Dowager Lady Smarme, whose Dalmatian I often meet in the Park. Two years ago he married Rebecca Berkensplosch. Nobody knew her till then. She has a quiet firm manner and much charm. If I knew her better I should advise her not to show her ears so much. Her other features are better. Sir Claude writes poetry, often in the early hours of the morning. It is mainly about staghounds. He thinks deeper than most.

Another deep thinker is Mr. Montague Tubbling. He does not write poetry, like Sir Claude does, but he is really more literary. So his mind is always alert. He is a profound talker. He likes to discuss his mind. We often discuss our thoughts together. He believes literature is a fine thing for the mind. He is very keen about style. He thinks short sentences are very important for style. I feel that way.

So does Sir John Truffle, the Permanent Secretary at the Amalgamations Office. He is only sixty-nine. His style is in his speeches. They are quick and electric. That is why they are so strong. I love listening to them. Off the platform he is the most ordinary man I know. His red hair is not dyed. In the home he never speaks.

WORDSWORTH was a man who never let his mind slack. Whenever he went for a walk he observed everything. He wrote: "A rich guerdon waits on minds that dare." It is a very clever saying. Make it your motto. A guerdon is a sort of reward. You cannot expect rewards nowadays if you do not think.

Try putting your mind at a stiff fence every morning while you are dressing. Make it ride hard and straight. Set yourself to contemplate something big and definite, like nature or philosophy. You will find that life suddenly seems quite different. The sun will be brighter. Things will take on a new meaning.

A woman for whom things have recently taken on a new meaning is Lady Cogg. Since her third husband was drowned she has discovered astronomy. She has forgotten her sorrow in the stars. Her mind is always revolving round Venus, Mars and the others. She is very fond of muffins. When she sees a shooting-star she pinches her nose three times. She is very superstitious. Apart from her wall-eye she is a marvellous woman.

Ask yourself several times a day about your mind. Then you cannot forget it. Many people do this and pass as quite clever. Never be afraid of exploring others' minds. Think of your mind as a sort of battery. Many who have good ones to start with let them run down. That is a pity. They are worth looking after. ERIC.

"PREHISTORIC SCIENTISTS AT OXFORD.

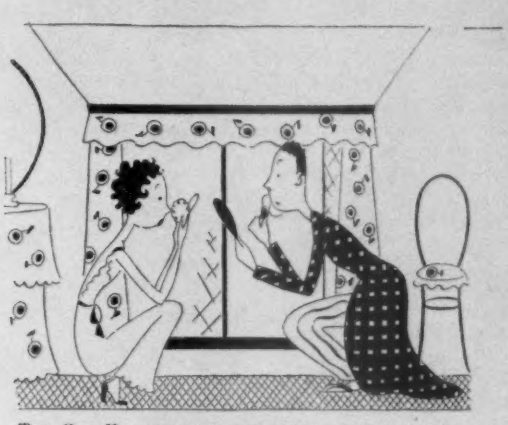
On Wednesday the members visited Stonehenge, where Prof. V. Gordon dressed them."
Oxford Paper.

Will they have to go all the way to Harrogate for the reverse process?

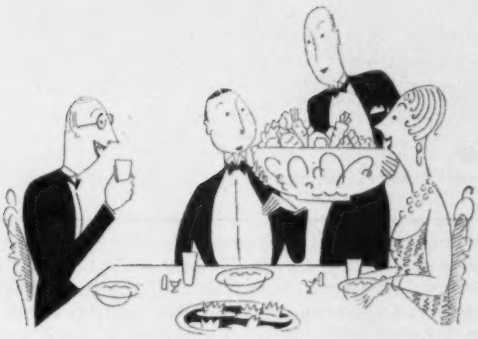
HOSTS WE HAVE SUFFERED; OR, BAD WEEK-ENDS.



THE EARLY RISERS WHOSE EXERCISES NEARLY BRING DOWN THE CEILING ON YOUR HEAD EVERY MORNING AT 6.



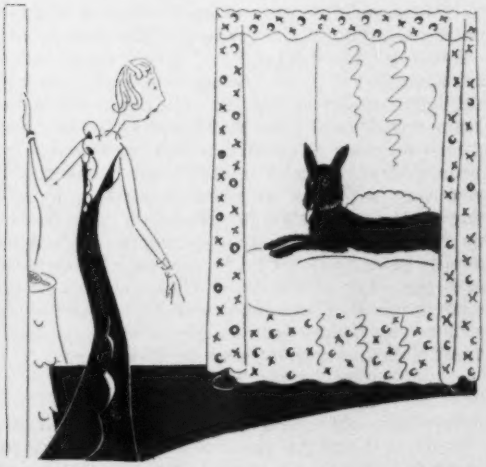
THE OLD FRIENDS WHO KNEW YOU WELL ENOUGH TO GIVE YOU THE ATTIC ROOM WITH THE WINDOW ON THE FLOOR.



THE ECONOMISTS WHO HAVE TURNED VEGETARIAN. EVERYTHING OUT OF THE GARDEN—AND UNCOOKED VEGETABLES ARE SO HEALTHY.



THE MATCHMAKER TO TWO PEOPLE WHO HATE EACH OTHER ON SIGHT. "NOW YOU TWO, GO AND LOOK AT THE DARLING LITTLE MOON TOGETHER."



THE DOG-LOVERS WHOSE ALSATIAN HAS TAKEN A DISLIKE TO YOU BUT A FANCY TO SLEEP ON YOUR BED.



THE ABSENT HOST WHO HAS FORGOTTEN HE ASKED YOU AND GONE AWAY FOR THE WEEK-END.



CITY GOSSIP.

"A RASH ADVANCE, MADE WITHOUT ADEQUATE SECURITY, WAS, WE UNDERSTAND, THE REASON OF THE DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

L'Éternel Féminin.

WHEN Mr. HUGH WALPOLE brought *Judith Paris* (*née Herries*) into the world was he aware, I wonder, that she would live to see her hundredth birthday? I rather fancy that her longevity was an afterthought—that the author fell too deeply in love with his creation to let her die. Nor would that be surprising, for *Judith* is a fascinating creature. With her tameless vitality, her humanity and her courage she dominates *The Fortress* (MACMILLAN, 10/6) as she did the book to which she gave a name; though the fortress itself is at once the stronghold of her enemy and the symbol of his hostility. For the main theme of this third volume of the *Herries* chronicle is an already adumbrated feud, itself symbolical of the two warring strains in the *Herries* blood, that which makes for solid respectability and that which wastes itself in wandering and dreaming. Tragedy is the upshot though by no means the end of the matter; but it were impossible here even to indicate the rich variety of eight hundred crowded pages. Memorable set-pieces (the Chartist fiasco on Kennington Common, the opening of the Great Exhibition, the SAYERS-HEENAN fight) are not allowed to interrupt the flow of creative evolution. *Judith* and *Adam*, *Walter* and *Uhland* and the rest are highly individualised fishes swimming in a stream which is the main current of history.

Justice as She is Done.

The considered verdicts of *From the Bench* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 8/6) should, I think, prove just as serviceable to the cause of social advancement as the more descriptive excellences of *The Poor Man's Court of Justice*. Mr. CECIL CHAPMAN's new book deals first with the stipendiary and metropolitan courts and then with the social problems that come to be solved in them. Under the first head it is suggested that the magistrates should be appointed by the LORD CHANCELLOR, not the Home Office, and that the appellation "Police Court," with whatever of police domination it connotes, should be dropped. The rest of the book considers the possible prevention of crime and a more redemptive handling of the criminal. The writer's attitude, like that of the English law itself, is case-made rather than doctrinaire; and it is interesting to see when and why he would tighten or loosen the gear. His rigour, when it comes, is commendable; and I feel that his pleas for imprisonment (not fine) in cases of cruelty, a less sentimental attitude towards work-shy "unfortunates" and a thoroughly dissuasive way with the drunken motorist, add a timely astringency to his programme. He is not, perhaps, so happy in his mitigations, though his arguments for these will undoubtedly have to be met. As a cause of degeneracy, he stresses gambling rather than drink; and his notion of a popular house of refreshment, with the whole family (not only its toping heads) comfortably inside it, is one of the kindliest things in a kindly and sagacious book.

Not an Excalibur.

Authors are notoriously uncritical of their own work, and Mr. H. A. VACHELL seems to look with far too fond an eye upon the child of his youth, *An Impending Sword*, first published as a serial in 1896 and now reissued in book-form (STANLEY PAUL, 5/-). In a prefatory note the author com-

mits himself to the opinion that his sword is not without temper and edge. I regret to announce that to me the blade appears to be constructed of cardboard, Grade III. This novel is simply one of a kind still to be found running serially in publications of little value. Mr. VACHELL has never been a great creative artist—I doubt whether he would claim to be such—but he has proved himself again and again an accomplished story-teller. It is interesting to learn from what very small beginnings he has grown, but I think we had better agree to forget this indiscretion of his salad days.

Yet One More Sleuth.

A bachelor, young *Robin Foster*,
Meets a beautiful maid in distress
At midnight, nor can but accost her—
He could not, I think, have done less
Since at times by the courtliest code
Introductions superfluous are,
And *Laurette* is alone in the Bayswater Road—
Alone with a corpse in a car.

Laurette has dined out with the latter—
Alive; going home he was shot;
She's supposed him her sire; as a matter
Of fact it would seem he was *not*;
So the tangle sets in, yet just see
How *Robin*, an embryo *Holmes*,
And a painstaking sleuth of the slow C.I.D.
Comb it out with co-operate combs.

This book, by G. BAXTER, is *Murder Could Not Kill*, one of BENN'S summer chicks
It is hatched; and you won't in a word err
If you buy it for seven-and-six
As a holiday book to enthral
In a chair by the sea in the sun,
When a thriller is surely preferred most of all:
And if ever *was* thriller, *here*'s one.



"OH, YES, DARLING, I KNOW; AND IF HE DOESN'T CATCH IT, IT 'S CALLED A TRY."

More Adventures in England.

Hampson's mill has closed down and clerks are no longer wanted, so that things are beginning to look pretty desperate for *Edgar Pilkington* and his wife, *Netta*, who have recently set up housekeeping in the unlovely thoroughfare of Brown Street, Brookworth, which is in Lancashire, and can talk its lingo with the best. Something drastic must be done, and, after trying to start a shop and failing, *Netta*, who has been a considerable success in local private theatricals, manages to slip into a job with a touring company whose leading lady has been incapacitated. *Edgar* does not altogether like it, but he too finds a berth in a stockbroker's office in Buxton. Then he gets an anonymous letter and begins to feel the pangs of jealousy. Half in anger and half in a spirit of self-abnegation he packs his few belongings in a knapsack (the stockbroker has failed) and sets out to roam over England in pursuit of work. I suppose it is the hiker who has made this sort of picaresque story increasingly popular of late. *He Fell Among Friends* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) is by a new hand, Mr. WARDLE TAYLOR, and deserves a word of encouragement as quite a fair specimen of its class. *Edgar* has several singular and amusing adventures, the most remarkable being his midnight walk with *Mr. O'Fay*, who turns out to be a charming lady-novelist in male disguise seeking for local colour. This association leads *Edgar* at length into the right path, for he has always wished to try his hand at playwriting, and *Geraldine Day* (her real name) wants someone to collaborate with her. It nearly proves a dangerous experiment, but a happy ending is contrived with enviable simplicity, and all is well when *Netta* is found again.

Sir Walter's Mail-Bag.

Mr. WILFRED PARTINGTON'S second and final selection from the twenty-three volumes in which SCOTT preserved his correspondence, strikes me as even more entertaining

and in many respects not less valuable than its predecessor. The bulk of the letters shed light on the social and political excitements of the time. Miss JOANNA BAILLIE, a strong anti-Byronite, tries to enlist the Byronite SCOTT on the side of Lady BYRON. SOUTHEY crows loudly and prematurely over NAPOLEON'S "final" consignment to Elba. Everyone, from the condescending JOANNA—who patronizes DOROTHY WORDSWORTH—to the scurrilous J. B. S. MORRITT, who libels their morals, has a stone to fling at the Lake School. Other letters shed light on the miseries or follies, generosity or greed of their writers: a starving Scots poet under sentence of death for theft thanks Sir WALTER for timely and effective aid; a Cambridge composer has set part of *Marmion* to music and writes to complain of an unrehearsed gong effect at the performance. Agricultural-minded gentry contribute an embarrassing quantity of acorns to the Abbotsford oak-forest, sentimental ladies a selection of names for the heroine of *Rokeby*, connoisseurs of the romantic a possible plot for another *Waverley*, a lock of CHARLES THE FIRST'S hair, or a thumb-screw. True the letters in *Sir Walter's Post-Bag* (MURRAY, 16/-) are seldom the work of important persons, but for that very reason their editor has felt himself free to take and leave what he likes; and his pastiche of racy excerpt and scholarly annotation has all the "brilliance and originality" that Mr. WALPOLE'S introduction claims for it.

Issue of Wodehouse Preferred.

At places where men coagulate round an ice-shaker to discuss the chanciness of life and the impermeability of consols, it is often asked, "Can WODEHOUSE continue gilt-edged?" To which there can be only one answer, for it is the real Trustee-stuff in the Humour market. You will want to wallow all night in the latest flotation, *Hot Water* (JENKINS, 7/6), for it never grows tepid for an instant. One has observed a certain sameness lately in Mr. WODEHOUSE'S plots, and, though they are only a light frame on which he hangs his aphorisms, one hoped for something new; in this novel there is much fresh ground to welcome. The pivot is the Château Blissac, in Brittany, seat of a noble family and hired for the summer by *Mrs. J. Wellington Gedge*, whose hospitality soon converts it into a sort of human Whipsnade. Few of her guests are what they seem, and in the fine warm nights there is scarcely a rhododendron in the grounds but conceals its detective or its jewel-thief. *Packy Franklyn*, the all-American half-back, a modern knight of chivalry; *Jane Opal*, inspirer of that chivalry; *Senator Opal*, the Prohibitionist (you will find him in the bar of the Hôtel des Etrangers), and *Soup Slattery*, most fascinating of safe-blowers, are gloriously intermingled.



"YES, MY BOY, THIS IS THE INQUIRY-OFFICE."

"WELL, IF TWO TRAINS LEFT BIRMINGHAM AND LONDON SIMULTANEOUSLY, ONE TRAVELLING AT 60·5 M.P.H. AND THE OTHER AT 44·5 M.P.H., HOW FAR WOULD EACH HAVE TRAVELLED WHEN THEY PASS EACH OTHER, THE DISTANCE FROM LONDON TO BIRMINGHAM BEING TWO HUNDRED MILES?"

Youths' Handicaps.

OLLE HEDBERG is, so his English publishers (ALLAN) tell me, "one of Sweden's most popular authors to-day." But although *Prisoner's Base* (7/6) is not without interest to those who try to understand the psychology of youth, I doubt whether it will make a popular appeal to readers of fiction in this country. *Niklas Lissman*, a self-conscious boy, was with good reason unhappy in his home, so after various explosions, he left it and became a wanderer in forests and solitary places. For the most part OLLE HEDBERG avoids the snares that beset those who attempt to unravel the workings of a boy's mind; but more than once young *Lissman's* musings and anxieties seemed to me those of someone considerably older and more experienced. Nevertheless this book contains a study, and in some ways a remarkable study, of a youth who, in spite of all his efforts as the years went on, never acquired the grace of urbanity.

A Grand Tour.

When Mr. GUY MURCHIE had finished an education that was supposed to have prepared him for life, he was acutely conscious that he knew "almost nothing" about the world. So he determined to leave New York and work his way through "the northern half of the globe." Gifted, as Commander BYRD remarks in an introduction to *Men on the Horizon* (CAPE, 10/6), with a real gift for observing human nature, Mr. MURCHIE has written an account of his travels which, whether you agree or disagree with his points of view, is always absorbingly interesting. His was no tour *de luxe*; indeed he seems to have been entirely dependent on his own efforts to get from country to country.

Mr. Punch greatly regrets the error in his last Booking-Office, by which he gave the name of Mr. ALAN PRYCE-JONES' new book as *These Southern People*. Its real title is *People in the South* (COBDEN-SANDERSON, 8/6).

"Rapidly expanding West End Furrier with exclusive society clientèle, requires £1,500."—*Adv. in Daily Paper.*

Could the sternest slimming measures cost all that?

"This stone, weighing half-a-hundred-weight, was thrown through the window of a Queen Street piano shop."—*Overseas Paper.*

The culprit, when last seen, was heading south with a grand piano under each arm.

"The work was actually commenced at Ardnacrusha on Monday last. At certain stages of the work the number of workmen, swilled and unskilled, employed will be 150."—*Dublin Paper.*

Mr. FORD, on the other hand, prefers teetotal experts.

CHARIVARIA.

THOSE who object to treasures leaving this country will be pleased to know that Mr. J. L. MAXTON'S visit to Russia has been postponed.

* * *

The appearance of a form in the sky above Lincoln Cathedral was recognised as a mirage. Little credence was given to the rumour that the phenomenon was due to Lord BEAVERBROOK'S efforts to raise agriculture to a higher plane.

* * *

During the recent heat-wave dealings in "temperatures" took place on the Stock Exchange. Heavy losses are said to have been sustained by Polar bears.

* * *

It is claimed that certain so-called Americanisms belong to the ancient idiom of Lancashire. Possibly they are still used in what England will say tomorrow.

* * *

On returning from a pleasure-cruise in a liner a couple confessed that they had become engaged during a fog in the Bay of Biscay. We should have advocated waiting till visibility improved.

* * *

Lord DONEGALL has described in *The Sunday Dispatch* his recent experiences when disguised as a down-and-out in search of a job. He didn't attempt of course to obtain employment as a gossip-writer.

* * *

Two Cambridge scientists who are on the way to Africa hope to ascertain whether gorillas ever dig. Their observations may throw some light on the evolution of the gardener.

* * *

The motor-car may be superseding the piano as a piece of household furniture, as Sir WILLIAM MORRIS observes, but it is not so convenient for standing photographs on.

* * *

A tabby cat which entered one of the B.B.C. studios last week was captured after a search lasting thirty-six hours; and it is now thought that it was anxious to find out why mice were not included in the Fat Stock Prices.

* * *

A Shropshire farmer asked the magistrates to give his son the birch as he could not cope with him himself. We can only suppose that his thrashing-machine was busy with the harvest.

* * *

A business man says that the secret of success is to get ahead of others. Nothing is more annoying than to start eating a plum to find that a wasp has got there first.

* * *

A Dover steamer was recently driven aground. The mishap is thought to have been due to the wash of a particularly large cross-Channel swimmer.

* * *

"It is quite impossible in these days," says a writer, "to make a pound-note go far." Unless of course you take one to the top of Snowdon in a high wind and then let go.

* * *

It has been noticed that many women knit in restaurants. If they have forgotten to bring their knitting they can always order a skein of spaghetti.

* * *

A hiking journal warns its readers against the indiscriminate wearing of shorts. The result of this practice, it seems, is just one darned sting after another.

* * *

"Coffee poured down the sink will purify it," says a household hint. We have long advocated this method of disposing of the coffee made in our kitchen.

* * *

Frogs, we learn, are unable to breathe with their mouths open. It is fortunate for these creatures that they are not subject to colds in the head.

* * *

Blackberries exhibited by a Bedford firm of fruit-growers at the Royal Horticultural Show had berries as large as damsons. We should hate to meet one in a lonely country lane after dining with friends.

* * *

Business men complain that a half-crown is an awkward and clumsy coin. But it comes in very useful for measuring the size of hailstones.

* * *

By frantically waving a ukulele which attracted the attention of a tug, a man in a motor-boat saved himself from a perilous position on the Nore Sands. We always felt that ultimately a use would be found for these things.

* * *

A new type of house is to be built in London with an aeroplane stage on the flat roof. Housewives will listen fearfully through the night for the ominous drone that signifies that the cook has flown.

* * *

We see it is estimated that there are four thousand anglers in Cambridge. It is not stated who is the senior angler.

* * *

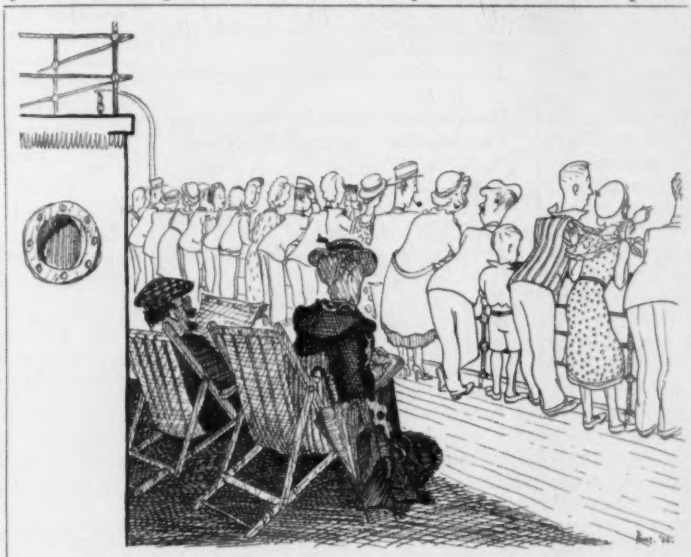
A medical correspondent has recently stated that a ripe plum a day will keep any woman slim. But great care must be taken not to add a stone to one's weight.

* * *

An apiarist declares that a bee makes a peculiar hissing noise when it is lost. We must chain one to our collar-stud.

* * *

It is predicted that the universities will soon have to establish Chairs of Fashion. As a prediction this looks a sitter.



Extract from letter of Old Lady on Ocean Cruise. "MY DEAR, HOW I PITY YOU, ALL COOPED UP IN LONDON! AS I SIT WRITING THIS THERE IS NOTHING TO BE SEEN ANYWHERE BUT MILES OF OPEN SEA."

Another Impending Apology.

"Ald. W. W. —— commented on the improvements brought about at the Harrogate Swimming Baths by the installation of the purifying apparatus at the Town Council meeting this week."—*Harrogate Paper.*

"For her engagement ring, the fashionable young woman is choosing a solitaire diamond."—*Rhodesian Paper.*

Mr. Punch hopes it won't really be as bad as all that.

OTTAWA AND THE EMPYREAN.

ONCE again I wish to enter a protest in favour of our delegates to the Ottawa Conference. They have been subjected in some quarters to a criticism which seems to me unfair.

It has been the most disappointing Conference in the history of the Empire. . . . How long, O Lord, how long? Was there ever such folly? . . . A reckoning will come. . . . There could not have been a more disappointing crew than the Ministers we sent to Ottawa. . . . Not once in the whole of the negotiations did they raise the Conference to the heights of vision and idealism. . . .

I want to suggest, with all due deference to this inspired critic, that it is not easy for sober-minded Englishmen sitting round a table and attempting to drive a good trade bargain to be touched with elfin wands or to wrap the mantle of prophecy about them. There is nothing faërie about food products, manufactured articles and raw steel. It is impossible in these days for a statesman rising in council to discuss yarn, cotton, woollen and linen textiles to present the appearance of a wild fakir who has fed upon honeydew or drunk the dairy produce of Paradise. If Mr. J. H. THOMAS never blossomed to immortal mirth, if the lips of Lord HAILSHAM were never touched with lyric ecstasy, if Mr. STANLEY BALDWIN, most unfairly treated of all, failed somehow to soar through the higher tracts of mysticism or to fit the arrows of desire into a bow of burning gold, is it not only too probable that there is something about the scaling down of preferential duties on chemical and metal manufactures which renders such procedure definitely unsuitable? I for one am willing to believe it.

I have tried to conjure up a scene in which our delegates did actually on setting out fulfil the romantic hopes entertained by those who now profess themselves disappointed with the results of Ottawa. I have tried to picture them on the Atlantic Ocean in the *rôle* of dreamers and visionaries rather than financial negotiators. Thus:—

Mr. J. H. Thomas. Where are we journeying to on this ship?

Mr. Neville Chamberlain. We are journeying to the rainbow's end; and at the foot of the rainbow there is a crock of gold.

Mr. J. H. Thomas. Oh, I am afraid! I am afraid!

Lord Hailsham. I saw Ontario the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light!

Mr. J. H. Thomas. Did you, indeed?

Lord Hailsham. I did so.

Mr. J. H. Thomas. How beautiful! I dreamt I was going through a great forest, and it was tangled with creepers and thorns, and I was a-weary. And ever and anon I seemed to hear strange voices crying—crying——

Mr. Stanley Baldwin. What did they cry?

Mr. J. H. Thomas. Sometimes they would cry "Unilateral advantages!" and at other times they would cry, "Beef, Beef!"

Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister. What are those flowers you are wearing in your buttonhole?

Mr. J. H. Thomas (*almost in tears*). Violets of the undercliff, wet with the Channel spray.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain (*suddenly*).
Where the world ends
The mind is made unchanging, for it finds
Miracle, ecstasy, the impossible hope,
The flagstone under all the fire of fires,
The roots of the world!

Mr. J. H. Thomas (*with a hint of suspicion*). Isn't that out of YEATS?

Mr. Neville Chamberlain. Possibly, brother, possibly.

Mr. J. H. Thomas. H'm!

Mr. Baldwin (*anxious to avoid the painful topic of Ireland*). That which safely bears us in the gulfs of space is no base or basis, no motionless central rock, but throbbing energies and complex and manifold action in swing and wave and thrill, whirling us on in mighty sweeps of rhythm, to which our hearts are set. It may be that we shall have to distinguish between mutton, grain, eggs, poultry, butter, cheese and other milk products upon the one hand, and beef upon the other. By the way, is that an albatross?

Mr. Neville Chamberlain (*anxiously*). Don't shoot it, whatever you do!

Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister (*absentmindedly and ticking off the items on his fingers*).
Leather, tallow,
Canned meat,
Zinc, lead,
Barley, wheat.

Lord Hailsham. I suggest that we all practise Prana.

Mr. J. H. Thomas. Prana?

Lord Hailsham. Yes. Psychic breathing. Lying flat on the deck, completely relaxed, with hands lying loosely on the solar plexus, breathing rhythmically. After the rhythm is fully established, *will* that each inhalation may draw in an increased supply of prana, or vital energy, from the universal supply. All the great mystics do it. By means of prana it is possible to surround oneself with an egg-shaped thought aura which will protect one from the gross thought and disturbing influences of others.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain (*doubtfully*). Will that help us to determine quotas?

Lord Hailsham. Undoubtedly.

[*They all practise prana for several minutes, after which*

Mr. Thomas (*rising with renewed energy and quoting from* WILLIAM BLAKE).
O yet may Albion smile again
And stretch her peaceful arms
And raise her golden head exultingly . . . !

But no. The picture is impossible. What is more, the effort would have been wasted. In my view we ought to be thankful that our emissaries have done what they have done instead of spending all their time clutching the inviolable shade and waiting for the gleam from Heaven to fall. Whenever I look at the photograph of Mr. BENNETT I feel certain that in his presence, great man though he is, esoteric rapture would be—how shall I say it?—a flop.

EVOE.

HOMING.

IT's strange that, whenever I travel,
Before very long I am fain
Penelope-like to unravel
The web of my wanderings again.

The urge of the homing *hirundo*
That pilots her over the brine
With her family, *more jucundo*,
Can't hold up a candle to mine.

Though a few weeks ago I was yearning
To wanton in Venice or Rome,
Now I'm equally keen on returning
To my stuffy old study at home.

The views that so often distressed me
Of the village–its spire and its pump–
I find they alone interest me,
And the want of them gives me the hump.

Then good-bye to the lure of the Lido,
All travel "extensions" I spurn;
"There's no place like home" is my *credo*;
I'll go out and book my return.

Dear Fishing.

". . . trout over £1 each have been taken on the Clarewen."—*Welsh Paper.*

Things Which Might Have Been Expressed More Chivalrously.

"When I saw some of her photographs I was more than pleased to see her back again!"—*Weekly Paper.*

"Mr. Thomas stated that he had been in regular communication with Mr. O'Kelly and other Irish Ministers, and that his games of bridge with them have served a useful purpose in allowing conversations to proceed without intermission."—*Daily Paper.*

Now JIM is back he must play an exhibition chat at the Portland Club.



THE GOOD FAIRY AERIAL.

THE WORLD (*after visiting the Exhibition at Olympia*). "WHATEVER ELSE HAS HAPPENED TO ME, AT LEAST I 'VE BECOME 'A PLACE FIT FOR HEARERS TO LIVE IN.'"



Motorist (to man with jibbing horse). "NOW THEN, WHICH WAY ARE YOU GOING?"
Carter. "WE AIN'T DECIDED YET."

"A AND B."



THIS is not the figure for a problem in geometry. It is an end-on view of the shape of our cricket-field. The square thing on the left is the pavilion; the flat bit between it and A is where the wickets are. The pitch is at right angles to the pavilion, as at Old Trafford. But there the similarity to Old Trafford ends, for our ground goes down in a steep slope from A to B, while Old Trafford is quite level all over.

Experts have in many works on the game discussed the whole art of fielding. So they think, but they are wrong; for no one has as yet paid any attention to the particular attribute demanded from and the intricate functions to be performed by those who field at A or by those who occupy the even more onerous post at B.

Let us take A first. His primary duty is to prevent the ball from passing him and beginning its downward career. Having failed in this, he must quickly turn round and indicate to B by a motion of his arms the direction in which the latter must expect the ball. He must also signal the close of the innings or any other interval. The closest co-operation must clearly exist between A and B, for much of their team's success depends on this; but it must not be carried too far, as it was once when a visiting team's A, after the ball had been hit clean over his head, turned and gazed after it. Suddenly he shouted, "Oh, well caught, Sir!" and rushed off down the slope, to reappear with a faintly expostulating B, ball in hand, and crying, "The finest catch I ever saw; don't attempt to deny it." Fixtures have not been renewed, and this incident was the origin of the addendum to "Instructions to Umpires" to the effect that "the nearer umpire shall proceed to the brow to observe what occurs." More recent happenings have led to the words "both umpires" being substituted for the words "the nearer umpire."

Now for B. The best B's stand deep, since it is no pleasant matter to run swiftly downhill in an endeavour to stop the ball from going on to the road at the bottom which forms the boundary. The only reason for B standing close in is that in the event of A being seized with vertigo and falling backwards an alert B might arrest his progress before he had reached one of the abundant beds of nettles that here and there adorn the slope. A famous example of this occurred a few seasons ago. Shortly after lunch the visiting umpire, at square-leg at the moment, staggered back a few paces and with a loud cry disappeared from view. Fortunately Wotherspoon (admittedly the classic B of all time) was in his finest form that day, otherwise . . .

B, in addition to being quick to comprehend A's signals, must be as nimble-footed as a goat and a strong thrower. But less is demanded of his physical than of his mental qualities. He must be content to lead the life of an eremite, to be a solitary, far removed from the gentle banter as they cross for the over, the cheery gathering when a wicket falls, coverpoint's latest story, Miss Mugliston sitting underneath the oak-tree. All he gets to remind him of the camaraderie of the cricket-field is the back view of A outlined against the

sky and the occasional view of a zealous Captain peering over to see if B is still there—and awake. There is another attribute that a first-class B must possess, which is expected of no fieldsman in any treatise on the game that I have yet read, namely, an ability to retrieve the ball from Captain Thoroughgood's rose-garden. Into this it frequently bounces after running on to the boundary road. The Captain is recently retired from the Navy, has decided views on trespass and damage and keeps some unpleasant dogs. The recovery of the ball was therefore effected only by the most expert of B's, until a few weeks ago, when the Captain's niece came to stay with him. She is a charming girl who rates the Captain for his lack of sporting instinct, hushes the dogs and helps B to look for the ball. She doesn't mind how long it takes or into what dark places it may have penetrated, and is quite willing, if B comes back after the game, to help him look for the one that has been missing since the second match in June. She has the most lovely blue eyes and the sweetest . . . Somehow I let this out, and last Saturday the whole team wanted to be B. As we won the toss it was decided that the highest scorer should be accorded the honour. Jones got it with twenty-seven. I had scored twenty-six when I was run out. When I spoke to Jones about it he said, "The trouble with you is that you don't keep half awake."

It was a very hot day and the Captain's niece was sitting on a deck-chair by the road. What he describes as a very pleasant *tête-à-tête* was occasionally interrupted by the demands of the game, and then the Captain's niece asked him to run up and see what the score was He got nearly to the top and shouted to A, whose sole response was a convulsive movement of the arms, and the ball shot over the hill a bare yard away. Jones failed to arrest it and turned in pursuit. Halfway down he lost control of his legs and went dizzily on and on, to collapse in utter ruin upon the road. "There it is!" cried the Captain's niece; "Oh, *do* be quick!" and she pointed to the ball, which had been stopped by some nettles a yard from the edge. Dazed, cut and bleeding, he picked it up and flung it. It pitched fifty yards up the slope and rolled back again. Madly he ran after it and flung it again. He repeated the performance. Some of the blood from his forehead got into his eyes and the ball flew away to the right. The Captain's niece encouraged him with shrill screams. He picked up the ball again and with a frantic effort hurled it over the brow and toiled panting after it. The field was deserted. We had all gone in.

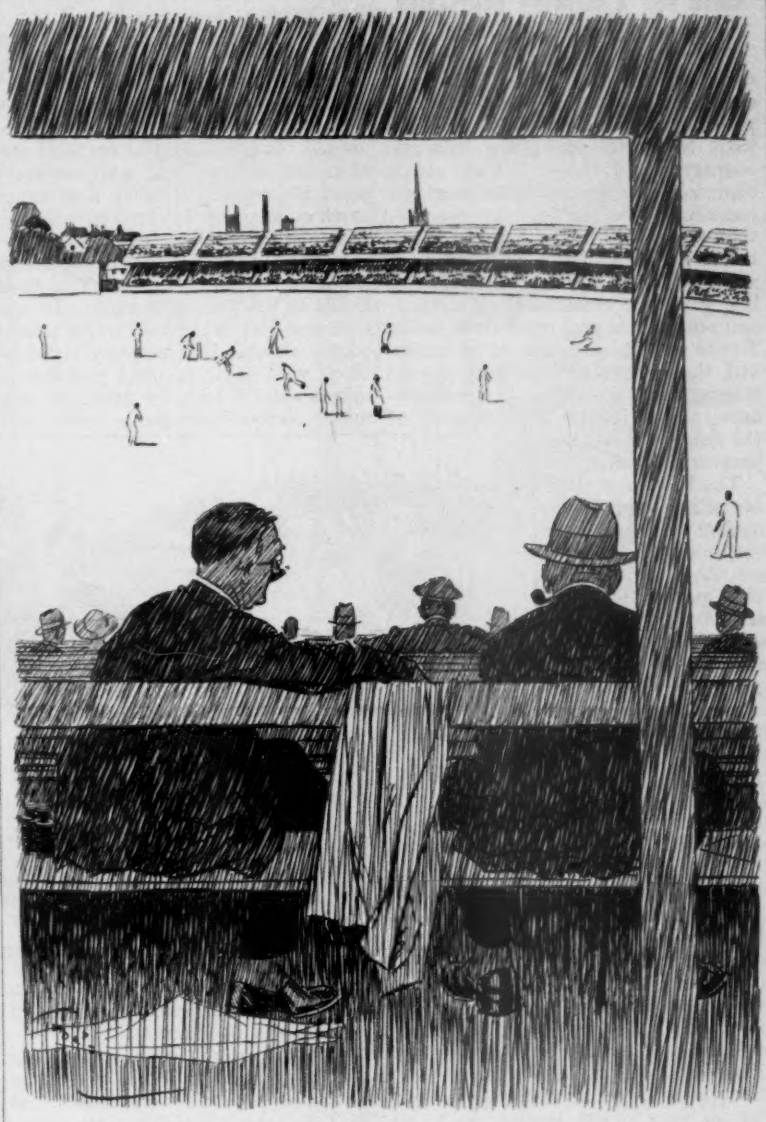
"Oh, there you are!" we said as he entered the pavilion. "Good finish, wasn't it? And look at your face and flannels! What's the Captain's niece been doing to you?"

"What's happened?" he asked.

"Well, they wanted four to win, with the last man in. He hit that ball over the edge but trod on his wicket, so they're all out and we've won by three runs."

"Who was fielding at A?" he demanded; "and why didn't he signal to me?"

"I was," I said, "and I did. The trouble with you is that you don't keep half awake," and I went down the slope to the Captain's niece.



American Visitor. "KIN YOU TELL ME, SIR—HAVE THEY GOTTER MAKE THE BASE OR DO THE ROUND TRIP?"

"A PERFECT SET OF TEETH.
£2/12/6
OPEN FRIDAY EVENINGS."
Advt. in New Zealand Paper.

We stipulate that they should open at least three times a day.

"The traveller told how he stopped when he saw a stationary car and a cigarette-end being waved."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

The A.A.'s advice is never to stop when a stationary car is waved at you.

HINTS FOR A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

THE HORSE.

EVERY year, it stands to reason, a certain number of men, weary of running to and fro in the City or planting tea in Assam, decide that the time has come to retire into the country. For these, if they are to command respect in their new surroundings, nothing is more essential than the ability to speak freely of and before horses, and also, unless happily provided with a ready-made excuse like gout, the attainment of a steady and not ignoble port upon their backs. To the tyro the purchase of an animal and the equipment necessary for its management are important preliminaries, and it is with these aspects of the subject that I now propose to deal.

The Horse is a member of the genus *Equus* (order: *Solidungula*) in common with the Onager, the Ass, the Zebra, the Quagga, the Dzeggetai,* the Hemionus and the Dauw, from all of which it is distinguished by the abundance of its tail-hairs and by the presence of a small bare callosity on the inner side of the hind leg. It is a warm-blooded quadruped, having an elongated face, no clavicles and—But, good gracious! you know the things I mean; they alone in the animal kingdom often wear small caps over their ears and whinny at you if you get too close. It may seem a hazardous business for a newcomer to buy one of these on his own, but if you follow my advice closely you cannot go seriously wrong. Put on your oldest bowler, go to a dealer and say you want a good second-hand hunter, F.O.B., steady over timber and not too heavy in the hand. That will show him the sort of man he has to deal with. He will then produce one of the animals I have described and tell you it is the finest best-mannered hunter in the shires, strike him pink if it isn't, and he couldn't bring himself to part with it only times are hard, and what with his wife's operation and all it has to be, and he'd as soon sell it to a gentleman like yourself as any of the others who are so set on having it, and there you are, Sir.

Forget all that and go and take a close look at the inner side of the hind leg; he may be trying to sell you a quagga. After this, if the callosities are in order, go round to the front and look it fairly and squarely in the mouth.* What you see there may surprise you, but you must pretend to be unconcerned. It is his age you are after and that can only be told with certainty from the teeth. Exactly how many teeth go to a year I cannot say, though it is almost certainly more than one; it is scarcely credible that Derby horses should have only three teeth in their heads at the time of running. In any case you may safely reject any animal whose mouth is absolutely chock-a-block with molars. And you should take a careful look for traces of any recent extractions; some dealers will do anything to preserve the youthful appearance of their horses.

There are other points about the head worth noticing before you move on. For instance, "the squamosal," as "W. T. C." has well said,† "enters considerably into the formation of the temporal fossa, and besides sending the zygomatic process forwards it sends down behind the *meatus auditorius* a post-tympanic process which aids to hold in place the otherwise loose tympano-periotic bone." So have a good look to see if the tympano-periotic bone is properly secured. Worn bearings or an inefficient squamosal lead to endless trouble and expense.

With these investigations and a few contemptuous remarks, such as, "A trifle full in the barrel for the time of the year, don't you think?" or, "Not much depth in the brisket, eh?"—this to the horse if you prefer it—you may rest content. The time for barter is at hand. If, as is customary, the dealer makes the opening bid, you may be certain he is overcalling and expects to go down at least two or three pounds. If, on the other hand, the first offer comes from you, he will probably name a figure twice as high; but this again is not a business double and should be treated with considerable hauteur. Tell him you wouldn't offer a penny for his old cab-horse if you weren't so sorry for his wife.

When the horse is yours the next step is to provide it with the usual trappings, paramount among which is the saddle. This is of non-resilient leather, and is held in place by a kind of body-belt or girth, which can be adjusted to suit the measurements of the individual horse. Correct adjustment is absolutely essential; if too loose, saddle and rider will slip round to the under or obverse side of the horse—a position which makes steering extremely difficult, especially as the stirrups keep getting into your eyes; if too tight, the animal may expire from malnutrition of the hinder parts. I would tell you what happened in this connection to my uncle, for many years Master of the Blicester, if I thought for one moment you could bring yourself to believe me.

Next in importance to the saddle come the reins; but we don't want any medical chit-chat here, thank you very much. Nor shall I say anything at this juncture about cruppers.

Hardly less vital than the horse's accoutrements are your own. Starting off to the Meet in the wrong gear is no less fatal on a horse than in a car, and the County will cut a man who arrives in sandshoes and shorts. To be well-shod is half the battle. Do please (and I say this in all seriousness) take trouble over your boots. See that they are well-turned and shiny and give out a clear staccato note when struck sharply with the crop. With boots like that and the fashionable Virginia stock you should go far. Many men have risen to pre-eminence solely on the strength of their boots. My uncle, for many years Master—but there, you would suspect me of romancing.



Picnicker (with true sense of camaraderie). "I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE THIS POT OF STRAWBERRY-JAM?"

* I swear this is true.

* The proverb does not apply.

† *Enc. Brit.*, 9th Ed., Vol. 12, p. 177—"The Horse."

Some other time perhaps I may, if you insist, speak of the art of riding. Meanwhile I strongly advise you to take to gout instead. It is hardly more painful and the not ignoble port which it demands is less difficult to acquire than in the other case.

F.O.B., by the way, means Fed On Bran.

CARS OF TO-DAY.

BALDWIN 6 Coachbuilt Saloon. A thoroughly dependable and workmanlike all-weather family car, fitted with safety-glass throughout and powerful hydraulic brakes. The sports model, which has long been eagerly awaited, will not, it is feared, be ready in time for Olympia.

BEAVERBROOK "Crusader." The coachwork, in glass and chromium-plate, gives this car a striking appearance. The usual drastic streamlines are again a feature this year. No satisfactory anti-dazzle device has yet been fitted. Max. horse-power, over one-and-a-half millions daily.

CHURCHILL "Phantom." The distinctive bonnet which has always been associated with this car is retained. The springs are a triumph, made possible only by the abolition of the dumb-irons.

ICKORNSHAW "Coronet." An efficient little machine. Must be fitted with a sunshine roof before it can become really popular.

LANSBURY. The lidolette model is notable for its comely radiator. Definitely leads the market in its class.

L. G. "Wizard." 9–4. Fitted with an eccentric self-change gear. The ease with which it holds the road round sharp bends and awkward corners is truly remarkable. Tremendous acceleration. The mud-wings have yet to be perfected.

MAXTON. Upholstered in red leather throughout. The engine, fitted with a pre-heating device, is capable of 20,000 revolutions per minute.

NEVILLE-CHAMBERLAIN. 5–3½. The latest production by the well-known Birmingham firm of Chamberlain and Sons is a distinct success. The engine is a triumph of silent power. It is only the heavy tax which stands in the way of its becoming a thoroughly popular model.

SAMUEL. Few new ideas are incorporated in this year's production. The interior is still upholstered in plush. Cunning concealment of the dumpers gives the car as a whole an attractive appearance.

SHAW. The much-advertised new model of this old-established firm showed splendid performance over the trial course on the Malvern hills. The note of the exhaust, however, becomes tiresome on a long run.

THOMAS. The "Chummy" is still the most popular of tourers. After considerable hesitation the manufacturers have finally abandoned the T.U. carburettor. The comforting moonshine roof is well in keeping with the rest of the design.

"Walter —— was fined 20s. at Scorton Petty Sessions for driving a motor-lorry without a road."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

We, too, sometimes feel a sudden fierce desire to see some real country.



Pessimist. "MY DEAR, THINGS IN THE CITY ARE JUST AS BAD AS THEY CAN BE."
Wife. "IN THAT CASE, WILLIE, WOULDN'T IT BE WISE OF ME TO BUY THAT NEW DRESS BEFORE THEY GET ANY WORSE?"

A Fillip for the Herring-Fisheries.

"The Princes . . . landed on Cannes Pier this morning. Both the Princes wore dark-coloured sun spectacles and straw bloater hats."—*Irish Paper.*

"PLANT TUBS."
Advt. in Gardening Paper.

We find it more satisfactory to lay down bottles.

The Perils of Breakfast in Camp.

". . . The normal daily routine is Reveille 6.30, and breakfast 7.30, after which any sick cadets are seen by the medical staff."
Daily Paper.

PLEASANT SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

III.

DENTIFRICE JONES LAYS BARE HER SOUL.

BUT – PRAWN IN THE HANDS OF A MASTER MIND.

ALL WAS FISH THAT CAME TO HIS NET.

AFTER the events which I narrated last week I kept seeing the Rajah of Roodhigore more and more often. Sometimes he would wait until I left the shop and then accompany me to my lodgings. At such times he would usually beg me to allow him to buy me a pearl necklace or

A DIAMOND SUNBURST,

and we would go together to some expensive jeweller in Bond Street, but it was always too late and the shops were shut. Once in the Park he held my hand until a police-woman came up and told him to stop.

In fact all through this period he behaved with an attention and a devotion which showed all too plainly the state of his feelings towards me.

Our chief meeting-place, however, was at my counter in the drapery stores. He would spend long hours leaning against it while we discussed my future and what clothes suited my particular style.

Many people must have remarked and wondered at the dark and handsome foreigner in the long black overcoat, which he wore in the hottest weather, and have noticed his obsession for the beautiful shop-assistant. Occasionally I would get him to talk of himself, and he would tell me of the wealth

BEYOND THE DREAMS OF AVARICE

which was his in India. All the time I realised that he was working himself up to ask me to share it with him.

And what of my own feelings? That was the question which I kept asking myself night and day.

Sometimes I felt that I had at last met my True Mate, and then again, perhaps when, for instance, we were returning from yet another fruitless visit to the jeweller's, I wondered whether I was allowing myself to be swept off my feet.

Gradually, however, as the tale of his riches was unfolded, I came to realise that I was the victim of

AN ENDURING PASSION

for this strange exotic character and the realisation of that brought peace at last to my troubled spirit.

Then one afternoon, when we talking together as usual, the inexplicable thing happened.

A tall saturnine man, whom I recognised as the detective employed by the stores, came up to where we were standing. He seized my friend by the arm and addressed him in curt tones.

"You are wanted at the manager's office."

Not a muscle of His Highness's face moved as he turned and faced the intruder, and I trembled at the temerity of the man who had so rashly aroused the Rajah's icy dignity.

Instead, however, of withering him, as I had expected, with his royal scorn, His Highness made a quick movement and, slipping out of the long overcoat which the other had grasped, he turned and made off into the crowd.

That the detective was no match for His Highness in athletic dexterity was apparent to me at once, and I was not surprised when I saw the former returning, hot and breathless but empty-handed, after a fruitless search among the counters.

He was still carrying the overcoat which had been left in his hands, and when he reached my counter he proceeded,

IN SPITE OF MY INDIGNANT PROTESTS,

to search the pockets.

What was my amazement when from out of their depths came a stream of articles which had but lately been displayed on my counter. Socks, ties, sets of underwear, shirts, collars and pairs of pyjamas were piled high in front of me. It seemed that there would be no end to the list of garments which the detective was slowly dragging from that dark hiding-place.

Ah! could he but know it, there also was concealed the fragments of my

BROKEN, BLEEDING HEART.

For I knew now, knew without having to listen to the curt official tones of the detective, the reason for the assiduous attentions of His Highness.

The most ardent of his speeches were but a bitter memory to me now, now that I knew that each one was but a cloak to conceal his real object—a sock or an undervest from the counter.

I had been a mere tool in the cog-wheels of his tortuous mind. My *rôle* was that of a prawn in the machinery of his deep-laid schemes.

Even the thought of his immense riches made me shudder now that I knew the source of his wealth; for it was

TAINTED GOLD

at whose altar he had sacrificed all that he should have held most dear.

There is but little more to tell. I have never seen His Highness again. I learnt that even his name was an assumed one and that he is the head of an international gang of shop-lifters whose activities have baffled the police of two continents.

But be he never so successful in his nefarious exploits, I know that not all the wealth in the kingdom can compensate him for the knowledge of the wrong he has done to one poor trusting spirit.

Almost I have it in my heart to be sorry for him.

But meanwhile I am left, hiding my broken heart as best I may, shrinking from any public exposure of my suffering, like some timid animal sore wounded and bleeding, fearful alike of blame or sympathy.

Even my best friends know little of the tragedy which lies behind my happy smile and gay exterior, for never have I been one to make a parade of my emotions. Perhaps it is foolish of me to remain so reserved, but such is my nature.

Who is able to change that?

Good Curry Weather.

"The maximum temperature recorded at Alipore during the 24 hours ended at 4 p.m. yesterday was 483°."—*Indian Paper.*

Polished Recording.

"As in the Prelude, the scoring is wonderful, but here, from the nature of the subject, the brass has a greater chance to shine."
Gramophone Record Catalogue.

"The Post Office has arranged to open all the Imperial Beam lines for relay puproses."—*Daily Paper.*

The little dog-roses will have their heads turned.

"*Corfou.*—La flotte anglaise de la Méditerranée est arrivée dans le port ce matin à 9 heures.

Aussitôt qu'elle eut jeté l'encre, le capitaine du port et le commandant de place sont montés à bord du vaisseau-amiral *Queen Elizabeth* et ont salué l'amiral anglais."—*Athenian Paper.*

We didn't know that the Navy had copied the old Fleet Street custom of slinging the ink.



Small Girl. "Come and help, Willie. Such fun! We're shrimping for Daddy's false teeth."

ROMANY TOWN.

In a bend of the Border 'twixt Coquet and Kale
Is a hamlet that lies in a tree-covered vale,
And this is Kirk Yetholm, as maps set it down,
But to me it has always been Romany Town.

For this is the haunt of the wandering clan
Who have travelled the earth since all travel began;
The home of the homeless, the proud and oppressed,
The vagabond venturers looking for rest.

The wild whaup above it his music outpours;
The grey heron fishes a foot from its doors;
The Bowmont flows past it and Cheviot looks down
With a smile for the houses in Romany Town.

Here the gipsies set forth with their horses and vans,
Their birch-brooms and baskets, their pots and their pans,
To kindle red camp-fires by woodland and wold
And tell us the stories the starlight has told.

With hands crossed with silver for fortunes supplied
They return—they return with the hills for their guide;
And mothers and maidens and old men and young
Talk low by the lintels in Romany tongue.

Long years on the Border the Faas and the Blythes
Have tinkered their tin-ware and woven their withes,
And the walls of those houses for ever must ring
With the magical call of the woodlands in Spring.

And whenever I pass by those roofs of old thatch
My wish is to loiter and, lifting a latch,
To enter and learn from those lean folk and brown
The witchcraft and wonder of Romany Town. W. H. O.

THE NEW BREED.

IN an article some while ago I told you about my dog Mike. Being by upbringing a town dog—bought from the pocket of a tough egg in Bethnal Green—he is all at sea in the country. He runs miles to avoid cows, is terrified out of his life by hens, looks on with mild interest when rats cross the road in front of him, and gets chased home by the fiercer rabbits. About the only thing he has ever been known to pursue on his own initiative—beyond of course inoffensive shepherds passing our gate—was a field-mouse, and even that affair was called off when the creature turned unexpectedly to bay.

In an attempt to find out whether this lack of appreciation of the usual canine side of country life was hereditary or merely due to Bethnal Green environment, I embarked some while ago upon a campaign to find out just what breed Mike was. (I may say here I hesitated for a long time wondering whether it wouldn't be simpler to try to find out just what breed Mike wasn't.) Going into the matter quite logically I began by assuming that Mike must fall into one of three broad classifications—Toy-dog, House-dog or Sporting-dog—and I reviewed his brief career dispassionately on those lines.

I soon decided that Mike was definitely not a toy-dog, not even a throw-back to the grotesque period of toy-making. No lady would be seen dead with Mike on her lap; he would look just too absurd on a cushion; while held under the arm he would give an impression of awkward but raffish misery completely at variance with the lordly air of supercilious comfort which even a pop-eyed Pekinese can adopt. Indeed, except that he too could live on milk, cream-cakes and breast of chicken if put to it, he had nothing in common with any toy-dog I have ever seen. For which, incidentally, I am deeply thankful.

Nor was Mike a house-dog. Leaving out of account the spare-room bed, the only thing he really appreciates about any house is its dust-bin. And as for guarding the house from intruders, well, his ideas on that are too cock-eyed for words. He barks fiercely at the postman and other regular callers throughout the day—indeed he will even bark at me if I open the gate suddenly—but the moment night comes he closes down like a broadcasting station and you don't get a peep out of him till the milk. If a burglar trod on him at midnight I'm positive that Mike would politely smother any yelp of annoyance, turn on the other side and go to sleep again. Indeed we had two burglars in the house a couple of years ago and Mike did simply everything for those fellows, including showing them a back way in. That he didn't actually unlock my desk for them was only because I had the key at the time. No, whatever Mike was, I decided, he was certainly not a house-dog.

This began to look as if Mike must be a sporting-dog after all, though, as I said at the beginning, it was a bit difficult credit. Yet there are so many kinds of sporting-dogs—pointers, retrievers, fox-hounds, lurchers and so on—and it suddenly occurred to me that Mike might quite well be a sporting-dog but that I had not yet happened to find out just what branch of sport interested him. I mean, if there were breeds of dog whose instinct it is to point at pheasants or to retrieve partridges or to chase foxes or to lurch after rabbits, there might easily be a breed whose instinct it was to do—well, whatever it was that Mike might show a marked preference for doing.

So I set myself to study his habits and find out exactly what his natural quarry was. And thus, a month ago, I made the great discovery. Mike is a wasp-hound—probably the only wasp-hound in England, because (*a*) I doubt whether there is another dog like Mike, and (*b*) I can find no reference to the breed in any of the books. To remedy this latter I am writing a paragraph or two about the characteristics, habits and methods of wasp-hounds, based on my own observations, which I propose to send to the Kennel Club:—

WASP-HOUNDS.—A small but important group of dogs, characterised by keen hearing, remarkably swift snapping-power and an ability to stand on the hind-legs for considerable periods. In appearance the wasp-hound is smallish, darkish, terrierish and decidedly mongrelish, combining, if not the good points, at any rate most of the more striking ones of several distinct and even extinct breeds. A most useful dog for the country-house. Though it will not work under guns or swatters, being definitely swatter-shy, it works well and cleverly under tables or by kitchen-doors.

The wasp-hound's usual method is to station itself near food or the garbage-pail, where, if its attention is not too seriously distracted by the contents of the latter, it will lie in wait for the first sound of its approaching quarry. A series of sharp swift snaps soon brings the wasp down in flames, often from altitudes well above the animal's head, to achieve which result the hound will dance on its hind-legs over a very wide area. This would make its fortune in a circus, but the hound prefers home-life.

Once the quarry has crashed a further series of snaps and shakes soon despatch it. It is advisable not to remain too close to the hound during this operation, for since the animal, in order to avoid being stung, never holds the wasp in its teeth for more than a second but flips it out sideways, it may easily land sting-down on innocent bystanders.

The hound learns at an early age to distinguish between the noise of approaching wasps and that of distant aeroplanes; indeed no case has ever yet been recorded in which a wasp-hound brought down one of the latter by mistake.

Wasp-hounds are rarely stung, but when this does happen to occur, it is usually due to sitting on a forgotten and presumed dead wasp and finding that death still has a sting. For some hours after this the wasp-hound shows a decided inclination to take up some other branch of sport, such as butterflies.

A. A.



"WHERE 'S CLOAK-ROOM, GEORGE?"


"WASN'T IT FUNNY ! —
I SHOT A BEATER —
AND A DOG OR TWO —
AND THE KEEPER —
AND MY HOST —
AND A GUEST —
JOHN BATEMAN.
BUT WHEN THE BEASTLY BIRDS CAME OVER —
I COULDN'T HIT A THING !"

THE TYRO.

LALAGE'S LETTERS.

DARLING DODO,—We left the Walchesters last week and came on here to stay with the Archie MacCronies for the Strathsporran Games. They have made the house very comfortable and seem to have settled down quite happily. Cynthia MacC., who is English, says that the only thing which worries her about living in Scotland is this extraordinary habit of having the garden about a quarter-of-a-mile away from the house. She says that when she takes her guests to see the garden she feels as though she was saying to them, "Would you like to make an expedition upstairs to look at the contents of my jewel-box?" whereas in England we keep the garden hung round the house in a natural way, like one's necklace, so that people can take it for granted.



"*Too* BESIEGING!"

Archie was Chieftain of the Games this year, so we were definitely among the Nibs and sat plumb in the middle of the grand-stand with all eyes upon us. You might think that all eyes would be upon the Games, but that, darling, is where you make your big mistake. Highland Games, like the Eton and Harrow match, are not so much an event as an excuse. They provide a nice appropriate background for the display of one's most fetching tweeds, and still more for the men of the party to strike lovely attitudes in front of in their smartest and beautifullest kilt cloes. The *best* attitude, I think, is the one where they lean rather heavily with both hands on the top of one of those very tall knobbly walking-sticks, with the right knee bent, the right foot turned out and a far-away look in the eyes. *Too* besieging!

Anyway it seems to be the fashion to make out that you are fearfully bored with the Games themselves and that you only look at them to please the tenants and the townsfolk. Personally I am always perfectly thrilled with everything, and sit there with my heart in my mouth wondering whether the caber is going to fall on anybody's toe. Hubert Haw-Guffin, who is staying here too, turned to me while the caber-tossing was going on and said, "Pretty dam silly, don't you think? I mean to say, tremendously hearty and all that, but surely there must be lots of easier ways of moving a tree-trunk from one part of the field to another?" "Yes," I said sweetly, "and the easiest way of getting a little ball into a little hole a quarter-of-a-mile away is to carry it there in your pocket and drop it in by hand." I never could bear that young man, though I will say he plays a good game of golf.

Cornelia Burgeon was there, of course, with her pet poet—they are still camping at the Walchesters and insisted on being brought over to the Games, dressed in the most unsuitable and distressing clothes. Cornelia lost her heart completely to a godlike young man who won the pole-jumping, and wanted to go and ask him to come over to their camping-place at Glenpuddock and let her paint him. But Willie McRowan (whom the Walchesters have taken Glenpuddock *from*) was very firm and absolutely refused to let the young man set foot on the estate, because he happened to be an ex-under-gardener of his who'd been sacked for making love to two of the housemaids simultaneously and refusing to marry either of them on the grounds that he already had a wife in Auchtermuchty. Cornelia was furious and said that Willie was a heartless unromantic brute and just about on a level with the prudes who persecuted BURNS on account of his private life. Willie said that there was a wide difference between writing immortal poetry and being rather good at pole-jumping, and Cornelia retorted with something soulful about the Poetry of Action. But I didn't hear the end of it, because I was so busy trying to restrain Decimus Grebe (the poet) from being too embarrassingly loud in his exclamations about a gigantic brawny man in a vest and a kilt who was "putting the stone" just in front of us. I must say it *was* rather fascinating to watch, and his muscles were simply terrific, but I did wish Decimus wouldn't look and behave *quite* so like a sub-deb who has just been introduced to GARY COOPER. He confided to me afterwards that he intends to give up his highbrow "footnote" poetry and write a stupendous epic about a champion stone-putter in the style of the old ballads, called "The Saga of Hamish MacHamish." I happened to see on the programme that his particular hero's name was really Thomas Cosh, but I felt it wouldn't be kind to point that out.



"SURELY THERE MUST BE LOTS OF EASIER WAYS OF MOVING A TREE-TRUNK FROM ONE PART OF A FIELD TO ANOTHER?"



"I SUSPECT THAT CHAMPION CHILD REEL-DANCERS ARE BORN READY-MADE . . . WITH CAIRNGORMS AND RINGLETS COMPLETE."

The only thing I really cannot stand about Highland Games is the collection

of loathsome small girls who go in for the dancing competitions. You see the same ones at every place you go to, in full Highland dress, plastered with badges and blackcock's feathers and cairngorm brooches and Heaven knows what, and weighed down by all the silver medals they've won for dancing. They nearly all seem to have long ringlets and fat knees and wizened little grown-up faces. I suspect that champion child reel-dancers are born ready-made, aged about twelve, with cairngorms and ringlets all complete.

Good-bye, darling. We are just off to the local Cattle Show, where Archie is showing a perfectly terrifying bull. I know we shall have to go up and pat the beastly thing if it wins, and anyway I never know the right thing to say about prize cattle. I once said to Ted Rockingham, "What a lovely long back that bull's got!" and apparently that was what had just prevented it taking a first at the Bath and West. So this time I shall hold my tongue.

One of the annual "side-shows" here is a prize for "the best dressed tattie-bogle" ("scarecrow," darling, in case you don't happen to know). I only hope Cornelia won't go standing about too near the exhibits in that hand-woven cloak and raffia hat of hers!

Best love from LALAGE. JAN.

SALUTE TO SCIENCE.

WHEN Summer dwindles to its close
And lawyers take their Long Vacation
And Parliament is "up," while those
Who argued there seek recreation,
How thin the flow of news descends!
(So thin, the penny-a-liner trembles);
But then appears that best of friends,
The good old British Ass. assembles.

Still faithful to their annual plan
The men of science raise their voices
On every topic known to man—
And lo! the Street of Ink rejoices;
For here a gorgeous feast is spread
From distant Dan to far Beersheba;
From violet rays (or infra-red)
To molecule and moist amœba.

The stars, the ocean's deepest lair,
What colloids are and just what yeast is,
And wireless waves and liquid air
And prehistoric man and beasties;
Of such they treat; and Fleet Street knows
The time of dearth is now departed;
The desert blossoms like a rose
When once the British Ass. has started.

Yet some neglect these seas of truth
And navigate the dubious narrows;
They write of sea-serpents, forsooth,
Or search for news of monster marrows.
But those are merely ancient jokes
On which no man would place reliance;
For all sagacious writing-blokes
September's hope of hopes is SCIENCE.

God bless the British Ass.! I say,
Which scans the world from Pole to Tropics,
Providing in its swift survey
A fine sufficiency of topics!
Long may it flourish and extend,
Our friend in need (and don't you doubt it!),
For at the Silly Season's end
Whatever should we be without it?



Cheerful Old Gentleman (who feels that things might be livened up a bit). "WELL, I 'LL TELL YOU A STORY—QUITE HARMLESS, MIND YE; BUT I CAN'T HELP IT IF YOU PUT YOUR OWN INTERPRETATIONS ON IT."



MANNERS AND MODES.

Distressingly short-sighted Mother. "SURELY THOSE MUST BE TWO ETONIANS, DARLING?"

GOLF FORM Z429.

DURING the summer months golf club secretaries at seaside resorts are often hard put to it to arrange satisfactory matches for their visitors.

With little or no data to go on they often unwittingly introduce a couple of crotchety old people to each other and push them off for a morning's golf with perfectly ghastly results.

In order, therefore, that secretaries may know just who is who amongst their golfing visitors and so arrange for their more suitable pairing, I am hoping to place on the market one day next week my Golf Form Z429. Should this be immediately adopted, as I sincerely trust it will be, General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, who is going down to Little Delverton-cum-Niblick for a week's holiday (!) golf in the middle of September, will be preceded by a registered envelope containing my Z429 duly filled up by the secretary of his home club as follows:—

GOLF FORM Z429 (MALE).

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

To the Secretary Little Delverton-cum-Niblick G. C.

DEAR SIR,—*Kindly receive per* 10.15 A.M. train *from* Waterloo *on* 16th September, 1932—

Name. General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I.

Age. 67.

Golf Handicap. 14 and Dyspnœa.

Opponent preferred. Meek rabbit or beginner.

Caddy preferred. Must be ex-Service. If not available, insists on carrying his own clubs.

Temper. A bit shaky. Irritability first makes itself manifest by a rich purple flush at the nape of the neck.

Method generally adopted for putting his opponent off. Detonating sneeze or brusque nasal trumpeting.

Is he mean? Not particularly; nearly always stands the third round of drinks in a four-ball match.

Does he bore? If so, along what lines? Reminiscences. His Malayan crocodile shoot (1893) goes on for about four hours and thirty-nine minutes (official time).

Is he (i.) *A Golfing Liar?* (ii.) *A Golfing Grouser?* In both these departments he plays off about plus 3.

Peculiarities. On holing-out (and if he does not happen to employ a caddy) has an absent-minded habit of putting his putter or umbrella into the hole and carrying off the pin in his bag. Quite recently he returned to the club-house here with only one club and quite a quiverful of red flags.

Best way of bringing him round to a more genial frame of mind. Get him on to the subject of his duodenal ulcer operation (1922).

Any good asking him to play in mixed foursomes? Not in the least; he would much rather be caught playing with a yo-yo by his old regimental-sergeant-major, which is saying a lot.

Catering requirements. Curries and apple-dumplings *ad lib.* (*Note.*—Likes snapdragons and deadly nightshade by way of table decorations.)

19th hole requirements. Equal quantities (¼-pint each) of gin and Kümmel, to be served in a pewter mug with a slice of unripe quince.

Secretary's general remarks. Rather a decent old soul, provided you keep off the subject of golf.

(*Signed*) PATRICK WHELK,
Secretary. Roughover Golf Club.
Date. 27th August, 1932.

Things Which Cannot be Gainsaid.

"The essentials to success in night-fishing for sea-trout include the presence of sea-trout in the pools."—*Daily Paper.*



THE FINAL PROOF.

MR. BALDWIN. "SPLENDID! WE WELCOME THESE MISSILES IN THE AIR ALMOST AS MUCH AS THE FLORAL TRIBUTES IN OUR HANDS."



Wife. "BUT, DARLING, WHATEVER IS IT? HAVE YOU WON THE CROSSWORD PRIZE?"
Scientist (*old sport*). "BETTER THAN THAT. GOOD OLD LIGHT BLUES! THEY'VE SPLIT ANOTHER ATOM!"

[With Mr. Punch's compliments to Mr. FEATHER, of Trinity College, Cambridge, who has disintegrated the oxygen nucleus for the first time.]

THE LISTENERS.

THESE beautiful lines came to me the other night when a dear friend was showing me his new wireless-set. They seem to me slightly reminiscent, somehow, of something I have heard somewhere else. But no matter. We will let them stand.

"Is there anything good?" said the Listener,
Turning on the Regional wave,
And his friend in the silence waited, waited
For the noise that the sound-box gave.
And a song flew up out of the wireless
Over the Listener's head,
And he turned the little knob again a second time:
"I don't want *that*," he said.
Nothing was good enough for the Listener,
For he liked to show his skill;
He kept passing from station on to station
And he would not hold one still;
And the strangest medley of musicians
Came into the old house then
From all over the continent of Europe,
From all over the world of men—
Came thronging from Buda Pest and Paris,
From Stockholm and Prague and all,
With a fanfare of massed atmospherics,
At the loathly Listener's call.
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
But he would not let them die,
While his hand moved, fiddling with the numbers
And having a further try.
Till a friend rose suddenly from an armchair
And smote him on the side of the head,
"*Do* stop mucking about with stations
And let's have London," he said.
Never the least heed gave the Listener
To the words the other spake,
But he ran through the orchestras of Europe
Till he made the whole house shake.
So I pulled him away from the sound-box
And hit him in the face with a stone;
And the weather and the news surged backward
When the radio fiend was gone. EVOE.

Decadence.

"The heat has been a little too much for the Phœnix, which closed down last night."—*Sunday Paper.*



Tourist. "YOU REALLY SAW THE GREAT DUKE OF WELLINGTON?"
Oldest Inhabitant (firmly). "IF IT WORN'T 'IM IT WOR 'IS FATHER."

SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY.

"A PENNY for your thoughts," cried Julia, entering the study, where I was standing in an attitude of profound meditation looking at the wall over the mantelpiece.

"This one's a tuppenny one," I said; "I couldn't possibly let it go for a penny."

"It must be something stupendous," Julia commented. "You look exactly like Mr. GORDON SELFRIDGE on the eve of Bargain Day. I'll buy it."

"I was thinking it was time I had my photograph taken again."

"That's only a ha'penny think," was Julia's mordant retort. "And what's made you think it, anyway?"

"In these restless days," I explained, "when public opinion is constantly shifting, any moment may find me a best-seller."

"Oh, really?" said Julia with her eyebrows.

"Look at this," I went on, turning to my writing-table and picking up an exiguous printed slip. "See what no less an authority than *The Times Literary Supplement* has to say about me."

It was a cutting sent me gratis by an enterprising Press-cutting agency anxious to secure my patronage. It ran:—

"THE UNFORGIVING MINUTE. By RONALD J. H. SMITH. 8½×5. 403 pp. Jackett and Boost. 7*s.* 6d."

"That doesn't seem exactly to praise you to the skies," Julia remarked.

"No," I agreed; "but, on the other hand, it doesn't damn me to the depths. What it suggests is that the work is a sort of peak in Darien—a wild surmise, so to say. To-morrow, or by Saturday at latest, I may be famous. My photograph will then be eagerly clamoured for by the Press and—what have I to offer them?"

"I always like best that one of you lying naked on a bear-skin trying to swallow your foot," said Julia. "Next to that, the one in which you look like an overfed RAPHAEL cherub in a surplice."

"Excellent as those are," I observed, "they are not quite up-to-date. If I'm destined to be featured as the Man of the Moment it would be grossly unfair to the public to depict myself as a stripling of the generation before last. Yes, I'll telephone the Stokes Studio and make an appointment for a man to come along at once."

"You mean for you to go along to a man?" said Julia.

"Oh, no, not at all. That would be very *démodé*. Nowadays authors are invariably photographed in their own studies, sitting at a desk grasping a fountain-pen—name of brand on application—and surrounded by the paraphernalia of their craft. I recall a notable one of BERNARD SHAW at work upon a pile of postcards."

"If I were you I should wait until I actually *was* a best-seller."

"See here," I cried, pointing to the wall over the mantelpiece. "That elegant little panel motto was what I was contemplating when you breezed in. 'DO IT NOW' is what it declaims. It was that which inspired me to have a long-overdue new photograph taken at once. If I dally till the moment I'm acclaimed a PRIESTLEY or a GOLDING it may be inconvenient to be photographed specially. I may have a gumboil or the mumps. It's no good my hanging up all these uplift mottoes round the study if I'm not going to live up to them. Eric would disown me as an uncle on the spot."

"Your excuse seems to me to be insufficient," said Julia with a shrug as she moved to the door. "I'm going to make a pudding."

My nephew Eric, *ætat* 11, I may explain, cultivates a taste for pokerwork. Otherwise he's quite a nice child. At Christmas and on my birthdays he usually gives me a little rough-wood panel pyrographed with some slogan cribbed from a similar device which you may see displayed in any "art" stationer's window. I conscientiously hang them up upon my study walls, though I cannot altogether admit that they satisfy my æsthetic cravings. Quite apart from that, Eric's handiwork would be far better suited to my needs if I were a stockbroker, say, and ran an office. "Do it now" seems to be just the kind of motto for a stockbroker hesitating whether the moment is ripe to go out and play dominoes. However . . .

The Stokes Studio man arrived the following morning while Julia was out. I was relieved at this. She would have wanted to pose me; so would Stokes's man; I too should have had a word to say. As it was, self and photographer easily compromised upon a posture—me at my desk, pen in hand poised over page, left forefinger against left cheek, introspective expression upon face, as of a FLAUBERT seeking the *mot juste*—just the very thing for a best-seller. The whole performance was over and done with in ten minutes. Proofs were promised me in two days' time.

This morning they came to hand. I slipped them unopened into my pocket at the breakfast-table and took them afterwards into the study for private scrutiny. I concealed them hastily beneath a newspaper when Julia entered with a list of telephonic shopping to negotiate. This finished—

"That photograph business—what are you going to do about it?" she suddenly demanded.

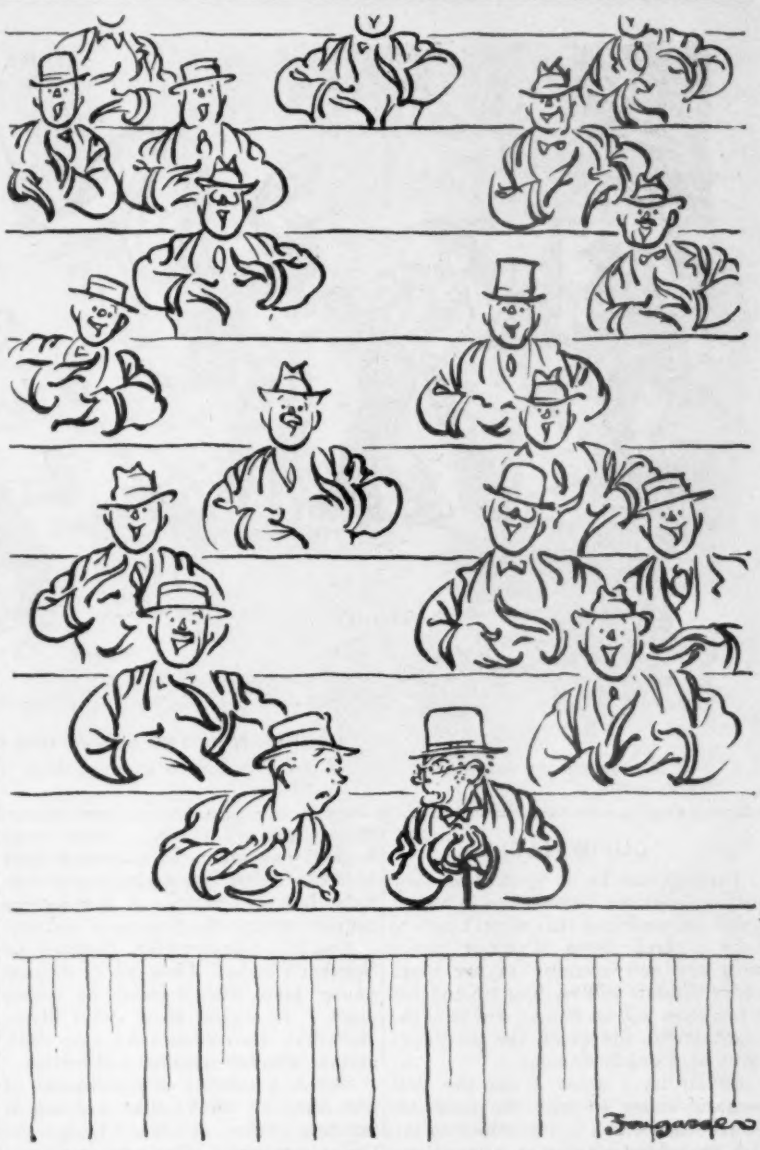
I coughed to account for the guilty blush I felt sure was about to suffuse my face.

"On second thoughts," I said slowly, "I have decided to follow your advice. I am going to wait. Somehow I feel it would be—er—unlucky to be wilfully photographed for best-seller purposes before I attain that distinction. Now I come to think of it, DEFOE was never photographed before the public clamour for *Robinson Crusoe*."

"I'm delighted to hear it," said Julia emphatically. "But why you always require to indulge in second thoughts before taking my advice I can't imagine. Next time remember, 'DO IT NOW.'"

Julia went to make another pudding while I took a farewell glance at the proofs before writing to the Stokes folk to instruct them to proceed no further with the photographs. The pose, the likeness, the expression was all that the most exacting sitter could demand. It was one of Eric's pyrographic panels that wrecked the whole *mise-en-scène*. Considering the purpose for which the photograph was designed, there was something uncomfortably ominous about the motto which figured in the picture above my head—

"DON'T WORRY—IT MAY NEVER HAPPEN."



"DO YOU REALISE, SIR, THAT HAMCLIFFESINHJI HAS JUST BROKEN ANOTHER BATTING RECORD?"

"I DO, SIR. I HELD IT."

Journalistic Candour.

"Chairs were upset and numbers of newspapers and other refuse were scattered as though by a vast hand."
South-Country Paper.

"The decency of the bathing costumes worn will be considered, and if they do not meet with the official requirements measures will be taken."—*Daily Paper.*

Probably with red tape.

"Strayed on morning of Friday, 12th, during the thunderstorm, Black and White Collie Bitch ('Nell'); collar on neck."
Advt. in Scots Paper.

Not, you will observe, on the tail.



SCENE IN A TROPICAL FOREST.

EMISSARIES OF THE ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY HAVING TROUBLE WITH A RARE PLANT WHICH REFUSES TO BE TAKEN ALIVE.

CUPID, M.P.

PEOPLE can be as cynical as they please about the British film industry, but I am confident that when I care to take a stroll down Wardour Street with my new scenario in my hand every window will be flung up and not a few flags will be flown. For it is the exact article for which the producers have been vainly seeking.

So far as I know I am the first scenario-writer to spot the dramatic possibilities which lie embedded in the rich throbbing glamorous atmosphere of the House of Commons. You will observe that for the sake of the story I have exaggerated a trifle the break-neck pace of political life, but on the whole you will find it a truthful and stirring representation of the nation's talkie centre.

Put a box of chocolates beside you, arrange your knees in a realistically cramped position, fix a nice white screen somewhere at the back of your mind and, when you have got all the creases out of it, switch on:—

Shot 1. The House of Commons as seen from the Speaker's Chair. It has met immediately after lunch, for the clock stands at 3.45. Members of both sexes are filing in through the swing-doors, talking gravely. Some wear beards, some monocles, and others neat blouses. There is a sprinkling of top-hats, but no boaters. A few foreign tourists occupy the Strangers' Gallery.

Shot 2. Conservative Benches on Speaker's right. Close-up of elegant young man with top-hat at rakish angle. It is the Hon. John Slym-Bulkeley. Red moustache, eyes shut, certain winning simplicity of feature.

Shot 3. Ceremony of introduction of new Member. Not unlike wedding in registrar's office. It is Katie Budge, the Calico Communist. She is devastatingly pretty, with a gladness of eye that belies a firm determined mouth.

Shot 4. Hon. John, close-up. He is suddenly a changed man, leaning forward excitedly. He does not realise that he is sitting on his hat. We follow his popping gaze to where, on the other side of the aisle, sits Katie, looking shyly about her.

Shot 5. Swivelling view of House. Member for Tumby-over-Tussock rises in dim corner and querulously demands information as to deterioration of plum-blossom in Haverfordwest. Under-Secretary for Blossom, handing his yo-yo to a friend, admits lack of accurate data.

Shot 6. Hon. John again, scribbling a note in boyish hand: "*Fear love at first sight. Will you do me honour of marriage? Age 33, heir to barony, own 4,000 acres, recreations shooting, fishing, politics, third row opposite, red moustache.*" As an afterthought he adds, "*Club, Junior Buffers,*" screws it up and then, with the deadly precision of an old public-school man, flips it high into the air, from which it falls niblickwise with a nice touch of back-spin on to Katie's knee. Neighbouring Members on both sides of House all playing Old English traditional game of Twiddling the Order-Paper, so manœuvre not observed except by

Shot 7. Jasper Stoat (close-up), who is sitting in the Press Gallery finishing a despatch. The terrible manner in which this hard-boiled man of ink regards first the Hon. John and then Katie shows him to be in grip of some tremendous passion. Actually above Katie's head he is seeing misty inset of

Shot 8. Katie and himself, seventeen years before, children hand-in-hand in the main street of Pudsey. "I'll not promise, Jaspy lad; but mebbe one day . . ." Fade-out.

Shot 9. Katie, close-up. She reads note in startled way, glances angrily across at Hon. John, tears it up and concentrates again on the Minister for

National Publicity, who is stating forcefully Conservative reactions to Communist motion to abolish hereditary titles.

Shot 10. Hon. John, close-up. Misery has set in. Remains of squashed top-hat replaced dejectedly on head.

Shot 11. Jasper, a fiendish gleam in his eyes, also scribbling note: "*Will marry you to-morrow and meet you immediately tea-room if you will get up now and back our motion, formally renouncing own title.—K. B.*" Jasper is sitting in Press Gallery exactly over Hon. John. Drops note on his nose.

Shot 12. Hon. John reads it, glances in astonishment at K. B., who still concentrates on Minister for Nat. Pub., who is concluding his peroration. Fearful clash of emotions on face of Hon. John. For an instant he hesitates, then, rising shakily to his feet, his opening words electrify the throng: "My colleagues on this side of the House will doubtless continue to make a silly fuss about it, gentlemen, but this motion is O.K. by me, in token of which I propose to cut out my own ridiculous prefix. . . ." He never once lifts his eyes from the face of Katie, which now registers honest admiration.

Shot 13. Short strip of colour-film to show the Conservative Benches in the full bloom of indignation.

Shot 14. Two men have left the Chamber. One, ruined but with leaping heart, makes for the tea-room. The other, bound for Fleet Street in a mood of sardonic exultation, is run over by a taxi-cab. It is better that we do not see Jasper Stoat again.

Shot 15. Members' tea-room. Katie has failed to keep her tryst, and Hon. John, beginning to realise the full consequences of his quixotry, sobs quietly over a buttered tea-cake.

Shot 16. Katie, suffering from new-girl's headache, seeks cup of tea. Passes Hon. John, still sobbing. Impulsively sits down beside him. "Lad, it was champion to see their faces. . . ."

Shot 17. Registrar's office. Ceremony taking place very much as in *Shot 3.*

Well, how's that for a scenario which positively sizzles with passion, rhythm, pathos and practically everything else? And with a really lovely ending. But I shall have to impress upon the boys in Wardour Street the necessity of getting in quick with it, for with all this co-ed stuff at Westminster something like it is bound to happen there soon. ERIC.

"Gardener seeks situation, well up in all branches."—*Local Paper.*

Evidently a climber.



IN SCOTTISH WATERS.

Naval Officer (to American girl at a dance on a Man-o'-war). "MAY I FIND YOU A PARTNER?"

American Girl. "THANK YOU; YOU CERTAINLY MAY. I GUESS I SHOULD LIKE TO DANCE WITH ONE OF THOSE STEAMER RUGS."

PARVUM IN BLURBO.

VAIN is the verb
Of the publisher's blurb,
And the adjective isn't much better;
Often "pep" should be "pip"
And the *soi-disant* "grip"
Should have "e" as an ultimate letter.
The delusive "intrigue"
Should appear as "fatigue"
Or its meaning will soon be forgotten;
And the catchpenny "frank"
Should be rendered as "rank"
Since the reading's so frequently rotten.

The publisher's puff
Is too often hot-stuff
When the contents are cold and depressing.
The moral is: Look
Ere you leap at a book,
And beware the professional dressing;
For it may serve you up
A preposterous "pup"
(Or, in popular parlance, a "packet").
You can, I suppose,
Tell a man by his clo'es,
But you can't tell a book by its jacket.

AT THE PLAY.

"TO-MORROW WILL BE FRIDAY" (HAYMARKET).

THIS is a queer hotch-potch of a play, excellent in parts, like a certain egg. But it is a harsh law of the theatre that plays, like eggs, are little better than their less admirable parts. "Little better" rather than "no better," because a cast as competent as that assembled under Miss MARIE TEMPEST'S lead can do much to conceal fundamental flaws in material—and have here done so. So that while we have our misgivings we are continuously entertained. The author can also write a smooth enough dialogue, has an actor's sense for a really good line and an ingenious curtain, and can sketch in a "character" if he cannot consistently develop character.

Charlotte, Lady Immingham (Miss MARIE TEMPEST), a vivacious kindly woman with a passion for her beautiful house, "Coaters," startles her guests by the announcement that she is about to sell it, and has had something more than a nibble from a sheep-farming Australian who is likely to call at any moment. The guests, the young *Duke of Brixham* (Mr. PATRICK WADDINGTON), the *Hon. Cynthia Lynne* (Miss CELIA JOHNSON), *Lord Charles Harley* (Mr. ATHOLE STEWART) and a mere bourgeois barrister and fishing-maniac, *Angus Tallboy* (Mr. W. GRAHAM BROWNE), are aghast. There has been an understanding between the *Duke* and *Cynthia* ever since the day when they were both nearly sick on the scenic railway at Blackpool. *Lord Charles* and *Tallboy*, both rather slow-witted men, *Lord Charles* in his English, *Angus* in his Scots way, are devoted admirers of *Charlotte* and friendly-hostile to each other. A *Mr. Garth Sydney* (Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE) is announced, not the expected uncouth pioneer, but a quiet soft-spoken young man with easy if a trifle over-elaborate manners. He makes a good impression—the *Duke* alone has his reservations and the idea that he has met him somewhere before. *Mr. Sydney* is invited to lunch.

A week later we see him emerging from the priest's hole with *Cynthia*. It is clear he has spent his week cutting out the *Duke*. The girl's eyes are unnaturally bright. He makes an impassioned declaration, obviously sincere and so different in form from his rival's tongue-tied casualness. "You haven't asked me to marry you but I will," says *Cynthia*. She is a candid modern and it is Leap-Year. "Oh, but I never meant that . . . there are difficulties."



ART IS SHORT.

MISS MARIE TEMPEST GIVES ONE BLAST SOLO ON THE SAXOPHONE.

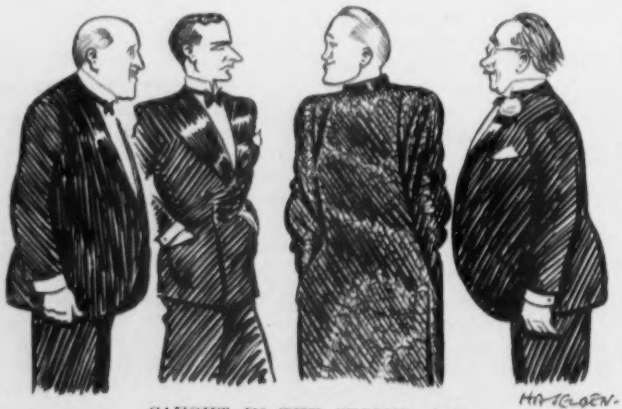
"Is there another?" "No, but—well, I can't explain. I am in a hell which I can't ask anyone to share permanently. Can't you trust me?" "I think you are *perfectly disgusting!*" *Cynthia* in fact is not as modern as all that.

We get a clue as to what *Mr. Garth Sydney's* hell is when, apparently appraising as prospective owner the beauties of "Coaters" and running a seemingly affectionate hand over the lovely old panelling, he touches the spring which reveals the safe in which *Lady Immingham's* famous emeralds are kept. Profound apologies for his clumsiness, ending with a gracious little tag in easy French. The *Duke's* memory is again stirred. He has heard that voice, that very phrase before.

Caught later in the act, *Mr. Sydney* plays his ace of blackmail. *Lady Immingham* by a strange coincidence is his aunt (why choose your aunt of all the emerald-owners in Great Britain?), and a bigamist. "Your husband was not burnt in that circus fire. He is in a lunatic asylum. Your two daughters are illegitimate. What a story for the papers! Hadn't you better let me go?" "No!" says upright bullet-headed *Lord Charles*. "No," finally, after agonised reflection, says *Charlotte*, "the Immingham, of whom I am the last representative, would like me to do the right thing and face the consequences." We wonder!

There remain hurried disentanglements of what is true from what is false in the suave villain's story; a happy drawing together of aunt and nephew through the remembered magic of the circus; a friendly homily and a speculative promise of reform; an act of honest renunciation at least—he will leave his genuinely-beloved *Cynthia* under the impression that he is a mere heartless libertine and she can go back to her *Duke*. And so all ends happily. A likely story indeed!

Miss MARIE TEMPEST, having put all her skill into the building up of her portrait of a clever, adaptable woman playing her gracious *rôle* as chatelaine of a great house competently, with just a trace or two of less august origins, is hard put to it, for all her circus experience, when set to the somersaults, caperings and hoop-jumpings made necessary by the author when his plot runs clean away with him. She was reduced to playing each passage on its own merits without trying to make a consistent whole, and this she did admirably. Miss CELIA JOHNSON had scope for that exquisite shyness as of a startled fawn and those reserves of deep feeling—for a minute or two. Then the tactless author left her hanging in the air. Mr. ATHOLE STEWART



CAUGHT IN THE SECOND ACT.

Lord Charles Harley (MR. ATHOLE STEWART). *Duke of Brixham* (MR. PATRICK WADDINGTON). *Angus Tallboy* (MR. W. GRAHAM BROWNE). } "WHAT ON EARTH IS HE WEARING?"
Garth Sydney (MR. LEON QUARTERMAINE). "THIS IS MY SAFE-CRASHING GOWN—MY ROBE DE VOL DE NUIT, YOU KNOW."

was well served by his part and made one of his excellent character-studies. Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE, in one of his most ingenious disguises, gave us some diverting moments. Mr. PATRICK WADDINGTON'S easy grace made as much as was possible of the colourless *Duke*. Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE, with a fine part deftly cut to his pattern which would have been admirable in another frame, almost persuaded us to accept it as admirable in this. It was certainly always interesting moment by moment. T.

"PARIS IN LONDON" (COMEDY).

I am afraid it cannot be said that this is a heartening affair. The artists have not, with the exception of Mr. A. W. BASKCOMB, the personality necessary to lighten the weight of heavy material, and the production generally lacks standard. Even the timid naughtinesses supposedly appropriate to the frivolous city fail in sprightliness and savour.

A *Mr. Albert Harper* (Mr. A. W. BASKCOMB), a successful provincial tradesman apparently, with a jealous dragon of a wife (Miss JOAN FRED-EMNEY), is on his first visit to Paris to find his son, an artist (Mr. BRUCE ANDERSON). He begins with a bulging pocket-book which thins rapidly as his quest for the less edifying experiences of the legendary realm of Pleasure proceeds. He is a lugubrious fellow, with a walrus moustache, a mournful voice and glazed eyes that goggle hopefully when glimpses of a way of life freer than that of his unsophisticated native town are vouchsafed him. I am bound to say that he sees nothing which he could not as well see at half-a-dozen playhouses within a radius of a hundred yards from the statue of SHAKESPEARE in Leicester Square. We all, I think, liked him best when he sang to us quite irrelevantly a Song of Death, with the doomful refrain, "When the mutes screw a good man down." The roars of happy laughter which greeted this vocal recital of the horrible things in store for all of us transient mortals would have given rich food for thought to a philosopher. This queer grim-detailed joke, with its divertingly dismal music, was the work of Mr. BERNARD GREEN.

We liked the story, or rather Mr. BASKCOMB'S way of telling the story, of the grateful crocodile who, in return for the service of the extraction of an aching tooth by one of *Mr. Harper's* friends, dived down, killed one of its children and presented it to the dentist to make a handbag for his young woman. But I hope it is not ungracious to suggest that it is possible for even so good a comedian working too narrow a vein of humour to be eventually tiresome.

My spirits rose when the KOMAROVA BALLET presented a charming tableau after a well-known DEGAS, and the twelve young ladies proceeded with the lesson under the direction of the ballet-master, M. ROLAND GUARARD, whose technical accomplishment deservedly extorted our admiration. The Hungarian *Czardas* was danced by the same twelve young ladies with brave clashing of heels and swaying of skirts under the spirited leadership of Mlle. SLAVINSKA. If the *Bacchanale* was rather a wild romp than an ordered design it was embellished by the subtle miming and bizarre leapings and posturings of M. CHABELEVSKY as the *Faun*. This artist and his colleague, M. GUARARD, as the two soldiers in *La Boîte à Joujoux*, gave that otherwise not remarkable variation of an old theme a certain distinction. The Fan Ballet, with its well-designed and prettily-executed peacock *finale*, also deserves commendation. But of the rest of the Parisian diversions, whether on the right bank or the left, I do not find it possible in strict honesty to say anything sufficiently kind to be helpful. T.



ALBERT THE GAY.

LA LEÇON DE DANSE *not* BY THE KOMAROVA BALLET.

Suzette. . . . . . MISS BETTY SPELL.
Albert Harper . . . . MR. A. W. BASKCOMB.

DOMESTIC PROBLEMS.

VI.—MR. BEENY'S DAUGHTER.

"THE post, Sir," said William, entering with the little silver salver without which he was rarely seen.

"Leave it over there," said Mr. Beeny. "I'm too busy with the accounts. Why don't you keep them for me, William?"

"I would, Sir, if you'd let me; but you're so impatient. Every time I've taken them over you have wanted them back. You said I was too slow."

"Am I too impatient, William?"

"Not for me, Sir; but you might be for people who didn't know your little ways."

"What are the letters?" Mr. Beeny asked. "Do they look important?"

"There's one," said William, "from abroad. Miss Anne's handwriting, I believe. Perhaps you ought to look at it at once, Sir. Not bad news, I hope; but I had a kind of a feeling when I took it out of the box."

"The same kind of a feeling you had the morning before I broke my leg?"

"Very like that, Sir."

"You're a cheerful old devil, aren't you, William?" said his master, reaching for the letter. "Now let's see how really psychic you are to-day."

Mr. Beeny opened the letter with extreme deliberation and, resuming his eyeglass, began to read.

"Well, William," he said as he finished it, "you've done it this time. Your kind of a feeling is justified. Miss Anne, as you still call her—another case of intuition—is coming back."

"Here?" asked William.

"Yes, here."

"To live?" asked William.

"Yes, to live, until something else happens. Mr. Sandby has left her."

"I'm sorry," said William, "but I'm not surprised. I never felt as sure as you did she was off our hands."

"Didn't you, William?"

"Never, Sir. He didn't look to me like a stayer, Mr. Ralph didn't."

"He must dislike her very much," said Mr. Beeny.

"Not so much that, Sir, as liking himself more. And he had a roving eye. Had been in too many foreign countries. The Klondyke, Kenya, Rhodesia, Brazil, the Argentine—that's not a good preparation for a quiet married life in the Home Counties."

"No, I suppose not," said Mr. Beeny, "and yet some men would value restfulness and security after all that—a roof-tree, roots in the ground."

"Not Mr. Ralph, Sir. A roving eye, the wide open spaces, Sir."

"Mrs. Sandby may not have been too easy," said Mr. Beeny, who was always a little on the other side.

"Oh, Sir—Miss Anne was the best of ladies."

"To you, yes," said Mr. Beeny; "but it's simpler to be nice to butlers than to husbands. I don't approve of Mr. Sandby—in fact I never did approve of him or wish for the marriage—but I can't blind myself to the fact that Mrs. Sandby is a handful. Perhaps it would have been better had there been children?" he added.

"I don't know, Sir," said William. "If a man gets tired and wants to go off again, no amount of children would stop him."

"Isn't that very wrong?"

"Maybe, Sir, but it's life. Children aren't the ties they used to be; or parents are different. Perhaps it's as well, Sir. You will now have only Mrs. Sandby to keep instead of a whole family. But she'll add to our expenses."

"Add!" exclaimed Mr. Beeny. "I should say she would. It will upset every calculation we've made. The beautiful budget we worked out has gone west. These accounts I've been grinding at all the morning no longer mean anything at all. Mrs. Sandby is a very expensive woman. You will be able, after all, to put bananas on the dining-room table. We shall have to drink Barsac: a degradation. What else can you think of, William?"

"Cream," said William.

"No more cream," said Mr. Beeny.

E. V. L.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE POET LAUREATE.

DEAR SIR,—I was reading somewhere the other day that the aeroplane is practically unsung by our poets. This, as you will agree, is a serious state of things. No nation whose poets fail in their task of pointing out to her people the æsthetic value of a new invention can hope to take the lead over other nations in matters connected with that invention. There are still those who attribute the present difficulties of our railways to the distinctly snorty attitude of one of your predecessors in the Laureateship towards the first engine that came nuzzling up to him to be petted in the Lakes.

On the other hand, our supremacy on the sea is undoubtedly due to the most praiseworthy line which our leading poets, from the author of *Beowulf* down (chronologically speaking, of course) to yourself, have taken in bringing the sea and shipping prominently before the public eye and keeping them there.

Although I can quite well sympathise with you in the fact that such words as "aeroplane," "helicopter," "Stainforth" and "altimeter" do not readily lend themselves to rhyme or metre, it seems to me that the root of the difficulty is that our poets have not adjusted their thoughts and vocabulary to the new medium. In a word, *they are not air-minded.*

I suggest, therefore, that in order to prevent the poets of other nations from gaining what may well be an irretrievable start in this direction, and *ipso facto* to prevent those nations from attaining a disastrous supremacy in the air, our poets should as a temporary expedient sink their personalities for the good of their country and be content to base their first efforts on some of the numerous Bird poems in which our literature abounds, just to get the *feel* of the thing as it were.

A couple of examples may make my meaning clearer. The first is a fragment from my "Skymark," after MEREDITH:—

"He rises and begins to bank,
He drops a trail of smoke so rank,
Of many links without a stop;
In lazy loops the letters drop—
A smudge of telling words that run:
'TRY BLOGGS'S FLOUR FOR CAKE OR BUN.'"

The second is a little Wordsworthian thing inspired by a visit to my neighbourhood of a vagrant airman who made last Sunday afternoon hideous by taking people up for flights:—

"O foul newcomer! I have heard,
I hear thee and blaspheme;
Curse on thy throbbing undeterred,
Like some too hideous dream!

While I am dozing on the lawn
Thy twofold engines blare;
From hill to hill the silence torn—
I ope my eyes and swear.

Thrice curséd plane! The earth we pace
Is ruined now for me;
Go, seek that other fiery place
That is fit home for thee."

So now, Sir, having established yourself unassailably as Laureate of the Sea, I beg of you not to let slip this golden opportunity of becoming the first Laureate of the Air. I feel confident, taking your past performance into account, that you might in time produce something like the following, difficult though you might find it at first:—

"Splendid British air-mail with Coles-Joyce engines
Gleaming o'er the Channel in the sun's bright rays,
With a cargo of rich men,
Millionaires, pig-heads,
Film-stars, journalists and stow-a-ways."

It only remains for me to say that if you should need any help in matters of technical detail please do not hesitate to write; I once went up for a five-shilling flight myself.

I am, Sir, Yours very truly,
PHILIP APRICOT.

A BALLAD OF BIVALVES.

[Official reports from Mr. TABOR at Whitstable, based on the inspection of samples recently dredged and microscopic examination of the spat, give promise of an exceptionally fine season in 1937. Oysters are growing fatter as the result of the recent heat-wave, but there is no prospect of a reduction in the price of natives.]

THOUGH the round world is rocking,
As Browns continue "socking"
And being "socked" by Reds;
Though HITLER raves and roysters,
At Whitstable the oysters
Sleep soundly in their beds.

For lo! good Mr. TABOR,
Who spends unceasing labour
In watching o'er the spat,
With confidence alleges
That microscopes and dredges
Reveal increasing fat.

Unawed by human truculence,
Accumulating succulence,
This year's crustacean brood,
Warmed by the heats of Heaven,
Bids fair in '37
To furnish godlike food.

Hence, though the years are leaner,
I breathe an air serener,
A happier atmosphere;
The world may ape the hatter
In madness, but no matter,
Oysters are waxing fatter—
Would they were not so dear!

C. L. G.

Peeping Tom Again.

"Even those very earnest gatherings of disciples of the culture of the nude are, it is stated, to be spared for the present in so far as they are held in special enclosed grounds, although a sharp eye will be kept on the whole movement."

Daily Paper on German Nacktkultur.

"The allegation was that, resenting some remarks by Councillor —— in regard to a financial matter, which remarks he construed as personal to himself, Councillor —— struck Councillor —— in the council chamber."—*Daily Paper.*

Evidently a blow for the Corporation.



JONES GETS TIRED OF FLYING WITH A FRIEND IN THE RAIN.



Fussy Mother. "DON'T BE GREEDY, CHILD. LEAVE SOME SAND FOR THE OTHER CHILDREN."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

After the '45.

IT is extraordinarily refreshing to come across a novel whose *leit-motif* is loyalty; and it is precisely those poignant renunciations which render MACAULAY'S *Jacobite's Epitaph* the most moving thing that consummate rhetorician ever wrote that accompany the hero of *Between Sun and Moon* (CONSTABLE, 7/6) from his first adventure to his last. A parallel sense of exile, but from another *patria* altogether, inspires the heroine of his frustrated dreams; and Heaven's own assumption, for Heaven's own purposes, of two souls self-schooled in earth's most exacting allegiances is the final catastrophe of Miss AGNES MURE MACKENZIE'S finest novel. *Eneas Mackenzie*, Prelatist and Jacobite, makes good his escape to France after a prelude of hazards among the heather. His kinsfolk, the *De Sergines* of Touraine, find him a tutor's post with relatives—*Nicholas de Trévandre* and his lovely and inexplicable *Adrienne*. The ups and downs of the exile's service, thickly beset with social and personal pitfalls, are handled with a subtlety and tenderness which a strong reserve of humour guards warily from over-refinement. The pleasant intercourse of the two *châteaux* is vividly depicted—an unshattered idyll until the tutor's suspicions of his hostess (and of his own attitude towards that supposed siren) mark the beginning of the end. One figure I found a trifle out of drawing—the figure of *De Trévandre's* sister, *Charlotte*. I suspect her passion for *Eneas* and its horrible climax derive rather from the French classical tragedy, to which Miss MURE MACKENZIE displays so fruitful an indebtedness, than from any typical young Frenchwoman of the period.

A Knock for the Postman.

Viscount WOLMER'S statement of the case for *Post-Office Reform* (NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 6/-), which he placed before the Bridgeman Committee, has been published almost on the same day that the Committee issued its report. Equally with Lord BRIDGEMAN he points to red tape, overlapping and bottle-necks as the source of a thousand dribbling wastages; and, rising on the wings of Sir ROWLAND HILL, the founder of the modern Post-Office, he aspires to heights of business enterprise that shall turn our sedate if all too Olympian Miss Behind-the-Counter into a driving mail-goods saleswoman, our telegraph-operators into genuine live wires and our P.M.G. into a Captain of Industry at a commensurate salary. In order that the whole service may be more economically administered, the staff better paid, modernisation of plant accelerated, charges to the public reduced and the Treasury—eventually—benefited he desires that we should all be educated, hustled and allured into posting oftener, telegraphing instead of writing and, most of all, into acquiring the "telephone habit." He says nothing about chewing-gum. Anything that would restore our Penny Post has my unqualified support, and indeed

with very much of Viscount WOLMER's argument one cannot fail to agree, particularly as he can foresee no obstacle to his reforms that he cannot immediately dispose of; yet personally I admit an inclination to rest halfway—say, with the Bridgeman Committee. After all, there is a case for the maintenance of something of the peace of rural England even in our great cities.

Green and Sad.

If part of Ireland is really such
As LIAM O'FLAHERTY seeks to show
It's the kind of spot
To which I'm not
In any particular haste to go.
It's not that the people can barely clutch
A living pittance from soil or hide,
But that they seem
To live and dream
In an orgy of hate unsatisfied.

Skerrett (GOLLANCZ, at 7/6)
Is crowded with characters large as life,
And there's hardly one
With a sense of fun
Or a word of cheer for friend or wife;
They hate the priest with his crucifix
(Though this they fear with a pious awe),
And as tyranny's tool
They hate the school
And anything bearing the stamp of law.

And if, as it chances, a man should try,
As *Skerrett* does in his clumsy style,
To ameliorate
The lot which fate
Hands to each with an impish smile,
They, while the priest stands chuckling by,
Harass his path till his energies fail,
And he turns up his toes,
And so we close
A fine if hopelessly dismal tale.

Heroic Vulgarity.

Neither title nor jacket of Miss ANNE PARRISH's novel, *Loads of Love* (BENN, 7/6), is likely to attract any except the sickly-minded among a new public; but those who have sampled her cynicism in the past will not be distressed by the portraits of four women and one very gentlemanly-looking young man that decorate the front of the wrapper. The young man is the hero. He is a novelist, adored and supported by his mother, a ladylike and yearning American. The heroine is not, as might be supposed from the pictures, *Katharine*, the artist, or *Jenny*, who was maid-of-any-work and friend of a raucous house-party before she married the young gentleman, but *Bessie*, the plump vulgarian, who gazes so soulfully at us from the centre of the medallion. The astounding part of the book is that Miss PARRISH has made us know and appreciate *Bessie* without saying one single word in her favour. The woman is preposterous, boastful, tactless and without reverence. She spills food, she grates nerves, she shrieks in quiet places, and yet the author has invested this presiding devil-deity of a long feast of love with qualities of magnificence that can be realised but not explained. It is an astonishing achievement, as is the whole book, whose other characters are worth knowing too, if only because Miss PARRISH knows them so well and allows us to use her mental X-ray apparatus.



Dragoman. "YOU WILL ALL ENJOY OUR CLIMATE SOME MUCH. WE 'AVE VERY FEW RAIN."

Thrice Born.

Mr. A. E. W. MASON, whose skill in the art of mystification has so often been proven, practises in his latest

novel a purely titular deception. *The Three Gentlemen* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) are in truth but one gentleman; but no attempt is made to confuse us with a mathematical paradox. It is just a simple and straightforward case of reincarnation. And be he *Attilius Scaurus* the Roman, *Anthony Scarr* the Elizabethan, or *Adrian Shard* our contemporary, the gentleman is so gallant and gracious a young gentleman that we would gladly meet him in any number of avatars. While as for the girl whom at a sterner call he must twice leave behind him, to win her at last as faith had twice told him that he would, she is a slip of exquisite femininity who would be welcome not only as *Sergia*, as *Sylvia* or as *Sonia* but by whatever name with whatever initial. The three linked stories of which this delightful and persistent couple are the central figures, though their essential theme is recurrent, are nicely varied in incident; and they are told with an urbane accomplishment of which their author has long been the master. The theory of metempsychosis is not, I should suppose, one easy to handle in fiction, but Mr. MASON puts in his Pythagorean intimations with a convincing touch. He can, moreover, invest the romantic with reality, and even hint a doctrine—of self-abnegation and service—without sacrifice of artistry. He holds us, in fact, and satisfies us at all points of the literary compass, humour and a vivid sense of history included.

Mr. Quennell and the Far East.

There are three ways, I take it, of confronting a fine old civilisation at issue with a peculiarly repulsive type of modern life. You constitute yourself the champion of the old; you defend the new as having in itself the germs of something better than both, or you strive after a difficult equilibrium. The first method, with intervals of the third, is the method of *A Superficial Journey Through Tokyo and Peking* (FABER AND FABER, 12/6); but Mr. PETER QUENNELL, the diarist of the journey, strikes me as rather too ill at ease on his own ground to prove an exhilarating critic of other people on theirs. A teacher with apparently no vocation—"few professions are more cynical," he says, "than pedagogy"—he found himself lecturing on English Literature to the students of a Japanese university. The rising stars of the Oriental intelligentsia are apparently French and Russian; and from this particular Englishman's account of his academic activities in Tokyo it is by no means difficult to gauge the wane of our educational prestige. He exhibits, however, enthusiastic appreciation of Japanese art, especially that of the theatre, which is a merciful hundred years behind the times. And he rises to genuine sympathy with the "quiet provincialism" of China. As the "travel film" whose impressionism it emulates, his book is full of characteristic pictures, of which the gentleman who takes his pet bird for an airing in the cool of the evening is perhaps the most delectable. The photographs of masked actors and other objects of *virtu* are one and all enchanting.



"ETHEL, WILL YOU MARRY ME? JUST NOD IF YOU MEAN 'YES.'"

On the Murder-Path.

Mrs. Delft was a thoroughly wicked old woman. She was as miserly as she was rich, and she broke the Sixth Commandment without any compunction whatsoever. But if you read *Murder Intended* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) I think that you will find one or two excuses for her. In the first place she had some reason to believe that her poor relations were plotting to kill her, and so she decided that attack was her best defence and began to remove them from this world. Needless to say she carried out this process of elimination with such diabolical cunning that suspicion fell upon the innocent. Mr. FRANCIS BEDDING has avoided excessive sensationalism in relating this series of crimes, and his portraits of the poor and very harassed relations are drawn with admirable discrimination.

A Haven of Unrest.

From the moment when *Wilfred Haven*, a junior member of the American Embassy in Petrograd, complicated his departure from Russia by consenting to take charge of a parcel of highly precious stones he attracted a constant succession of unpleasant attentions. I am not prepared to say how often he, in *The Ostrekoff Jewels* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), was at the point of death, nor will I tell you how many people he and his mysterious companion, *Anna Kastellane*, killed before they and the jewels arrived in England. Their arrival, however, by no means ended this thrilling recital, for while *Wilfred* was recovering from his adventures the jewels, which were to be handed over to the *Ostrekoffs'* daughter, escaped from his clutches. Mr. E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM has written many tales of greater subtlety than this, but for hair-raising adventures and narrow shaves he has never surpassed it.

Masquerade.

The blurb on the wrapper of *Happy Ever After* (NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 7/6) prepared me for "unexpected happenings," but even with this warning in mind the earlier part of the book considerably confounded me. *Thomas Wilkinson Heriot*, when the story opens, had lost both his job as carman and his wife. But he was not a man to be discouraged even by the redoubled strokes of misfortune, and with the help of an attractive daughter determined to overcome his misfortunes. So far I could follow *T. W. Heriot* easily enough, but when a young man appeared in the wake of the daughter I began to flounder. For this youth appeared to be either an unsuccessful humourist or a lying knave. He turned out to be neither the one nor the other, but I confess my inability to admit that L. J. BEESTON gave me a fair chance to discover the truth. And I regret the failure since in many ways the novel is a pleasant and ingenious piece of work.

CHARIVARIA.

THAT Mr. G. B. SHAW has been able to insure his life for ten thousand pounds at the unusual age of seventy-six is of course due to confidence in his immortality.

* * *

Mr. ANTON CERMAK has told an interviewer that he is called the MUSSOLINI of Chicago. As yet nobody ventures to call the DUCE the Cermak of Italy.

* * *

Sir WILLIAM MORRIS recently said that he could foresee a time when families would buy a new suite of cars just as they now buy a new suite of furniture. A *toot suite*, in fact.

* * *

A political writer says that he has discovered that the majority of dictators have a tendency to break into verse when they get excited. We should love to hear Lord BEAVERBROOK'S "Ode to a Banker."

* * *

We understand that one result of the recent prosperity and growing numbers of those engaged in the smash-and-grab business is the formation of a musical society whose first production will be *The Pirates of Pendants*.

* * *

Mr. LUDOVIC MANN refers in *The Times* to the discovery that when mammoths roamed in the neighbourhood of Glasgow man was also active in that district. This is of course the earliest evidence of roamin' in the gloamin' on the bonnie banks of Clyde.

* * *

A York policeman is quoted as saying that some of the scientists attending the meeting of the British Association looked as if they would make good Rugby half-backs. We can well believe that he considers them wasted in the Association game.

* * *

According to statistics, scientists are the most temperate of men. This does away with the theory that they often indulge in an atom split.

* * *

"Lobsters have a great dread of thunder," says a writer, "and when the peals are very loud they will swim to deeper water." Oysters too are filled with nervous dread at hearing the ominous report caused by the opening of a bottle of stout.

* * *

With reference to the attempt of Mexican scientists to produce a longer-jumping bean for the European market, the opinion in sporting circles is that a cross with the runner-bean should be tried.

* * *

A motor-car was recently driven into Loch Lomond. It is thought that the driver lost his head in trying to obey the instructions of his passengers, some of whom wanted him to take the high road and some the low.

* * *

The most modern of hairdressers' saloons are being fitted with electric chairs. Many people will find relief in these from the third-degree methods adopted by conversational salesmen barbers.

* * *

It is stated that if all the pages of *The News of the World* were placed end to end they would reach from London to Japan. As yet, we understand, the Japanese contemplate taking no action in the matter.

* * *

An Exeter resident recently rushed along the platform at Torquay and got into a London express by mistake. A career on a public platform generally has its disadvantages.

* * *

The New York underground railway company which has gone into liquidation is reported to have complained of the impossibility of making both ends meet. This is done without difficulty on the Inner Circle.

* * *

An architect points out that more accidents happen in the bathroom than in any other room in the house. Yet no insurance company offers special terms for those who avoid the bathroom.

* * *

We are reminded that Mr. MARK HAMBOURG, the famous pianist, is an excellent golfer. On the other hand, many a good golfer is a rabbit on the piano.

* * *

A phrenologist estimates that there are two thousand different kinds of heads. A collector points out that, given a proper morning after the night before, you can experience the lot.

* * *

A Liverpool official says that traffic-signal robots are cheaper than policemen. Perhaps so, but you never hear a visiting film-actress say, "I think your traffic robots are simply wonderful!"

* * *

Loud-speakers were used during military manœuvres on Salisbury Plain last week. This fact is no doubt responsible for the rumour that the next war will be broadcast.

* * *

A recent outbreak of fire on a racecourse was at first thought to have been caused by a red-hot favourite.

* * *

Some sculptors, it is stated, work with one eye closed. And some, apparently, with their tongues in their cheeks.

* * *

"Golfers must learn the game as young as possible," says a golf-journal. Be born, in fact, with a spoon in their mouths.

* * *

An American athlete can throw a stone three hundred and thirty-two yards. A successful career as a seaside house-agent seems to be indicated.

* * *

The average age of the ant is ten years. Unfortunately its instinct to attend picnics uninvited is hereditary.



WE HAVE THE MASKED ARTISTS TRYING TO SELL THEIR PICTURES.

BUT WHEN ARE WE TO HAVE THE MASKED PICTURE-LOVER INSISTING ON BUYING THE ARTISTS' PICTURES?

The Trials of Canvassers.

"Dropping into a friend's office recently I was struck by a grotesque little figure in cast iron."—*Trade Paper.*

"Terriers stripped and trimmed, also one or two boarders taken."—*Advt. in Local Paper.* We shall holiday elsewhere.

MY ECONOMIC MAN.

ACCORDING to my Dictionary of Socialism the Economic Man is "moved always and solely by regard for his own material interests and is not influenced by prejudice, compassion or resentment."

Inspired as I was by recent dippings into that charming and imaginative work, MARX'S *Kapital*, followed by delightful draughts from that sparkling fount of liveliness and wit, ENGELS' *Die Entwickelung des Sozialismus von der Utopie zur Wissenschaft*, I had to admit that I found Beatup, my gardener, a decided disappointment.

It was painfully clear from the start that Beatup was influenced by prejudice. For one thing he was prejudiced deeply and violently against my new motor-mower. It was obvious that he considered it to be merely another venomous Bourgeois attack on the liberties of the Proletariat.

"Oi 've seen one o' they new-fangled things oop at the Rectory," declared the oppressed Fourth Estate with contempt. "A präper nuisance they be. Always bräääking daown. Arl this cräze fur speed, t'ain't roight or natteral. There 's young Jarge Gladwish broke 'is leg 'afficking abaout the village on the motor-boike 'e bought with the money 'is aunt over to Sedlescombe left 'en. That 's whur speedin' lands you, I ses to 'en, surelye."

I tried to point out to Beatup that I didn't want him to ride my motor-mower; I only wanted him to mow with it. But my clear and skilled exposition of the Law of Substitution, or the Tendency to Replace the Less Efficient by the More Efficient, merely produced marked Labour Unrest.

A week or two later I was forced regretfully to admit that there appeared to be something wrong with the Marxian theory of Surplus Value. According to MARX, the labourer produces the value of his wage in six hours, while working eight or ten. (It was obvious that MARX had never met Beatup.) The labourer's surplus value is thus usurped by the employer and constitutes the element of Capital. I could not help feeling there was some hidden fallacy in this axiom. If Beatup possessed any surplus value, which I doubt, it was certainly not usurped by the employer. It was usurped by passing Agents of Production who stopped to discuss local affairs with Beatup over my front hedge.

A brief period of Absenteeism having been forced on me by the illness of a relative, I returned to find Beatup's standard of living had gone up some points. He required a rise of wages. I could not discern any marked change in the price of commodities to justify this Redistribution of Wealth. Nor could I see any noticeable increase in the Efficiency of Labour that might possibly have enhanced Beatup's Labour Value as an Active Agent causing Nature to yield its Utilities. The only Utilities yielded by Nature during my absence, under the Active Agency of Beatup, appeared to be a couple of cabbages, a small trugful of assorted potatoes and a Cos lettuce whose surplus value had been considerably usurped by slugs. Working it out on paper, and taking into account my expenditure in wages, material and beer allotted to the quenching of Beatup's morning thirst (a Factor of Production curiously overlooked by economists) I estimated that my own cabbages cost me half-a-crown each, my lettuce three-and-six, and my potatoes somewhere round about five shillings a pound.

I searched my MARX, but could find no reference whatever to a conceivable exploitation of Capital by Labour. I concluded sorrowfully that there were certain aspects of the Social Problem that had singularly escaped that mighty and comprehensive brain. Meanwhile Beatup was employing his increased Labour Value to demonstrate ENGELS' Law, which states that as wages rise a larger proportion is spent on comforts or luxuries. But I rather wished he had not found it necessary to demonstrate ENGELS' Law by scattering the smouldering fag-ends of his augmented comforts on my flagged path.

It was the discovery that Beatup had been breaking the Marxian rule by displaying compassion that led to the ultimate Class War. His compassion for a fellow-serf related to his wife's cousin by marriage had induced him to lend the fellow-serf my insecticide apparatus for spraying his apple-trees. The fellow-serf had broken the apparatus, and Beatup had the bill for repair sent in to me. Beatup's perfidy to the Marxian definition being thus exposed, I protested with some heat, pointing out the still extant rights of Private Property. Whereupon Beatup, throwing off the last restraints of his Economic Manhood, exhibited a most unacademic resentment and promptly gave notice.

Somehow I do not fancy my MARX as much as I did, nor do I feel drawn to my ENGELS for my intellectual pleasure. I shall not proceed with my course of SCHÆFFLE; LASSALLE seems to leave me cold, and BAKUNIN has lost his bite. I shall retire into the garden with a deck-chair and *The Mystery of the Blood-Stained Acid-Drop*.

"BLOW, BROTHERS, BLOW!"

[One hundred-and-eighty-five bands have entered for the annual brass-band contest at the Crystal Palace on October 1st.]

THE famous Sydenham glasshouse,
Though of its splendours docked,
Will be a sounding brass-house
Upon the 1st of Oct.
When, wreathed in local lustre,
Stiff-lipped and iron-chinned,
Some nine-score bands will muster
To raise a mighty wind.

Some talk of ALEXANDER
Who reigned in ages dim,
But the devout brass-bander
Takes little stock of him;
In Sound's august dominions
That man alone is king
Who soars on brazen pinions,
Who makes the welkin ring.

His tubes are huge and curly,
Unlike the "reeds" or "strings,"
Which in the phrase of SHIRLEY
Are "not substantial things";
Bassoons with husky moaning
May scare a wedding-guest,
But their distressful droning
Inflates no "manly chest."

Oh, sweet are buttered crumpets,
But nobler are the tones
Elicited from trumpets,
Euphoniums and trombones;
For music grave and fugal
The organ still holds sway,
But clarion, fife and bugle
Nerve heroes for the fray.

The choice cigars of Cuba
Sleek epicures arride,
But I prefer the tuba
Or e'en the ophicleide;
Nor do I envy VARDON
Or BOBBY JONES his skill
If on the bass bombardon
I'm free to blow my fill. C. L. G.

Ministerial Modes.

"SIR H. SAMUEL IN JERSEY.
STRIPED JERSEYS IN FASHION."
Adjoining Headlines in Daily Paper.

An Impending Apology.

"Sir ——, to the intense joy and relief of his innumerable friends as well as of the decent members of the community, escaped without a scratch."—*Indian Paper.*

"Wanted, 2 Good Axemen, with sniggering horse."—*Adv. in New Zealand Paper.*

Even a laughing jackass would tend to put us off our stroke

"Many subscribers have had books from the Library for fifty years or more."
Sunday Paper.

They must almost belong to them by now.



ALL BARKING "VERBOTEN."

PRESIDENT HINDENBURG (*to Herr von Papen*). "HOLD HIM TIGHT; AND IF HE GIVES YOU ANY TROUBLE USE THIS."



Batsman (included only because he owned the ball). "THIRTEEN—FOURTEEN—TOO LITTLE TO BAT, AM I?—FIFTEEN—OO 'S MAKIN'—ALL THE—RUNS THEN?"

WATCH JIMMY JACKSON.

THE SIMPLE SECRET OF A GREAT FOOTBALLER'S SUCCESS.

(In humble imitation of the experts.)

THIS year I am going to watch Jimmy Jackson, the £20,000 lightning packet of League football and I warn all my readers to do the same.

Ever since Scotland bartered him to the Midlands, and the Midlands traded him to the North, and the North pawned him to the West, and the West raffled him to the South, I have followed the rising star of his fame and the growing size of his transfer-fee, and I give it as my settled conviction that Jimmy Jackson is now the bonniest pivot or apex of a forward line on either side of the Tweed.

What exactly is the quality that Jimmy Jackson possesses over and above those of a hundred fellow footballers who might seem to be his peers but somehow lack precisely that quality which makes Jimmy Jackson, in my opinion, surpass them in the qualities which he possesses and to which they do not quite attain? The answer to this natural question that leaps immediately to the mind is "class."

But this again needs explanation. What precisely do we mean, when speaking of a footballer, by the word "class"? Do we mean the extra ounce of speed (or pace) which enables a forward like Jimmy Jackson to reach the ball a fraction of a second before his adversaries arrive at the place where it was when he arrived at it? Or do we mean the perfect training that induces stamina and, in the case of Jimmy Jackson, makes his stamina superior to other apparently equally well-endowed players' staminæ?

These, undoubtedly. Yet something more than these. The secret of Jimmy Jackson's super-excellence may best be summed up in the single word "perfect and unhesitating ball-control."

What do I mean by "ball-control"? How does Jimmy Jackson, in his position as centre-forward, exercise it?

The simplest reply to that question is this: by kicking the ball exactly where he wishes to kick it and nowhere else.



JIMMY JACKSON'S RIGHT FOOT.

Take Jimmy Jackson's right foot. It may be called a ten-thousand-pounds foot. Watch it. It has two sides to it, though only one can be seen in the diagram. Either side of this foot is capable of propelling the ball to the exact position in which Jimmy Jackson wishes it to appear next, and—this is important—not one inch less or more. It matters nothing to Jimmy Jackson whether the ball is to be raised into the air vertically or driven horizontally along the ground. In either case his right foot is the obedient servant of his brain and transfers the ball without an instant's delay to the selected *locale*. In this way he is able to outwit his rivals and make that all essential inch towards the objective which in League or Cup football so often means half the differ-

ence between the winning or losing of a match.

Yet this is not all. Far from it. Jimmy Jackson, like most successful footballers, has two feet. But there the resemblance ends. In the case of Jimmy Jackson, *what he can do with his right foot, he can do, and do no less skilfully, with his left.*

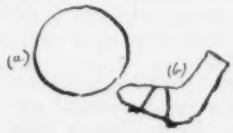


JIMMY JACKSON'S LEFT FOOT.

The same precision, the same finesse, the same exact transference of the ball to the one spot in the playing-area which he has chosen out above all others is shown by Jimmy Jackson, whichever foot he happens to be utilising for the purpose. Watch, then, Jimmy Jackson's left foot.

It may be argued that in many cases Jimmy Jackson does not wish to transfer the ball to another player, but to keep it and proceed with it himself. This is quite true, and in watching Jimmy Jackson outwitting an antagonist the spectators have often noticed, and even said out loud, that the ball seems to be glued to his boots.

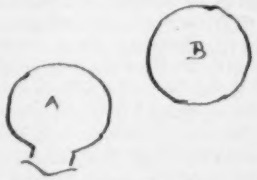
This of course is not the case. Jimmy Jackson is far above such ruses. He is one of the most rigorously scrupulous and fair-minded players in the game. It is merely that the same quality of perfect ball-control which manifests itself when he is sending the ball to a distant part of the field manifests itself in precisely the same degree when he is merely moving it a few inches on or keeping it in the same position as it was before he moved it first. (*See* diagram.)



METHOD OF BALL-CONTROL EMPLOYED BY JIMMY JACKSON.
(*a*) Ball.
(*b*) Right or left foot of Jimmy Jackson.

Yet even now the tale is but partly told. Delicately adjusted as is the force which Jimmy Jackson uses with the right or left foot, not a whit inferior is the ball-control which he brings into operation with the agency of his head. To put it briefly, the head of Jimmy Jackson is a goal-getting factor with which the defence of every League side will be obliged this season to contend, and in many cases, if I am a true prophet, with scant chances of emerging successfully from the contest. In other words, Jimmy Jackson's head is a dynamic entity charged with unlimited scoring potentialities—capable, just as are his feet, of deflecting or propelling the leather almost automatically in precise co-ordination with his subconscious desires.

Watch Jimmy Jackson's head.



JIMMY JACKSON EXERCISING BALL-CONTROL BY HEADING THE BALL.
(*a*) Head of Jimmy Jackson.
(*b*) Ball.

It only remains to be asked, "Exactly how does Jimmy Jackson score goals?"

The answer is still the same: By means of ball-control. Or, to put it more succinctly, by driving the ball towards that part of the goal-mouth in which the goal-keeper is least prepared to receive it and at such a pace that the latter is unable to alter his position and intercept the shot. It is by continually adopting this bold device that Jimmy Jackson has made himself the premier goal-scorer in First League football and the idol of hundreds of thousands of enthusiastic spectators. I say again, *Keep your eye on Jimmy Jackson's boots.*

EVOE.



THE BREAKDOWN: MAKING THE BEST OF A BAD JOB.

Suicidal Candour.

"——'s HAVE THE BEST OF THE BARGAINS ALWAYS."
Advt. of General Store.

The New London Lido.

"Strand.—Bed-bkft., aparts., clean, homely, comf., ½ min. sea."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

THE MISDEMEANOUR OF YING-TE.

In the country of All That Is Under Heaven it is requisite that every young person of gentle birth should diligently study the Six Departments of Knowledge. And the merits of the Six being equal even the greatest proficiency in a lesser number is rightly deemed worthless. For how shall one who practises the Art of War receive with propriety felicitations upon his victories if he be not conversant with the Book of Decorum? Or how shall a person learned in Decorum meet with correct behaviour among bandits if he is incapable of supplementing his example with the sword?

Now Hwan, the lord of T'si, had eleven sons. And he caused them to receive instruction and rehearsed them daily in the duties of filial piety so that ten prospered exceedingly. But Ying-te, the eleventh, cared nothing for learning, and spent his time with the beasts and the fowls in the steadings, cunningly concealing himself among the offspring of his father's servants when inquisition was made by his tutors.

Thus, heedless of exhortation and impervious to punishment, he came at length to man's estate in ignorance of the Principles of Wisdom. Then Hwan said, "Ungrateful one, you deserve that I should set you to tend cattle, since you have neglected to acquire the accomplishments of a gentleman. Yet I remember that you are my son and have reserved a better fate for you."

"I desire no better fate," replied Ying-te; "and as I am an efficient cowherd you would be well advised to allow me to adopt that profession. I can increase the progeny of your cattle and heal their ailments; under my care they will seldom be devoured by tigers, for I shall recall the wandering cows by imitating the cries of their calves, and pacify the restless bulls by replying to their complaints in their own tongue. As your cowherd, O my father, I shall easily satisfy the demands of filial obedience, which I cannot do so long as you require from me the deportment of a sage."

"Let the lips of impiety be closed," commanded Hwan in disgust, "and open, if that be possible to you, the ears of attention. You are destined to be a warrior; and, although you have proved yourself incapable of assimilating the theory of that art, I console myself with the reflection that a person who does not succeed in practice is likely to perish. To-morrow you will enrol your contemptible self in the army of the illustrious Li Kwang, who is about to conduct a campaign against the Barbarians."

So Ying-te enrolled himself reluctantly in the army of the redoubtable Li Kwang, who, bearing in mind an ancient friendship with the lord of T'si, appointed the young man forthwith to his own bodyguard.

Thereafter the army passed beneath the frontier of Heaven and entered the Outer Lands where the skies are empty. And it penetrated far into the territory of the Barbarians, meeting with no opposition and finding ample provender in the villages. Nevertheless, on a certain night when the captains feasted and the vigilance of the sentries was imperfect, it happened that the King of the Barbarians prepared a secret onslaught. And he came with a company of horsemen, who suddenly surrounded the tent of Li Kwang and carried him away captive with the whole of his bodyguard, denying them even the opportunity to draw their swords. And in the darkness and confusion of the night the captains knew not whither to pursue, but ran to and fro in consternation, believing that their General had been swallowed by some demon.

Thus it came about that Ying-te, after a journey of extreme discomfort, found himself flung like a sack of millet on an earthen floor and perceived that his six honourable comrades and the renowned Li Kwang had suffered the same misfortune as himself. But as soon as the Barbarians had departed to slumber, for the night was barely half-spent, Li Kwang said, "Are we all yet living?" And, being assured that this was so, he set each man to bite with his teeth at the bonds that bound his neighbour, for, he said, "We are lost if we do not escape before the dawn." So they freed themselves. And a warrior named Wei, drawing from under his girdle an instrument which had been hidden from the eyes of the Barbarians, was enabled thereby to pierce the prison wall. "Yet, Honoured Sir," he said, "my achievement will avail us little, for I have heard of this city of the Barbarians, and it is fenced about, like the Sacred City, with gates that are shut from sunset even to the hour of dawn."



Sporting Tramp. "I 'LL TELL YOU WHAT, MISS—MAKE IT ANOTHER TANNER AND YOU CAN 'AVE ANOTHER GO AT ME AND SEE IF YOU CAN BUMP THAT THERE STRAIGHT AGAIN."

"It is necessary that we depart in darkness," observed Li Kwang; "but since the wall of this prison has yielded to your industry it may be that you will succeed in perforating the wall of the city also."

"The city wall is likely to be thicker," responded Wei; "moreover, I have heard that there are watchmen."

Then Ying-te said, "While we converse our opportunity passes. Let us creep through this hole and endeavour to approach the gates. I have a talent which may be of service there. And if I fail it is no more unpleasant to expire in one place than in another."

"You have spoken wisely," replied Li Kwang.

So after a period of peril they reached the gates and concealed themselves nearby. Then Ying-te crew like a drowsy cock who smells in his dream very faintly the odour of the dawn. And the cocks of the city awakened and answered him with fury, for they feared lest a stranger's heralding of sunrise might be held to have forestalled their own. Whereupon the city guard, remarking upon the inclemency of the morning, threw open the gates while it was yet not light, and after a discreet interval Li Kwang and his followers passed through them unobserved.

Now as soon as he rejoined his army Li Kwang led it back to the country of yellow earth, saying, "Ying-te by his subtlety has saved not only my existence but my face and the faces of all my captains. It is fitting that he be



Boy (during guests' generous entertainment). "WELL, MUM, IT *does* SAVE THE WIRELESS, ANYWAY."

rewarded by the Son of Heaven; and if the campaign continues he may perish unrequited. I must postpone my victories until the ceremony of congratulation has taken place."

So Ying-te feasted in the Dragon Chamber and was served with sweetmeats by the Imperial Concubines. Nevertheless, being exalted with wine and triumph and completely ignorant of the rules of decorum, he behaved so untowardly that the chamberlains regarded him with concern. And when the Chief Minister invited him to relate the history of the deed which had won him his title of Ingenious Liberator he emitted shameless laughter and gave utterance to the crowing of a cock.

At this unseemliness all fell silent, awaiting the wrath of the August One. But he, smiling slightly, remarked with disdain, "It is evident that Ying-te does not value the honours he has gained. They are therefore withdrawn. Let him serve me henceforth among the beasts and the fowls in my steadings, where the society will be congenial to him."

Then Ying-te exclaimed in gratitude, "That is my chosen profession." And he departed cheerfully.

But the illustrious Li Kwang suffered so grave a loss of face that he terminated his existence by his own hand.

PORT SOUDAN.

WHERE yesterday was naught but sand,
A stretch of coast-line wisely banned
By travellers who ride or
Who sail in search of gain or game,
Here you may see the massive frame
Of Afric's newest side-door.

For Commerce here has reft the calm
From desert ways, from beach and palm
And burst into hysterics,
Painting the drab with blacks and reds,
Flaunting her corrugated sheds,
Her oil-tanks and her derricks.

And, as my eyes shall ever feel
The blistering glare of sunlit steel
And glittering salt, so my nose
Shall ne'er forget the torrid smell
Of Arab lads with pelts to sell
And switches cut from rhinos.

Here heedless of the mid-day sun
The curly-headed coolies run,
Bearing their bales of cotton,
Making the tropic welkin ring
With songs their grandsires used to sing
And might have well forgotten.

But in the harbour you may view
Neath twenty feet of liquid blue
A fairy-land of coral,
Where monster fish of strange device
Bask in their placid paradise
And seem to point a moral. J. M. S.

"TO-MORROW'S SOLAR ECLIPSE.
WORK OF BRITISH ASTRONOMERS."
Headlines in Daily Paper.

JOSHUA must look to his laurels.

"LAW CLERK, 28, desires engagement, done two years, LL.B."—*Melbourne Paper.*

Clearly a man with "inside" knowledge of the law.

"The Lord will not suffer from Cantata No. 71. (Bach)."—*Music-seller's Catalogue.*

We are glad of BACH'S authority for this reassurance.

APT OBLITERATION.

"IT'S all over with Daphne," announced Oliver with the air of one for whom there is nothing left in life but a lonely grave. "My only wish now is to forget her completely," he continued (while I registered silent sympathy). "Not so easy, perhaps, but it's absolutely got to be done."

"If you are quite determined," I said, "what about trying this place?" and I pointed out in the personal column of the morning paper a discreet announcement which read, "You can remember, but can you forget? If not, consult the Lethean Institute, 51A Full Moon Street."

Within fifteen minutes we were seated in Professor Puffle's sanctum at the Institute. "It is strange," he was remarking, "to contrast the amount of attention lavished on the things we want to remember—a difficulty readily solved in practice by the use of a little concentration and a note-book—with the surprising neglect of the problem of the everyday things which we want to forget and cannot. It is to remedy this deficiency that the Institute was—er—instituted.

"What you require," he went on, turning to Oliver, "can undoubtedly be done. All memories of a certain person whom you wish to forget can be completely erased from the tablets of the mind; but it is of course desirable first to be certain that one's decision is really irrevocable."

Oliver assured him on that point after, I thought, a moment of hesitation.

"But you mentioned the everyday things . . ." I suggested.

"One of our social activities," replied the Professor, "is to delete all remembrance of those annoying encounters from which one emerges a lame and impotent second-best. The thing inevitably recurs to the mind and we exercise our *esprit d'escalier* in perfecting various crushing retorts which we ought to have made. It becomes a part of us—until the Institute steps in with its benevolent exorcism.

"Then there are the various absurd relics of the uncritical memory of our youth—senseless jingles of alleged rhyme, banal music-hall tunes. It is often the rubbish that sticks hardest."

"No doubt you can just as easily eliminate," I said, "the memory of those negroid melodies of to-day which are so well termed 'haunting.'"

"In the matter of music," interposed Oliver, "I wish you could operate on the reminiscent faculty of the composer of the musical show I went to last night."

"I'm afraid compulsion would be necessary there for obvious reasons," replied the Professor, "and that is a power we do not possess—so far. We are in fact kept sufficiently busy with such things as correcting the reminiscent tendency of the middle-aged—an insidious lure which dates and so discounts their success in physical rejuvenation. As was illustrated by the case of a well-preserved bachelor who came to us after his hopes had been thwarted through an unguarded reminiscence of the late Mr. GLADSTONE.

"And how is it all done, you ask. Well, the essence of the matter is this: my apparatus directs upon the brain a ray combining the functions of an X-ray and a Death-ray which localises the objectionable matter and then obliterates it."

"And all quite painless and harmless?" I queried.

"Quite painless," returned the Professor, "and not only harmless but positively beneficial. For it is a delusion, my dear Sir, to think that the memory can hold an indefinite number of facts. There is such a thing as lumber in the store-house of memory and when we clear this out we make room for more valuable material."

"It would have been a splendid idea for the BOURBONS," I remarked.

When Oliver had fixed an appointment the Professor turned inquiringly to me.

"I should like you," I replied, "to make me forget the GILBERT and SULLIVAN operas."

"But surely——" he began.

"So that I shall have the pleasure," I continued, "of hearing them all again for the first time."

"An excellent idea!" said the Professor as we took our leave.

"I suppose you will keep the appointment?" said I to Oliver as we hailed a taxi outside.

"Ra-ther!" he replied with more enthusiasm than I had previously noticed, and added, "By the way, that was a brain-wave of yours about starting it all over again."

WRITING FOR £ S. D.

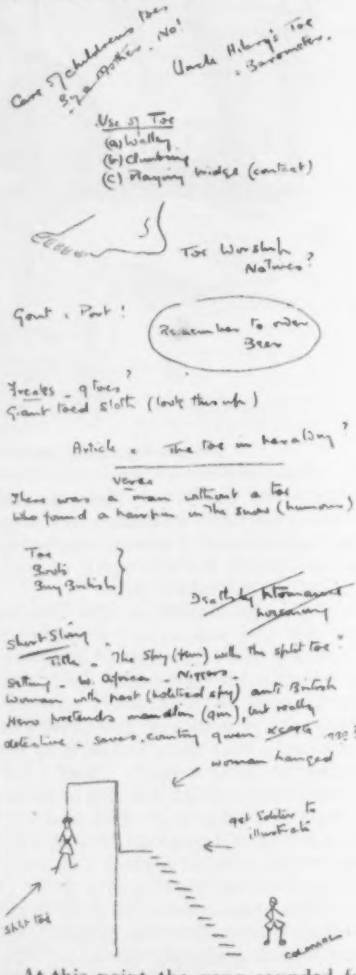
NOT long ago I took a Postal Course in Free Lance Journalism. When I had finished Lesson No. 3, I decided that it was high time I had a try at what has been rather coarsely described as "Writing for £ *s. d.*"

My unseen tutor told me that good ideas were of primary importance, because ideas were worth money. Yet they could apparently be coaxed from quite ordinary every-day incidents. It was comforting to know that, and as I sat down opposite Annabel beside our cosy drawing-room fire I hoped for the best.

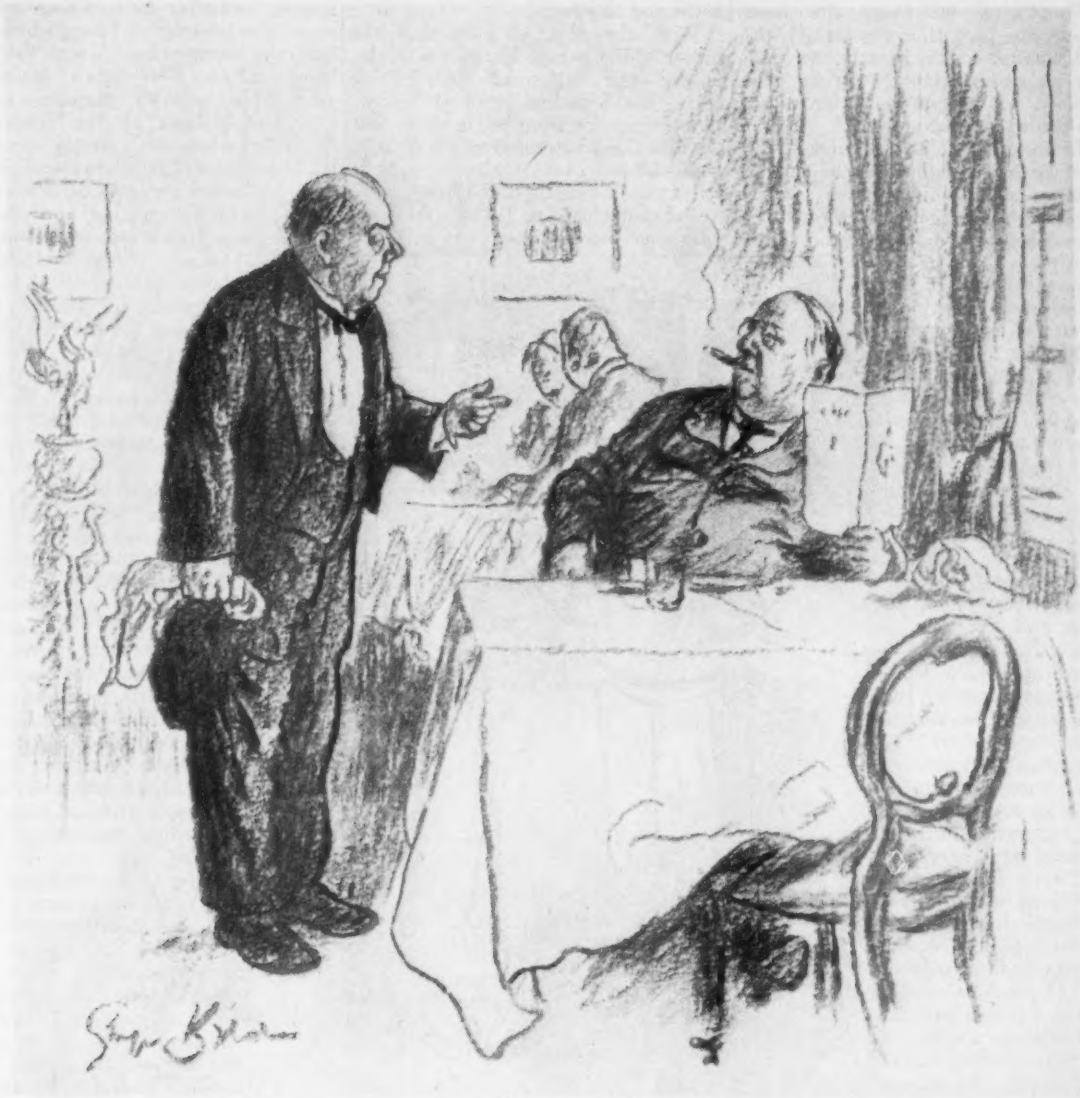
For the next three minutes it occurred to me that this was not going to be an easy matter. Then quite suddenly Annabel interrupted a rather boggy train of thought by saying, "You'll be glad to hear, darling, that baby's little toe-nail has started to grow again."

Annabel, as an author's wife, has yet to learn that silence is still on the gold standard, and I was on the point of remonstrating with her when it occurred to me that there might be some sort of a financial inspiration in what she had said.

I began to cast about, and by the end of half-an-hour my clean sheet of paper was like this:—



At this point the gong sounded for dinner, and as I followed Annabel across the hall I wondered if I hadn't better scrap the idea of writing and take a Postal Course from some Art School instead. Annabel thinks my drawing of the Colonial is rather sweet.



Diner. "A GOOD DINNER, WAITER. BUT WHY IS THE MENU IN FRENCH?"

Waiter. "IT HIMPRESSES, SIR. FOR INSTANCE 'CAULI' SOUNDS NOTHINK, BUT 'CHOOKS FLOORS' 'AS A RING ABOUT IT."

TREASON DISPROVED.

[The recent Free State delegates to Ottawa, on return to Dublin, publicly denied that there had been card-parties between themselves and the British delegation.]

FROM London, Eng., to Harbour Grace,
From Pisa to the Isis,
Wherever resides the human race
The rumour ran at a lively pace
Of an Irish Free State crisis;
Once more his country marked with fear a
Frown on the face of DE VALERA.

With Ireland's name to make or mar
His men had blundered greatly;
Too friendly they had been by far—
How weak some so-called patriots are!—
With British statesmen lately.
Warm, as the world may well conjecture,
Proved the Presidential lecture.

"When the freedom dawns that our native land
Must soon, when tariff-walled, win,
I shudder to think where you will stand
Who played in her hour of trial a hand
Of nap with Mr. BALDWIN.
You will be passed by commentators
Down to posterity as traitors!"

Whole countries quake from sea to sea
When a despot's out of humour;
And lucky it was for them that he
Discovered that tale of cards to be
But an unsubstantial rumour;
It was, or so I am persuaded,
Luckier still that the I.R.A. did. C. B.

Our Literary Giants.

"Huge Walpole, who has just published 'The Fortress.'"—*Caption in Dundee Paper.*

EVANGELINE.

WHENEVER he hears the name Evangeline poor Henry is racked with such horrible convulsions that we make him go and sit quietly by an open window. It sounds unchivalrous but you can't really blame him. . . . .

He and his wife Tabby carried with them on their Gallic honeymoon the intention of buying a cheap second-hand car and selling it again before they came back. To those who have attempted a similar transaction in the South of France I need hardly point out the insanity of the proposal.

The first day out they spent in Cannes, having long talks with fat sad merchants whose stocks were composed entirely of big new motor-cars. It took some time for it to dawn on them that on the Riviera small old motor-cars, like elephants, just crawl away in bottom gear to the mountains or somewhere, when their time comes, and are never seen again. The cheapest thing they were offered, which had an engine the size of a bath, was about six times too much for their letter of credit.

Eventually, convinced that they were wasting their time, they returned to Antibes, resigned pedestrians.

Several days later, while they were exploring the water-front of a neighbouring village, their attention was distracted by a fascinating old fisherman who was, as Henry put it, doing something to a prawn, and they failed to notice a small two-seater car standing half-out of a doorway. They consequently tripped over it. When they picked each other up and observed that across the windscreen was scrawled in soap the legend, "A VENDRE, 2,000 FRANCS," they just leant against the wall and laughed and laughed.

It has been impossible to extract from Henry anything like a coherent description of Evangeline (for that was her name, spelt out along her bonnet), so impenetrable is the fog of prejudice through which he recollects her. But it stands more or less attested that her person was what Henry calls hansom-cabular, her paint cracked and gaudy, her various pieces were laced together with string, and even in repose she was one gigantic rattle. Ultimately they decided, in view of her price, to overlook Evangeline's nauseating decrepitude and buy her.

With the idea of attracting the owner of the garage Henry rashly depressed the button of Evangeline's horn. The bronchial ward at Whipsnade gave voice from her interior, and the first thing attracted was a mob of small children; but it also brought a little man in overalls and a béret, who bowed charmingly to Tabby and said, "Alphonse Bard, à votre service."



Member of Cricket Team. "I HEAR YOU 'RE SENDING ME IN LAST ?"

Captain. "WHAT PESSIMIST SAYS YOU 'RE GOING IN AT ALL ?"

Henry insists that at this point he came over suddenly businesslike and demanded acidly if it were possible for such a medley of iron to move. Monsieur Bard replied that it was *du premier marque* and renowned as one of the fleetest machines on the coast. Appealed to, the fisherman confirmed this statement. Henry asked where the cushions were. Monsieur Bard's young were reclining on them upstairs. Tabby asked why there was no disc on the spare wheel. Monsieur Bard was understood to reply that his wife was employing it as a bird-bath in the garden, but it could be replaced immediately.

Boisterous life was then instilled into Evangeline with a huge brass starting-handle, and after she had been driven round the harbour and haggled over a little she became Henry's and Tabby's in exchange for 1,800 francs. Monsieur Bard did her toilet with a spanner while they had a bock at the "Crevette Rouge"; when with many mutual benisons and a cheer from the children they got in and began to drive away.

If he had not been on his honeymoon what happened next could scarcely have failed to sow in Henry's heart the seeds of black suspicion, for without any warning the steering-wheel came right away in his hands. Tabby pulled up on the side-brake under the nose of a steam-roller, while Henry, under the impression he was skidding, continued to rotate the wheel wildly to the left. By the time he had realised what had happened Monsieur Bard had come up with his spanner and was screwing the wheel on under cover of an anæsthetic torrent of explanation. After they had said a warm good-bye once more to him and the fisherman, Evangeline bore them proudly to Antibes, shedding only a mudguard, which was recovered, and Henry's hat, which was not.

* * * *

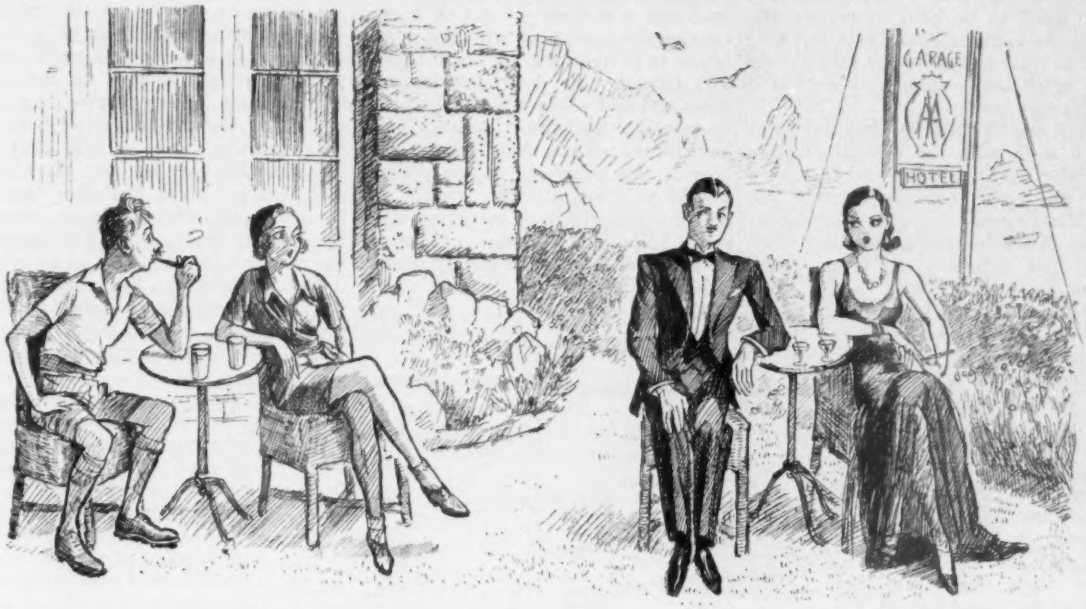
True to the traditions of her kind, Evangeline went into the mountains to die. With an unerring sense of the dramatic she chose to chug her last on a precipice bend above Sospel during the heaviest thunderstorm of the season; leaving a smell of seized machinery and Henry to repel the fury of a party of drenched Americans whose charabanc was stymied by her corpse. At length, after an altercation which raged interminably, they helped him to drag it to the edge, from which, to the unusual dirge of the football yell of a Middle-Western university, they sent it crashing to the rocks below. . . . .

However idiotically Henry and Tabby propose to register the daughter whose advent is announced in *The Times* this morning, there is one label which she will definitely escape. ERIC.

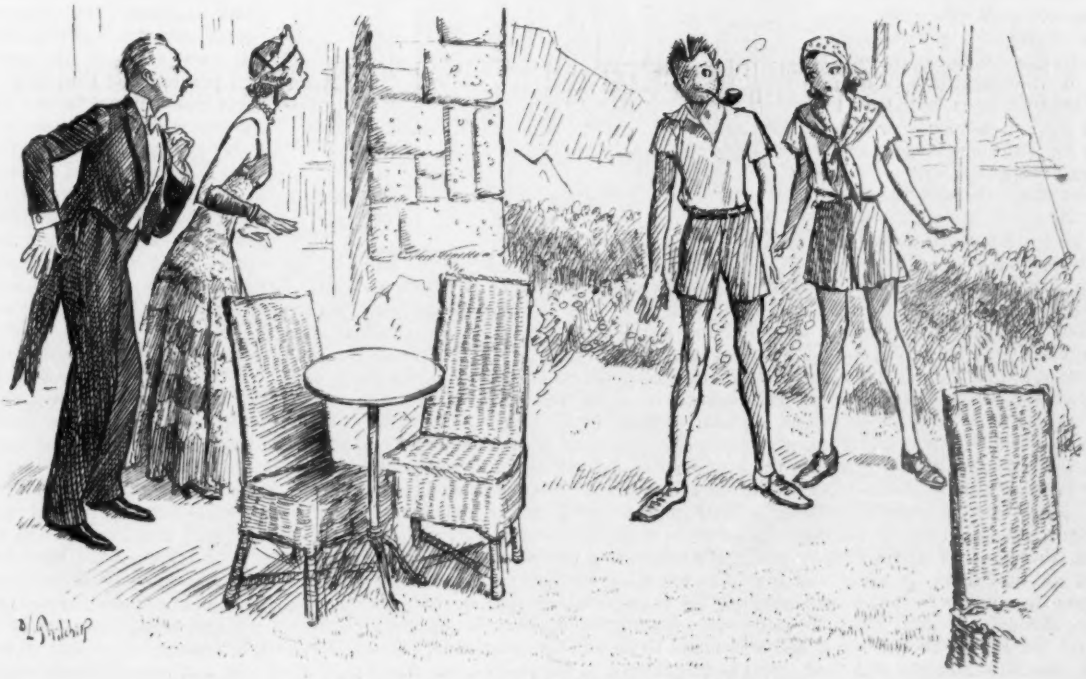
"MR. DE VALERA'S ASCENDANCY ON THE WANE."—*Daily Paper.*

In other words, the higher the fewer.

ADAPTABILITY.



First Newcomers. } "AH, SO *THAT*'S THE SORT OF HOTEL THIS IS."
Second Newcomers. }



NEXT EVENING.

SIMPLE STORIES.

DEATH ON THE HEARTHRUG.

Mrs. Qualify was a very grand lady who liked to be kind to people who were not so grand as she was, but they had to treat her as if they thought she was much better than they were or it didn't suit her at all.

Well one day Mrs. Qualify was going for a walk with her companion Miss Binjaby, and she often did that as if she was quite common though she could have gone everywhere she wanted in an expensive motor-car, and when they had walked about a mile they came to a nice little house with a pretty garden in front of it, and Mrs. Qualify said to Miss Binjaby why I do believe Acacia Cottage is let at last, now I wonder who has taken it?

And Miss Binjaby said I think they must be quite nice people because of their muslin curtains, and Mrs. Qualify said if they are nice I shall be kind to them, let us go in and ask who they are.

So they went into the garden and knocked at the front-door, but nobody came to the door, and Mrs. Qualify said I suppose they are so poor that they can't afford a servant and the mistress of the house has gone out to do her morning shopping, we will walk round the garden and look in through the windows, and if the furniture is nice and everything is kept tidy I shall push a note under the door asking them to come and see me this afternoon.

And Miss Binjaby said oh how kind you are in the way you go on, I sometimes think if you were a cherub or a seraph with wings you couldn't be any kinder. And Mrs. Qualify said well I do like to be kind, but people aren't always very grateful for it, I should think this must be the drawing-room window, if we step carefully between the geraniums we can have a good look inside.

So they did that, and to their surprise they saw an elderly lady lying on the hearthrug looking as if she were dead. And Mrs. Qualify didn't hesitate a moment but told Miss Binjaby to break the glass of the window, and when she had done that she told her to open the window from the inside and get in through it. And then she said go and feel her pulse and see if she is dead. So Miss Binjaby did that, and found that she *was* dead. And Mrs. Qualify said well this is exceedingly awkward and got in through the window herself.

Well just at that moment a motor-car drove up to the garden-gate and a man and a woman got out of it, and opened the front-door with a key and began to bring in a lot of parcels. And Mrs. Qualify came out of the drawing-room and said who are you? Have you broken into this house? Because if you have let me tell you that I am the chief lady in this place and if you are not careful you will get into trouble. A lady has already been murdered here, and if I find that you had anything at all to do with it I shall have you sent straight to prison.



"EVERYBODY GAVE EVERYBODY ELSE IN CHARGE."

So then the man and the woman rushed into the drawing-room and found the elderly lady stretched dead on the hearthrug and Miss Binjaby turning over the papers on the writing-table to see if she could find an envelope addressed to her so that she could tell who she was. And they seized on Miss Binjaby and said you have murdered our mistress and you shall hang for it. And just at that moment a policeman came in at the front-door, so everybody gave everybody else in charge, at least that was what the policeman put down in his note-book, because he was not very intelligent and most of them seemed to be all talking at once. And he telephoned to the police-station and a van came round and took them all off to prison.

Well of course there had to be a trial and Mrs. Qualify wasn't important enough to be let out of prison before it came on, but she managed to have a comfortable cell for herself and Miss Binjaby with meals brought in from outside and one newspaper a week while they were waiting for the trial, and she got a very clever barrister called Mr. Canopy to defend her and Miss Binjaby, and he said that he would do his very best for them both and he didn't think that Mrs. Qualify would be condemned because it could be shown by evidence how kind-hearted she was, but they mustn't be surprised if Miss Binjaby was brought in guilty because the way she had been found routing about among the elderly lady's papers looked very fishy.

Well when the trial came on it was found to hinge entirely on how the policeman had gone to Acacia Cottage just at the right time, and it was brought out in the evidence that the elderly lady had telephoned to the police-station herself just before she had been murdered and said that she was anticipating something of the sort from her married couple and would they please send somebody round at once.

So then it looked extremely black against the married couple, and Mr. Canopy made the most of it in his speech and pointed out that both of them had criminal faces. But the married couple were able to bring expert evidence that their faces weren't at all criminal, and the judge rebuked Mr. Canopy for taking away people's characters before they were found guilty and said that British justice wouldn't have the reputation it did have if that sort of thing went on.

Well it was all very inconclusive and it really seemed as if Miss Binjaby would have to be brought in guilty, as there was nobody else more likely, when the policeman sent a note up to the judge and said he should like to correct his evidence. So he was put into the witness-box again and said that he had been reading through his notes and what the elderly lady had said on the telephone was would somebody go and find out where her married couple were and send them home at once as she was all alone and didn't feel at all well and was afraid she might be murdered.

Well then it all became perfectly

clear to everybody, and when a doctor gave evidence that the elderly lady had died of heart disease and hadn't been murdered at all, all the prisoners were discharged without a stain on any of their characters. And the judge said that he wished to say one thing which he should be glad to see in all the newspapers. He had been sorry to see a lady so important as Mrs. Qualify placed in such a serious position, but he thought it was due to her to say that she had come out of it very well, and if she had not been so kind-hearted in wanting to find out all about the elderly lady it would have been extremely awkward for the married couple.

Well that was just what Mrs. Qualify wanted to comfort her for having gone to prison, and nobody thought any the worse of her for it, especially as she took the married couple into her own service and raised Miss Binjaby's wages for what she had gone through. And she bought Acacia Cottage with the money she had saved out of household expenses while she and Miss Binjaby had been in prison, and turned it into a home for elderly ladies with heart disease. A. M.

KINGSTON BRIDGE.

WHEN I go over Kingston Bridge
To Kingston Market in wintry weather
And it rains or snows and probably blows
From the north or east or from both together,
The sight of the river then makes me shiver
(While storm-clouds lie in a dark grey ridge),
And I hate the river, the sullen river,
The river that runs under Kingston Bridge.

When I go over Kingston Bridge
To Kingston Market in summer weather,
When swans are floating and folks are boating
The scene is different altogether;
And I love the river (that made me shiver
When storm-clouds lay in a dark grey ridge)
When they're selling ices at popular prices,
Twopenny ices on Kingston Bridge.

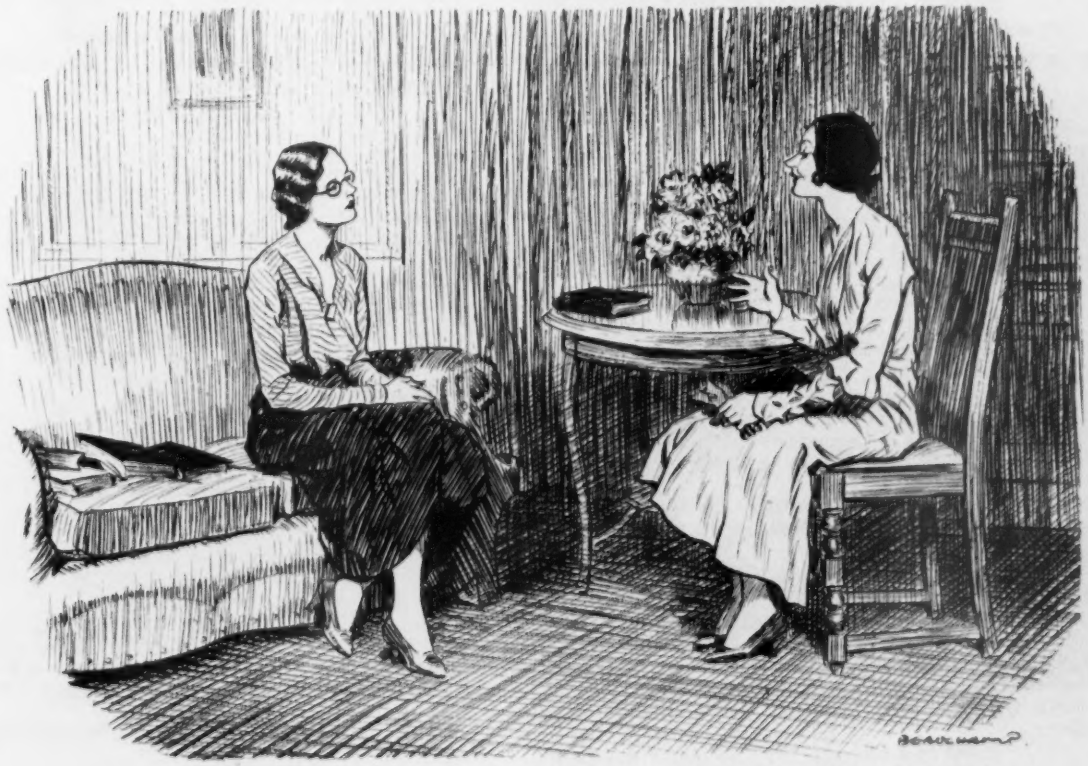
ANOTHER TERCENTENARY.

To the Editor of "Punch."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As a student of English literature and a lover of justice I should like to draw your attention and that of your readers to a serious omission from the list of anniversary celebrations held this year. How is it that *Robinson Crusoe*, the author of the most famous autobiography ever written, is not considered worthy of having the tercentenary of his birth commemorated in proper fashion? He was born in York in the year 1632 (*see* the opening sentence of his fine volume of reminiscences). The facts are there, and steps ought to be taken at once to see that justice is done, or we may have the Germans, not content with SHAKESPEARE, claiming him as their own also. For his father, whose real name was Kreutznaer, was a native of Bremen and had settled in Yorkshire as a young man.

Yours, etc., "FAIRPLAY."

"The bride travelled in a costume of dull cheery shade. . . ."—*West-Country Paper.*
And her hat had a silver lining.



Lady (to applicant for situation). "SO YOU MAKE ALL YOUR OWN DRESSES. THAT *is* CLEVER OF YOU."
Applicant (modestly). "OH, I DON'T KNOW. P'RAPS THERE'S SOMETHING *you* CAN DO THAT *I* CAN'T."



Amiable but tactless young lady. "WELL, MRS. DEADLEIGH, THERE'S *one* OF US ENJOYING THIS TEA-PARTY, ANYHOW."

MAPS.

Pam and John and Jennifer are home from the sea,
White below the waistline to far above the knee,
Brown above the waistline and brown below the thigh,
Unless you count the colours left on John's black eye;
Unless you count the colour—a pinky sort of red—
Of Pam's cut ankle (and, my goodness, how it bled!);
Unless you count the shingle (there's a lot left still)
In Jen's scarred knee, and so she says she hopes it will
Stay there for ever,
For ever and a day.
Jen hopes it never
Quite will go away;
It helps her to remember
The sea, you understand,
And even in December
She'll show an inch of sand!

What's the use of postcards and what's the use of snaps?
Some may keep their diaries and others mark their maps
To show where they've been to, and put them on the shelves—
John and Pam and Jennifer are marked on themselves.
So Pam can roll her sock down and say, "*That* was when
I was in the fishing-boat alone with the men!"
John rubs his knuckle in his eye and mutters, "That
Was when the boom was 'booming,' and it knocked me flat!
It did look funny,
All black and blue and red.
Bet any money
I was nearly dead!"
Till middle of September
The bruise will still be green
To help him to remember
The boats and where he's been.

Now every night at bath-time Pam and Jen and John
Sing a song of sea-scars while taps are running on—
"That was where the crab nipped!" and "That was what I did
The day when we were climbing and the whole cliff slid!"
"That's where I tumbled down right underneath the pier!"
And, "That ought to stay there for quite another year!"
Some may go exploring and mark their maps to show
The spots they have been to, but other people know
Maps may be handy,
But scars can remind
Of days wet and sandy
And shores left behind;
They help them to remember
The place where they would be,
And even in November
They'll conjure up the sea!

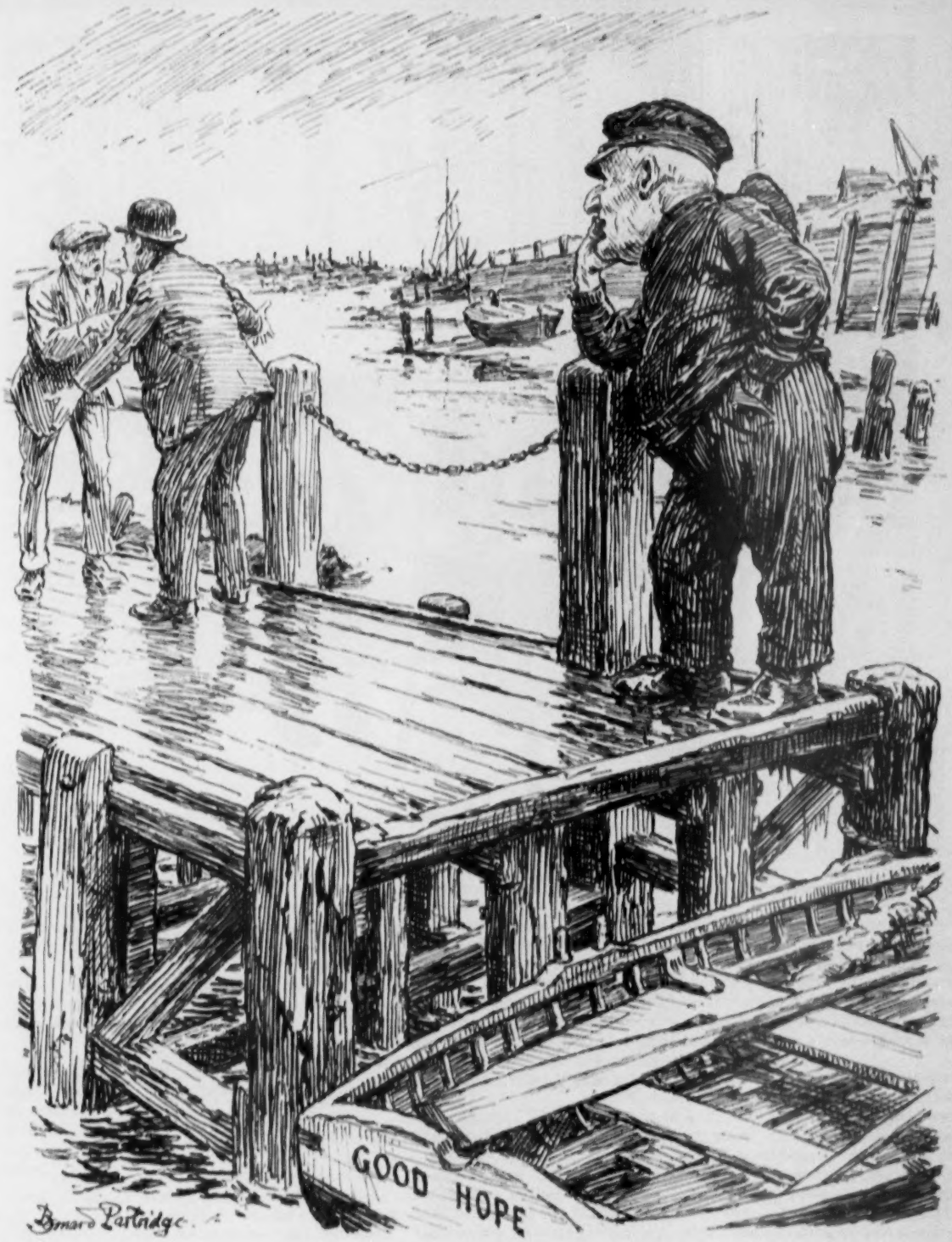
"SHOW YOUR TICKET.

'. . . the regulation has been in force for over a year,' say the L.G.O.C. in reply. 'We find in the majority of cases that the defendant usually complains that he should be put to what he considers inconvenience and annoyance, because he is reading a newspaper or a boke.'"—*Evening Paper.*

We didn't know there were so many itinerant phrenologists.

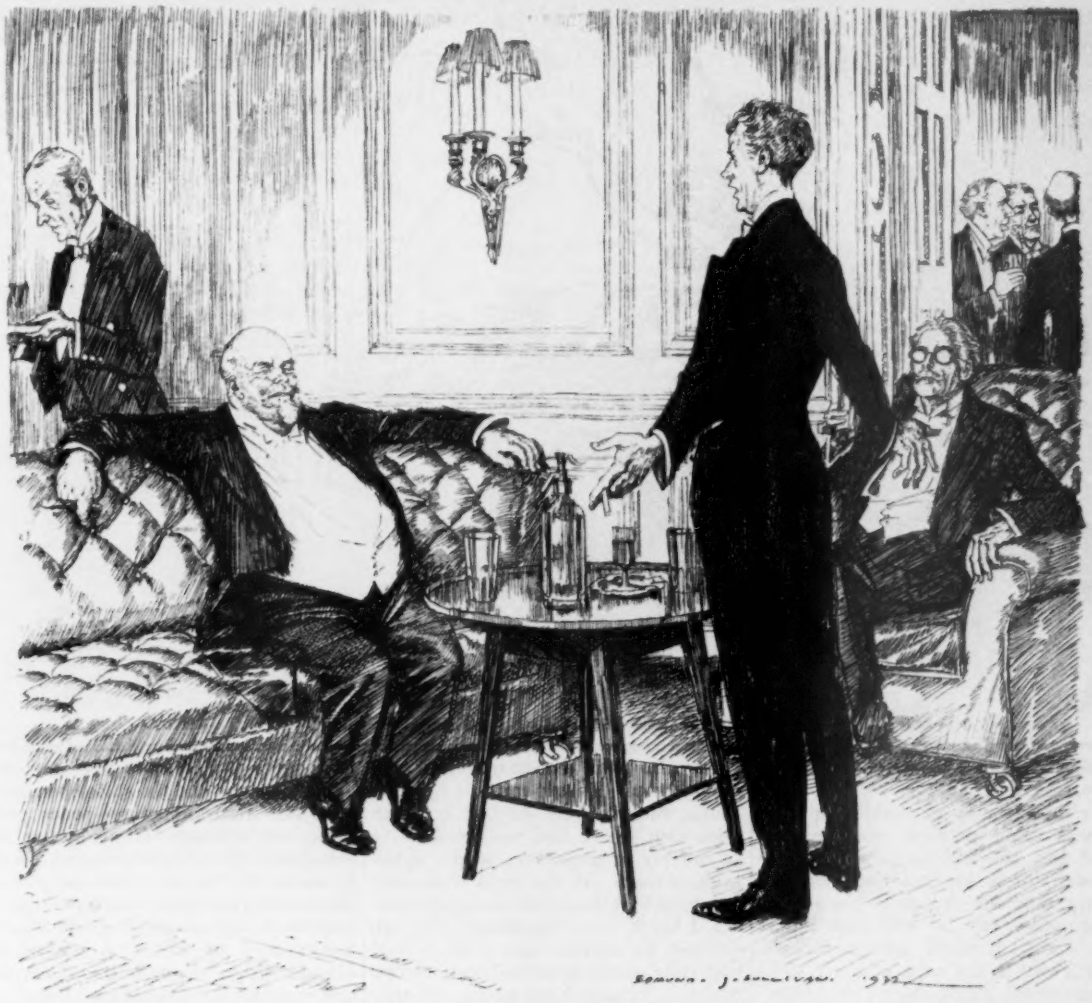
"NIPPY FAILS.
BEATEN BY THE CHOP IN THE CHANNEL."
Headlines in Daily Paper.

Yet she generally wins through with it on land.



ON THE TURN.

MR. PUNCH (*to the disputants in the Lancashire cotton strike*). "HI, YOU TWO! IF YOU DON'T STOP WRANGLING AND GET INTO YOUR BOAT, YOU'LL MISS THE TIDE."



First Famous Artist. "DO YOU KNOW THERE ARE SOME SILLY IDIOTS WHO OBJECT TO MY TECHNIQUE?"
Second Famous Artist. "NEVER MIND, THERE ARE PLENTY OF SILLY IDIOTS WHO DON'T."

AVENUES.

ONE of our statesmen, on his return from Ottawa (bless him!), is reported to have said in relation to Ireland:—

> "*I am quite sure we have cleared the ground and that the discussions have done good. My attitude before the breakdown is well known. I never deviated from it, but I certainly did not shut the door to any avenue of peace.*"

Read it again slowly. You will agree, I think, that it goes too far. Perfect clarity cannot be expected of harassed statesmen in hurried interviews, and students of avenue-work are always glad to find a new example (I myself have long collected avenues, as I collect thin ends of the wedge); but really—well, really, the above example is rather naughty.

Let us examine the metaphorical position of the statesman through his own eyes. He has been holding "discussions" and these discussions have "cleared the ground." But before these discussions there was a "breakdown."

What broke down? Probably a motor-car. The breakdown must have been a bad one and resulted in a smash, or it would not have been necessary to clear the ground. So I imagine the statesman and his fellow-discussers laboriously clearing the wreckage of a motor-car from a high-road. So far so good.

But then the statesman tells us that his "attitude" before the breakdown is well known, and that he never "deviated" from this attitude during the subsequent discussions—that is, while clearing the ground. (Pedants might complain that you cannot deviate from an attitude, but a little thing like that will not worry a real collector of avenues.)

Now what was his attitude before the breakdown? We must assume (for he is a British statesman) that it was firm, dignified, comfortable and calm. He was in a motor-car which was in motion, and therefore he must have been in a sitting position, for no one can look firm, dignified, comfortable and calm while standing up in a moving motor-car. But from this attitude he never deviated during the discussions which followed the breakdown. And we are led to this extraordinary conclusion—*that our statesman remained in*



THE CENTAUR SOLVES THE PROBLEM OF HIKING WITHOUT TEARS.

a sitting position during the whole work of clearing the ground!

Well, there may be nothing in that. He was using perhaps not the editorial but the military "we." The General sits at his headquarters and, rightly, does not engage in the rough-and-tumble, but he will still report that "we" bombed and bayoneted "our" way to the support-lines. The picture now is fairly clear. The statesman sits cool and comfortable beside the road, while lesser men complete the work of clearing away the wreckage. But, then, disturbing thought, perhaps we are not on the high-road at all? "Clearing the ground" is an agricultural operation, is it not? You clear the ground in the Australian bush or the jungle of Ceylon before you plant sugar, rubber or sheep. Are we in the jungle? I do not know. I do not care. Only, if we are in the jungle, what has broken down? Is it still a motor-car or is it a tractor or steam-plough? And I for one cannot forget that close to the scene of the drama there are avenues; and these avenues have *doors*. A civilised scene. And this throws doubt upon the jungle hypothesis.

All this time, I confess, I have been shirking the avenue problem. This is the most puzzling piece of avenue-work I know. But we must be brave.

What is an avenue?

I am far from dictionaries and cannot tell you. To my mind it suggests a long thoroughfare flanked on both sides with trees; and the trees are in an orderly arrangement, which is the work of man. If the trees were only on one side it would not be an avenue; nor, I think, is a road driven through a forest an avenue; nor a road lined with lamp-posts, nor a road between two rivers. Perhaps I am wrong; it may be that trees are not essential. Someone here tells me that "avenue" means only "*à venue*"—something that goes "to a place." This is not very helpful; you might so describe a steamship or tram. But everyone agrees with me that the avenue is an artificial and civilised affair, whether it be bordered with oaks or shops. One thinks at once of Brighton or New York. It is an ornamental way, leading the human race directly and generally in a straight line to some definite spot, as a rule a beautiful prospect, a lake of goldfish with fountains, or a fine building.

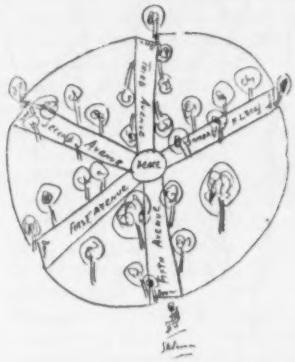
And that brings us to the great problem: *Why are avenues "explored"?* When I am Home Secretary a monument will be erected in Parliament Square to the first statesman who said that he was "exploring every avenue." Avenues, as I have shown, are civilised places; exploration is only done in places which are not civilised. Avenues, if I am right, always lead to some definite place; and the statesmen agree with me. Their objective—peace, prosperity or whatnot—is always at the other end of the right avenue. Well, in order to find whether an avenue goes to the right place you have only to walk to the other end of it. It is quite unnecessary to examine the whole avenue, to go through the uncertain and complicated procedure of the explorer—maps, compasses and axes, hiding behind trees and crawling about on all-fours. That would be suitable if you had lost your objective in a wood or spinney near the avenue. "I shall explore every shrubbery" would make a little sense.

But all this is simple compared with the problems raised by our present test. Here, you see, the statesman tells us that although during the work of clearing the ground he never deviated from his attitude before the breakdown, he has not *thereby closed the door to any avenue of peace.* Why should he? Where are we? What does it all mean?

Personally I am disturbed to hear that avenues have "doors." This, as they say, is a new one on me. "Gates," yes, but "doors," no; and neither in the jungle. Again, the general rule is that there are several avenues to be explored but only one of them is the

right one. Here, it seems, there are several avenues, all leading to peace, and all fitted with doors. These doors are wide open, because the statesman (he says) has not shut any of them. Then why the blazes doesn't everyone concerned go straight through one of the doors and up one of the avenues to peace? Presumably the car is still broken down. Then why not walk?

The thing is baffling. No, I see a gleam of light. Peace is in the middle of a sort of walled garden, beautifully fitted with avenues and doors (*see* sketch-map); but the jungle has en-



croached and overgrown the avenues. The doors of the avenues are open, or rather ajar, but huge trees block the gaps. The statesman and his colleagues have brought up a car with axes (for clearing the ground) and exploring-kit (for the avenues), but it broke down outside the Fifth Avenue door, and there they are. That, I think, explains everything.

No, it doesn't. If that is the situation, how could the statesman shut the avenue doors by merely changing his attitude? I give it up.

And I do hope that statesmen will take more thought before they go in for avenue-work, otherwise a delightful hobby may fall into disrepute.

P.S.—I have just found a dictionary:

"AVENUE, av'enū, *n.* the principal approach to a country-house, usually bordered by trees: a double row of trees, with or without a road: a wide and handsome street, with or without trees, esp. in America: any passage or entrance into a place."

Am I right? Goodness knows.

A. P. H.

The Vorpal Blade.

"Brooks had a slash at the left-hander, and the ball flew over the head of Mitchell at backward joint, while the same player snocked him for four."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

Batting of course at the scrag end.



"HALLO—WHAT'S ALL THIS? PAPER-CHASE?"
"NO, MONTHLY MEDAL."

THE BETTER RÔLE.

[The mid-day meal of the gorillas now at the Zoo consists of eggs, fish, white meat and bread-and-butter with pears and grapes.]

IF I were a gorilla,
As two there are to-day,
With nothing to do but adorn the Zoo
And feed in a lordly way
On eggs and fish and a white-meat dish
With butter and extras, free—
If I were a gorilla,
How happy I should be.

If I were a gorilla,
And men came round to stare
When after lunch I toyed with a bunch
Of grapes or a first-class pear,
Dessert forbidden to hard-up men
Though cheerfully chucked at me,
The thought might come to me now and then,
What fools these humans be.

If I were a gorilla,
And, having supped at ease,
Could lay my head on a well-made bed
Carefully purged of fleas,
I should compose myself to doze,
And think with a quiet glee
(If *I* were a gorilla!),
Who'd be a bard? Not me.*

DUM-DUM.

The White Knight in the Antipodes.

"Found.—Single Bed and Blankets."
New Zealand Paper.

*The higher apes are notoriously shaky in their grammar.

AT THE PICTURES.

MR. CHARLES LAUGHTON ON THE SCREEN.

THE most interesting event of the moment in the realm of the film is the



A WAY THEY'VE GOT IN THE HOLLYWOOD NAVY.

Submarine-Commander (in love trouble). "NOW I'VE GOT THE WIFE AND MY RIVAL—CURSE HIM!—ABOARD, I'LL SINK THE LOT—CREW AN' ALL."

Charles Sturm . . CHARLES LAUGHTON.

appearance of CHARLES LAUGHTON, the English actor, on the screen in a grim tragedy of jealousy by BEN LEVY, called *Devil and the Deep*. I wish it were a better play and that the sinking of a submarine were not involved, for where we want acting we get sea-water. There was, I imagine, the opportunity of a sunk submarine as a background, and it was thought too good to miss; but Mr. LAUGHTON might as easily have been anyone else as a naval commander. All that he needs is a long-suffering wife, such as TALLULAH BANKHEAD, a *tertium quid*, like GARY COOPER, and the overmastering desire to be level with them; for the whole play centres on this distraught terrifying husband bent on revenge, even to his own destruction.

The submarine, I am sure, is a mistake, and from the moment the Commander arranges to wreck it the drama peters out and we are concerned only with the chances of rescue. We are also not a little perplexed by the serenity and stability of the scenes at the bottom of the ocean and the ease with which the surface is reached by everyone except Mr. LAUGHTON, who remains behind to hack his wife's portrait to pieces with a hatchet and, by opening a sluice, to make sure of his own end by drowning. Nothing but the quiet grim force of Mr. LAUGHTON's acting makes this film of any value; but his power is intense and, as I have said, terrifying.

The end, showing how GARY COOPER and TALLULAH BANKHEAD meet in a toy-shop and then go off in the rain to eternal bliss, could not be feebler. The film—like so many that I see—would be improved by captions indicating the lapse of time. There should also have been a meeting between the Commander and the merchant who sold the scent by which the lovers' guilt is discovered, where the husband's suspicions could be visibly confirmed.

The Dark Horse continues the transcripts from shady American life about which I was saying something here a fortnight ago; screen transcripts, anyway, for it is doubtful if quite so "dumb" a candidate as *Zachary Hicks* would ever be elected Governor of a State, even with so gifted a gaol-bird as *Hal Blake* to boost him. But the progress of the candidature is good fun and the episode in which *Hicks*, primed to the full with one of LINCOLN's speeches, is prevented from delivering



TALLULAH RISING FROM HER NEW BED (OCEAN).

Diana Sturm . . TALLULAH BANKHEAD.

it only because his rival gets in with it first, is true comedy. GUY KIBBEE, a new-comer to me, who plays *Hicks* well enough, is a little in the manner of JOHN BUNNY, that favourite actor of the early and less sophisticated pre-talkie days. WARREN WILLIAM, the *Hal Blake*, has great momentum, but I should doubt if American provincial politics are a popular theme over here.

More to the general taste is the matter of *Make Me a Star*, which is full of human nature seasoned with such



A POLITICAL PUPPET.

Hicks . . . . GUY KIBBEE.
Blake . . . . WARREN WILLIAM.

Hollywood relish as the shooting of scenes in a studio, with all its "O.K.'s" and contraptions, and an occasional glimpse of cinema-stars, to be ecstatically recognised by the audience—"There's MAURICE CHEVALIER!" "There's TOM MIX!" "There's TALLULAH!" A screen version of that excellent novel, *Merton of the Movies*, the film does not vulgarize the book, and, though the text is here and there departed from, the spirit remains. I recommend it very heartily to those who do not mind their laughter moistened with tears, for STUART ERWIN, who plays the film-struck rustic hero, has reserves of pathos which, without ever being exaggerated, are irresistible. The film within the film—the film in which *Merton's* sincerity is converted, by mechanical devices, into burlesque—is very amusing too, and when to the fine acting of STUART ERWIN are added the sympathetic tenderness of JOAN BLONDELL as the star who befriends him, and the incisive methods of SAM HARDY as the producer, the result is an excellent entertainment. E. V. L.

Stupendous Impertinence.

"NO REDUCTION FOR OCCASIONAL ABSENCE OF MEALS."
Extract from Hotel Tariff.

Or is it a warning to slimmers?

THE STING IN THE TAIL.

I HAVE decided never again to argue with my wife. In future I shall tell her and, if contradicted, register my disagreement. I am one of those people who thoroughly enjoy a good argument. It is to me like a game of chess carried on according to certain rules and patterns. The latter are very varied, but they exist. My wife disregards all set rules and forms. She is like a puppy chasing its tail, waltzing round in circles and suddenly darting away to nip your heel. She becomes abusive when defeated.

It happened at breakfast this morning when we were discussing the date of her cousin Nora's wedding.

"It must have been 1927," said Judy, "because I remember that year Felstead won the Derby. It was the year Hilary left the Army. You *must* remember, because we all went with the Pennycuicks, and you said it was such a pity Hilary had been at school at Fettes and not Felstead, otherwise we should all have backed him—the horse, I mean."

"Felstead won in 1928," I said, "the year Tipperary Tim won the National. Nora wasn't married in that year, because she was in China then."

"She couldn't possibly have been. I remember it all so well. When you made that remark to Hilary, Mrs. Pennycuick said——"

"In point of fact," I replied, "I have never been to the Derby with Hilary. We went with his young brother and Nora's sister in 1929, and I then said that it was a pity it wasn't the year before as we should have known what to back. *He* was at school at Felstead. What Mrs. Pennycuick said isn't evidence."

"You're quite wrong," said Judy. "I'm positive about that remark. We got very good odds too, about ten to one. She must have been married in 1927."

"But," I insisted, "Felstead won in 1928 at the good outside price of thirty-three to one. I couldn't have made that remark in 1927; I'm not as clever as all that. Seeing that all the facts which you have put forward to confirm your story are wrong, am I not justified in suggesting that your story also is false?"

"Felstead," said my wife with finality, "won in 1927 at ten to one, the year in which we went to the Derby with Hilary, the year Nora got married."

I reached for the phone and dialled.

"Hallo, Hilary," I said. "Have you ever been to the Derby with us? No? I thought not."



Miss Prim. "WHERE'S THE BLIND FOR THESE?"

"Anyway Felstead won in 1927 at ten to one," persisted Judy.

"And Hilary," I continued, "what year did Felstead win? 1928? And what price, do you remember? Thirty-three to one? Thanks very much old boy, just having an argument. Cheerio."

"Anyway Nora got married in 1927," concluded Judy, defiant.

Again I reached for the phone and again dialled.

"Sorry to awaken you so early, Nora," I said, "but I'm arguing with Judy. What year did you get married? 1926? Thanks so much."

"Anyway," said my wife, "you've got egg on your mouth."

"The erection of a hotel for foreigners with twelve stories will shortly be started in Moscow."—*Edinburgh Paper.*

Jones, who has only two, is thus unfortunately disqualified.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE FIREBIRD" (PLAYHOUSE).

THE Hungarian author, LAJOS ZILAHY, has elaborated his exciting compact little crime-play without the slightest consideration for the conscientious dramatic reporter anxious to give an informative account of the matter, yet so as not to betray the solution. It is true that this well-invented piece suffers less than most of its *genre* from the playgoer having foreknowledge of its ending. There is indeed a quite other kind of interest for the spectator freed from the distractions of the puzzle in the examination and appreciation of the author's crafty method. The first two scenes of preparation are set in the entrance-hall of a block of flats in Budapest. The flats are owned by ex-Minister *His Excellency Andor Lovasdy* (Mr. ALAN NAPIER), who lives there with his wife, *Carola* (Miss GLADYS COOPER), and his daughter, *Mariette* (Miss ANTOINETTE CELLIER). There are other tenants, including a handsome popular young actor, *Zoltan Balkanyi* (Mr. HUGH WILLIAMS), and the traffic of hall and stairway is most ingeniously planned to give us the elements of the problem and, with as little loss of time as may be, significant details of characterisation. The author lays his clues, true and false, with the most honest respect for the probabilities. We grasp (if we know the ending, or shall later understand if we don't) why the lady in green passes in with her dog just at that particular moment, and the significance of the few unheard whispered words between the two young girls, *Mariette* and her friend, *Alice*. The strange conversation between the ardent and persistent *Balkanyi* and *Carola*, at first half-amused and then genuinely indignant, ingeniously indicates motives and mechanism for later developments. And we are not altogether surprised when, after the murder of *Balkanyi* some two months later than this first meeting, *Her Excellency*, having in the presence of her husband before *Police Commissioner Szentesi* (Mr. FRANK HARVEY) denied all knowledge of the affair, returns to make the confession that she has been the dead man's mistress. Of the murder she of course professes to know nothing. The *Commissioner* wonders and proceeds with his investigations.

It is of the essence of the author's method that he binds himself to accept the limitations and complications of actual life and untics his knots laboriously one by one. And this leads to an inevitable slowing-down of the action in the first part of the Third Act—a slowing-down which, however, gives us time to appreciate the ingenuity of the detail. One tiny flaw suggests itself: Would the murdered man's inscribed and dated cigarette-case, on which so much depends, have been so carefully kept by the—well, by the suspected party? It was of vital importance—an importance appreciated by that party—that it should disappear.



DISHONOURABLE ADVANCES BY A YOUNG BUDAPESTERER.

Carola . . . . . MISS GLADYS COOPER.
Zoltan Balkanyi . . . MR. HUGH WILLIAMS.



A "CASE" FOR THE POLICE."

Commissioner Szentesi . . MR. FRANK HARVEY.
Lovasdy . . . . . MR. ALAN NAPIER.

This is a play without outstanding or overbalanced parts, and therefore depends for its success largely on the careful team-work of the cast. This was excellent, and I am surprised that no producer's name appears on the programme. The smooth efficiency of the first two scenes particularly depended on skilful production.

Miss GLADYS COOPER gave us a sound impression of suffering under the stress of her painful situation. Mr. ALAN NAPIER carried through a rather thankless part with impressive dignity. A worthy but slightly inhuman gentleman was this *Lovasdy*. Mr. FRANK HARVEY's level official manner gave just the impression of competence, acuteness and detachment proper to the *Commissioner*. Mr. HUGH WILLIAMS had but a short innings, and sustained his customary *rôle* of the amiable libertine with his usual address. A newcomer, Miss ANTOINETTE CELLIER, surprised and delighted us all with a long passage of sustained and controlled emotion, which seemed remarkably mature and experienced for one so young, and was recognised by us with that most flattering type of applause—a breathless silence. Heredity at work, clearly. The author had skilfully compressed into this passage the philosophy and outlook of a young girl obviously the child of her age and her exciting modern environment, rather than of her staid conventional parents. A very promising performance. Some minor parts were excellently done, particularly a quite remarkable short sketch of a serving-maid by Miss BETTY FREEMAN. Mr. GEORGE DESMOND indicated with much skill the slightly embarrassed subservience of the manager of the flats, *Halasz*, in the presence of his august employer, *Lovasdy*; and there were two effective studies of an inquisitive and snobbish tenant (by Miss LENA MAITLAND) and of a governess (by Miss LILIAN MOUBREY). I should add that the translation and adaptation had been most competently done by Mr. JEFFREY DELL and that the local atmosphere was sufficiently indicated by setting, characterisation and incident without anyone breaking into foreigner's English.

T.

"OVER THE PAGE" (ALHAMBRA).

Mr. JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON backs his faith in *Fanfare* by re-presenting it with heroic excisions and manifest improvements under title, *Over the Page*. Among the new items I should place first in interest the pleasant and original interludes of Mr. REGINALD GARDINER, already known to us as an actor of intelligence and individual method, who proves to have also the variety artist's key accomplishment—the power of immediately attracting the attention of his heterogeneous audience and holding it without effort. Mr. GARDINER has views on the character and temperament of railway-engines and interprets for us in a most plausible manner their language, shedding an entirely new light on their history and habits in aggressive prime and mournful decay. His incidental illustration of the snobbish bearing of the *Graf Zeppelin* was a masterpiece of characterisation. Mr. GARDINER also has a theory about the performance of an American trumpeter which seems to have caused some controversy in the brass world. It is a tribute to the mimic's *sang-froid* that he was not in the least disconcerted by the fact that most of us had evidently never heard the trumpeter in question, and to the intrinsic humorous quality of his act that we were excessively diverted by it—while as for the gentlemen of the orchestra who attend to the brass, they set the seal of their professional approval upon it by abandoning themselves to uproarious merriment. I foresee a career for Mr. GARDINER as an entertainer if his range is anything like as wide as his quality is good.

Mr. BILLY MERSON was amusing as a bookmaker in a playlet (by WORTON DAVID and ALFRED PARKER) in which, by way of importing life into moribund British drama, the odds are given and taken on the various characters in *Who Killed Colonel Cobb?* The general idea was perhaps better than the detail.

Mr. GEORGE GEE teaches Miss VIOLET LORAINE how to dance the Rumba—a spurious Spanish dance—giving her occasion to exploit her favourite mood of tousled distraction, Mr. GEE contributing freely from his repertory of ludicrous grimaces, bizarre gestures and queer bodily contortions. The same artists, in "Ethel and Ethelred," a Saxon reconstruction, conducted a royal bicker which, it seemed to me, had in it not quite enough fun to neutralise its vulgarity.

An apt parody of a famous scene from *The Dubarry* in another place gave Miss LORAINE and Mr. MERSON good opportunities to strip the sham romance from that first encounter of the pretty lady with the temperamental King. This is in the authentic revue tradition and very successful of its kind. A castaway scene on a distant desert island allows JUNE to be very demure and provocative and Mr. GEORGE GEE to strive heroically to behave like a gentleman. But here is a mystery. There were in the issue not two castaways but one. So all is lost save honour. And the end is pathos—or bathos.

Of the retained items I still find none more attractive than the manœuvres of the four graceful teams of zebras in



"RUMBA" RHYTHM
BY MISS VIOLET LORAINE AND MR. GEORGE GEE.

"The Circus Ball." But it seemed to me that the young ladies of the Chorus had abandoned some of those engaging pawings, champings and tossings of plumed heads which gave a touch of pleasantly equine character to their performance. They have the air now of being merely engaged in a merry rout and to be saying in effect, "Aren't we a good-looking, fit, athletic, vivacious crowd?" Which implicit query I answer quite explicitly with a hearty and grateful affirmative. But I could beg them to address themselves to this one of all their turns which offers them some artistic scope. In their other exercises—as Strephons and Chloes in the pretty "Valentine;" as dancers in "Song of Heart's Desire;" as gymnastic typists in "City Rhythm;" in "Home Again" as young things half-heartedly ogled by Narcissist young men in French mustard-coloured suitings; as precocious young ladies of Martinique in the riotous "Biguine"—they have ample opportunity of exploiting their gifts of health, beauty and sound animal spirits.

I must not forget to mention that the CONDOS BROTHERS continue their incredible step-dancing feats, surely unexcelled for pace, intricacy of pattern, precise rhythm and tireless energy.

The graceful feather-like dancing of JUNE seems even to have improved in quality. . . .

Certainly Mr. ANDERSON's faith and courage are justified. T.

SPORT FOR THE NEW POOR.

THE Era of Economy is now with us and the gaunt hand of Reduced Circumstances is closing upon the Stately Homes of England with their Pleasaunces, Parks, Home Farms, Upper Spinneys, Family Trees and Shooting Covers. No longer can the British aristocracy afford their grouse-moors, their pheasant-preserves and their snipe-rivers. Some, indeed, are so hard-hit that they cannot keep up a rabbit-meadow, a wood-pigeon tree or even a hen-run. In many cases about the only shooting they can really count upon is five rounds for sixpence (ladies half-way) at coloured ping-pong balls on Brighton Pier; and even on Brighton Pier you have to pay in advance. This is pretty tough.

Now, speaking as a landed proprietor myself—I own a fairly baronial cottage and a half-acre field—I really don't see why we should grumble. Poverty or not, I still manage to get plenty of sport out of every square foot of my property. I admit of course that the palmiest days are now past—the days when I shot real pheasants. Or perhaps I should say the days when I used to wait with a pair of fixed guns (and a heavy catapult in Brigade Reserve) for the rapid passage of that wily old cock-pheasant over my half-acre *en route* from Lord Scatterblast's covers on one side to Sir John de Cartouche's hedgerows on the other. I never got him, though I attracted his attention once or twice, but legally he would have been mine if I had.

Indeed I once knew an army officer who rented a diminutive wedge-shaped shoot between two big ones, and used to invite practically the whole Mess out on those days when the neighbouring properties were being shot over. It was a fine sight, I am told, to see the last field at the end of his wedge lined with armed officers, like a battalion during an attack, all taking terrific toll of the birds that winged back and forth. The bag, if I remember rightly, often worked

out to about one pheasant per square yard of his shoot.

However. I digress. The Era of Economy having put pheasants out of my reach—not that it really made any difference to the pheasants whether they were in it or not—I have, so to speak, drawn in my horns and concentrated on those fauna which my half-acre affords. And really there is no reason why other impoverished aristocrats should not take example from me.

Firstly, in every half-acre there are wasps. My observation leads me to estimate the scale of wasp-nests at about four to the acre throughout the countryside. The best weapon for this type of game is a smooth-bore pistol firing dust-shot. The actual sites of the nests should be marked down so as to avoid standing on or near them, since one can have too much of a good thing; but it will not be considered bad form to distribute a few saucers of jam about your field or garden to concentrate the quarry. A wasp flies very swiftly but fairly straight, and is a good test for the quick eye—unless it happens to be flying fairly straight *at you*, when it is a good test for the quick foot. A rocketing wasp, put up suddenly from a saucer of jam, is one of the hardest things to hit I know; conversely an infuriated wasp is one of the hardest to dodge, and it will often happen that the day's sport will end with the whole party taking cover in the outbuildings, leaving the field littered with abandoned arms and accoutrements.

On those occasions when you have a house-party of "rabbits" for your wasp-shooting, better sport may be had if your head-keeper, your under-keeper, your gardener and your odd-job boy are all sent out early in the morning to sprinkle as many wasps as he can with flour in order to ensure better visibility. Shooting a bee instead of a wasp will of course be as bad a *gaffe* as shooting a hen-pheasant during September instead of a partridge.

Secondly, there are butterflies. Butterflies (the common white ones) offer good sport, provided again the right weapons are used. The right weapon here is of course the large-size elastic-band to be flipped from the thumb-nail of the left hand. This weapon naturally demands butts along one edge of the property, and a line of beaters—cook, your wife, Farmer Jolly's two small boys at twopence an hour, and Jerry, the village "natural"—to work up from the other edge. Ammunition should be laid in boxes in the butts, and stringent orders as to the collecting of expended ammunition after the day's shoot is over should be issued. Your wife's Pekinese will be found very useful for retrieving those "birds" which are merely winged. Pekinese are invaluable gun-dogs for this branch of sport, owing to the similarity of a white butterfly to sliced breast of chicken, the creature's staple diet.

These same animals may be collected from all round the village into a pack, led of course by that foul blot, Too Ming, belonging to the Vicar's wife; and you may put in a good day's catapulting for field-mice along the hedge (your side). In this connection a dog-hospital and casualty clearing station should be established at the base in one of the outhouses, and will be found very necessary before the end of the day. With any luck you should be able to hit Too Ming quite often.

A mole-hunt, on the other hand, does not offer nearly such successful sport; for, though I have seen many mole-hills, I have never yet seen a mole—except one specimen which had definitely given up being a mole some while previously. But there is always hopeful anticipation, and mole-hills, particularly in favoured flower-beds, always seem to be so freshly-made that a mole *must* be near. The kitchen cat should be trained to act the part of a ferret; and this in itself will provide several days' occupation, if not sport. Since this is the Era of Economy, it should be remembered that moleskins are valuable, and when enough have been obtained a waistcoat may be made up which will be found very warm in the winter—the winter of 1982 for me at my present rate of capture.

Blackbeetles, spiders and other smaller creations of Nature may be hunted down as ingenuity suggests. This will certainly be urged by your wife.

Lastly, if you are bold, you may get some good fun from such game as may stray inadvertently on to your property—for instance, cows and hens. A cow can be made to last quite a long time, while hens always offer the most exciting moments. On the other hand, as this is written to help the impoverished, I think hens should be avoided. Assuming you are discovered, the expense of this type of shooting will be found too heavy for the poor man's pocket. For hens in my part of England are about six-and-sixpence each, or ten shillings if you are a passing motorist—unless you pass very quickly.

A. A.

Hysteron-Proteron in Politics.

"NEW WARNING TO FRANCE.
'STERN TESTS AHEAD.'"
Headlines in Daily Paper.

"A Quantity of Potato Socks for sale."
Advt. in Hampshire Paper.

We already have an adequate supply of garden hose, thank you.

LEAN DAYS IN HARLEY STREET.

[This title is taken from a sad little article in *The Daily Mail*.]

In Harley Street, in Harley Street,
Are blackness and despair;
No boots are on the children's feet,
There is no Sunday joint of meat
For doctors anywhere;
But listless-eyed and lorn of hope
Amidst the traffic's hum.
The men who gave us kindly dope
Await with rusting stethoscope
The calls that never come.

O spectre of the slump, whose tracks
No honest heart derides!
Can this be true, that want attacks
Consulting specialists and hacks
The carvers of insides,
And some who rolled in limousines
And took tremendous fees
Lament with undisguised chagrins
The dearth of invalids with means,
The failure of disease?

Then, now, before the worst is done
And all those splendid shrines
Go out of action one by one,
Bring on, O waiters, by the ton
Your richest foods and wines!
The hare, the partridge are in train,
The oyster and the grouse
When taken with the best champagne
May yet avail to build again
Some good physician's house!

The shipyards, who can make them full?
The timber-merchants gasp;
Not steel nor zinc nor jute nor wool,
And, oh, not cotton can we pull
From foul depression's grasp;
But Harley Street, but Harley Street
May brave misfortune still
If stalwart diners overeat:
Bring on the bird, bring on the sweet,
And let us all be ill!

EVOE.

"CHOCOLATE EXPRESS.
Still time to Join Party to Famous Factory and Gorge."—*Daily Paper.*

"WEEK-END AIR TRIP TO WELLINGTON.
Boozing Office, ——'s Garage."
Advt. in New Zealand Paper.

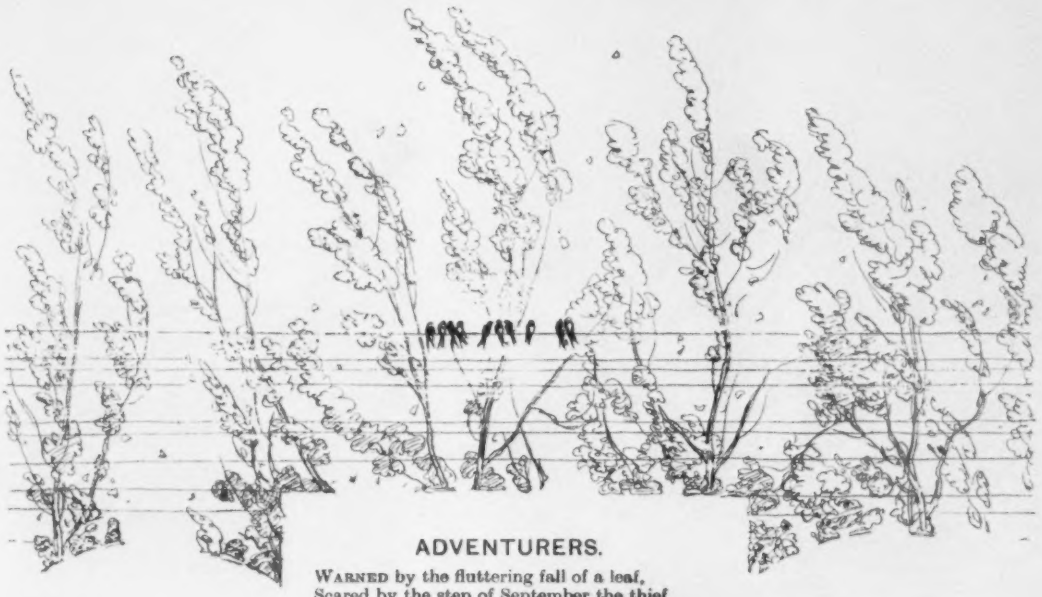
Mr. Punch deplores the necessity of such inducements to the travelling public.

"Strayed, 17th August, from 314 —— Road, Female Cockerel, black and brown. Reward given. Police notified."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

They will have to confess themselves baffled once again.

"The Vicar, who has not been away a single Sunday since his return from Dartmoor last September, is hoping to get a holiday during the same month this year."
Parish Magazine.

It is not known yet if he will return to the same isolated hotel.



ADVENTURERS.

WARNED by the fluttering fall of a leaf,
Scared by the step of September the thief
Passing to set the green woodlands a-fire,
Crowded for comfort with wing against wing,
Slenderly swaying like girls on a swing,
Shoulder to shoulder they cluster and cling—
Ten on a telegraph-wire!



Balancing bravely up there on their seat,
Deaf to the messages under their feet,
Deaf to the droning of engine and tyre,
Ready to launch on their journey anew
Over broad ocean to skies that are blue,
Dreaming of lands where their dreams will come true—
Ten on a telegraph-wire!



Theirs is the mantle of courage men wore
Long, long ago when their galleons bore
Into the sunset in quest of a shore
Known but in dream and the mist of desire;
Therefore I pray when their convoy departs
Over the sea without compass or charts
God will be guide to those brave little hearts—
Ten on a telegraph-wire.

W. H. O.





First Aquaplanist (to second ditto, who is saying something as she passes by). "WHAT? I CAN'T HEAR—SUCH A BEASTLY ROW."

Second Aquaplanist (louder). "I SAID—THEY—SAY—THERE'S A *SHARK* ABOUT!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Amazing Queen.

"I MARVELL to thynk," said QUEEN ELIZABETH'S godson, HARRINGTON, "what strange humors do conspire to patch up the natures of some myndes." And he added—it was safe by 1606 to do so—that "in good soothe our late Queene did enfolde them all together." This complexity has at least the merit of rendering the VIRGIN QUEEN'S biography a stimulating if not over easy task; and I congratulate Miss MONA WILSON on the discrimination with which she has selected and arranged the exceptionally telling material that goes to her portrait of *Queen Elizabeth* (PETER DAVIES, 5/-). The credit and debit sides of TUDOR administration are perhaps more debatable than they used to be; but for that very reason it is easier than it was to be honest about the personality and aims of its culminating sovereign, to appreciate her personal gallantry, her almost total lack of principle and the magnificently improvised sagacity which steered her safely through a hazardous and intricate reign. Candour, sympathy and knowledge go to the making of her latest biography, the sympathy allowing ELIZABETH'S precarious girlhood and disappointed old age to bespeak a kindlier understanding of the asperities of her prime. Her background, historical and domestic, is artistically indicated; yet I feel that while the personal setting shows considerable acquaintance with first-hand documents and the most recent research, the political middle-distance is not always so commandingly based. Miss WILSON'S handling of ELIZABETH'S intervention in Scotland, her semi-acceptance of the almost certainly forged *Casket Letters*, are difficult to reconcile with the most painstaking modern conclusions.

Heights of Fame.

Mr. F. S. SMYTHE, foiled on Kangchènjunga in 1930, lost no time in leading a party back to the haunting magic of the upper Himalaya, and the film recording his scaling of the loftiest summit yet subdued by man is already becoming famous. In his narrative account, *Kamet Conquered* (GOLLANCZ, 16/-), the plates are as nearly adequate as photographs could be, and I submit that the telling is even better than the plates. As one reads the story it seems that almost without a pause, almost without visible risk of failure, but with that studied regard for graduated acclimatisation that was the key to success, the amazing mountain was approached and overcome. In a region where frostbite and sunstroke may be inflicted simultaneously and where one may watch a block of ice the size of a cathedral bend from an overhanging glacier to splinter itself a thousand feet below, SMYTHE and his five companions cut themselves loose from the world, grew beards that made the yaks stampede, and abandoned themselves within the exaltation and the mystery, the terror and the sublimity of the highest lands of earth. Later they traversed valleys of flowers where it was not possible to cut a sod of turf without destroying some few primulas or fritillaries, and carried out a work of exploration about the sources of the Ganges worth a volume in itself; yet one turns back, to avoid an anticlimax, to Kamet and the tale of the last push from Camp Five to the top. On the few final yards they sent their utterly reliable Darjeeling sirdar in advance, that a native of the country might tread the summit first.

Wild Birds.

A book for bird-lovers
On England's fair ground
Between these two covers
Two students have bound;
Their love is deep-rooting
And soundly they reason,
And both go out shooting
When game is in season.

The point of their labours
They make in plain words:
"Let's all be good neighbours
Who love to watch birds,
Since we're all bird-protectors,
True-hearted and zealous,
Save some crank egg-collectors,
Unfair and fool-" jealous."

Bird Haunts in Wild Britain,
By WINNALL and YEATES,
Is charmingly written;
Its excellent plates
Serve shore-bird and dweller
On moor or in spinney;
PHILIP ALLAN's the seller
At half of a guinea.

A Plot at any Rate.

I have a certain esteem for the novelist who can boast in whatsoever degree the faculty for putting anything at all fizzy into extremely old bottles. And I am prepared to congratulate Mrs. ELINOR GLYN on having relinquished most of the adventitious lure with which her fiction is generally credited to engineer a hundred-and-sixty small pages of reasonably intriguing plot and counterplot out of the stockiest of stock characters and situations. A baddish Duke and a goodish twin brother as like as two peas, a cold and would-be mercenary social star, a vamp who is also a secret-service spy, an aeroplane and a faithful hound, drugged wine and a secret formula for explosives are the chief ingredients of her latest tragi-comedy of errors. Its phraseology, equally well-worn, revels in cynical smiles, bronze curls, flawless Greek features, fiendish laughs and strange caresses. *Courtenay John, Duke of Arden*, and his brother, *John Courtenay*, are accustomed to mystify the world by swapping parts and burdens, a convenience which usually ends in honest *John* shouldering the discreditable results of *Courtenay's* amatory entanglements. Yet oddly enough it is the latter's genuine if half-hearted attempt to settle down that brings about the worst imbroglio, as recorded in *Glorious Flames* (BENN, 9*d*.). The novel "marches" because it is well articulated; and though it is hardly what you would expect of a "leader of modern fiction" in a series given over to such lights, it comes as a sufficiently competent reminder of excellencies many leaders of modern fiction lack.



PROFESSOR OF HYPNOTISM DECIDES TO BOARD AN OMNIBUS BETWEEN STOPPING-PLACES.

An Assemblage of Bodies.

There is a rather depressing type of riverside villa which always looks as if it were specially designed to be the abode of murderers, and in Mr. MILWARD KENNEDY's tale, *The Murderer of Sleep* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6 net), such a setting is turned to excellent account. I am not quite clear as to the correct noun of assemblage to apply to a number of bodies; but whatever it may be, it might certainly be employed here with propriety, for Mr. KENNEDY provides no fewer than four thrills of the kind, to say nothing of a couple of mere burglaries. I rather fancy most people will "spot" *Macbeth's* understudy at a fairly early stage of the proceedings; but the plot is one of those which depends more on the ingenuity with which it is worked out than on concealing the identity of the criminal, and in the former respect it leaves nothing to be desired. Its time-table is convincing and not too complicated; its machinery works smoothly; and there are no tiresome loose ends of clues left lying about for the reader to trip over. In short, a quite satisfactory and workmanlike thriller, despite the trifling superabundance of bodies already referred to.

The Perfect Equestrian.

Captain HANCE'S *School for Horse and Rider* (COUNTRY LIFE, 12/6) is not an attempt to teach the difficult art of riding (as distinguished from being carried on a horse) and the still more difficult art of training the horse. He would, with

his primary conviction of the need of study in the "school," that is the formal enclosed space suitably equipped, whether under roof or in the open, assume that to be futile. He offers rather a rough statement of his own principles of the teaching of both mount and man. Perhaps the best proof of the value of his ideas, apart from his reputation and the record of his experience, is provided in the admirable series of action photographs. Here brilliant practice—workmanlike style and finish, perfect balance and control—is really brilliantly illustrated and the points made in the text driven home in detail. Both the riders and the horses are the author's pupils and assistants. Captain HANCE assumes more knowledge and experience than the mere novice can command, but both novice and many of us who fancy we have long passed the pupillary stage and have nothing much to learn may with profit (if perhaps with a little wistful enviousness) study these examples of finished horsemanship and learn or renew respect for accomplished technique as a means to a fine end.

Austria To-day and To-morrow.

For myself I am disposed to see in Austria's reluctance to accept another foreign loan the first faint sign of returning health in that body diseased politically and financially. Perhaps, however, it was less the money itself than the conditions accompanying it that made *Austria of To-day* (MACMILLAN, 12/6) unwilling to submit once more to external supervision of her finances. It is a gloomy picture that Mr. GERMAINS skilfully paints with a realistic brush and a due regard for the lights as well as the shades. If I cannot claim an acquaintance with that delightful country for as long as Mr. GERMAINS, who was there before the War, several years spent there have at least caused me to share in his belief in Austria's ultimate recovery. But the great danger of being the "Sick Man" of Europe is the neurasthenia that may be bred in the patient through continuous spoon-feeding. It is both debilitating to the body and destructive of the moral qualities that do so much to promote convalescence. And it is surely an irony of history that the very Austria which in former days was reviled for being a Police State should have owed her salvation in the past decade to the efficiency and sense of discipline instilled by Dr. SCHOBER into her admirable police force. If their keen patriotism and steady discipline were to be emulated by the nation as a whole, I for one would have few doubts as to the prosperity of the Austria of to-morrow.

Stark Adolescence.

It is conceivable that Mr. JAMES HANLEY'S novels may be too strongly flavoured for the taste of some readers, but even those who derive no pleasure from *Ebb and Flood* (THE BODLEY HEAD, 7/6) will be compelled to admire its force and sincerity. The story is mainly concerned with three youths who worked in the Liverpool docks. Their world was completely without beauty; their pleasures were as crude as their work was grim. Perforce it is a tragic picture that Mr. HANLEY has drawn, but to some extent he has tempered it by allowing one of these youths, *Michael Condron*, to have a real though incoherent love for his mother. Through a tale that is almost painful in its intensity this bond between son and mother brings refreshment and relief.



"JES' YO' STOP USIN' DAT LIPSTICK, MY GAL. WID LIPS LIKE YO'S DE EXPENSE WILL RUIN ME."

A Malevolent Don.

Mr. Mauleverer, by profession a lecturer in chemistry at Cambridge, was as clever and determined a murderer as even modern sensational fiction has contrived to produce. Although proof was lacking, three murders undoubtedly stood to his discredit when *Sir Charles Darcy* called upon him at Cambridge and announced that he was going to kill him within a week. But readers of *Darkness at Pemberley* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) will quickly discover that it was far easier to be slain by *Mauleverer* than to slay him. No sooner had the threat been uttered than Pemberley, *Sir Charles's* country-house, became a place to avoid. In fact *Mauleverer* more or less besieged it, and Mr. T. H. WHITE is never at a loss in making the siege both grim and hair-raising. The chase in motors which ends this thriller left me cold—I have followed too many of them—but in other respects Mr. WHITE has avoided the beaten track in his neatly-constructed story.

The Seamy Side of Life.

Quite deliberately Mr. DYKE ACLAND, in *Sticky Fingers* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), has exposed the methods of people who in one way or another are without scruples where money is concerned. A bevy of "financiers," which included *James Husing*, were certainly more cunning than trustworthy, although none of them except the unfortunate *James* and a negligible accountant actually went to prison. With this group *Crasher Yarbury-Lincomb*, a trainer of and dealer in horses, who lived by his wits, became associated, and more than once was saved from disaster by his wife. I cannot say that *Mousie Yarbury-Lincomb* succeeded in keeping her fingers quite clean, but she never lost her sense of values, and in an atmosphere thick with knavery she was a perpetual refreshment. Undeniably a clever story, in which Mr. ACLAND uses his ironical gifts with discretion.

Mr. Punch extends a warm welcome to *Britisher on Broadway* (METHUEN, 3/6), a collection of Transatlantic impressions by ANTHONY ARMSTRONG. Most of them have appeared in these pages.

Official Scratchings.

"To-day groups of gaily-costumed collectors made their preliminary skirmishes amongst the holiday-makers.

When the bug push is at its keenest there will be nearly 3,000 voluntary collectors in the streets."—*Evening Paper.*

CHARIVARIA.

DEER-STALKERS are in clover this year, we are told. More often they are in heather.

* * *

Secrecy is being observed with regard to men's wear for the autumn; but we are trying not to let this unsettle us.

* * *

Lord ROTHSCHILD deduces from the incidence of a peculiar species of flea on both continents that South America and Australia were once connected by a land-bridge. It would be a long hop.

* * *

Professor MILES WALKER of Manchester assured the British Association that if he were engineer-in-charge of the world things would be run better. But we understand that this post has not yet been definitely offered to him.

* * *

According to *The Observer*, Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S address to the British Association at Bath forty-four years ago was reprinted in the *Fabian Essays*. There is therefore no question of what it was Mr. SHAW said in 1888.

* * *

A scientist says that St. Paul's is gradually tilting over. It is untrue, however, that the DEAN, in sympathy with this movement, is wearing his hat *à la* Admiral BEATTY.

* * *

In spite of the fact that this year witnesses the three-hundredth anniversary of the birth of SPINOZA, there seems to be very little excitement amongst ordinary schoolboys.

* * *

An eminent anthropologist is reported to have said that nobody has the faintest notion who the Romans were. This rather suggests that JULIUS CÆSAR and his party omitted to sign the visitors' book when they arrived.

* * *

In view of the publication of a photograph of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL drinking a glass of spa-water at Harrogate, it seems desirable to correct an impression that this was one of the remedies suggested by the Bridgeman Committee.

* * *

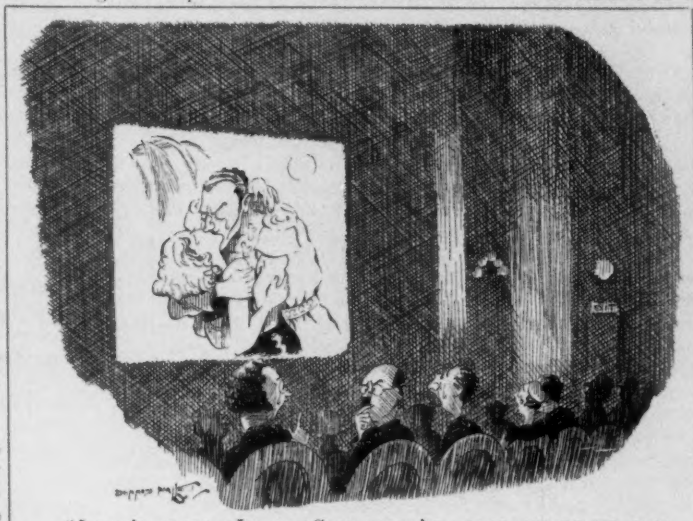
Those who have seen a picture in *The Sunday Express* of the Mayfair house, now a club, where Lord CASTLEROSSE was born will have deplored the rule that a blue plaque shall not be affixed to a celebrity's birthplace during his lifetime.

* * *

On reading that the annual angling competition of the L.G.O.C. is to be held this month, we are reminded of the absent-minded bus-conductor who was heard asking the fish if there were "Any more for the Bank."

* * *

A public librarian is quoted as saying that books are so much brighter and cleaner nowadays that the prejudice against them as possible germ-carriers is dying out. This conflicts with our impression of the modern novel.



"I DON'T BELIEVE I SAID 'GOOD-NIGHT' TO BABY BEFORE WE CAME AWAY, ALICE."

Farmers are asked to reply to a *questionnaire* on the kind of wireless talk they prefer. It is believed that many of them would appreciate a broadcast grumble.

* * *

We read of a West-Country golf-club where most of the members have grazing rights over the course. Few golf-clubs tolerate members who eat the grass.

* * *

Manchester alone of the principal provincial cities will have to wait till next year for the installation of "on demand" telephonic communication with London. Patience must therefore be exercised by those Londoners who wish to hear what Manchester says to-day.

* * *

It is asserted that ninety per cent of our weather prophets' forecasts are correct. These must be the occasions when they say, "Further outlook unsettled."

* * *

A nature article states that every season has its own beauty. The Suburban railway people recognised this fact when they coined the phrase: "All Seasons Please."

* * *

A photograph taken by infra-red rays reveals a moustache which is not apparent to the naked eye. This method of portraiture should appeal to recently-joined subalterns.

* * *

In a New York court, after being sentenced for vagrancy, a prisoner shouted an insulting remark at the magistrate, bit a policeman and kicked a solicitor in the stomach. It is presumed that he was dissatisfied with the verdict.

* * *

In Spain a football-referee who gave an unpopular decision at a match was imprisoned. In this country there is no such humane method of ensuring the safety of the foolhardy official.

* * *

At Cremona, Italy, an escaped lion ate a sleeping black cat. This will do much to dispel the superstition that black cats are lucky.

* * *

"Somewhere in Norfolk," says a writer, "a long white road winds tipsily through cornfields." It had probably come from the hopfields.

* * *

A correspondent in an evening paper wants to know why a popular tune is seldom played on the bagpipes. Probably because it wants to remain so.

* * *

"Has Britain lost her power to endure?" asks Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS in a newspaper article. Not if we are to be judged by what we can stand from our Sunday papers.

* * *

A British lawn-tennis star complains that in America the game has become a contest of brawn against brawn. There would appear to be a future for brawn-tennis.

* * *

On a Moscow sports ground an athletic instructress coaches sprinters in the art of starting. Russians are slow in getting away from MARX.

MY EXPERIENCES IN A MUDSEA BOARDING-HOUSE.

By Lady Pansy Nelson.

Lady Pansy Nelson has a lineage so ancient that it has become almost a by-word in Society. She would probably be boasting of it now if that were her nature. Actually it isn't; but still it just shows.

Her instinct for culture is unquestionable, so, reader, it will be you that are wrong.

Below she gives her frank impressions of a boarding-house at Mudsea:—

Last night a seven-course dinner in the midst of London's most exclusive Society and to-night a bag of shrimps on the pier at Mudsea! That is what I have been doing in the cause of democracy and in an attempt to find out how the other half—the common half—of the world lives.

But perhaps you would like to hear how your miserable little pleasures strike me, the habituée of all the gayest Continental resorts.

One thing I will say about you—you seem to enjoy yourselves in spite of your squalor. And really I have come to the conclusion that Mudsea is not as bad as all that.

The people of Mudsea go down to bathe in four-and-sixpenny bathing-suits hidden under greasy mackintoshes. They look quite different from the bathers at Le Touquet, and I think with a smile of my ten-guinea bathing-costume and the fifty-guinea wrap which I left behind in the magnificent hotel in which I spent last week-end.

And yet somehow they get just as wet when they go into the water; and they actually seem to enjoy themselves while they are bathing—that is the extraordinary part.

I should like my friends in the Smart Set to see the rooms in my boarding-house. How they would smile at the lace-curtains and the aspidistras! In my sparsely-furnished bedroom—so different from what I am accustomed to!—there is no sign of the tiled bath I had in my room at Le Touquet. Absolutely not a trace of it.

All the same it doesn't really matter, as I am the only visitor who ever occupies the one bathroom of the establishment. A quick rub-down with a wet rag and the other visitors are ready for the business of the day. How much more healthy than our habit of soaking in a hot bath before breakfast!

The meals too are quite different from anything I have seen before. At lunch to-day one of the men had two helpings of roast-beef with potatoes and drank a quart of beer. I become aware suddenly of an impish desire to introduce a party of my friends to the boarding-house and so give these visitors an idea of how normal people behave.

The afternoons we spend sun-bathing on the beach, and I am agreeably surprised to find how similar it is to the sun-bathing at Le Touquet, but of course on a much smaller scale.

This evening one of the lads of the village from the boarding-house has asked me to go out with him. We start off by glimpsing a picture-theatre. My escort brings some fried fish out of a string-bag and we start eating. The manager glimpses us and asks us to stop. He says it lowers the tone of the establishment. They wouldn't say that at Le Touquet.

Eventually we drift from the theatre to the Palais de Danse, a large room filled with people all dancing, apparently for the fun of it. Every now and then a modern tune, such as my friends might be dancing to in London or Paris, comes to my ears; but for the most part the band plays out-of-date music. My escort appears through a haze of tobacco-smoke—Virginian of course—and we move off to the strains of an old-fashioned waltz.

"Enjoying it, kid?" he asks.

"Yes, rather; I think it is delightful."

At the end of the dance we have refreshments—conger-eel stew washed down with barley-water. I realise that I am hungry and eat six platefuls.

But eleven-thirty draws on; they are early to bed at Mudsea, and the band is already packing up the instruments. We get our hats and wander back towards the board-residence.

And what had the evening's entertainment cost? Quite frankly these were my expenses for the whole night:

	s.	d.
Cinema	0	0
Palais de Danse . . .	0	0
Conger-eel stew . . .	0	0
Total	0	0

My escort was not quite so lucky, but then he doesn't often get the chance to take out a frequenter of Le Touquet.

Back in the boarding-house our landlady was waiting up for us.

"Had a nice time, dearie?" she asked as we came in.

"Pretty ulcerous, my dear," I answered as I climbed the six flights of stairs to my room.

Soon afterwards I had fallen into a dreamless sleep, completely satisfied with my night-out in Mudsea and convinced that there can be few better places to spend a fortnight's holiday, provided that you cannot afford to go to the Continent.

Fortunately I can.

THE WOOING OF BRITANNIA.

["Sir Thomas Inskip, speaking on the Ottawa Conference, declared that we were being wooed by every nation in the world." *From a Newspaper.*]

Unique a girl's adventure is
Who, having lived unsued,
Unloved, for several centuries,
Is passionately wooed.
Britannia blushed with pride and cast
An eye towards her coffers
When fortune favoured her at last
And suitors pressed their offers.

The first, whose name was Rio,
Had dark and flashing eyes;
His was a breed that we owe
To suns in southern skies;
He swore to her he didn't care
For others' smiles a button,
And asked her gallantly to share
His heart and beef and mutton.

The second sounded husky;
He 'd been upset, he said;
His sobriquet was Russky,
His colour-scheme was red;
His offerings of wood and wheat,
Of which he 'd brought some cargoes,
He begged the lady not to treat
With maidenly embargoes.

Her heart was in a flutter,
Her head was in a stir,
When, armed with eggs and butter,
The next proposed to her.
A blond was he and, bowing low,
Besought her by a pen-mark
To signify assent and show
A Preference for Denmark.

But though they wooed her boldly
Or though their ways were bland,
To one and all she coldly
Declined to pledge her hand.
A woman is an artful one
And thinks it rotten science
In such a case to end the fun
By premature compliance.

She talked to them of cousins
In terms of glowing praise,
And relatives in dozens
Adored since childhood's days;
And, though with maids this often is
A tale that's stressed unduly,
Her family propensities
Were represented truly. C. B.

Gathering Gloom.

"Dr. —— is the young medical man who gave up medicine to enter the Welsh Ministry and has been making a deepening depression in Wales."—*Church Paper.*

"But bakers and confectioners are the most romantic people in the world."
Sunday Paper.

Which answers the old, old question,
"Tell me, where is fancy bread?"



STILL ABOVE WATER.

NEPTUNE (*in rapturous expectancy*). "I HEAR ON THE AUTHORITY OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION THAT YOU ARE SINKING BACK INTO THE AZURE MAIN."

BRITANNIA (*quite unmoved*). "DON'T BE TOO PRECIPITATE; YOU'LL ONLY HAVE TO WAIT ABOUT HALF-A-MILLION YEARS."



Fortune-Teller. "BEWARE OF A TALL DARK MAN, AND ABOVE ALL BEWARE OF THE ROAD YOU ARE TRAVELLING TOGETHER."
Client. "JOLLY GOOD! THAT MUST BE DEAR OLD BILL. HE'S A ROTTEN DRIVER."

SHEEP.

SHEEP are ruining England. Other things, doubtless—motor-bandits, Dora, the substitution of par for bogey—but sheep more than anything else.

Consider what relentless pronouncements Dr. WHITE, the Bangor Professor of Agriculture, has made to the British Association about sheep. He deprecated the policy of Master FITZHERBERT, who wrote: "And because that shepe in myne opynyon is the moost profitablest cattell that any man can have, therefore I pourpose to speake first of shepe."

But what could you expect, asked Dr. WHITE in effect, of a man who reduplicated the superlative and spelt "opinion" with two "y's"?

"*In 1925 mutton and lamb brought the British farmer rather less income than did vegetables, flowers and fruit. Possibly by now even poultry might be more important financially than sheep.*"

These are hard words for the sentimentalist. Who ever wrote a poem about a hen?

"Little poult, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life and made thee most
Fit to be a boil or roast?"

The thing seems impossible. Yet Dr. WHITE is very severe about the shepe. It appears to him to be little better than a leprous blot on the English countryside.

"*We are bound to admit that grass sheep under ordinary management give only a low return of food, and to those who wish to see a large rural population they are about the most objectionable form of enterprise in which the farmer could engage.*"

I do maintain that the poets have been much at fault. From the times of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE to the times of WILLIAM DAVIES they have positively fostered sheep. They have encouraged and harboured them—especially the young of sheep—and given us the notion that they represent joy and prosperity, instead of agricultural stagnation. What they ought to have done was to whip up a white-hot propaganda about arable land and hogs—

"And let the young pigs bound
As to the tabor's sound."

That was the note we wanted.

"Go, farmer, and bestrew the fallow fields
With silicates . . ."

That was the correct idea.

I have had occasion to notice more than once that, whereas the farmers of England are a mystic race, silent except for a few remarks about the weather and usually accompanied by fierce dogs, the vocal part of England—the journalists, the authors, the trippers, the country visitors—like nothing so much as to get away into the country and utter cries of admiration over a barn that ought to have been pulled down long ago or a field that should have been under good potatoes but is just a mass of ridiculous weeds. As for a shepherd, he practically intoxicates the tourist. Lambs go to his head. He remembers WORDSWORTH:—

"The dew was falling fast, the stars began
to blink;
I heard a voice; it said, 'Drink, pretty
creature, drink!'
And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I
espied
A snow-white mountain-lamb with a
maiden at its side."

But what does the Professor of Agriculture at Bangor say about snow-white mountain-lambs? Without going so far as to refuse them drink, he coldly observes:—

"*Our mountain-flocks can only be maintained if they have an outlet for the draft-ewes and store-lambs which largely constitute their saleable product.*"

WORDSWORTH wrote somewhere between eight hundred and a thousand poems in the course of a long and well-spent life, and a large proportion of them dealt with topics from which a consideration of the solemn beauty of agriculture could not properly be excluded. But I do not find that in a single one of these he dealt with the saleable products of draft-ewes or store-lambs. It seems to have pleased him, indeed, in the poem under notice that no draft-ewes, nor indeed any other kind of cattell, were about—

"Nor sheep nor kine were near; the lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone;
With one knee on the grass did the little maiden kneel,
While to that mountain-lamb she gave its evening meal."

A pretty look-out for English agriculture if the whole labour of an able-bodied maiden is to be devoted to providing evening fodder for a single and very likely unsaleable mountain-lamb! Nor do I detect any gleam of hope in the attitude of our modern romanticists towards the countryside. They concern themselves only too often with farming and farm-life. But they put their farm-lands under anything which strikes them as being picturesque. I have read at least twenty-seven romances of rural England in which it was perfectly clear that there was no rotation of crops; in which scarcely a reference was made to chemical fertilisers; and, although the farmer's daughter was repeatedly met in the apple-orchard, she appeared from her conversation to have not the slightest interest in the mechanical reaper and binder or the possibility of milking by electricity. Give him a girl in an orchard and an old weather-wise shepherd and your novelist seems to be content with English agriculture. Give him a dingle and an old gate and a field of clover and he forgets that "technical appliances for the cultivation and marketing of essential food-products are a *sine qua non* to the existence of a prosperous countryside." (I quote here from *Bodger on Beans*.)

The sheep in particular, flecking the green uplands, filling the calm air with their melodious cries or the tinkling of their bells, represent to the eye of enlightenment (but, alas! not to the novelist) a sinister, a malevolent activity, the degradation of good arable land into pasture. We ought to grow hot with anger when we see them. The ground they infest might almost as well be under wolves or golf. The Empire can supply both mutton and wool far more profitably than we can supply it ourselves. Our duty is to provide more agricultural labour, and the man who insists on calling the yowes to the knowes, instead of producing forms of food which give a higher monetary return per acre, is in the best opynyon little better than a motor-buccaneer.

So, at least, I gather from Dr. WHITE, and I am impressed by his arguments. The fact is that the word "sheep," rhyming as it does with sleep, weep, deep and keep, not to mention Sweep, has insensibly affected our minds. Whereas roots, oats, pigs, poultry have a comic reaction which may ultimately prove disastrous to the common weal. Find for me the modern poet who shall write

"Russet lawns and sallows gray
Where the sounding tractors stray"

and I shall present him with a chaplet of laurel-leaves.

(Though I *do* rather like English mutton.) EVOE.



Mrs. Hawkins. "'AVE A GOOD LOOK ROUND, BERT, AND SEE THAT WE 'AVEN'T LEFT ANYTHINK."

Really Practical Politics.

"He repeats his proposal that arguments should be cut by one-third, and so reduce the cost of world armaments by £200,000,000."
Church Paper.

"SLUMP ARRESTED."
Daily Paper.

They gave it five years in Russia.

"RETRENCHMENT IN CEYLON.
The recommendations include inter alia:—A reduction in the Governor's salary; Cyclonisation of the Public Services."
Indian Paper.

That ought to raise the wind.

SALMON POMMES DE TERRE.

WHENEVER I tell a story about one of my friends which puts him in the character of hero I make a point of giving his name and description. But if the joke is against him and the story seems worth recording I adopt him into the great Smith, Brown or Jones families.

My old friend, John Smith, came into a small fortune and a large estate. The pride of the latter was a stretch of salmon river. I was a member of his first house-party, and on the morning after my arrival he took me down to see his river. Imagine his feelings when we saw on our approach a weedy little man in town garb and a bowler-hat, engaged in fishing. John always gets a little pink about the ears when he is highly moved, and I realised from the brilliant scarlet hue that his emotion was extreme. "Hi, you!" he shouted, and the little man turned round with a scared look. "Who gave you leave to fish my water?"

"I am sorry, Sir," said the fisherman, "but I understood this water was public."

"Well, it isn't," retorted John, "and you had better clear off before my bailiff catches you."

The little man began to reel up his line in silence. Now, I know nothing of the art of salmon-fishing, but I always understood you caught the fish with a large and gaudy fly. Not so this stranger, for at the end of his line we saw what was undoubtedly a small potato. Words failed John for a moment and his ears grew still redder. "What have you got on your line?" he at last ejaculated.

"That, Sir," said the little man very respectfully, "is a potato. They told me at the village inn where I am staying that it is an admirable lure."

All John's annoyance vanished, and he burst into Homeric laughter. "If that is your method of fishing, my friend, I give you full permission to spend the rest of the day here."

"How kind of you!" cried the little man with pathetic gratitude; "and does that mean that I may keep what I catch?"

"Certainly, certainly; and more power to your elbow," was John's reply as he drew me away to a safe distance where he could indulge his mirth without hurting the stranger's feelings.

When we gathered together at luncheon, it was unanimously agreed that after tea we should pay a visit to the river and commiserate the sportsman on his empty basket.

So after tea down we went in a body, and when we came within sight of the river poor John's ears grew once more incarnadined. For we arrived just in time to see a large fish being safely landed. Worse still, on topping a small rise which brought the sloping bank into view we saw lying there no fewer than five fine silvery fish. From my casual acquaintance with our fishmonger's shop I could aver with some certainty that none of them was under twenty pounds in weight.

My fellow-guests and I looked at each other in silence.

John was silent too, but only because for a few moments he was quite unable to find the right words to utter.

"You've caught those fish?" came at last.

"Oh, yes, Sir. I've had a most delightful day and can never be grateful enough to you for allowing me to keep my catch."

"You've caught those six fish with a potato?"

"Oh, no, Sir," answered the little man with a shy smile. "The potato was what you might call a *ruse de guerre*; it was only to catch *you*!"

John is a thoroughly good fellow and can take a joke against himself. As soon as the first shock was over, his laughter, like the treble of CORNEY GRAIN'S chorister, was "heard above the rest."

His water-bailiff also was great-souled enough to treat the incident without undue rancour and with a grim humour. "I reckon the young master was done properly brown."

So perhaps if I tell the story again John had better surrender his honorary membership of the Smith clan and be known as John Brown.

SEVENTY YEARS OF YO-YO.



THE SENSATION BALL!

THE LATEST PLEASANTRY IN THE PUBLIC STREETS.

Reproduced from "Punch," July 26, 1862.

DOMESTIC PROBLEMS.

VII.—MR. BEENY'S SISTER.

IT was at this moment that the door opened and Mrs. Tremayne entered. She had a roll of paper in her hand.

"Oh, Sylvester," she said, "I won't keep you more than a minute, but the plans and estimate came this morning and I hurried up to Town for you to pass them."

"The plans?" asked her brother. "The estimate?"

"For the cricket pavilion."

"What cricket pavilion?"

"What cricket pavilion! What on earth do you mean? The one you promised the village, of course."

"Did I? How much is it?"

"Two-hundred-and-fifty pounds. Very reasonable, Eustace says."

"Two-hundred-and-fifty pounds! Aren't there any cheaper ones?"

"Not if you want it to be good."

"But did I really say I'd give it? Was it a promise?"

"Of course it was. And everyone knows about it. Eustace has told them. They're delighted."

"Yes—well—oh, I'll call William."

"What for? We don't want William."

"I think he ought to know. He is so sensible."

"He may be sensible about wine and silver," said Mrs. Tremayne, "but he knows nothing about cricket pavilions. Almshouses are more in his line—or ought to be."

"All the same," said Mr. Beeny, ringing the bell, "I'd like to hear him."

"Good-morning, Ma'am," said William as he entered.

"Good-morning, William. You heard about the pavilion your master is giving?"

"I knew there was some talk about it, Ma'am, but I didn't know it was a promise."

"Exactly, William," said Mr. Beeny. "Not a promise; just a general suggestion," he added, turning to his sister. "You see, my dear?"

"Absurd," said Mrs. Tremayne; "of course you promised, otherwise how could I have gone to all the trouble of getting an estimate? Here it is: two-hundred-and-fifty pounds."

"I hope you haven't gone too far with it, Ma'am," said William.

"Why?"

"Because—well, won't you tell her, Sir?"

"The fact is, my dear," said Mr. Beeny, "I've had a very awkward letter from Anne which may make a great difference to my mode of life and expenditure. She's on the rocks. Her husband has abandoned her."

"Oh, he has, has he? I'm not surprised. I never saw any good in that man. Who has he gone off with?"

"There's no suggestion that he has gone off with anybody. According to Anne he tired and has left her."

"What does she say?"

"Do you mean what are her exact words?"

"Yes."

"Well, you know Anne's blunt way," said Mr. Beeny, referring to the letter. "Her exact words are, 'My loving husband has walked out on me.'"

"A vulgar phrase," said Mrs. Tremayne. "American, I suppose."

"Yes, Ma'am," said William; "I've heard it at the talkies."

"Whatever the origin of the expression," said Mr. Beeny, "the fact remains. Anne has been abandoned, and henceforth, unless she can get a divorce and possibly marry again, I shall have to be responsible for her. She may even come to live here."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed his sister.

"It isn't the kind of thing that interests Heaven," said Mr. Beeny. "Either she must live here or I must pay her costs of living elsewhere. In either case it means even more of this infernal economy—so that, if there is any loophole through which I can crawl out of the cricket pavilion business, I should like to use it."

"There isn't one," said Mrs. Tremayne. "Besides, you're not as hard up as that."

"I am, aren't I, William?" Mr. Beeny inquired. "We've been talking about our finances again."

"There is great need for care," said William.

"And much as I enjoy watching cricket in comfort," said Mr. Beeny, "you will admit that my daughter, who incidentally is your niece, comes first."

"I always thought Ralph Sandby was a rotter," said Mrs. Tremayne.

"Of course," said Mr. Beeny; "a scamp, a waster, most unsatisfactory. But Anne is a dear little thing, and I can't go back on her. I oughtn't to have let her marry the man."

"You did try to prevent it, Sir," said William.

"Yes, I did; but it was no use. She insisted on having her own way. No parent can influence daughters these days. And it's very doubtful if they have any right to."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Tremayne. "Of course they have a right to; more, it's their duty."

"There speaks the childless woman," said Mr. Beeny. "Anyway, since the pavilion has not advanced beyond the plan and estimate stage, I think you must allow me to employ one of your own privileges and change my mind. The whole country is having to do things like that. I'll pay what expenses have been incurred and call it off."

"I don't know what Eustace will say," said Mrs. Tremayne. "It was a project very near his heart, and the club expects it."

"Very well, then," said Mr. Beeny, "say that owing to unforeseen circumstances the project must be postponed for a year. Things may get better then. William thinks they will."

"There are many luxuries you might deny yourself," said Mrs. Tremayne.

"I have already cut them down," said Mr. Beeny. "This very morning; just before you came in. They've gone."

"Well, then," said his sister, "if you refused to help Anne, the law could force her husband to keep her."

"Not Sandby," said Mr. Beeny. "I know that sort. He's a born loafer and a born sponge. It gives him as much satisfaction to borrow as it gives me to lend. I mean," he added hastily, "as it used to do." E. V. L.



THE HIGH PRIESTESS.

"Mrs. ——, one of the cyclists, suffered from bruises to both legs, and Mr. ——, her husband."—*Local Paper.*

She has our sympathy.

ZAGREB AGAIN.*

["Thieves who broke into a house at Zagreb were so disgusted by the owner's extravagant estimates of his loss that they returned the goods, which he had valued at over three hundred pounds, to prove that they were not worth thirty."—*Reuter.*]

YET once more, oh, ye dwellers in Zagreb
(And where Zagreb may be I have no notion;
Perchance where Alph's mysterious waters ebb,
Travelling by underground to a sunless ocean
Such as the August tripper knows too well,
Or by some haunted stream whose slow waves loiter
Softly across the great Gromboolian plain),
Yet once more you have cast your wonted spell
Over the unimpressionable REUTER
And forced your way into the news again.

Favoured locality, where the enlivening bomb
Explodes innocuous in lonely spots
And cracksmen of remarkable aplomb
With souls above their predatory lots,
The gain of twenty paltry quid despise
And, like so many nobler ROBIN HOODS,
Scorning to batten on unworthy spoil,
Shocked by their victim's far from truthful cries,
Restore the carefully abstracted goods,
Ignoble meed of honest nightly toil.

Would I could take, Zagreb, the magic road
That leads to thee, and get me swiftly hence,
Leaving a land where bombs that *don't* explode
Occasion so much trouble and expense,
As lately in St. Bees' scholastic glades,
And where the Exchequer's businesslike banditti,
Showing a really lamentable lack
Of true artistic feeling's finer shades,
Are not inspired by either pique or pity
Ever to send a single halfpenny back!

THE MANLY FOOT.

RECENTLY some egg began a correspondence in *The Times* about "The Manly Chest." The question was whether town councillors showed an excess of zeal in forbidding the manly chest to be exposed to the sun on the seashore; and the writer reminded the world that it was exposed to the electric-light in the boxing-ring without harm to anyone.

The correspondence which followed was discursive. No one contended (as many councillors do) that the manly chest is indecent; some said (truly) that in some cases it was undecorative; and many, wandering far, complained that the manly abdomen was often convex or, as they poetically put it, "mountainous" and therefore unpleasing.

Most of the writers argued on "æsthetic" lines without perceiving whither they were being led. Their objection to the mountainous abdomen may be a sound one (to me, as a matter of fact, it seems a little selfish—for I do not know why fat men should not enjoy the sun and sea as much as thin ones), but, if it is sound, it is an objection not to surface but to shape. And the conclusion is not that these formations should be draped in this way or that, but that they should not be allowed on the beach at all. You may cover them with wet black garments so that they look like seals resting, but the shape will remain. And if they are offensive on a public beach, are they any less offensive at a public dinner, even more conspicuous with white waistcoats and watch-chains?

And what about the manly foot? As I lie here on the beach and contemplate my foot I have to confess that it is a repellent object. It is long and scraggy; the toes are mis-shapen and twisted, like the roots of something you dig up by accident in the garden; the nails are thick unlovely growths which remind me somehow of the cactus, and the whole member is, as usual, covered with wounds from the rocks which refuse to heal in the (as I maintain) septic sea.

It may be that my foot is especially ill-tended; but glancing furtively at my neighbours' extremities I perceive that none of them would be exactly ornamental in a drawing-room, though some might serve as models to a very "modern" sculptor. No, if æsthetic considerations are to be our guide, there is no doubt that my foot (and most men's feet—*and* most of our legs) ought to be concealed from view. But no Council commands me to wear long black stockings on the beach. Why not?

The mystery deepens if you study the mixed bathing regulations at, for example, Newbury:—

> "(*a*) All must wear bathing costumes in accordance with the laws of the Amateur Swimming Association, each costume to be approved by the baths attendant or his representative. *Females must wear in addition caps of approved pattern, and males must wear bathing-drawers under their costumes.*
>
> "(*b*) The dressing-boxes and promenade on one side of the bath will be reserved exclusively for the use of women, and the opposite side for men. Bathers will only be permitted to use the promenade on the side of the bath reserved for their own sex."

Reckless Newbury! What happens if the "sexes" meet in the water? Arrest? And what happens, I wonder, at a Newbury dance? Do they have "mixed dancing" or do the sexes gambol on opposite sides of the floor?

But the main point is: What is all this about "females" having to wear "caps of approved pattern" in the water? Has the hair of the female become indecent or insanitary or "unæsthetic" or what? I thought a woman's hair was her glory. I know that many a pleasant but mutish blonde seems to disappear altogether if you confine her golden locks in a white rubber cap. I know that many a plain young woman is saved by her hair. Perhaps that is the idea in the minds of the Kings of Swimming at Newbury—no woman ought to look anything but plain in the swimming-bath. If not, what in the name of mugwumpery *is* the idea? A magistrate has just insisted on a young woman wearing a hat in court; that is intelligible—he has read ST. PAUL and thinks that his police-court counts as a church; but does a swimming-bath count as a church too? The next thing will be that women will be compelled by bye-law to go covered on the tennis-court.

But it's our own fault. So long as we allow the tin-pot Cromwells to behave like tin-pot Cromwells they will continue to behave like tin-pot Cromwells. If I were a woman of Newbury I would call a general meeting of my "sex" and I would—well, we had better leave it at that. A. P. H.

"The show is 'Folies Bergère,' which was at the Victoria Palace from April, 1930, for four months. It is very spectacular, and Mr. —— has entirely redressed the production."—*Evening Paper.*

A reversal of policy which does him the very greatest credit.

"Mr. Justice —— had endorsed his summons with the words: 'This was served on me to-day I know nothing about it. I am afraid I cannot appear as I am sitting in a water case at Uitenhage on that date.' "—*South African Paper.*

It seems a pity; the dock would at any rate have been dry.

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* *Punch*, March 30th, 1932.



Tourist. "AND IS THE CHIN-STRAP TO KEEP THE HELMET ON?"
Policeman. "NO, LADY; IT'S TO REST THE JAW AFTER ANSWERING QUESTIONS."

OXFORD AT BAY.

[A writer in *The Evening Standard* on "Slovenly Oxford" dates her degeneracy in dress from the introduction of grey flannel trousers and Norfolk jackets.]

THOUGH Oxford's most distinguished sons
Are loyal to their *alma mater*,
She needs them all to spike the guns
Of those who would annihilate her.

It irks me when the Grub Street scribes,
Gravelled for lack of juicy matter,
With anti-academic jibes
Season their desultory chatter.

And yet this gossip-mongering brood
At times unwittingly befriend her,
Blunder into exactitude
And quite a useful service render.

Of "decadence" we hear far less—
That charge is shown to be unfounded—
But the attack on Oxford dress
Is certainly much better grounded.

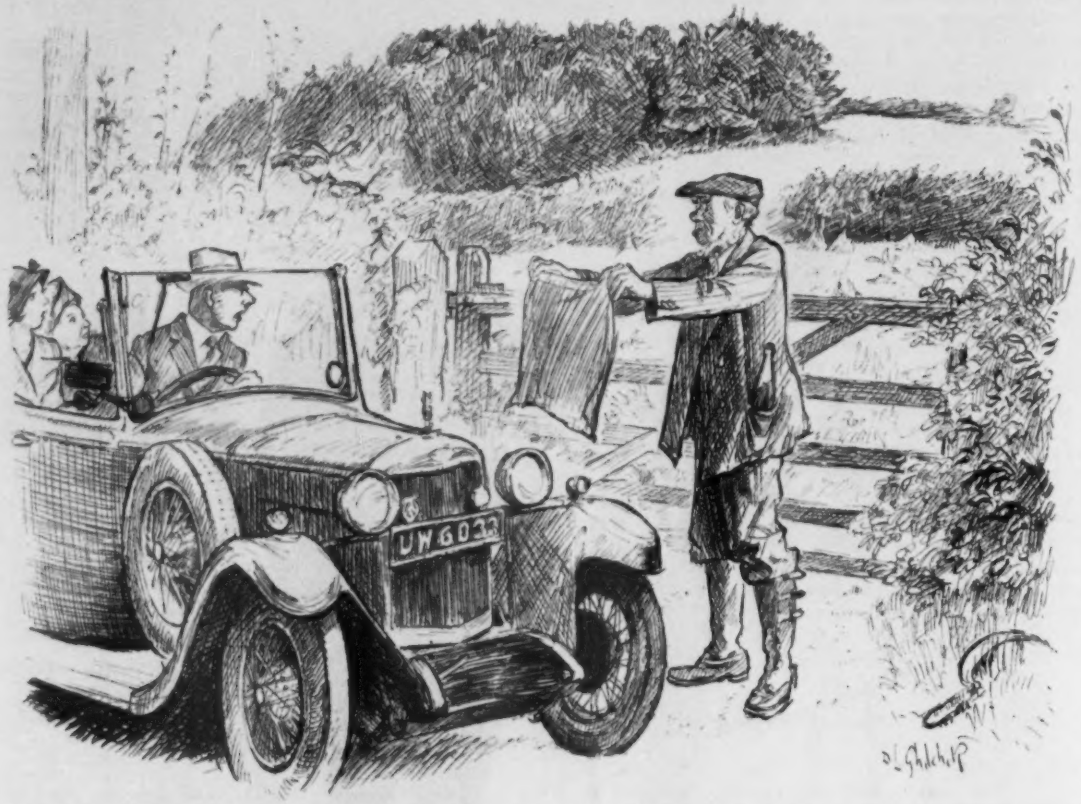
For now, instead of boosting "rags"
And undergraduates' rows and rackets,
They run a tilt at flannel bags
And torn ill-fitting Norfolk jackets.

True, there are crimes in these lean times
Much worse than that of being stingy
In buying suits and hats and boots,
But why in Heaven's name be dingy?

O Oxford, gracious and serene,
Eschew the loin-cloth worn by GANDHI;
Let it be yours to keep the mean
Between the sloven and the dandy.

Turn your old dreams of noble deeds
To action in adventurous channels
But ban the cult of tattered tweeds,
Of floppy, soiled and frowsy flannels.

C. L. G.



Motorist (pulling up). "WELL, WHAT IN THUNDER ARE YOU WAVING THAT RED FLAG FOR?"
Rustic. "BAIN'T WAVIN' NO RED FLAG, MISTER NOSEY PARKER. OI BE SHAKIN' CRUMBS OUT O' MY DINNER-HANDKERCHER."

HOW TO INTERVIEW.

I.

THE journalistic world to-day, like other spheres of life, is becoming more and more specialised. Soon it will be no use asking a crime-reporter to cover a fire or a "Hot Life-story" man to turn in a descriptive column on the tulips in Hyde Park; each fellow will have his own little water-tight compartment, inside which he is supreme but outside which he is about as happy as an ice-cream in a paper-bag. And of these many specialists I rather fancy the "interviewer" will be one of the best paid—possibly because his territory is not so liable to be invaded by people of title, famous actresses, tennis-players, stunt doctors, popular scientists and other amateurs. I propose, therefore, to fire off a few helpful hints for the young man on the threshold of journalistic life who has decided that the profession of free-lance interviewing offers the best hopes of remuneration, even if it is only the chance of snooping a silver-handled umbrella on the way out.

The first thing you must cultivate, if you are to succeed in your job, is a callous distrust; you must never be persuaded that your victim is not at home, even if the fellow tells you so himself. Secondly, you must develop imagination; that is to say, if the person steadfastly declines to talk, you must be able to compose such an interview that the paper just can't be sued for libel, but that the culprit will fall over himself to give you one next time. Lastly, and most important, you must bear in mind the paper for which you are writing; it is no good letting a celebrated philatelist trot out his ideas about three-cornered Cape of Good Hopes when you are trying to find out on behalf of *Current Gossip* whether it's really true about that escapade of his son after a bump-supper. As a rider, I might add that in some cases it is as well to have cultivated a pretty turn of speed.

Now you will find that the people you have to interview generally fall into three classes:—

A. Ordinary people who through the mysterious workings of Providence, Finance, or Love have suddenly become news.

B. Leaders of Thought, Captains of Industry, and worse.

C. Ladies of Fashion of all kinds—penny-plain, penny-wise, pound-foolish and twopence-coloured (including, of course, actresses and even ladies of the Chorus, because there's no knowing).

I will now give you a specimen interview in each class and then show you how it should be written up for a selected newspaper. To give the best idea possible I have naturally chosen somewhat inapposite journals.

For Class A.

The Editor of *Real Life Tales* sends you to Professor Bonedust, the celebrated Egyptologist, who, though now and then visited as Class B, is here being interviewed as Class A because his daughter has eloped with a handsome and gentlemanly chauffeur.

When you are shown into his study the Professor is found hard at work on a monograph proving that the Hyksos domination of Egypt was contemporary with the Second (or Canaanite) Semitic Wave—practically a permanent wave as things turned out—and it



"THERE GOES OLD CAPTAIN BRIGGS. HE TAKES HIS SEXTANT ON TO THE BEACH REGULARLY AND GETS THE LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE."

"BUT SURELY THEY ARE THE SAME EVERY DAY?"

"HE SAYS NO. THE SUN ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE."

is a little time before he can be induced to notice you. He then thinks for some while you have come about the gas.

You ask him several times if he knows yet where his daughter has gone, but he has apparently forgotten he ever had one and seems to want to go out and look up his notebook. Knowing that the moment he has left the room he will probably forget all about you and wander off to make a day of it at the British Museum, you recall him firmly by referring to his daughter by her name. As she was christened Nefertiti before she could do anything about it, this promptly sidetracks the old buffer into a snappy discussion on Queen NEFERTITI, wife of King AKHENATON, and a scandalous suggestion that it was her influence which brought about the supersession, in favour of monotheistic beliefs from the Mitanni, of the old cult of Amen. He gets very hot under the collar about all this and you try to look shocked.

At last you do pin him down to his daughter: Where is she? The old goof says vaguely she is probably somewhere about the house, though he hasn't seen much of her during the last two or three days, and rings the bell for her to come and talk to you. You sigh and ask him point-blank about the chauffeur. He mutters "Sho-fer? Sho-fer? It's not a common Egyptian name"; though later he thinks there was a Twelfth Dynasty priest buried at Ith-taui who . . . You leave him to it.

You write thus:—

"Grim tragedy stalks to-day unveiled in a little home at Ealing. A daughter's trusting heart won away by a handsome and uniformed villain! A house hushed in sorrow! An old man who pathetically clings to the belief that his once innocent offspring, Miss Nefertiti Bonedust, still trips joyously about the now stilled rooms.

"Professor Bonedust, whose little book, *Khaf-ra, Yo-Yo and Men-Kau-Ra*, is on every bedside table, greeted my helpless sympathy with a silent bowed head. Striving to bury himself in his work and to forget—and then again to remember—he could hardly answer my questions. 'Have I a daughter?' he at last asked pathetically. . . . His mind wandered; he talked awhile about Nefertiti's influence, but I could see she was already long dead to him, and he said 'Amen.' Then—oh, the pathos of it! He rang for her to come, but the laughing girlish voice did not answer. At that I crept away from that house of sorrow, leaving him muttering the arch-deceiver's name to himself. And my eyes too . . . were wet. *(Copyright in all European countries and in U.S.A.)*"

A. A.

"—— —— was made a life member, and became the club's honorary umpire; he was noted for his unscrupulous fairness."
Sunday Paper.

"His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true."

"Samuel —— was fined £2 at Chippenham for failing to keep a record of the movement of swine.

At a garden party under the auspices of —— Congregational Christian Endeavour Society, in the grounds of —— House, about 90 sat down to tea."—*Bristol Paper.*

Surely he kept a record of that!

AND NOW ALL THIS.

Extracts from Vol. I. of "The Hole Pocket Treasury of Absolute General Knowledge,"

by the Authors of

"1066 AND ALL THAT."

INTRODUCTION.

ABOUT ALL YOU KNOW.

EVERY Schoolmaster knows that for every one person who wants to teach there are approximately thirty who don't want to learn much.

In fact, the Sad Thing about Education is that *nobody loves it—much.*

This has been the chief Educational Problem for the last two or three hundred or thousand (say hundred thousand) years, and it sometimes surprises the authors to think how easily they solved it.

The Truth is—*Education is no good unless you know it.* The rest is just Useless Knowledge.

* * * *

Vol. I. of *The Hole Pocket Treasury of Absolute General Knowledge* is only a beginning; the authors are aware that they have undertaken a life-work (fortunately they are fairly old)—no less a task than *to teach everybody everything everybody knows.*

This book is naturally the result of the most stupendous researches, in the course of which the authors spared no one, not even themselves. For instance, in order to do Section II. (Psycho-Babycraft) they went to the length of tossing up, the loser marrying, having the baby, etc., leaving the winner free to develop the Infantile Psychology.

They also borrowed a number of rare birds and watched them migrate; played several rounds of golf; knitted a ten-foot sock; examined some professional classes on Ancient Lore and extracted a large amount of myth-information (especially from stock-brokers), and finally (to test the generally accepted theories of health- and body-culture) consumed fabulous quantities of Vitamins, Roughage, Cabbage and Garbage, etc., etc.

* * * * *

SECTION I.

OUTLINE OF BODICURE.

MIND AND BODY.

"Most people eat too much, too often, too fast, too long, too loud, and too little. This is a great mistake."—*Page 2, Third Alimentary Tract, pub. by H.M. Commission on Girth Control.*

The mistake is chiefly felt, as is generally known, in the *body*, which, to quote the tract again, "suffers distension, distortion, disillusion and finally explosion."

But there is an even worse mistake; most people go through life eating the *wrong food.* The effect is disastrous; imperceptibly, ignominiously but inevitably they become *the wrong people.*

This must of course be due to the effect of food on the human *mind.*

But here a tremendous difficulty arises. As CÉZANNE first pointed out, *it is impossible to draw a hard-and-fast line between the Mind and the Body.*

It is quite true. You can't do it.

LIKE THE ANIMALS.

Man has evolved from the lower animal creation. This is of course unnatural. If Man is to be healthy in the highest sense he must give up all evolution in unnatural directions. He must break clean away from all *sedentary occupations*, such as sitting down, taking the chair, etc., and *get on all fours with Nature.*



"MAN MUST GET ON ALL FOURS WITH NATURE."

He must learn to sleep head downwards like the bats; to talk less and scratch more; to rattle his skin about like a horse or snap out of it altogether like a snake.

Woman too has much to learn; for instance, she must learn to build her own nest and lay her own eggs in it; she must dress in brown, even in the mating season, and follow the male in docile herds, but be prepared, like the insects, to exterminate the husband the moment he begins to *drone.*

It is the only way.

EAT MORE JUTE.

All that will come in time. For the moment the only hope for humanity lies in Ruthless Food Reform. If Man is to live naturally he must first of all learn to eat (naturally).

You cannot deceive Nature. The elephant, wisest denizen of the jungle, never lets a day pass without exacting its full ration of paper-bags and woollen Tam-o'-shanters. How long must we wait before mankind consents to swallow the wisdom of Kurapotkin's luminous (if roughish) generalisation that "*there is more food-value in one black béret than in one hundredweight of blackberries*"?

Again, take the question of Stimulants and Narcotics. These were of course originally intended by Nature for use *with a doctor's certificate only.* Yet Man continues to jeopardise his future with alcohol and protocol, caffein and protein, nicotine and seccotine, tannin, tiffin and even tocsin (which is now known to be nothing more nor less than pure poison)!

When, as everybody knows nowadays, what the body requires is Vitamins, Calories, Celeries, Fritillaries, Phagocytes, and *of course Phosphates.*

IT HAS DEFINITELY BEEN PROVED THAT LACK OF PHOSPHATES PRODUCES PHACESPHOTS.

RADICAL FOOD REFORM.

There is only one way of securing the right Vitamins and Phosphates, and that is to ingest the right food, thus becoming probably the *right person.*

What does this amount to?

As a matter of fact it amounts to practically nothing (except of course Roughage), since "*it is essential to avoid all soups, fish-dishes, entrées, joints, sweets and savouries,*" to say nothing of sundries. The fact is it is now practically General Knowledge that COOKING transforms foods from a Harmless Evil into a FATAL DRUG.

Man's *natural* foods (such as roots, red rugs, black bérets and Grade A Tuberculin-free cokernuts) are all intended by nature to be eaten whole and raw, the vitamins which they contain being mostly concentrated in the hair which grows on the outer surface or rind.

Take the typical CASE OF TANGERINES. The really valuable part is the *skin* and, of course, the silver paper; while most beneficial of all is perhaps the splendid natural ungranulated crate itself. And yet there are thousands of people who quite casually hack off all this invaluable *casein* and *throw it away!*

(To be continued.)

The Fatal Locker.

"PERRY GOES DOWN TO DAVID JONES."
Birmingham Paper

A HARD CASE.

"IT is almost impossible in these days to sell a tiger in England," bewails a recently-returned explorer to *The Evening News*.

So here is still another aspect of the general hard times and trade depression. It makes one's heart ache to think of a man with unwanted tigers on his hands, crying his wares in vain.

Which proves after all that no matter how hard our lot may appear there is always someone else slightly worse off than ourselves. I admit that I have grumbled somewhat loudly during the past year. If you are the wife of a descriptive-writer you will know that this calling has been severely affected by the slump. Journals which have cut down their size call upon descriptive-writers to cut down their descriptions to bare facts, which inevitably causes acute mental (and financial) distress to these jugglers in many words.

Yet I can now take comfort in the thought of how much more serious the situation might have been had Henry tried to sell tigers instead of descriptive articles. I can picture him in such a case coming back from exploring and big-game hunting full of enthusiasm with quite a lot of tigers and perhaps an elephant or two.

"Now, my dear, you can buy that new autumn outfit on which you set your heart," he would say. "And it might even run to a little trip on the Riviera later on as soon as I've placed the largest elephant"—for I suppose elephants are sold by weight just as literary contributions are paid for by their length.

Think, then, of Henry's bitter disappointment when the elephant was rejected by the Zoo-manager, with regrets, "owing to lack of space." Think too of the frightful butcher's bills, the hay and things you 'd have to pay for, the difficulty of going off on the briefest of holidays, for you couldn't ring up even your dearest friend and say, "My dear, I want to shut up the house—do you mind watering the plants, looking after the canary and feeding the tigers while I 'm away?"

Of course there is always the alternative of creating rugs from tiger-skins, but this operation costs at least fifteen pounds per head, especially if the head is to be mounted properly and guaranteed to trip up the unwary.

All this is a warning to parents, who are thinking of putting their boys to exploring, to get them something to do in the City that will leave them with their evenings free and not liable to clutter up the house with unwanted tigers and (white) elephants. F. A. K.

ODE TO AN OYSTER.

HAIL, blithe oyster!
Listen here,
Let me penetrate the cloister
Of your ear
And shell
As well
To murmur gently "Thanks"
Before I crunch,
With single munch,
The flesh to us so dear.
Let me praise the parents that
Begat
Such a mouthful of delight
To bite,
And ask you as you slither
(Or should I say you slide?)
Down my
Inside,
Not asking why or whither,
To take my kind regards
To the dozens
Of your cousins
Who for me have died.



THE CATS'-MEAT MAN ARRIVES ON THE FIELD FOR THE LOCAL TEAM.



Budding Author. "DO YOU REALLY LOVE ME, DEAR?"
Fiancée. "LOVE YOU? WHY, I'M READING YOUR NOVEL."

MORE JOY FOR THE ELECT.

IF your newspaper be the same as mine you will probably have been moved, as I was, by the touching account of an angler to whom, whilst fishing in the river, there were wafted the far-distant strains of organised community-singing.

"I could not," he is reported to have stated afterwards with simple frankness, "help joining in myself."

Now, this, whatever may be said about it by those who hold harsh and denunciatory opinions regarding the question, "Should anglers sing?" strikes me not merely as a very courageous confession, but also as an extremely significant one. It is a veritable cry from the heart, and I for one decline to treat this angler's vocal outbreak as nothing more than a momentary lapse occasioned by the heat and possibly a lack of sport.

On the contrary I find it almost unbearably sad to picture this angler person pursuing his solitary unorganised holiday pleasure and listening wistfully to the distant happy voices of those revelling under wise newspaper control. For a while he struggles to maintain the foolish old inherited belief that he is enjoying himself, but at last the communal strains of "John Peel" or "Rock of Ages" or something, far-flung from the town football-ground, are too much for him. The scales (metaphorical, not fish) drop from his eyes; he sees his holiday-life as it might have been and (by the grace of Fleet Street) yet may be, and he joins in. I should like to have read that he jumped on the bait-can and broke his rod across his knee, but one cannot have everything. The point is, what is the Press going to do about it?

Surely this man's spiritual awakening must have shown the Press that its powers of holiday organisation need not be limited to rounding up the ordinary seaside visitor for the daily sing-song, supervising his beach amusements, urging him, whether he wishes or no, to defy Mrs. Grundy, luring him to engage in treasure-hunts and generally seeing that he does not waste a moment of his holiday in futile individual pursuits.

In any case the fact that a man is wealthy or regarded as belonging to the holiday-making élite should not prevent his being made to enjoy himself properly and communally like a good registered reader. As in the case of our angler friend, it will probably be found that without knowing it he is yearning for the common touch.

Organised community-singing and dancing on the moors would be a very beautiful and encouraging sign of the times. Beyond "reading from left to right" in a Press photograph of Lord and Lady Chuffington's shooting-party at Haggis Castle, the sportsman does very little in the community way, and even then he does not appear to be singing. It is shameful that summer after summer goes by without the Press song-leaders putting in an appearance at Cowes and stimulating the aristocracy of the Solent to gather round for a rousing sea-shanty.

I love to think of the quaint old dances which the Press might organise for fly-fishermen, followed of course by community fishing-stories, and of what might be done in the way of a joyous community carnival on the links of St. Andrews, winding up with "The Old Pro's Golfing Song," specially composed for *The Daily Whoop*.

"Happy Holidays for the Elect." What a noble slogan! D. C.



FOR DEFENCE ONLY.

GERMANY. "I NEVER DID LIKE THE LOOK OF THAT OLD WORD."



Shopping Note.—It is wonderful to see what a great advance has been made in the art of window-dressing of recent years. Taste combined with ingenuity often gives an effect of absolute realism.

MY WILL.

I.

Tremble, world! I am about to make a new will. . . .

I made my last, first and only will on the Gallipoli Peninsula in the year 1915. It was a very simple document, written in pencil on one sheet of a Field-Message Book. I was lying in a small hole in the ground in what we queerly called a "rest-camp." Turkish shells approached this "rest-camp" at frequent intervals—from Achi-Baba, from Asia and from other quarters. I was covered with flies and dust. I had dysentery; a centipede lived in the same hole as I did. We were that evening to return to the trenches. It will be understood then that my will was not a wordy document. I believe I left the whole of the Haddock fortune to my wife, but I cannot remember the phrasing. I sent the will to some solicitor in London; but I believe he is dead, and I have forgotten his name. I do not know where my will is, and probably by now the pencil has faded or the paper crumbled. It would be an awful thing if I died intestined—what is the silly word?—intestate. Yes, I must make a new will.

Here goes, then:—

This is the last Will and Testament of Albert Percival Haddock.

(1) *This Will cancels my previous Will dated I don't know what date of June, 1915.*

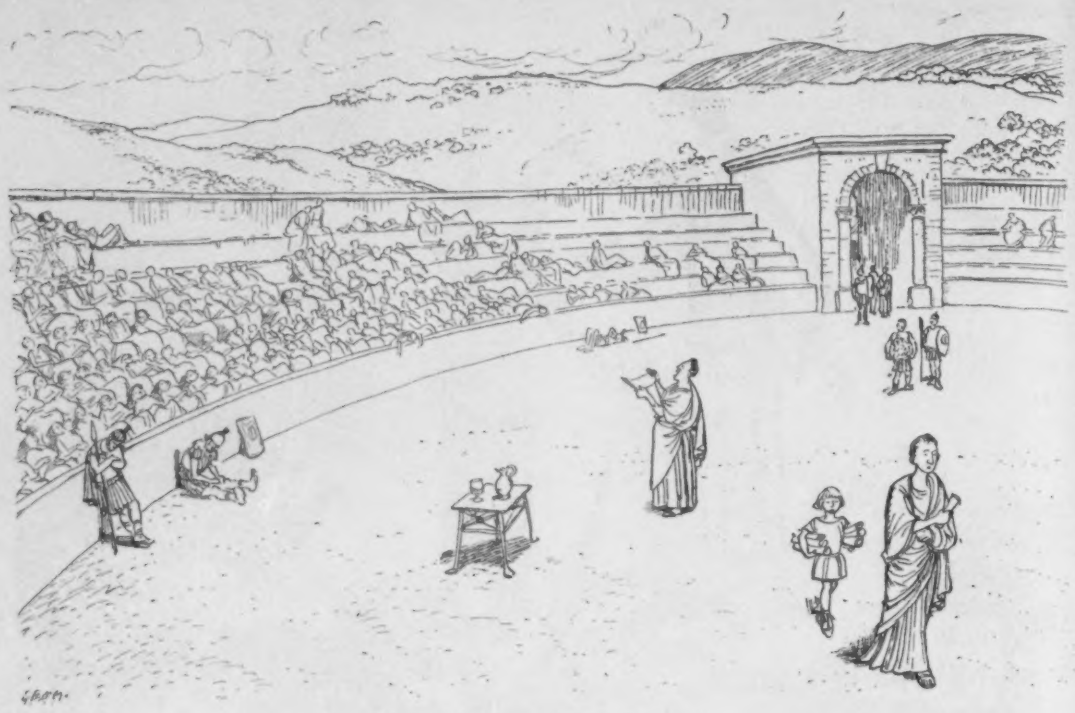
What next?

I ought perhaps to make it clear that my will is not going to be the usual hole-in-corner, hush-hush affair. Many men have been blamed for exercising undue influence through their wills after death. I have often wondered why anyone with sufficient money to influence other people's lives does not do it during his own life and get some fun for his money. Publish the fact that you propose to cut the celebrated "heiress" out of your will and see how many of her suitors go on suiting. Make some deserving but neglected young man famous by announcing that he is down for twenty thousand (free of income-tax). Blackmail the wicked, subdue your enemies with the promise of legacies and the threat of cancellation. The very Government. . . . But we must not go too fast.

That, roughly, is my scheme. Not that I have enough money to influence anybody. But that does not matter. *Who knows that I may not have enormous quantities when I die?* Well, as a matter of fact, *I* do. I know (having private information) that I am not that sort of man. But nobody else does. In theory, therefore, the large legacies which I shall designate without much justification now may still be "honoured," so to speak, at my death. It is not yet, I believe, an offence to make a "stumer" will. Who knows? I may win the Irish Sweep.

Very well, then. I shall publish from time to time the amount and destination of all my legacies and shall keep a sharp eye upon the conduct of the beneficiaries. Codicils and cancellations will be published too. So again I say "Tremble, world!"

Let us get on, then. First, I must provide for my wife and children. I say "must," but in truth there is no "must" about it, which is odd. All my life I am compelled by law to provide for them. If I do not nourish and clothe my children, if I do not send them to school, I can be hauled before the magistrates. If I do not make reasonable provision for my wife according to my capacity I can be ordered to pay weekly sums by way of igmony, alimony or whatnot. But when I die



Scene—A ROMAN CIRCUS IN BRITAIN.

Announcer. "YOU HAVE JUST BEEN LISTENING TO GOVERNOR AGRICOLA'S LECTURE ON 'THE CULTIVATION OF ROOT VEGETABLES.' IN THREE MINUTES YOU WILL HAVE A DEMONSTRATION OF BOXING WITH THE CESTUS, BY PUGIUS AND SLOGIUS, FROM THE ROMAN COLISEUM."

I can leave them to starve if I like. All my life the State is passionately interested in my wife, in my relations with her and my duty to her; but the moment I am dead the State drops her like a hot brick. If I choose I can leave the entire Haddock fortune to the fourth lady from the left (looking from the stalls) in the second row of Mr. COCHRAN'S Young Ladies, and the State will have nothing whatever to say. Yet all my life the State insists (indirectly) that a large portion of the same fortune must be expended upon my wife and children and upon nobody else. The State, in other words, is like a tiresome family friend or godfather who is always butting-in with advice to the breadwinner while the breadwinner is alive, but when the breadwinner dies he slides off and leaves the family to shift for itself.

You may say that at least a man should have liberty to dispose of his own earnings in his own way. Agreed. But if that is the right principle, let it begin before he dies. If it is wrong for a live man to keep his wife short and give his spare cash to a chorus-lady it is obviously far worse to behave in this way after death; for he is then an immortal soul, has no fleshly temptations and ought to know better. And if it is unnecessary for a man to spend money on his children's nourishment and education when he is dead and has no need of the money himself, why should he be compelled to spend it in this way when he is alive and would rather spend it on betting or beer? In other words, the State in this matter is not only a humbug but an imbecile. But that is no new thing.

However, here we are:—

(2) *I bequeath to my wife the sum of fifty thousand pounds, also my yachts, racehorses, estates and mansions, and all my worldly goods and possessions, excepting only such moneys or things as are hereinafter bestowed on others.*

Ah, yes, I know what you are going to say. "A man who makes his own will is a fool. Your will will have to be interpreted by the Courts; and the first principle of interpretation, you will find, is that nothing means what you meant it to mean. Your Clause 2 may seem simple and straightforward enough to you, but in all probability it is governed by the *Rule in Poot's Case* (2 A.C.—1813. Fogg and Biscuit) "and is against the law."

Yes, I know all that. And no doubt later we shall have to let a lawyer do a little editing. But if I give him the whole job he will ruin it. For one thing he will rewrite my honest prose till it is quite unreadable; he will overload my sentences with provisos and whereases and synonyms and safe-guarding clauses till the meaning is buried as deep as a crossword. And the whole point of my will is that it should be easily intelligible not only to the beneficiaries but to the general public.

Besides, the instinct and habits of the professional will-maker are against publicity. He is accustomed to locking wills up and keeping them dark. A dead man's money, according to his traditions, ought to be handed over furtively, like a packet of drugs. I suppose the idea is that a man must be mad who gives anything away, even when he is dead. Certainly a will like mine, which is going to run like a continuous serial through the public life of our time, would shock him. Probably he would refuse to draw a will (does one "draw" wills?) which was going to be constantly altered in the public Press.

And a conveyancing solicitor is not as a rule a sparkling fount of humour. A man who spends all his days among contingent remainders, mortgages and trustee stock cannot be expected to bubble with fun. The first thing the

man would say would be, "Where are these yachts, racehorses, estates and mansions? We ought to specify."

And I should be forced to reply, "At the moment I have no yachts, racehorses, estates and mansions. But I hope to have a lot."

I imagine the solicitor pursing his lips at that and saying, "Mr. Haddock, we are a busy firm, and we have no time for mere frivolity." For all I know it would count as contempt of court.

No, I must go through this thing alone—

(3) *I leave five thousand pounds a year to the first Home Secretary who shall ride from his place of residence to Westminster (Parliament being in session) on a white cow, bearing a banner on which shall be clearly printed in block letters:* "THE LAWS ARE RIDICULOUS AND SHALL BE REPEALED."

In the next clause I shall arrange for the disposal of my body. And anyone who has suitable ideas about what should be done with the Haddock remains (if any) is invited to assist.

A. P. H.

THE CLOVEN HOOF.

THERE is a sweet, a famous sweet,
Which any man might call a treat—
Fit climax to a noble spread
And English as the soil we tread.
May inspiration wing my pen
While I acclaim this gift to men
And do my best to glorify
The virtues of the apple-pie,
A dish so various it might be
Of pastry the epitome—
Seductive, bland, a poet's dream,
When richly laced with luscious cream,
Or nourishing (a Northern wheeze)
When fortified by Cheshire cheese.
So far, so good. But let me add,
May imps of darkness seize the lad
Who first (Hades alone knows why)
Put cloves into an apple-pie.

Of all base uses cooks achieve
This is the worst, I do believe;
They should be roasted on their stoves
Who spoil an apple-pie with cloves.
The clove it is a graceless beast,
Unfitted for a human feast—
In aspect headed, hard and black,
A sort of vegetable tack,
In flavour (when it gets its fling)
A wretched and medicinal thing,
Which tastes as though you'd rashly linked your
Lips to a draught of toothache tincture.
Yet this vile herb some cooks apply
To ginger-up the apple-pie,
For which they should be hanged on high.



Waiter. "WOULD YOU LIKE ANYTHING TO FOLLOW, SIR?"
Lugubrious Diner. "ONLY MY IMMEDIATE RELATIVES."

Oh, do not urge with zeal misplaced
'Tis all a point of personal taste
And into this discussion drag
The old and fatuous Latin tag.
To those who urge that ancient code
I say, "'*De gustibus*' be blowed!"
I can, I will, I do dispute
The taste which spoils an English fruit
By adding with malignant arts
Harsh acrid herbs from foreign parts.
This is not "taste," as sought and prized,
But barbarism undisguised.

The whole idea is most amiss,
And what I wish to say is this:—
Let all right-thinking trenchermen
Pause in their feasting now and then
And call to mind with heartfelt curse
(As I do in this present verse)
The odious memory of him
Who introduced this hateful whim—
The crass, insensate godless guy
Who first put cloves in apple-pie!

Oiling the Wheels of Commerce.

"The men complain rather bitterly of the speeding up of the omnibuses and the consequent wear and tear of their physical energy."—*Liverpool Paper.*

"Bromborough differs from other industrial centres in that it has been planned as a hole."—*Manchester Paper.*

Differs how?

"One of the most wonderful books I ever had in the Library was written by Lawrence O. Arabia."—*Midland Paper.*

In collaboration with Aircraftsman SHAW.

LALAGE'S LETTERS.

DARLING DODO,—I forget where I wrote from last—the MacCronies, I think. We came back to London soon after the Games. William had to start work again at once, poor lamb, but I went down to Sandhampton-on-Sea for a week to stay with Betsy, who has been spending a solid month there in a furnished flat with her infants. She warned me before I went that I was to expect "geysers, aspidistras and general domestic squalor," so I was prepared for the worst. As a matter of fact I rather enjoyed it—took me back to the days when we were sent off to seaside lodgings with our Nannies and there were notices in the front hall saying, "*No seaweed to be brought into the sitting-room.*"

Talking of aspidistras, by the way, Ba Beverley had *such* a narrow escape a little while ago. She's got an excellent and devoted Cockney general, called Mrs. Puffin (believe it or not), whom she wouldn't offend for the world; and the other day Mrs. P. somehow heard that it was going to be Ba's birthday, and said she begged pardon for the liberty but she'd like to give Ba a nice aspidistra for the drawing-room, seeing she didn't seem to have one. Ba swooned inwardly, but with amazing boat-form managed to say, "Thank you *most* awfully, Mrs. Puffin, but



"BA SWOONED INWARDLY."

you see, Mr. Beverley is so very, very superstitious that I simply daren't have an aspidistra in the house." Mrs. P. said, "*I* never been told of no superstition about aspidistras, Mum." "Oh well," said Ba, "it's an *Irish* superstition." Whereupon Mrs. P. said she'd had no *less* than three situations in Ireland and *she'd* never heard of the things being unlucky. So Ba, completely cornered, said that as a matter of fact it was a special superstition in Dickie's family, and that if an aspidistra's shadow was to fall on the eldest son of the house he would begin to Pine Away. This did the trick, because Mrs. Puffin simply adores Ba's



"I DIDN'T BUY THAT ONE, NATURALLY."

infant. So in the end she presented Ba with a scarlet geranium in a shiny pink pot; and, as Dickie says, thank God geraniums aren't evergreen! But it must have been a harrowing moment for Ba, because she and Dickie, although intelligent, aren't *quite* highbrow enough to go in for a Victorian drawing-room.

Where was I? Oh yes, Sandhampton. I *thought* everybody one saw there seemed to look extra specially pleasant and good-tempered, even allowing for good weather, holidays, etc., and when I said so to Betsy she said, "Oh, yes, it's because of the Joy-Pics." I said, "What d'you *mean*, Joy-Pics?" And she said, "You wait and see." And that very afternoon, when I was walking along the street quite without thinking, a man suddenly thrust a little slip of paper into my hand which said, "You have just been snapped. Call to-morrow at Joy-Pics, Ltd., 10, Beach Parade, and see the result. *N.B.*—You will not be pressed to buy." So of course I went (like everybody else); and, my dear, the result was too shattering—I was striding along with a slouch and a savage expression, looking as though I'd just lost a thousand pounds. I didn't buy that one, naturally, but ever since then I've been walking about looking as smart and cheerful as possible, in case they catch me again (if they do, I'll send you one). Apparently this is what happens to everybody here—hence the universal smile. Isn't it a good idea? I mean, if only they'd do it in London, what a much pleasanter collection of faces you'd meet in the street! I got into conversation with one of the camera-men and asked him if many people were offended and refused to accept the slip of paper at all. He grinned and said, "Not half as many as come up to me and ask why I haven't condescended to photograph 'em." Apparently a lot of women whose husbands are soldiering abroad send them a "Joy-Pic" regularly every week. "How touching!" I said; "just to show they're alive and well?" "Yes," said the man with a wink, "and to show they're still in Sandhampton. You see, each Joy-Pic is stamped with the place and date." Horrid cynicism!

Then I went on to spend the week-end with William's mother in her new country cottage. W. came down from London and joined us. It's very charming to look at, but quite *devastatingly* period. Funny, she's fearfully modernistic when she's in London, as you know, but she seems to have had a violent reaction over the cottage and won't have a single thing in it that was made later than 1648. The only consolation is, you're so bone-tired after spending an evening sitting bolt upright in a 1648 chair that you are able to fall asleep at once even on a 1648



"THE LAWN WAS SO MUCH SOFTER THAN THE CHAIRS."

bed, which otherwise would be impossible. Thank Heaven she draws the line at 1648 plumbing—though on what principle I don't quite know.

William and I spent most of the time lying out on the lawn (because it was so much softer than the chairs) trying not to get eaten alive. I have



Stalker (*in a whisper*). "TELL THE MISTRESS TO KEEP DOWN."
Sportsman. "KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN, MARY."
Stalker. "IT'S NO HER HEID."

never seen such a place for wasps, midges and mosquitoes—and as for the horseflies, they were positively *neighing* for our blood. However, we smoked furiously and that kept 'em off a bit. (Thank Heaven, said William, tobacco was discovered before 1648.)

I got back to London yesterday, and as soon as I've settled down a bit and pushed the furniture out of all the ghastly angles it gets into when one's away, I'm going to have fun buying some new autumn clothes. I adore this magenta-pinkish-purplish-wine-colour they're reviving again in all the shops. It's so nice and vampish and sinister-looking.

Best love, darling, from LALAGE.

JAN.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"The message Y has conveyed is this: 'I see probable game. It may be in Spades or in Hearts, or it may be in No Trumps, or, perhaps, in a minor suit.'"—*Sunday Paper.*

"THE STORMY PETROL."
Smith Minor.

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit;
Bird thou never wert."

"There were no seats to sit on, but in the centre, under the dome, was the Archbishop, who had a long beard."—*Lancashire Paper.*

So we all sat on that.

VEGETARIANS, TAKE NOTE.

["A potato or a turnip reacts in very much the same way to a virus disease as do human beings in the case of, say, influenza."—*Daily Paper.*]

I HELD till late
(Such my cerebral thickness)
That creatures of the vegetable state
Were quite immune from sickness.
But now I know
The truth about these things. It is not so.

My winter greens
May catch some grave disorder;
My peas contract a chill; my kidney-beans
Demand Sir THOMAS HORDER,
And fever dim
The bright potato on my platter's brim.

Some mortal germ
May ruthlessly devour
My tender sprouts or render quite infirm
The stalwart turnip and the cauliflower,
While chilled cucumbers
May with their coughing devastate my slumbers.

When next I go
To traffic with my grocer,
Though cabbage bloom invitingly, I'll know
I must perforce look closer.
I want it stated
That "Greens sold here have all been vaccinated."

Another Impending Apology.

"Col. T. Gibbons was the judge, and Mr. Philip Guedalla represented the bacon."
Report of Dunmow Flitch Trust.

"EGG OUTPUT SCHEME
BEING LAID BEFORE GOVERNMENT."
Aberdeen Paper.

Presumably on the floor of the House.

"BUTCHERS FACE COMPETITION."
Headline in Daily Paper.

We have seen some beauties at Smithfield who ought to stand a chance.

"A plan devised by the National Poultry Council for the hard-pressed egg industry is described by the 'Daily ——' Agricultural Correspondent on Page Seven."
Daily Paper.

We shall adhere, none the less, to our preference for the soft-boiled variety.

"The Town Council should aim at getting the name of Bridlington on the map."
Yorkshire Paper.

As a preliminary certain towns are painting their names on local gasometers.

AT THE MUSIC-HALL.

"OXFORD BLAZERS" (LITTLE).

THIS is not altogether an easy exhibition to estimate fairly. It would obviously be improper to allow priggish, fogeyish or merely conventional disapproval of the adventure as a whole to jaundice one's eye. It will be unsatisfactory and unpleasantly patronising to say (in effect): This is an extraordinary good show—considering.

I must confess that I went guilelessly expecting something quite different—something representative of the individual or corporate experiences and points of view of the talented young men of the team. I see their dilemma, of course. Any survey of their university life would inevitably involve them in irreverences and audacities which might draw down the wrath of authority upon them or, if they have all just been finally set free from that authority on possible successors. Further, it is notorious that jokes and allusions, the more pointed and successful they are in the select and instructed society for which they are primarily intended and from which they naturally spring, the less effective they are likely to be for a wider audience. There might, however, I should have supposed, have been enough in the lives and points of view of their contemporaries, young men and maidens, in extra-university activities to have offered material for an engaging survey which would have given us something original and authoritative. What we have, in fact, is a direct challenge, on its own ground and in its own essential mood, to the contemporary professional revue-stage, and that comparison the Blazers cannot face. However excellent the vintage, it doesn't do to bring it up from the cellar too soon.

So perhaps we cannot avoid that unsatisfactory qualification "considering." We need not, however, deny that there was, as was no doubt calculated, a special entertainment to be derived from the audacity of the experiment and the precocious sophistication of the experimenters.

There was certainly one item, the Russian Folk Song interpreted by Mr. ANTHONY SPURGIN and Mr. JOHN GLYN-JONES, which was excellent, judged by an absolute standard, and was wisely not protracted beyond the point when it had exhausted its potentialities for fun. Some of the sketches disdained this discretion—a fault of which professionals are often guilty, to their undoing. There was another quite admirable invention, the series of four panels—"Girls of Yesterday," "Edwardian Rose," "A Barn Dance" and "Empire Albert"—a reconstruction of the past in a vein of friendly-malicious criticism of Mr. NOEL COWARD in his more sentimental mood. Here the sound parodic music of Mr. ANTHONY SPURGIN and the lyrics of Mr. MALCOLM LOGAN, Mr. CHRISTOPHER HASSALL, Mr. ARTHUR WATKYN and Mr. HAMILTON EARLE were gaily interpreted by the composer and Mr. CHRISTOPHER HASSALL, assisted by their charming professional colleagues, Miss NADINE MARCH, Miss AUDREY CAMERON, Miss DIANA LINCOLN and Miss FLORENCE MCHUGH. To these professional assistants was added Miss MARGERY BINNER with her quiet competent technique, who gave us an excellent little study of a telephone-girl in an otherwise not remarkable sketch, and, with Mr. ANTHONY SPURGIN, conducted a strangled, ultra-bromidic sitting-out conversation at a dance (capably designed by Mr. ARTHUR WATKYN) by way of proving that all the young people of to-day are not so *bright* as they are painted.



"EDWARDIAN ROSE."
MR. CHRISTOPHER HASSALL AND MISS FLORENCE MCHUGH.

Of the two principal comedians of the Blazers, Mr. SPURGIN and Mr. GLYN-JONES, the former is the subtler, the latter has the more breadth—notably in the outrageous portrait of an elderly Parisian *houri*, as a horrific spinster at a matrimonial agency and as a policewoman in a more-than-ever-D.O.R.A.-ridden future, "Not After Ten," by Mr. ARTHUR WATKYN. Of their two composers, Mr. SPURGIN (a versatile person clearly) and Mr. MICHAEL SAYER, Mr. SPURGIN has the greater sense of fun while Mr. SAYER obviously an adolescent prodigy, hampers himself by too close a following of outworn contemporary models. He also perhaps imposes upon his interpreters rather unsingable passages, but he has a sense of melody and can deal manfully with a piano. Mr. GILES PLAYFAIR, the compère of the show, with unfilial reverence guys his distinguished father's harsh abruptness and imperturbability in similar situations, adding a touch of BALIEFF'S vague melancholy. He faces his audience well and is (as it is pleasant to record his fellows are also) perfectly easy to hear. But it is, I conceive, likely that Sir NIGEL will soundly lecture him on his treatment of the fatal final "a" of drama and idea. Oxford mustn't league with the Cockneys! T.



HALF-TIME.

The Husband . . . . . MR. DESMOND DAVIS.
The Referee . . . . . MR. ANTHONY SPURGIN.
The Wife . . . . . MISS MARGERY BINNER.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE WAY TO THE STARS" (WYNDHAM'S).

MR. PHILLIP LEAVER'S new play had an excellent reception, and I feel it the more necessary to lay stress on this because I did not find it possible to share the prevailing enthusiasm. Quite possibly some harmonic disharmony of which I was unconscious was at work within me. I most gladly testify that there were good moments and good things, but with the exception of the old *Marquesa* (Miss GWEN FFRANGÇON DAVIES), a charming, shrewd, tolerant and spirited lady, and the gay gambling Lothario (Mr. FRANCIS LISTER), who wrecked the hero's happiness at least temporarily, I could not believe in the author's people or find any plausibility in their actions. For all Mr. LESLIE BANKS'S surpassing technical skill, pleasant personality, genuine power of conveying emotion and of enlarging a part and masking its weak points, I could not believe in the musician-hero.

But let me indicate the general situation. The hero, *Paul Wagner Cartweel*—a name unnecessarily odd, I should have thought—is a serious modern musician of the type that gives a concert at the Queen's Hall and starts next morning at the pressing invitation of a famous impresario for a protracted and triumphant Continental tour. At home his egotisms, poses and general temperamental extravagances (which Mr. LESLIE BANKS most adroitly indicates) have alienated the affections of his beautiful Spanish wife, *Veronica* (Miss JOYCE KENNEDY). The daughter, *Janet* (Miss ANN CASSON)—seventeen? nineteen? twenty-one? it's difficult to tell these days—is disposed to be tolerant of the eccentricities of genius. *Paul* is, however, really appreciated and understood by his delightful old mother-in-law, the *Marquesa de Casa Reya*, who tries to ward off the impending disaster by lightly challenging the glib experienced libertine, *Peter Destinn* (whose measure she takes, being indeed cognisant of some of his previous light-hearted affairs), and by tactfully remonstrating with her lovely but rather colourless daughter. But *Veronica* is hungry for love and *Peter's* hunting instincts are obviously aroused. (Mr. LISTER skilfully suggests to us that *Peter* is not quite as sincere as it is his business to pretend to be; he never allows himself to deceive us as he deceives the romantic *Veronica*—a commendable exercise of artistic restraint.) *Veronica* is tactless enough, by the way, to play (and, I suppose, with conscious romantic intention) some syncopated sob-stuff of the moment, "The Way to the Stars," by "*Bud Texas*," outraging our composer, already on edge with apprehension of the coming ordeal and, but seemingly rather incidentally, distressed by the understanding between *Peter* and *Veronica*. The First Act ends with the departure of the household for the concert—except that *Peter* and *Veronica* decide at the last moment to cut it and invent a plausible lie.



THE MARQUESA TRIES TO SQUARE THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE.

Paul Wagner Cartweel . . . . MR. LESLIE BANKS.
The Marquesa de Casa Reya . . MISS GWEN FFRANGÇON-DAVIES.
Veronica . . . . . MISS JOYCE KENNEDY.
Peter Destinn . . . . . MR. FRANCIS LISTER.

Act II.—The absentees clearly have not wasted their time. The composer returns flushed with his success. Some ass, a deaf young man (Mr. RONALD SIMPSON; excellent), strums "The Way to the Stars." The composer in a burst of ungovernable fury stops him, and in part-excuse for the outbreak betrays his dark secret. He, *Paul Wagner Cartweel*, is no other than "*Bud Texas*." He has prostituted his art (he explains later to the *Marquesa*) to buy luxuries for his *Veronica*—and I am bound to say in honesty that nothing in his character or the general presuppositions of the author prepared us for this; nor, we may add, any intrinsic likelihood in the feat itself. . . . However, it is too late. *Peter* manfully explains the situation. There is a theatrically effective rampagious scene between the two men with the disputed woman in embarrassed attendance and, to add an element of unreason, the *Marquesa* quietly looking on. After a brief impassioned declaration by *Paul* to *Veronica*, telling her thus belatedly the things that, if told before, would have saved the situation, he drives the lovers from his house. "But you shall go as his mistress. I will never divorce you—never!"

The Continental tour has some ten months later brought *Paul* with his daughter to Madrid to the *Marquesa's* house (a charming set "by ALICK JOHNSTON from sketches by LESLIE BANKS"). Who should arrive but *Veronica*, naturally quite unconscious of *Paul's* presence there. *Paul* has evidently a bad Press agent. She has parted from her *Peter*. The *Marquesa* is of course all sweetness and tolerance; young *Janet* welcomes her mother in a long speech of such concentrated abysmal priggishness, bitterness, insolence and heartlessness that it must be heard to be believed. It is inconceivable that the *Marquesa* would have listened to a dozen words of it, even if we stretch a point to allow the possibility of *Veronica's* doing so. Embarrassed meeting of *Paul* and *Veronica*. Tactful withdrawal of *Marquesa*. Elaborately light, falsely bright and incredibly protracted exchanges. Final reassembly of the sundered *Cartweels*. What *Janet* made of it we can only guess.

If the *Marquesa* of Miss FFRANGÇON-DAVIES seemed just a little lacking in the high patrician quality of the *Casa Reyas*, she gave us a clever unstressed study of a kind old lady of character, adding to her years easily and without conventional elaborations. Mr. LESLIE BANKS, who is very welcome back again on a stage which misses him, was, as I have implied, admirable within the

limits allowed and even broke beyond those limits. But I think I have made it clear that I am not in a fit frame of mind to estimate fairly the performances of players struggling with what seem to me fundamentally impossible situations and against the tide of conscientious but very unequal and often, I am afraid, really laborious epigrams with which the author allows himself to swamp his characters and therefore his situations. Even the lovers at the height of their passion could not refrain from being bright. This is the more unfortunate, as there is obviously some stuff in him. T.

NOTES ON ARCHÆOLOGY.

(By Mr. Punch's Expert on Ancient Remains.)

THE news that the skeleton of a Roman giant six feet nine inches in height has been dug up in a field on the outskirts of Baldock, in Hertfordshire, has thrilled England to the core. The body was sitting down when discovered and the head was three feet six inches below the surface. Not far off there was another skeleton of much smaller build, apparently the skeleton of a woman.

Whatever may be thought of this incident, no blame attaches to the authorities for their behaviour after the discovery was made. They acted with the most commendable promptitude.

MURDER OR SUICIDE?

The Baldock constabulary proceeded immediately to interview Mr. E. S. APFELBAUM, who was in charge of the excavations. After examining the remains they sent for the Divisional police-surgeon by telephone. He arrived at once in a closed motor-car and without hesitation stated that life was extinct. *Rigor mortis* had set in, but he was unable to decide how many hours had elapsed since the tragedy occurred.

The hypothesis of an accident seemed untenable owing to the position of the corpses, and suicide appeared equally improbable. A man (it was argued), still less a woman, does not sit down three feet six inches below the surface of the ground in order to commit suicide.

The Baldock police at once inclined to the theory of foul play. A postcard was sent to the County Police Superintendent, who arrived by aeroplane and telegraphed in due course to the Chief Constable, who reached the fatal spot three hours later with a bloodhound in a gig. The question then arose: Was this a case that could be handled locally or not?

The Chief Constable, always loyal to his own men, was very unwilling to allow the credit for unravelling the mystery to pass out of the hands of the County Police. The Superintendent and he spent several hours of earnest consultation, and the whole area round the excavation was carefully examined with a microscope. No weapon was discovered, but shreds of an amphora were unearthed which might possibly have contained hyoscine or some member of the atropine group. The County analyst was on holiday at Skegness, but the fragments were taken to him by motor-coach without an instant's delay. Chemical analysis showing no trace of poison, an autopsy was ordered, with equally negative results.

HEADQUARTERS CONSULTED.

Faced by this dilemma, the Chief Constable felt it his duty, after sobbing quietly for a few moments on the shoulder of the Superintendent, to call up the Yard.

"The Yard?" cried the Police-Superintendent, giving way altogether; "Oh, not the Yard! Not the Yard!"

"What else can we do!" asked the Chief Constable. "Routine inquiries have proved unavailing. We have not identified the remains. Nothing is known locally of a Roman giant about six feet nine inches high who might have been likely to have been sitting on the outskirts of Baldock three feet six inches below the ground. It is difficult to imagine why he wanted to do it. It seems certain that he must have belonged to some other county. There are no finger-prints. This is a case where only the Yard can help."

A boy on a bicycle was sent post-haste to the Yard. The Big Five leaped into a racing-roadster without even waiting to put on their hats and, dashing up Whitehall, were involved for two hours in a traffic-jam at Trafalgar Square. Later they were chased for dangerous driving at Barnet, but shook off their pursuers, and, after a short pistol-encounter with motor-bandits near Welwyn, punctured only half-a-mile from Baldock itself. Thence by rapid hiking they were able to reach the field of death and get to work before dusk set in.

A cordon was at once drawn to protect the area of excavation. Instructions were sent to round up all Italian aliens in Soho and examine their alibis. The B.B.C. was asked to advertise the fact that a man of six feet nine inches in height and of foreign extraction and an unknown woman were missing from their homes.

WERE THEY SUN-BATHING?

It was at this moment that one of the cleverest criminological investigators of the Force gave it as his opinion that the motive of the crime was probably marital jealousy, and that little could be done until the life-history and antecedents of the deceased had been traced. *"Cherchez la femme,"* he said. Was this possibly a woman's deed?

Inquiries on these lines are proceeding and a further announcement may be made at any moment. Briefly what the police have to decide is as follows:

(1) Who was the man?
(2) Who was the woman?
(3) What were they doing?
(4) How did they get there?
(5) Was the cause of death
  (*a*) Homicide?
  (*b*) Murder?
  (*c*) Suicide pact?
  (*d*) Rheumatism?

The last theory, which is strongly held by Detective-Inspector Battledore, who points out that to sit in a Hertfordshire field three feet six inches below the surface for such a lengthy period as the state of the remains indicate might easily prove fatal to a weak constitution, is supported to some extent by medical evidence but scouted by most of the Yard. Sir BERNARD SPILSBURY'S report is being anxiously awaited. The inquest is fixed for to-morrow noon.

EVOE.

BIG BUGS.

[" A proposal has been made in Queensland to erect a statue to 'cactoblastus,' an insect which destroys the cactus and prickly pear. 'The cactoblastus is the saviour of our State,' says Mr. MOORE, Premier of Queensland."—*News Item.*]

THIS seems a most excellent notion,
  For statues to bugs would imply
A break with the dreary devotion
  To petrified humans on high;
Full many a big- (and severe) wig
  Aloft in our streets we arrange,
But EPSTEIN'S idea of an earwig
  Would be a nice change.

Such statues in suitable pitches
  Might prove a most happy release,
For you can't put a bug into breeches
  Or trousers devoid of a crease;
If Macclesfield felt it was proper
  To honour the silkworm, its friend,
At least the frock-coat and the topper
  Would cease to offend.

So here 's to the age and its entry
  When insects come into their own
And entomological gentry
  Are duly saluted in stone;
When sculptors, their scope growing wider,
  Will solemnly toil to produce
A statue to BRUCE and his spider,
  But minus old BRUCE.



"NOTHING SERIOUS, DEAR. GOT RUN OVER BY A HORSE."



The Lady. "WHAT HAVE *you* EVER DONE TO AMUSE ME EXCEP GIVE ME YOUR PHOTO?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Lark Ascending.

I HAVE occasionally noticed in American enthusiasts for Europe a disposition to treat a picturesque native of that continent as no more than the figment of a dream; and this explains, perhaps, why the first half of Miss MAZO DE LA ROCHE'S new novel reads like fact, while the last has an air of fantasy. Deserting her Canadians, the author opens fire with a seaside resort in Massachusetts, where her four principal characters are readjusting lives dislocated by the death of a fifth. *Diego Palmas*, a coarse-grained cub of a landscape painter, and his erratic brilliant mother, *Fay*, are tentatively envisaging the liberty accruing to them on the death of a father and husband. *Josie*, the cousin who shares their fortunes (including a retail bakery), is awaiting their move, while their chemist and neighbour, *Purley Bond*, hitherto the reticent adorer of *Fay*, is wondering how soon he can decently propose. *Fay*, however, has no intention of succumbing to *Purley*. She not only sells the bakery but persuades her rejected suitor to dispose of the drug-store. And the quartet sails for Europe with vague ideas of establishing themselves in a new business before the money gives out. Here *Lark Ascending* (MACMILLAN, 7/6) takes on that atmosphere of colourful extravagance which, where it is maintained, is so thoroughly enjoyable and, where it lapses, lets the story down to a level that was well enough as long as it was not transcended. The imaginative reactions of *Fay*, the Sicilian *contessa*, strike me as the highwater-mark of their creator's achievement.

An Anglo-Irish Romance.

The most modest reviewer is apt to preen himself when something of his admonishment seems to bear fruit, and I should like to think that my appreciation of the more unconventional aspects of *Wind from the West* had something to do with the far more exquisite self-reliance of *The Ladies' Road* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6). Taking for her theme the War-time fortunes of two Anglo-Irish families, Miss PAMELA HINKSON unfolds the lives of half-a-dozen women who, delightful beings themselves, lived in and for their menfolk. *Stella*, child of the English house "Winds" and niece of the Irish "Cappagh"—*Stella* with her consuming tenderness for her brother *David* and her ardent determination to follow him in imagination and sympathy to the end of his French road, is undoubtedly the heroine. But *Aunt Nancy* of "Cappagh," the born gardener in a land where moss and weeds grow faster than flowers, is as lovely in her middle-aged fashion as is *Stella* in her pathetic youth. A whole galaxy of nieces, nephews and cousins, graceful, alert and lovable, renew one's pride in the race that could hold their "fortress"—Cromwellian country-houses—among a race often personally devoted but always radically estranged. The post-War issue, when perverted sons of loyal tenants fire the mansions whose own young defenders lie dead in Flanders, is one of the most moving things I have encountered in recent fiction. Fine judgment without rancour, deep feeling without sentimentality, a poet's sensitiveness to beauty, a story-teller's blithe flouting of inessentials—Miss HINKSON has indeed justified her vocation.

In the Highlands.

Mr. GEORGE BLAKE'S *Sea Tangle*
I hereby declare
Is the right yarn to wangle
For holiday-fare.

The scene is "the Highlands
Of heather so blue,"
Likewise certain islands
Adjacent thereto

Where a trio of yachtsmen
Set forth on a cruise—
All chivalrous Scotsmen
Of valour and thews

And stir up a kettle
Of rascally fish,
Which they handle with mettle,
The best one could wish.

There is plentiful gunning
By Dagoes and Dutch
Intent on rum-running,
Kidnapping and such;

While to lend the crusade an
Additional zest
There is also a maiden
Both fair and distressed,

And a cipher much labour
And patience unmix—
All from FABER AND FABER
For seven-and-six.

Rather Rural.

The picture of country life which Miss ALMEY ST. JOHN ADCOCK draws in *Uphill* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) seems curiously incomplete. It is not that it is too idyllic, for her hero (if *Petronella's* lover, *Isaiah Theed*, can so be called) is a poor creature, mentally and physically, if pathetic, and there is mention of mud and pig-sticking and other matters comprising authentic local colour; but as a whole the book shows the life of the cottager at a distance and without the real atmosphere of farm and byre. *Petronella*, daughter of a travelling tinker, fired with longing for respectability, which means for her living in a house rather than in a van, falls in love with *Isaiah*, perhaps more for his wretched home and small holding than for himself; but his father, who has become a rich man, leaves him, out of spite, land in Florida, and the lovers are divided. *Isaiah* allows himself to be captured by a well-to-do shrew, hoping through her to get out to his estate; but when he and *Petronella* come together again he marries her bigamously because he cannot bear to leave her to fend for herself. Again they are separated and are elderly people when they meet once more, and *Petronella*, with a successful daughter and a farm boarding-house of her own, hesitates too long for the reader's patience about throwing in her lot with the broken and now homeless man, whose land has long been under the sea. Still *Uphill* is a pleasant book and the easiest reading that a returned holiday-maker, determined not to be strenuous yet, could wish to find.



The Mentor. "YOU SEEM A DECENT YOUNG FELLOW, SO DON'T GO GROWIN' UP ALL SLACK AN' DIRTY. NOW LOOK AT ME. I SHAVES EVERY MORNIN' WHATEVER HAPPENS. IT MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE."

A Curious Cat.

Before I opened Miss ANNA GORDON KEOWN'S book, *The Cat Who Saw God* (PETER DAVIES, 7/6), I dreaded the possibilities conjured up by the title, and was surprised and delighted to find myself in the excellent company of *Eliza Barbeston* and the one-eared cat which established itself in her home. The second surprise came when the cat began to converse and quote. It is at this point that the reader will either jib or give a mental purr and know himself at home. Yet by whatever standards the cat may be judged, it is an engaging creature, part cynic and part prig. Its soul, so it said, had inhabited the body of NERO, and after long sojourn in hell was being allowed to travel

heavenwards in feline wrapping, chosen for the purpose of self-abnegation. *Eliza*, privileged to perceive the struggle between the reforming soul of NERO and the unrepenting flesh of the cat, is suspected of witchcraft, and discovers a number of important and neglected truths which she sums up in a monologue that has more value than most sermons. The book is full of humour, irony, philosophy and inconsequent absurdity, and, though all these things are rather awkwardly mixed, there is a leavening of beauty. The general purport might have been clearer were the author more economically-minded; but she has something to say, has dared to experiment and has produced a novel which should lead even those who are baffled by it to look forward eagerly to her next venture.

Superseding Custard Pies.

I recognise in Mr. A. S. M. HUTCHINSON a writer of many excellent qualities, not the least of which is the zest and enthusiasm with which he enters upon his task of entertaining the public. Many years ago, before he developed into one of our best "best-sellers," he wrote a book called *Once Aboard the Lugger*, considered by some judges to be the best book he has yet done. Now, after a period of retirement, he comes out again into the open with *Big Business* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), which is decidedly in the same vein, only more so. It is as though the author had said to himself that he may have been funny then but this time he would be immense; readers who laughed before should now split their sides. Accordingly he has collected with considerable trouble all the most farcical characters he could think of, constructed a plot that would frighten Hollywood in its most uproarious mood, and set to work to squeeze the last drop of amusement out of his material. He finishes up with a sort of pantomime rally of most of his puppets in the provision department of Stupendity's, where they are pelted with hot rissoles by a salesman who has run amok. The only funny thing about the book is the representation of this scene on the jacket by Mr. H. M. BATEMAN. To be quite frank, I have seldom read anything more distressing than this latest experiment by Mr. HUTCHINSON. The determined facetiousness of the writing must be seen to be believed.



Distinguished Author. "HAVE YOU READ MY BOOK, *THE FRENCH REVOLUTION*?"

Modern Miss. "DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT'S A BOOK? WHY, I ALWAYS THOUGHT IT REALLY HAPPENED."

Dissolution of Partnership.

Those of us who have followed the exploits of *Inspector Carter* and *Sergeant Bell* in Mr. E. R. PUNSHON's tales of crime and detection may be surprised to find, in *Truth Came Out* (BENN, 7/6), that the *Inspector* will no longer bully and rebuke his *Sergeant*. For *Carter*, while engaged on a mysterious case at Ellerslie Court, was himself done to death, and *Bell* was left to play a lone hand. If the time had come for one of Mr. PUNSHON's famous sleuths to leave the stage I am glad that the choice fell upon the *Inspector* and that *Bell*, who is always as astute and humorous as he is humble, is left to carry on. Expert readers of mystery fiction may find it easy to spot the principal villain of this drama, but that will not interrupt their enjoyment of an excellent hunt.

Against Thomas Bowdler.

Mr. HOLBROOK JACKSON, in the beautifully printed *The Fear of Books* (SONCINO PRESS, 21/-), adds a polished pendant to his sustained feat of sedulous *pastiche*, the two volumes of *The Anatomy of Bibliomania*, whether by way of proving the surprising fact that his well-stored bookman's memory and note-books are by no means exhausted by that ingenious and lengthy exercise or because, as I suspect, his passion needed a separate outlet in the direction of a vigorous beating of the Puritan's pate. No tiger ever battled for her young with more fierceness than Mr. JACKSON for his beloved books. No considerations of religious zeal, propriety or good order are admitted by him as justification for suppression or mutilation, and he delights in making the bibliophobe look a fool with elaborate array of chapter and verse for his discomfiture. Nor is he, any more than his master, a mere stringer-together of other people's pearls. He has a mind of his own and a ready wit which persists in breaking through.

Wonders Never Cease.

M. MAURICE LEBLANC'S latest story is correctly named *Man of Miracles* (SKEFFINGTON, 7/6). A crack on the head and other misfortunes had deprived *Baron Ellen-Rock* of his memory, but while busy in trying to reconstruct his past he was by no means idle in making plans for the future. At first sight he had fallen in love with *Nathalie Manolsen*, who was so beset by rogues and robbers that she required a superman to protect her. The earlier part of this thrilling yarn is staged around *Nathalie's* lonely villa in the south of France, at which *Ellen-Rock* suddenly appears and prevents a raid. Compared, however, with his subsequent exploits, this feat sinks into insignificance. M. LEBLANC'S *Baron* may be incredible, but to read of his adventures is nevertheless both exciting and beguiling.

"NO MATCH FOR BRIGHTON."—*Sunday Paper.*

But what of the old song, "There's no place like Hove"?

"The first of the sailing vessels which will probably take part in next year's grain race from Australia has begun her outward voyage. She is the Swedish four-poster Abraham Ryaberg."—*Daily Paper.*

We hope her Captain has a good bedside manner.

CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to an American visitor, Fleet Street is the noisiest place in the world. We understand that this has aroused a storm of protest in the American Press.

* * *

"The first thing a lion-tamer has to learn," says a circus-owner, "is to keep on the right side of the animals." We ourselves instinctively choose the outside.

* * *

It is reported that eight prisoners in a Pennsylvania prison are sending short-story contributions to magazines. It is not known whether they are literary men turned criminal or merely genuine criminals gone wrong.

* * *

An Indian student called ROBIN CHATTERJEE claims to have set up an endurance record by staying in the water for nearly seventy-two hours; but of course the person who preceded us in the bathroom the other morning wasn't attempting a record.

* * *

Still another revolt is threatened in Chile, it seems. These countries are adopting film studio methods; if they don't like the look of a revolution they shoot it again.

* * *

A paragraphist has been mistaken for Mr. BEVERLEY NICHOLS. These risks, of course, are incidental to a journalistic career.

* * *

Some of the competitors in a women's bowls tournament were over seventy years of age. So much for the contention that bowls isn't an old woman's game.

* * *

At a conference of Angora historians the theory was advanced that ADAM and EVE were Turks. The belief has long been held that CAIN was a bit of a Tartar.

* * *

After the final performance of *Cavalcade* Mr. C. B. COCHRAN remarked that last nights are always sad. First nights are often sadder.

* * *

Round-arm bowling, we are informed, was invented when a professional cricketer working as a bricklayer found that this action was the easiest way of passing bricks to his mate. We are not told whether his mate was ever deceived by the flight of the brick.

* * *

Members of a party of Scottish journalists visiting Poland by invitation were requested by their hosts to wear their kilts. We trust that it has been clearly explained to the Poles that this garment is not *de rigueur* in Fleet Street.

* * *

An ape crossing the frontier from Italy was shot by a French sentry. The explanation that the soldier mistook it for an Italian is said to have been coldly received in Rome.

* * *

Mr. H. G. WELLS's publishers have drawn attention to the fact that the title of his new novel is *The Bulpington of Blup*, not *The Bulphington of Bulp*, as was stated in an evening paper. In literary circles a grave view is taken of these inaccuracies.

* * *

Greece is paying in tobacco for two destroyers. This wasn't the way that HELEN launched a thousand ships.

* * *

A gossip-writer says he saw three small boys who were all under ten years of age dining in a London restaurant one night last week. Youth will be served.

* * *

As an instance of the attempt to create "atmosphere" in B.B.C studios it is mentioned that a portrait of GEORGE WASHINGTON indicates the room used for talks to America. We have been unable to ascertain whether the room used for talks to Canada is indicated by a portrait of Lord BEAVERBROOK.

* * *

We gather from a news item that experts are hunting for a blue dahlia. It is not said what it has been up to.

* * *

Captain T. WATSON, of the trawler *Lord Talbot*, says there was no panic on board the aeroplane from which he rescued the "Flying Family." Greenland, of course, is an ideal place for keeping cool.

* * *

A paragraphist describes the actions of Mr. MONTAGU NORMAN on taking his seat in a crowded Tube train, and remarks that, though the Governor of the Bank of England was apparently recognised by most of his fellow-passengers, they did not stare. But then they were not all paragraphists.

* * *

We regret that we are unable to say where, or who, Mr. MONTAGU NORMAN is this week.

* * *

The statement that plants have feelings should put a stop to unthinking amateurs who insist on forcing rhubarb. They should coax it along quietly.

* * *

A correspondent has written to *The Morning Post* asking if there are any Members of Parliament whose ancestors sat in the Long Parliament. Surely it is better to let bygones be by-gones.

* * *

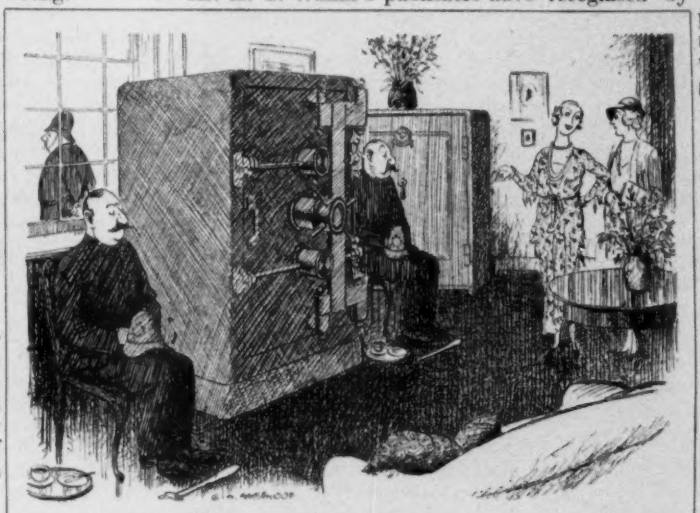
A recent newspaper photograph shows Mr. LLOYD GEORGE looking at a flock of geese. We are not told which of his late colleagues they reminded him of.

* * *

A magistrate holds the view that our car-bandits should be driven out of the country. Personally, we should make them walk.

* * *

Kissing in the dark is prohibited in Hungary. In the face of stupid restrictions like this how can they expect the cinema industry to be a success?



Bride-to-be. "I'M SO SORRY I CAN'T SHOW YOU THE PRESENTS, DEAR, BUT I LOST SO MANY THE LAST TIME I WAS MARRIED."

Again the Yo-Yo.

"THOUGHT FOR THE DAY.

All human things
Of dearest value hang on slender strings.
—Edmund Waller."
Newcastle Paper.

THE SUN-BATHERS.

At Peauville by the Norman coast,
Ere summer's best had gone,
I saw them lying out to roast
With nearly nothing on.

Their aspect in the simmering heat
Recalled an uncooked chop;
I never met so much raw meat
Outside a butcher's shop.

Along the pebbly plage they stretched,
Between the wooden groynes,
In just a brassière, lightly sketched,
And slips for their sirloins.

Full length they lay on front and back
Trying with all their might
To tan their bodies brown or black;
It was a nauseous sight.

As followers of the negroid art
That governs modern whims
They thus exposed the major part
Of their unlovely limbs.

I saw the platinum blonde intent
To be a skin-brunette;
While those with natural swarth were bent
On growing swarthier yet.

And when one side began to burn
They greased it to and fro,
And turned it round like chefs that turn
A steak or tournedos.

I found my appetite displaced
By thoughts of tribal meals,
Of savage men to whom the taste
Of human flesh appeals.

And I remarked with bitter mirth,
"Pray Heaven, I never shall
In any future life on earth
Be born a cannibal."

Then from those forms that vexed the bile
My stomach sought relief
In visions of my native isle,
The home of well-roast beef.

I pictured, sharing my repast,
Beauty unspoilt—her face,
Neck, arms and legs (assumed, these last)
White as the lily's grace;

Touched with the bloom that tints the peach,
But nothing red or crude
To make me think of Peauville's beach
And put me off my food. O. S.

"STEAMER MISHAP.
PASSENGERS TAKEN OFF BY SEARCHLIGHT."
Headlines in Daily Paper.

Travelling, no doubt, abaft the beam.

"Take a stroll through our fabric floor and inspiration will descend!"
Extract from Store Advt.

And so should we.

NOW YOU TELL ONE.

DID you read the recent correspondence in a Sunday paper about the toad that was attracted by the music from a wireless-set and apparently fetched his family to listen-in? You did? Then you will be interested to hear how I tested for myself the effects of wireless on the lower forms of life.

Eager to give the experiment every advantage I took my receiving-set out into the green-house one night last week and proceeded to tune-in to a local station, leaving the door of the green-house wide open in case any wild creature might care to stroll in from the lawns. Was my séance rewarded? No toads, I grant you; but read on.

"The Lurndon Wahless Orchistrah are now going to play WAGNER'S Overture to 'The Flying Dutchman.'"

Hardly were the words out of the speaker's mouth when I heard an eerie rustling in the undergrowth without. Seething with excitement I increased the "volume" and just as the first notes of the Overture floated across the ether I turned in time to see a couple of earth-worms clambering over the threshold. They seemed to be filled with a trembling excitement that I have never associated with worms before. After they had breasted the threshold and paused a moment to regain their breaths, they drew nearer to the source of music. Was it merely coincidence, I asked myself, or was it wireless? Or (more gloriously) was it WAGNER? I would soon see.

Without a word of warning I switched over to another station. It was Nesta Niblick and her Girls playing, "White-Hot Blues." The effect on the worms was electrical. They stopped in mid-floor and looked at each other dumbly. Then they looked at me. It is no use telling me that worms can't look. They were looking something at me, I'm certain. Askance, no doubt; possibly daggers. They didn't like jazz, I realised, and switched back to the Overture. WAGNER for worms, I thought; pronouncing it "UAGNER" for the sake of alliteration. The little creatures were obviously pleased and, worming their way, if I may say so, to a spot on the floor where a large knot in the wood afforded them a slightly elevated accommodation, they sat down to enjoy the rest of the Overture, drinking in the rich harmonies with unconcealed delight.

So intent had I been on observing the foregoing phenomenon that I had quite failed to notice the arrival of my tortoise. But there he was; and visibly affected by the stirring strains of the music. Queer that I had never thought of asking him into the drawing-room. He stood stern-on to the receiving-set—I don't know why; perhaps tortoises listen that way. I'm certain he didn't miss a semibreve. Should I try jazz on him? No. It might burst his shell. Besides there were the worms to consider.

How wonderful is this wireless, I thought; and hardly were the thoughts out of my mind when I descried thousands of tiny insects swarming up the legs of the table. Ants. There must have been a colony of them. They climbed right on to the receiving-set; I thought they were going to eat it. But no, they were after the music, and they all settled down quietly round the diaphragm to listen. This was something new to them. Came the swell of trombones—WAGNER *in excelsis*. You could see they were moved. One of them fell off on to the table.

Presently a spider squeezed in under the fan-light and a slug tore from one side of a seed-box to the other. Feverishly I made notes. The Overture was now working itself triumphantly to a crashing *finale*. Would anything else happen? Three more worms shot over the threshold; a snail rushed in, panting, as though it had come from a great distance, and two petals fell off a red geranium. I could hardly write for excitement. A night-jar flew in and laid an egg in a flower-pot; a wood-louse ran out into the garden to summon its pals. Suddenly there was a crash of glass and a young horse came clean through the north end of the green-house, snorting with expectation. "Sh," I hissed, "WAGNER!" and, suppressing a neigh of delight, it sank on its haunches against the lawn-mower.

The Gold-Digger's Wedding.

"During the evening the couple left for a moneymoon at Eastbourne."
Cambridge Paper.

Brighter Outlook for Shipping.

"NEW CUNARDER TALKS."
Liverpool Paper.
"LINER DANCES FOR THE TEST TEAM."
Evening Paper.

"TOO MUCH WIND FOR FOOTBALL."
Headline in Essex Paper.

That's how they burst.

"NEWMAN *v.* M'CONACHY
ENGLISHMAN TURNS TABLES."
Scots Paper.

We hope it brought him luck.

". . . there happened to have occurred at the same time a murder of a young actress, with features of peculiar ferocity, which was occupying popular attention."
Extract from Novel.

With such a handicap she was probably better out of the way.



A STANDING MENACE.

MR. DE VALERA. "I HAVE ADDRESSED A FURTHER LETTER TO THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT, REPEATING MY UNALTERABLE CONDITIONS. I STAND WHERE I STOOD."

DISTRESSED IRISH FARMER. "WELL, THE SOONER YOU STAND SOMEWHERE ELSE THE BETTER FOR US BOTH."



"*Dear* Mrs. Smythe, my husband says those *dreadful* Browns have asked us for Saturday. *Do* let me come to you. Must have *some* sort of a hole to bolt to."

AS I WRITE.

It is impossible to write in an unfamiliar room. Not for you, perhaps, but for me. Especially I cannot write in the coffee-room of the Royal Hotel at Wisperton.

The noises outside are all wrong. Instead of the baby, which should be crying opposite, the lawn-mower, which should be mowing at No. 18, the gramophone, which should be wondering at No. 26 why it is happy but only knows it is, the quiet little town of Wisperton lies round me waist-high in bellowing sheep.

I stated last week that sheep were ruining England. Perhaps they are not. But they are ruining this article, which is nearly as bad. Since about 9 A.M. hostile hordes of sheep have converged upon Wisperton—pink sheep, yellow sheep, orange and saffron-coloured sheep, coming from the north and the west and the south. Possibly they know that I had been writing an article about them. Their fierce eyes glitter, they breathe out their dragon breath. . . .

The last time that I stayed at Wisperton during the sheep terror the policeman at the corner of Market Street made a plucky if hopeless effort to control the traffic in the grand Metropolitan manner. Taking up his station at the cross-roads, he held one flock back and beckoned another one onwards. About mid-day he was removed, a broken man. This time there is no policeman. I suspect that he has been allowed, at his own earnest entreaty, to go and chase motor-banditti instead of controlling sheep.

The whole town is a babel of hoarse cries, barks, baas, and the plaintive hoots of motor-cars firmly imbedded in sheep. Some of the sheep are jumping over the backs of other sheep. As I write, a small contingent of sheep have entered the Bon Marché and are browsing quietly on a flowered muslin frock. The dogs are quite useless. They have lost their heads. Some of them are looking for their masters in the baas—bars, for to-day the bars of Wisperton are open all day long. Others are raiding the butchers' shops; others are trying to mix one flock of sheep with another in order to have the fun of unmixing them again. As I write, one sheep has jumped on to the bonnet of a motor-car, suffering apparently from a mascot-complex.

I have the greatest respect for the driver of the Wisperton-to-Bamford motor-bus. As I write, he is proceeding up the main street like a juggernaut, shovelling sheep on either side, heedless of baaing and barking and lifted cudgels and shouts of rage and despair.

There are no pavements in Wisperton any longer. Foot-passengers are like drowning men, swimming in waves of sheep. All these sheep are going to be sold. They will be bought for about a third of what they fetched a year ago. Who wants them? Nobody can answer that question. I have decided not to buy a sheep.

The auctioneer, a man of romantic temperament, apparently believes that he can distinguish between one sheep and another, which is ridiculous. If the whole affair were better organised, all the saffron sheep would be blended together and put in one place, and all the rose-coloured sheep in another, and

none of them would be allowed to pass the coffee-room of the Royal Hotel at Wisperton.

As I write, one of the sheep has come into the Royal Hotel, Wisperton, through the coffee-room window. . . . No, not quite. But nearly. There is small comfort to be found by turning my back on the window and looking at the interior of the coffee-room. It is impossible to write in an unfamiliar room. Next to the grandfather clock there is an engraving of a picture called "Paphian Bower." It was painted by J. MARTIN and engraved by G. H. PHILLIPS. It is a fine piece. In the foreground is a lake. The background is composed of incredibly umbrageous trees. In the centre is a small flock of sheep—I beg your pardon, of nymphs and loves.

Further on I notice a LANDSEER. Tenants of a monastery are bringing their annual tributes in kind and laying them at the feet of an auctioneer—I should say, of a monk. There is a dead stag and a dead swan and a dead duck, two dead herons and two dead fish. The monk is adding up the remains on a piece of paper. The bar is open and the tenants are about to be regaled with wine. The dogs regard the tenants silently with wistful eyes. There are no sheep. How much more sensible was mediæval civilisation than the turmoil and flurry which we call life to-day!

As I write the sun has come out and is burning the back of my neck. A sheep has boarded a motor-omnibus. I can see it in the looking-glass at the other end of the room. The looking-glass is heavily framed in gilt and covered with spots like an auctioneer. There are two bronze Crusaders on the mantelpiece, but one of them has broken his sword. Every now and then I wonder what this article was meant to be about. As I proceed it becomes more impossible to discover. . . .

On my right hand there is yet another picture. It shows *KING CHARLES I. on the eve of the Battle of Edgehill Giving Directions to PRINCE RUPERT and the Earl of LINDSEY for the Disposition of the Troops, under the Tree called the King's Oak, at the Farmhouse where the Royal Family partook of Refreshments served by the Farmer and his Daughter, Anno* 1642."

When I see a picture I like to know what it is all about. KING CHARLES I. has apparently just rapped PRINCE RUPERT sharply over the wrist with a ruler, to remind him of a point of strategy. In the picture there are two sheep-dogs. One of them is being fed by an infant in a cocked hat (? KING CHARLES II.) with a lump of cake. The other is gazing up anxiously at the farmer's daughter, who carries a refreshment-tray.

But there are no sheep. Civilisation even in 1642 had not entirely broken down.

As I write I notice on the table a book entitled *Modern Farriery*. Opening it at random and turning to the excellent chapter on Crib-Biting and Wind-Sucking—but no, time presses and a task is laid before me. I must needs confine myself to the subject in hand. . . . Curiously enough on the top of the dresser there are two large black china dogs. I think they are spaniels. They are not perturbed by the flurry and confusion outside the Royal Hotel. They are silent. They have poise. If I concentrate on these two dogs for a minute or so I shall be able to begin. . . .

As I write a tyre has exploded in the middle of Market Street—either a tyre or a sheep. I cannot say which. Or it may be an auctioneer. . . .

It is impossible to write in an unfamiliar room. . . .

EVOE.



The Vicar. "YOU SUSPECT HASHISH? BUT, GOOD HEAVENS, MAN, LOOK AT MY COLLAR!"

Zealous Customs. "YESS, YESS—PLENTY TIME. I SEARCH YOU UNDER THE COLLAR IN A MINUTE."

A Tough Meal.

"We lunched on some slabs of Kamet's red granite."—*Extract from Travel Book.*

AND NOW ALL THIS.

II.

Extracts from Vol. I. of "The Hole Pocket Treasury of Absolute General Knowledge,"

by the Authors of

"1066 AND ALL THAT."

SECTION II.

PSYCHO-BABYCRAFT.

A Guide to Mental Hygiene. For modern Babies between the Ages of 0 and 3.

THE OPEN MIND.

THIS section is designed for use by NORMAL PRE-ADULTS BETWEEN THE AGES OF 0 AND 3—"*the only persons whose minds, being as yet uncontaminated by inhibitions, aspirations, aspirins, hymns (Ancient or Modern), travelogues, decalogues or even logarithms, are still Open to Reason*" (Muggmeister).

At this point the reader will doubtless become the prey of an irresistible desire (or Libido) to know the answer to the totally frightful question: "Is there still some hope for me?"

Well, you will just have to resist it. Before we can tell you the answer we must ask you to decide the utterly fraughtful question, "ARE YOU A BABY?"

How to Tell.

Method A. Observation.

It is more difficult than you might think. But we will begin with a simple case.

As you know, *babies have no teeth at all.* Good; you are sitting in front of the fire without any teeth, but you have a long whitish beard and *whiskers which crackle to the touch.* Are you a Baby?

The answer is "No." You are probably your grandfather.

Now let us take a more difficult case. Babies (but not grandfathers) are very fond of milk. Now, then: you are sitting in front of the fire feeling very satisfied because you have just had some milk. You have a long bushy tail and whiskers which *do not crackle at all.* Are you the Baby?

The answer is "No," again. You are, though you may not know it, the Cat.

Again, if you are bald or "thin on top" you may or may not be a Baby. Some are and some aren't. So be careful.

But you must decide. There is no time to lose. As Hoggmeister says, "The education of young babies begins *in very early youth.*" Have a good look at the bathroom. And the bedroom too. If they have recently become pharmaceutical museums full of cotton-wool, woollen cots, piffs, puffs, poofs and lids of pink celluloid recepticules then there can be no doubt about it. *There is a baby somewhere in the house.*

The only question is: *Is it you?*

Method B. Introspection.

Now is the time to try the introspective method, *viz.*, auto-analysis. If after a critical and exhaustive introspection you decide that you have no teeth, whiskers, tail or tobacco-pouch, and are simply a helpless bundle of blankets, biblets, driblets, pilchbockers and kidknappies, then you can't get away from the fact: You are It.

WHAT EVERY BABY KNOWS.

Having established your status, you must impose yourself. Frustration at your age is fatal. *You must have it all your own way,* otherwise you will become a permorphous polyvert. There is no other word for it.



"YOU MUST IMPOSE YOURSELF."

According to FREUD, all babies are permorphous polyverts; but FREUD is wrong. As Foggmeister exclaims, "The Freudian theory of polyversive permorphosis is subject to revision; babies that are not *handled* too much or in any way unduly *fondled* in early childhood develop into *non-polyversive monomorphs.*"

That ought to comfort you, even if your mother can't. At any rate it should warn you. Tell your nurses and your mothers and your god-aunts that they are not to over-dandle you, or dangle you too much, or bungle you in any way. Let them trundle you a little or push you about gently with the soles of their feet if they must; but remember, *handling* is dangerous.

Another thing—be careful how you allow people to approach you. If they approach you from behind when you are lying down you will squint; and a perversive polymorph that squints is past analysis.

DANGER OF FIXATION.

Be careful about the *first* things you do.

"*Perverted primary actions,*" as Fuggmeister incessantly shouts, "*lead inevitably to perverted secondary reactions, which are immediately buried alive in the subconscious vital stream.*" This just means that you become "fixated." In other words, if you want a drink the *first time* you feel thirsty you will find in later life that you will always feel thirsty whenever you want a drink.

You see the danger? You will get into bad habits. Eventually you will find that if you marry the *first girl* you fall in love with you will always fall into marriage with anyone you love. This is not only polymorphous but illegal.

CORRECT USE OF DREAMS.

Do not imagine that just because you are a Pre-adult you are entitled to shirk having psymbolical dreams. Dreams are, of course, tremendously significant and, if *dreamt properly* and subsequently analysed properly, should at once reveal your normal hatred of your mother or, better still, the Unfrustrated Intention to Eat the Grandfather.

If your dreams reveal nothing of the sort then you are just *dreaming them wrong.* Go to sleep again at once and *have the dreams again until you get them right.*

Lots of people who, following Hoggmeister's rule, began life as babies in early youth are now in lunatic asylums, Parliament, etc., simply through dreaming the wrong dreams. For instance, there are some people (apparently normal in other respects) who often dream that they *are in the bath and cannot find the loofah!*

Note.—The loofah-*motif* is unbelievably dangerous. A certain well-known Monogamist who came to us for treatment was alarmed by having dreamt that he was *in a room with thousands of other loofahs* (but could not find the bath).

From this we were able to tell him that his wife had probably deserted him. . . . When he went home he looked for his wife in all the usual places and could not find her, and it subsequently turned out just as we had said; she had properly deserted him—*taking the loofah withah.*

Or take the famous Débâcle case, of which most Pre-adults have heard—but not the whole truth, which we reveal here for the last time. Monsieur Débâcle was a china merchant in Rouen. One night he woke up automatically at 3 A.M., *contrary to his usual custom*, having dreamt very vividly that there was a *bull* in his shop. On going downstairs he discovered that *it was a cow*. . . .

We might add that as a result of this shock Monsieur Débâcle became abnormally bull-conscious and was for years afterwards addicted to dream-psychophany or shouting (usually about bulls) in his sleep. Indeed he only retained his sanity by adopting a course of well-thought-out *gestures of compensation*, such as attiring himself in the uniform of a Beef-Eater and making bull's-eyes at all his customers.

SOME TYPICAL TYPES.

When you grow up you will become an Adult Only. But all adults are divided into types, so consider carefully, before it is too late, which of these you want to be.

The types usually considered worth consideration are:—

(*a*) The commonly insane.

(*b*) The uncommonly stupoid or Happy-go-Ugly Morons, including (1) Photons (or Moovimorons), which will not read and cannot understand anything unless they see it in "pictures"; and (2) Photomatons, which continually take snapshots without realising what they have done.

(*c*) FREUD'S Preposterot or Polymorphous Phrenopod (with brains in feet, etc.), including subconscious ballroom-dancers and football-addicts.

(*d*) The Thyroid or Apex Baboon of No Known Function.

Do not attempt to confuse or conceal your type. If you are subconsciously ugly or subcutaneously stupoid, sooner or later the fact will come to the surface; somebody will notice it.

None of these types is *perfect*; indeed the perfectly-balanced condition in which the Psycho-Vacuum (or soul) becomes Totally Equated (*i.e.*, perfectly Aimless) is probably unattainable even by brand-new Pre-adults. . . .

But all this has been summed up in the now universally accepted rule that "Something is wrong with everybody" (*Buggmeister, passim*). From which it has been deduced that "Everything is wrong with somebody" (*Fuggmeister, cursim*).

And sooner or later you will have to answer the utterly Freudful question—"Is it me?" But not yet.



"YOU KNOW, IT TAKES A LOT TO ANNOY *MY* NEIGHBOURS."

Another Go-Ahead Resort.

"Southsea had left Portsmouth early in the afternoon for a cruise round the Isle of Wight and was due back about 8 p.m."
Daily Paper.

Velly Mixed Metaphor.

"This is the last phase in the adoption of the protocol. The die has been cast, and the Rubicon will be crossed. The actual signing of the treaty will takee place at the Manchurian capital."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

"Second Innings.—Arnold not out 52/-; Extras 1."—*Daily Paper.*

The "extras" seem very reasonable.

Forbidden Sports.

"——, an Exmouth youth, was summoned for riding on the footbath on the sea-front."
Local Paper.

"Less than three hours later he was aloft in the Heart's Content. He reached out and shook hands with hosts of his New York stay."—*Canadian Paper.*

He must have made a very long arm.

"The first woman to become a director director was elected in 1888 as director of a bank."—*Provincial Paper.*

Women have been directing directors much longer than that.

OTTAWA AND DUMPING.

A COMPLAINT FROM INDIA.

I HAVE just received the following communication from my old bearer, Fusaldar, who, as I have previously mentioned, is now engaged in business as a "Cheap John" merchant.

"There will be no surprise for Master of learning I am showing much interest of doings of Ottawa Conference. Every day Babu is coming and reading for me fine story of speeches. In window of my shop there is great map of Empire with each corner having stuck on portrait of BALDWIN Sahib, NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN Sahib, and celebrated JIM THOMAS Sahib. In corner left over there is portrait of Master's old Fusaldar. This is for no purpose of boast, but for showing I am representing of British Empire for this place with Cheap John business. Also I am taking frequent saunter through bazaar and telling all man I am giving firm approval for transactions of Conference.

"But with humble respect and utmost confidence I am informing Master I am disappointed of Conference is not taking more necessary steps with question of dumping of goods for low prices of no dam profit and other nasty dealings of dumpers. I am warning Master of most evil form of dumper is not foreign fellow; it is dumper next-door, maybe dumper on opposite side of street, or maybe dumper round the corner. I am well knowing I am only small link of Cheap John in midst of vast British Empire, but I am having bitter lesson of cruel damage of business with foul dealings of round the corner dumper.

"Master is well knowing of some years ago I am opening this Cheap John shop for sell it of goods of low cost for poor man. Heart is glowing with hope of make it the great profit. But hope is blast with ignorant fellow of name of Subrati dumping round the corner with Cheap John shop of exact same line of business as me. Here is commence of history of fearful bother and strife that is going on until this very day. Volumes could not contain even small part of list of dumps this rogue man is dealing on me. No sooner I am selling line of goods for fair cost for make it the fair profit than hungry beast Subrati is coming dumping with cut of price. Of consequence I am of necessity of reducing cost for getting below of price of Subrati, and low beast is immediately coming with another dump. Soon, too soon, all hope of profit is changed to broken-hearted prospect of ruination. This should not be going on in midst of Empire on which is no sun-setting.

"But this crawling snake man is going far beyond dumping of cut of price. He is sinking so low as dumping with slander of character. For example, he is going about with dirty whisper of I am very old man and I am soon to be die and there is no need for me for do it any more business. This is giving me complete loss of temper. I am going round bazaar with quick footsteps and holding up of the breast for all man will see there is no truth whatever of such vile insinuation. I am also of intention of yelling for pitch of voice of Subrati is howling liar. But voice is failing with too much rage and too much walking round. Here is clear case of dumping going length of taking breath of life from poor old man.

"Now Master will see how far Ottawa Conference is failing from proper dealing with dumping. What is wanting is complete putting of lid on such cumberer of soil same like Subrati. Surely it is not too much of asking if honest British Empire Cheap John is demand of preference against such wolf of no decent principles? Must Master's old Fusaldar be kept waiting until cunning rat Subrati is dumping him and all his Cheap John business off of face of earth? I am hoping and praying Master will take deep cogitation over these things.

"*P.S.*—I am forgetting for inform Master of last outrage of Subrati. During past weeks I am opening small museum in my shop, wherein all man is seeing for gratis all sort of curio, like ancient sword and battle-axe and many other thing of antiquity and curiosity. This is good business for attracting plenty of customer. What does scoundrel Subrati do? He is going extreme length of bribing Babu for print of letter in newspaper saying, 'Most strange curio of all museum is old Cheap John Fusaldar Khan himself.' Here is positive proof for Master of black heart living in bosom of this vile beast of dirty dog dumper."

"TO-DAY'S SAFETY BET
DONCASTER.
2.30 UNLIKELY (to win)."—*Daily Paper.*

Needless to say, it did not.

"My own experience has always been that when the Englishman really tackles foreign tongues he can hold his own with anyone."
Daily Paper.

This is what CARLYLE referred to as our "grand talent pour le silence."

"By the middle of the century Sir —— considers that our population will have attained or passed its maximum."
Daily Paper.

After which, the higher it goes the fewer.

MUTTON.

[It is becoming more and more difficult to get shepherds.]

THE casual sheep are roaming
Untended o'er the wold:
Unled, they have no homing
Instinct towards the fold;
Ill-mannered curs get at them
And shoo them round like mad;
It spoils the mutton, drat them;
But where's the shepherd-lad?

Not ours to tend the sheep. We leave the down,
And seek the livelier pleasures of the town.

The bees are humming loudly,
And loudly sings the crake;
Nature has done things proudly
Up here, and no mistake;
Gay skylarks grow ecstatic;
Slow rivers seek the sea;
Shepherd, if not rheumatic,
How fair your lot must be.

Give us no more of nature. Ours the scene
Cast by the art of filmland on the screen.

O joy of rural ditties
Piped on the oaten flute
Which even men in cities
Regard in high repute;
O charm of rustic paces
Danced in the waning day:
Come, shepherd, show your graces;
Shepherd, a roundelay.

Of such as these let pedants make a fuss.
For us the saxophone. The jazz for us.

Shepherd, the dainty Phyllis
Waits in the fading light;
For you waits Amaryllis,
And Daphne, if I'm right;
Their cheeks are country roses;
Their lips are kissing fain;
Shepherd, the long day closes;
Shall these girls wait in vain?

How poor are these, their boasted charms how faint,
Compared with lipstick and a touch of paint.

So Melibœus sang, and so replied
Daphnis and Corydon, the truant herds,
Who, having settled in the town to bide,
Did so, ignoring his well-chosen words;
And now th' uncared-for sheep waxed few and died
While Melibœus lived on beef and birds,
Till, tired with these, he sought the townward tram,
And bought a saddle of New Zealand lamb.

DUM-DUM.



"WE HAD SUCH A DELIGHTFUL HOLIDAY AT A LITTLE PLACE—DIDDLEHAM-ON-SEA. ABSOLUTELY UNSPOILT!"
"DIDN'T YOU FIND IT DULL?"
"OH, NO. WE HAD OUR MOTOR. WE ONLY SLEPT THERE."

MY WILL.

II.—THE BODY.

THE next thing to be decided perhaps is the disposal of the body.

What shall we do with the old body?

My first thought is that I don't care very much what they do with my body when I am dead—provided I am really dead. In the days when I wrote my first will (hereby cancelled) the Turks were using the dead bodies of their enemies to build up the parapets of trenches; and sometimes we found them under the floors of the trench. I do not think it would upset me much to know that I was to be made useful in that fashion (provided I was dead). What I should hate would be the experience recorded in Major YEATS-BROWN'S fascinating *Golden Horn*. He tells of an officer who was used as a foundation for a parapet, *but was not dead*. When he showed signs of consciousness the Turks nearly bayoneted him, but made him a prisoner; and he was none the worse, says the author, except for a slight deafness in one ear, which had formed the base of a loop-hole. (I give first prize to this, by the way, as a queer story of the War).

No, the surgeons may have Haddock's body, if it can be of service to them. It is not a bad body, I think, and should be full of instruction. Like most bodies nowadays, it has no appendix and few teeth; it has been thoroughly exposed to most of the poisons of civilisation; but for many years it has been kept free from chocolate, sweets, golf, cards, coffee, pastry, dates, port-wine and inflatory soft drinks. But if the doctors have it they should, I think, pay for it, for it will bring

them money in the end. Who knows what fine new diseases it may suggest to them, diseases afterwards to become fashionable and remunerative?

No, on second thoughts I feel that the body should be used to some more spectacular advantage:—

(4) *I direct that my body be mummified and presented to the British Museum and there exhibited without charge as a splendid type of* Homo Britannicus.

Probably there is a law against this, but, if so, I do not know what it is.

If I could arrange that my mummy or remains should be a constant source of annoyance to my enemies I would so direct. The mummy might be carried down Whitehall on a golden palanquin once monthly, preceded by banners bearing offensive reflections on the Home Office; though probably the police would have some childish objection to that.

But my main anxiety is to ensure that my remains shall not be a nuisance to my friends, relations and the general public. Above all things, I decline to be the central figure of a dreary funeral. I will not be carted out into the country in a shiny wooden box and a barbarous black hearse; I will not compel my family to follow me out through the suburban traffic in black clothes and a succession of closed cabs. I will not be carried about by professional mutes pretending great grief for the death of a man they never heard of. The words of the Burial Service suggest to me that all is well with the departed and that he is much better off than we are; and therefore the conventional gloom of everybody present seems out of place. If I must have a funeral at all (which I hope to avoid) it shall be a pleasant, almost a gay affair. The hearse shall not be black, but colourful and good to see. It shall carry not flowers only but flags; it shall be drawn by white horses and there shall be a band playing no Dead March but HANDEL'S "Largo" and all my favourite tunes. The hymns also shall be the ones I like and not the ones appointed for burials. My friends, if they come, will not come, I hope, with solemn faces and in black, but wear what they like and have a party afterwards (*Memo*: I must leave something for this party); there I hope they will sing songs and drink my health and tell funny stories against me and have fun.

Nor do I wish to increase the cemetery acreage of this country; far too much of it is under marble already, and I am not worthy to keep a good piece of English soil out of production. I have never been a landowner and do not propose to begin when I die. I dislike marble and should hate to spend the rest of my time on earth under a slab of it—it is too much like the last hours of a fish. Moreover, I may wrong him, but the monumental stonemason does not seem to me to be one of those craftsmen who have moved with the times and acquired new ideas.

All this, you will say, points clearly to cremation. There is much to be said for that. Once I am turned to ashes no Home Secretary can order me to be disinterred, or rather decanted, and no Government expert will be paid to pry about among my remains. But, here again even the urn containing my inconsiderable ashes will have to be put somewhere, and wherever it is put it will occupy more space than it deserves in this over-populated island. In time, if we persist in keeping our population up, the disposal of our urns may become as much of a problem as the disposal of our coffins. If I go so far as to become ashes it seems a pity not to go a little further and disappear altogether. If I may be burned without indignity, why not be dispersed upon the fields or seas? Besides, I am a Hammersmith man and do not wish to be put on the shelf in one of the Northern boroughs.



Beater (discussing new tenant of shooting). "'E MAY BE ALL RIGHT, BUT I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF 'IM STARTING OFF BY GIVIN' A BED TO THE LOCAL 'OSPITAL."

The Viking's funeral contained the essence of cremation and much more besides. The Vikings of course had most of the sea to play with, but even in those days their derelict burned-out hulks must have been a danger to shipping. And I see that in our times it would be impracticable for us all to have Viking's funerals. But Haddock, Vice-President of a Sailing Club, I think deserves one.

(4) *Clause* 4 (*above*) *is hereby cancelled. I direct that my body be embarked at high water* (*Hammersmith*) *upon my favourite vessel and carried down the river to Westminster. The vessel shall be newly-painted in bright colours and decorated with flags. I desire that it be accompanied to Westminster by a great number of small boats containing my family, friends, and invited representatives of the clubs of the tideway, a cloud of sailing-boats in full sail, motor-boats, rowing eights, and, I hope, some representatives of the ladies' clubs in fours and single-sculling-skiffs. I desire that the Commodore of the Hammersmith Sailing Club shall direct the marshalling and navigation of the pageant.*

On arrival at Westminster the vessel shall be made fast to a buoy opposite to the residence of the London County Council. The attendant craft shall anchor in a wide circle round the funeral vessel and shall there wait till sunset. (*Meanwhile the mariners shall drink good wine and sing songs agreeable to the deceased; and the vessel shall be properly prepared with inflammatory materials.*)

At sunset a green rocket shall be fired, and a lighted torch applied with ceremony to the funeral vessel. The company shall then raise their glasses to the memory of Haddock and his labours for the people. From time to time during the conflagration they shall, at a given signal, shake their fists together towards the County Hall and cry words of contempt and abuse at the London County Council for their neglect of the London Thames, which neglect has brought the good Haddock to a premature——

But there may be some law against all this. I must write to the river authorities.

A. P. H.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BEACH COSTUME.



AT FIRST IT CONSISTED OF ANY OLD PAIR OF PYJAMA TROUSERS—



WHICH IN COURSE OF TIME BECAME ELABORATED—



UNTIL THE "TAILOR-MADE" ARTICLE APPEARED—



AND NOW WE HAVE ARRIVED AT THE "BEACH ENSEMBLE."

SIMPLE STORIES.

LADY CATAWPA AND MISS SAGO.

Lady Catawpa lived at Humm Hall and Miss Sago lived at Humm Cottage, and they generally got on all right together but Miss Sago was rather touchy, and if she thought that Lady Catawpa wasn't taking enough notice of her she got very annoyed about it, and there were other people living at Humm who were like that too.

Well once when Lady Catawpa hadn't taken any notice of Miss Sago for about a month, except just to nod at her when she came out of church on Sunday mornings and then talk to somebody else, she got so annoyed that she complained to the Vicar. And the Vicar was a man of peace so he said oh I am sure she can't mean anything by it, only the other day when I was lunching at Humm Hall and we had sago pudding Lady Catawpa said it reminded her of you, and she said it so kindly that I am sure she will soon ask you to have tea with her and show you her begonias.

And Miss Sago said well I will wait another week, and if she hasn't done anything by that time I shall know it is because she doesn't think I am as good as she is, and as I am quite as good and rather better I shall do something about it that she won't at all like, and you won't like it either.

And the Vicar said what shall you do? And she said ah, in a tone full of meaning. But she wouldn't tell him what she was going to do because she hadn't really made it up yet.

Well the Vicar thought he had better say something to Lady Catawpa, so he said I wish you would ask Miss Sago to tea, I know she is longing to see your begonias and I think she is a little hurt that you haven't asked her lately.

And Lady Catawpa said oh drat the woman, why I asked her to tea only a few weeks ago and showed her my pentstemons, I am always showing her something, still I like to be kind and I will if you like. And the Vicar said thank you, it will make it easier for me because I am a man of peace. And Lady Catawpa said I think you are a perfect pet, but that was only her way of talking.

So Lady Catawpa wrote a nice little letter to Miss Sago and said I never seem to see you what with one thing and another and I wish I could see you oftener because it cheers me up to see you in this dull place, will you come and have tea with me on Thursday and cheer me up and see my begonias? Do come if you can and cheer me up.

Well nothing could have been nicer and kinder than that letter and if Miss Sago had received it she would have been very pleased. She did receive a letter from Lady Catawpa but it was not that one, because Lady Catawpa put it into an envelope addressed to her sister Mrs. Spurt by mistake, and she put into the envelope addressed to Miss Sago a letter she had written to Mrs. Spurt in which she said if you were to see the awful people I have to be kind to here you would have a fit, there is one old tabby cat called Miss Tapioca or some name like that I am always having to ask to tea or she would take away my character, but fortunately she doesn't know that Catawpa and I throw plates at each other's heads and I shan't tell her. Well good-bye dear, take care of yourself, I wish you were here to cheer me up.



"'I THINK YOU OUGHT TO KEEP IT TO YOURSELF.'"

Well it so happened that Mrs. Spurt's Christian name was Henrietta and so was Miss Sago's. So Miss Sago read some of the letter before she found it wasn't meant for her and then she went on reading it. And when she came to the part about herself she was so angry that it was as much as she could do to prevent herself breaking all the china in the drawing-room of Humm Cottage with a poker. But she laughed a bitter laugh instead and went out to spread the news about Lord and Lady Catawpa throwing dishes at one another's heads. And the first person she told was the Vicar, and he wouldn't believe it until she showed him the letter, and he saw it was written in Lady Catawpa's handwriting to my dear Henrietta, and she only just showed him the piece about throwing plates so of course he didn't know it wasn't written to her, but he was rather surprised at Lady Catawpa being so familiar with Miss Sago and he said if she has told you something secret like that I think you ought to keep it to yourself.

And Miss Sago said it is far too serious to keep to myself, I shall let everybody know what kind of person Lady Catawpa is, and if I were Lord Catawpa I should divorce her, because I don't believe he is to blame and if he were to say he had never thrown anything at her at all I should believe him.

And the Vicar said so should I, and I don't believe Lady Catawpa throws plates at his head either, let me see the rest of the letter. But of course Miss Sago wouldn't let him see the rest of the letter because he would have known it wasn't written to her, and she went out to spread the news and was very spiteful about it, and all the people in Humm who thought that Lady Catawpa hadn't taken enough notice of them lately were only too glad to get hold of this spicy bit of news about her, and a good deal of feeling was worked up, and there was an idea of writing to the Secretary of the Budgerigar Breeding Society to say that Lady Catawpa was not a fit person to be a member of it because of throwing soup-tureens at Lord Catawpa. But the Vicar stopped that, and he was very glad he had, because by that time Mrs. Spurt had sent back the letter that Lady Catawpa had written to Miss Sago, and Lady Catawpa called him in to consult him about what she had better do about the mistake she had made.

Well they put their heads together and decided on a Garden Party. And everybody in Humm was asked to it, and several people from outside, and after they had had tea and very good ices Lord Catawpa got up and made a speech in which he said that he

had been told that rumours were going about that there were differences between him and Lady Catawpa and he wished to take that opportunity of saying that it was quite true, but the bit about their throwing things at each other's heads was a lie and if he heard it said again he should have whoever said it sent to prison. And then Lady Catawpa got up and said that she knew the rumour had arisen from something she had said in fun in a letter to her sister which somebody else had read by mistake, she would not mention any names but she freely forgave whoever it was, male or female, and invited everybody present to have a good look at her begonias, and she hoped they would often come to see her and cheer her up.

So Lady Catawpa came out of it rather well, but Miss Sago didn't come out of it so well, as everybody knew that it was she who had spread the rumours. But it all died down, and a few weeks later Lady Catawpa wrote Miss Sago a nice little note asking her to come to tea and see her chrysanthemums, and she didn't make a mistake about the envelope this time. A. M.

"ALLEGED THREAT

'If you don't give us those bags——'"

Newcastle Paper.

These bandits are going too far.

BANGOR FOR BLISS.

[At the opening of a hall erected at Glyndyfrdwy, Corwen, in memory of OWEN GLENDOWER, Miss MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE, M.P., said she was a descendant of O.G. on the mother's side. Professor BEBB, of Bangor, who followed, said that OWEN GLENDOWER was the greatest political leader Wales ever produced.]

THOUGH older seats of learning
Their peerless pundits boast,
Bangor, by the discerning,
Is held to rule the roast;
Let Oxford boom her BRADLEY,
Let Cambridge flaunt her JEBB,
Both come off very badly
Matched with Professor BEBB.

Speaking in MEGAN'S presence
He dared to name GLENDOWER
As the supreme quintessence
Of Cambria's driving power;
Not BAYARD'S self was bolder
Nor dauntless Captain WEBB
(The Channel record-holder)
Than brave Professor BEBB.

Without him fair Dolgelley
Would dwindle, peak and pine,
And Cardiff sink in deathly
Commercial decline;
Perpetual gloom would settle
On Snowdon's noble neb,
And miners lose their mettle
Without Professor BEBB.

Welsh cliffs refrain from crumbling
When by their base he goes;
Bees practise brighter bumbling;
The leek more grandly grows;
He stimulates the scholar,
The Duchess and the "deb";
He props the pound, the dollar,
Our Atlantean BEBB.

And thus, although a Saxon
And alien, I claim
The privilege of a klaxon
In trumpeting his fame;
For when in moods of languor
My spirits sink and ebb,
Roused by the martial clangour
Bruited abroad by Bangor,
I bless the name of BEBB. C. L. G.

Our Resilient Officials.

"Ald. ——, J.P., the retiring Mayor, together with his good lady, have filled the Mayoral chairs with dignity, tact and decorum rebounding with much credit to themselves and the Borough."—*East Ham Paper.*

"EGG PRODUCERS' PROTEST."

Daily Paper.

We must ask them to cut that cackle.

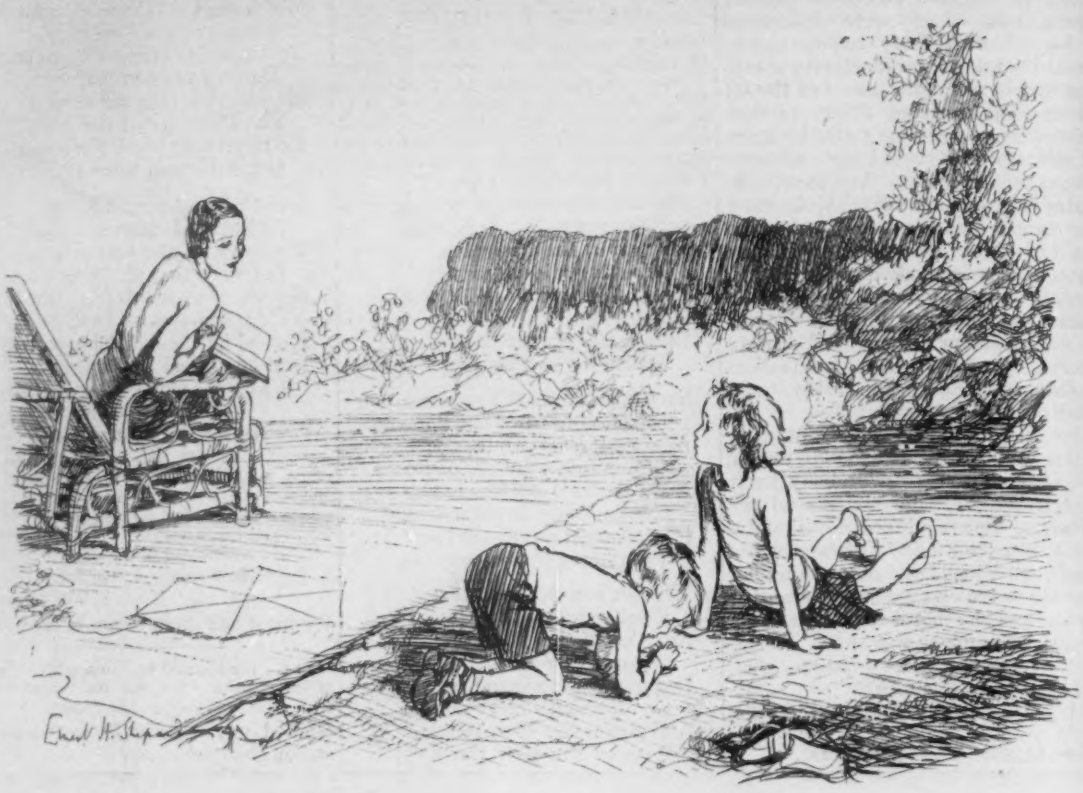
"... the accused was in a marked state of intoxication. He was unable to stand on his own legs."—*Glasgow Paper.*

He had only to go by Tube and stand on somebody else's.



POTENTIALITIES OF TELEVISION.

Voice. "DOCTOR, I DON'T FEEL WELL AND I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU MY TONGUE. LOOK!"



"WHAT *are* YOU DOING, DARLINGS?"
"JOHN TROD ON A BEETLE BY ACCIDENT, AND HE'S GIVING IT ARTIFICIAL PERSPIRATION."

ECLIPSE.

SEPTEMBER 14, 1932.

THE moon arose on her silver feet
And stood at the end of the village street
Right over the tree-tops shady;
And all of a sudden this twopennyworth
Of joy and sorrow, of tears and mirth,
By which I intend to say the earth,
Went up and spoke to the lady.

At exactly eight-eighteen P.M.
He kissed the moon on her shining hem
Without any leave or warning;
And some would deem it a dire disgrace
That a chap like him, with a dirty face,
Should talk to a girl so dowered with grace,
The heavenly heights adorning.

And some would say that the whole event
Was a great success for the management
(By which I refer to Science);
Not a moment late the moon was there
And the earth arrived with punctual care,
He brought his shadow and placed it there,
Mocking the maid's defiance.

Nobody ran to the church and prayed,
Nor wept aloud as the fearful shade
Moved on and on precisely;
The lads of the village simply stood
And said, "It all goes proper and good,
Just as the papers said it would—
We rackon us sees it nicely!"

But I am a kind of a poet chap
And, when I heard that the moon's mishap
Was fixed, by one of these mercies,
Just to occur at a decent time
When dinner was over and all sublime,
And the Muse had filled my heart with rhyme,
I thought I would write these verses. EVOE.

Filling a Long-felt Want.

"All Animals guaranteed humanely destroyed with ——'s Humane Cattle Killer. Instantaneous and Painless Telephone."
Advt. in Yorkshire Paper.

An Impending Apology.

"Which reminds me that the most impure air in London is in the Fleet Street area, according to results obtained just outside the *Daily Mail* offices."—*Press Paper.*

"To hear so many people whistling 'Ain't it grand to be bloomin' well dead?' to the tune of 'Do not trust him, gentle maiden' is absurd."—*Letter in Daily Paper.*

Can *you* whistle and sing at the same time?

"Mr. Kenneth Grahame, of Pangbourne, Berks, author of 'The Golden Age' and 'The Wind in the Village.' "—*Evening Paper.*

Not to be confused with OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S *The Deserted Willows.*



IN THE MOVEMENT.

BRAZILIAN. "I CAN'T AFFORD TO BE OUT OF THE FASHION. I MUST GET ONE OF THOSE."



MEMBERS OF A WHITEBAIT ANGLING CLUB COMPARE NOTES.

"CLICK!"

THE syllabus of the Ashmere Literary and Dramatic Society's proposed orgies for the coming season arrived this morning. I note with pleasure that they still keep up the custom of having two lantern lectures for children, for it was at one of these that, many years ago, I made the acquaintance of "Click." The subject of the lecture was *Pilgrim's Progress*, but as I was not of an age to derive any lasting benefit from the simple grandeur of BUNYAN'S allegory, the only two impressions that remained with me were the features of *Apollyon*, which were exactly like those of the reigning curate of the time, and "Click."

The first few times that "Click" happened I attributed it to some distressing anatomical defect in the lecturer. It so far engrossed my attention for the remainder of the lecture that I failed to notice that the slide changed whenever "Click" occurred, and, as none of the accompanying grown-ups appeared to notice anything remarkable about the sound, I forbore to speak of it, fearing that it might be yet another of those adult failings which are not mentioned before children.

It was not until the next lecture (*Among the Dyaks of Borneo*) some weeks later that I connected cause and effect, noting how, at the peremptory command of "Click," *Workers Outside Mission Hut* gave way to *Native Women Carrying Babies Strapped to Back*, which in turn was clicked away in favour of a revolting close-up of *Bung-Ho, a Converted Head-Hunter Chieftain*.

Since those days it has often occurred to me that it would be an excellent thing to widen "Click's" sphere of influence by introducing it into everyday life. In the lecture-hall "Click" is supreme. It says in effect, "That is all there is to be said on this subject, and it is quite time we had a change." There is no appeal.

Thus there are tremendous possibilities in "Click" as applied to the world at large. If everyone carried one of these cheap and simple gadgets and used it, in a very short time it would come to be recognised as a polite intimation that the conversation needed changing, or that it was someone else's turn. The bother of inventing excuses for tearing oneself away from the club bore would be replaced by a simple pressure of the forefinger and thumb, thus saving endless expenditure of time, tact and perjury.

Old Leo Putter could be sharply clicked off at the second green, or even before he reached it, if his retrospective medal round threatened to be as tedious as usual. Colonel Bluett, relating what might well have been a very nasty thing for England in India in the '80's, could be stopped at the place where he sent the messenger back for a third time with a purpurate message to the native leader. Insurance-agents, amateur gardeners, proud car-owners, people who out-talk *Garbo* in the row behind—all could be silenced with the minimum of exertion.

Let us next consider for a few moments—— ["Click!"—ED.]

MR. PUNCH ON TOUR.

THE Collection of original Drawings by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, Sir JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER, and of reproductions of Famous Cartoons, Forecasts and other exhibits from *Punch*, which has been on view at the *Punch* Offices, is being made accessible to our readers in the Provinces. It will be shown at the Public Library, Middlesbrough, October 1 to October 29; at Southport, November 12 to December 10, and at Plymouth, December 24 to January 21, 1933.

Invitations to visit the Exhibition at any of the above places will be gladly sent to readers if they will apply to the Secretary, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.



The Tigress. "WHAT DID YOU JOIN THIS CLUB FOR? FUN?"

"THREE CHEERS FOR THE COLONEL!"

[A passing thought for the gallant officer through whose "Kind Permission" our pier-head is made musical.]

WE stand *en masse* behind the empty chairs
With open-mouthed expectancy a-tremble;
For bandsmen have been routed from their lairs
And in their choirs and places they assemble;
What is the meaning of this stirring sight
That flouts the pier-head's tranquil disposition?
The 1st Battalion Popshires play to-night,
And, mark you, "by their Colonel's kind permission."

The stout conductor stiffens in his stays;
His baton flashes to the perpendicular;
The brightest brass a brief bravura brays
Indicative of nothing in particular;
Then follows a tattoo upon the drums,
The big drum and the cantilevered kettle;
The horn of plenty yields its choicest plums
And puts the silver cornet on its mettle.

The basses now begin to haw and hem;
The cymbals clap and clamour for a hearing;
The flutes and flageolets eject their phlegm;
The clarinets their clotted throats are clearing;
The trumpets travail at their tonal might,
Their pistons pounding Love's poetic pabulum;
And lo! a-glitter in the evening light,
The glockenspiel's chromatic tintinnabulum.

Silent we stand and sate our souls with sound,
Until the finish of each magic *morceau*,
At which the stout conductor swivels round
And to our wild applause inclines his torso;
But let us, prithee, spare a passing thought
For one, the Colonel, who, though no musician,
And therefore shy of giving his support,
Has (*vide* programme) given his kind permission.

The Colonel, there is reason to believe,
May know, as Colonels should, a goodish lot, yet he
Knows not a quaver from a semi-breve
(Although at times he be a trifle crotchety);
But what of that? It is through him we get
These classic airs, Handelian and Mozarty ones,
And others that we've heard or shall hear yet;
So cheer him; come on, lads, three good and hearty ones!

INVENTION AND THE AMENITIES.

Do we really appreciate what Science is doing to improve our lot? When, for example, I sought a balm for nerves badly frayed by the incessant and excruciating roar of motor-traffic I had merely to turn a button on my wireless set to be taken over to a dirt-track meeting from which the full blast of motor-cycles with open exhausts was brought right into my ear. I then went to a cinema where perfect synchronisation of sound with an optical illusion enabled me to assist at a hill-climbing contest and to hear quite well the full blast of sports models with open exhausts. Reproduction was realistic, and it may seem captious criticism to say that in both cases only the smell of the fumes was lacking. Perhaps this will come. . . .

And do we realise that there are more marvels in store?

Here in my paper is a description of a large trial rocket designed for projection at the Moon and planets, the embryo from which is to evolve a passenger-carrying rocket for inter-planetary travel. Fifteen days to the winter sports on the Moon! Or, of special interest to the tired income-tax-payer, there may be one day a return trip to Mercury that takes eighteen years, inaccessibility to demand-notes guaranteed.

Again, in imagination I see a strong delegation composed of leading statesmen of all parties. They are modestly posing before the camera-men at the Croydon rocketdrome before setting off for the purpose of getting round a table on Mars. Now supposing this could really happen this year and, allowing a decade for their little talk on Mars, they could not be back on earth until 1964, by which time we could organise a hearty welcome and arrange to show our wandering statesmen round London. In the changed world of 1964 perhaps the only landmark familiar to them would be the Disarmament Conference.

For my part I shall be very uneasy during the experimental stages of this rocket. Pursuit of knowledge is all very well, but to discharge a thing the size of a sixteen-inch naval shell and with a velocity of seven miles per second at a presumably friendly planet seems to me to be in very doubtful taste. Let us look at it as realists. An inventor goes and poops off a rocket from the Earth, and in four years' time it drops on an old-world provincial town on Venus, breaking all the windows and destroying completely the municipal buildings and fire-station. Is it likely that the Venus people will receive this rocket in the spirit in which it was sent?

And if the Venus police, following up a clue, trace the outrage to the Earth we must expect retaliation; so that in a further four years a reprisal rocket from Venus might arrive and be as likely to destroy my garden as the inventor's, just when, if all goes well, my asparagus-bed should be getting established.



Patronising Lady. "EXCUSE MY BACK."
The Other (refusing to be snubbed). "*I* DON'T MIND IT. BUT PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER TAKE MY SHAWL . . ."

Here, too, in the same paper is an announcement of the experimental issue of a cookery disc for gramophones, recorded by M. BOULESTIN, culinary expert; on one side, theoretical explanations of how to cook an omelette, and on the other actual sounds of the processes—beating of eggs, sizzling of butter and so on. An idea, many may think, to bring gladness into the home. The snag is that the dish of the record may be served up *ad nauseam*. Could *pêche Melba* stand being plugged? Should we not get sickened of *Sole à la Bordelaise* as quickly as of a foxtrot—say, "Take a Load of this, Honey"?

My own view is that the benevolent intention behind these discs will be defeated, because all schools of cookery cling tenaciously to their principles. I remember that when our company-cook went down to Corps for a culinary course and got what amounted to a double-first in rissoles and puff-pastry we expected some reflection of his triumph in our menu; but on the very first day of his return tradition was too strong for him and he gave us the familiar stew made with burnt water which dated back to MARLBOROUGH. Similarly I foresee that my friend Bodgers may play this omelette record in the presence of Mrs. Bodgers as often as he likes, but will always get his eggs boiled, fried or poached.

Still, these cookery records should be a godsend to banqueteers who have lost their gift of *gourmandise*. I shall certainly get a choice selection for the entertainment of my dyspeptic Uncle Hilary, who used to be a marvellous knife-and-fork in the days when he turned out regularly for the Worshipful Company of Felloemakers' fixtures.

Myself. And now, Uncle Hilary, shall I put on BEETHOVEN'S Pastoral Symphony?

Uncle Hilary (toying with his peptonised milk). No, my boy; play me yet again that exquisite Freemasons' Banquet Suite by M. ARMANDIER.

AT THE PLAY.

"FIFTY-FIFTY" (ALDWYCH).

THERE is plenty of fun in this new farcical comedy adapted by H. F. MALTBY from the French of LOUIS VERNEUIL and GEORGES BERR, and it is none the worse for being (for a change) a little outside the standard pattern of this successful if conventional house of mirth.

Sir Charles Croft (Mr. MORRIS HARVEY) is a vague financier with his finger in many pies. The pie that chiefly concerns us is his plan for making a second Deauville out of a quiet little Mediterranean village, St. Nectare, if only because he rashly makes Mr. RALPH LYNN (called in the programme *David Blake*) the general manager of it.

Mr. LYNN has been giving *Sir Charles's* daughter music-lessons. The daughter, *Peggy* (Miss WINIFRED SHOTTER), is evidently in love with him, but he is in an unusually depressed and ineffective mood, believing himself the sport of fate, the victim of chronic ill-luck—a conviction expressing itself in his ill-fitting clothes and mournful bearing. His whole outlook is changed by casually hearing of the doctrine of a new philosopher. This thinker's main thesis is that at the age of thirty-five—the half of three score-and-ten—the luck in a man's life changes itself completely.

David Blake is just turned thirty-five, and we see him after having been heartlessly sacked by *Lady Croft* (with whom he imagines himself in love) returning within a few minutes, under the influence of his belief in this new philosophy, in brand-new butterfly clothes, throwing a chest and bluffing *Sir Charles* into giving him the sole charge of St. Nectare. He is now prepared to entertain us in the accepted (and highly competent) Strand manner. His inspired neglect of all the duties of his office (and this, as you can well imagine, gives Mr. LYNN plenty of scope for engaging "business") leads to his prompt dismissal; but his luck essentially holds. He surrenders perforce the managership to take up an equally well-paid post as son-in-law to the financier.

That is the crude outline of the business. Its embroideries are concerned with the cross-currents of the love-affair of the various parties—of *Lady Croft* (Miss MAIDIE HOPE); of a brainless young *Vicomte* (Mr. CLIVE MORTON) infatuated with *Peggy*; of a pretty red-headed *Countess* (Miss DOROTHY BOYD); of a wild Czech (Mr. R. CAMERON HALL), and of the hero, *Peggy* and *Sir Charles*.



SIXTY-FORTY

(60% whisky—40% soda).

Montague Trigg (*Mr. J. ROBERTSON HARE*) DRINKS HIS OWN HEALTH.

Sir Charles's young woman, a Miss Barbe St. Claire, though much spoken of, does not appear. And I should hazard the guess that this character has been eliminated from the original version in the interests of what I may perhaps call the Strand pattern, which includes, besides the very proper pre-eminence of its principal comedian, the camouflage of a certain British wholesomeness. I imagine in fact that the original *Sir Charles* was very much naughtier. Mr. MORRIS HARVEY'S restricted part therefore seems a little to lack point and balance. He makes a good enough thing of what remains of it—a particularly good thing of a particularly absurd conversation with Mr. LYNN in the Second Act.

Mr. ROBERTSON HARE, looking more like a REYNOLDS—a FRANK REYNOLDS—than ever, is cast for what would be a dull enough *rôle*, the faithful secretary of *Sir Charles*, if it were not for his skill in filling it out by his elaborate but cleverly concealed artifice. Miss MARY BROUGH'S share was limited to a short explosive interview with the airy General Manager—too short for her admirers. Mr. FREDERICK BURTWELL was effective and amusing as a certain *Signor Stromboli*, insufferably pompous and self-satisfied at the height of his luck—he has also just turned thirty-five—and attractively deflated after the turn of his fortunes. We all, not least, I imagine, Mr. LYNN, regret Mr. TOM WALLS' present preoccupation with horseflesh and celluloid.

T.

"NIGHT OF THE GARTER" (STRAND).

It is perhaps superfluous to observe that there are simpler ways of returning to an old admirer a garter with his miniature set in diamonds upon it than bidding him come down stealthily and retrieve it on your wedding-night from the lonely old farmhouse where you are spending your honeymoon. We are, however, given good reasons for being glad that *Gwendoline Darling* (Miss JANE WELSH) took this complicated step; glad also that *Jennie Warwick* (Miss ANGELA BADDELEY) had decided to revenge herself on the giver of the garter, now her husband, by pretending to compromise herself with the hapless, helpless *Bunny Phipps* (Mr. AUSTIN MELFORD) whom all unwilling she has daringly snatched from her competent friend, *Barbara* (Miss MARJORIE BROOKS), and dragged to this very farmhouse, which she and her borrowed *Bunny* enter burglariously before the happy pair arrive with their butler, *Bodger* (Mr. SYDNEY HOWARD), and maid, *Mrs. Fish* (Miss CONNIE EDISS). It



A POINT OF HONOUR.

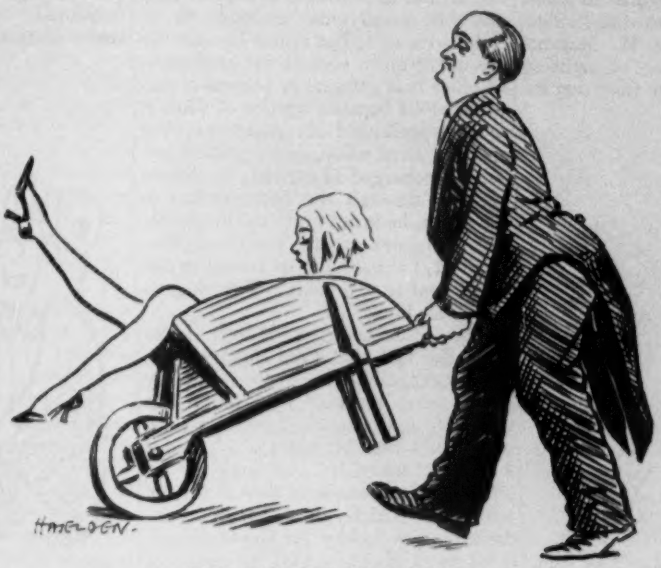
Sir Charles Croft (*Mr. MORRIS HARVEY*) *to David Blake* (*Mr. RALPH LYNN*). "MY DEAR FELLOW, I CAN HARDLY ACCEPT THIS MINING CONCESSION FROM YOU. YOU 'VE BEEN UNFAITHFUL TO MY WIFE."

only remains, to complete the complication, for *Barbara Phipps*—*Bunny's* wife and sister of the bridegroom, *Teddy* (Mr. HAROLD FRENCH)—to motor down just to see that the house is quite comfortable, and for *Gwendoline's* brother, *Bobby* (Mr. HAROLD WARRENDER), to arrive for some unreasonable reason which now escapes me. Torrential rain, thunder, lightning, breaking-downs of cars all naturally keep the ill-assorted and cross-purposed party together for our entertainment.

You will gather that this elaborate concoction (" by AVERY HOPWOOD and WILSON COLLISON. Revised by AUSTIN MELFORD ") is not exactly a play of ideas or of subtle delineations of character or delicate flights of fancy.

Nor is its humour that of the smart quip, the pointed epigram. It is merely a riotous game of hunt-the-garter with much hiding of the conspirators in hay, trunks, cupboards, grandfather-clocks, corn-bins, old broughams and harness-rooms, new motor-cars; of random pistol-shots, thrusting hay-forks, intimate garments, disrobings and disguises; of supposed hauntings, burglar-alarms, honeymoon humours and embarrassments; of angry quarrels and swift reconciliations. The chief significance of all these things is the effect of them on the discreetly bibulous *Bodger*, who is never quite certain whether what he sees and hears is objective reality or alcohol-induced hallucination, and must therefore walk warily.

If before the end we are a little tired of the inconsequent adventures of the garter we certainly do not tire of Mr. SYDNEY HOWARD'S resourceful nonsense, his respectful gravity, his nervous apprehension, his adventures with telephone and tantalus, his eloquent grimaces and expressive gestures. I do not suppose that when he was on the stage there were two consecutive lines of the script (of which I feel sure, from internal evidence, Mr. HOWARD was part-author, though formal acknowledgment of his contribution is not admitted) without the punctuation of a hearty roar of laughter. Mr. MELFORD, having self-sacrificingly cast himself for the unhappy Pantaloon of this helter-skelter uproarious harlequinade, had to suffer much indignity and discomfort, and we deeply appreciated his quiet heroism. Miss ANGELA BADDELEY, surprisingly to those who only know her admirable serious work, shows herself distinctly a clown of parts, and can without over-emphasis go through the antics of a young woman whom circumstances compel to shed all her clothes and assume a horse-blanket. Miss MARJORIE BROOKS (*Barbara*), dangling in a faint at one end of a rope with Mr. HOWARD intermittently attending to the other end, also showed an unexpected turn for the delectably absurd. As for jolly Miss CONNIE EDISS, her rich purring Cockney, knowing airs and technical competence need no recommendation from me. She was in excellent form. Miss JANE WELSH had to be content with looking charming and distracted, and Mr. JACK MELFORD, Mr. HAROLD FRENCH and Mr. HAROLD WARRENDER with "feeding" the incomparable Mr. HOWARD. This is a sound, hearty, unsubtle piece of honest nonsense, and as such to be warmly commended. T.



THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR.

Barbara Phipps . . . . . MISS MARJORIE BROOKS.
Roderick Bodger . . . . . MR. SYDNEY HOWARD.



PUSS IN BOOTS.

Jennie Warwick . . . . . MISS ANGELA BADDELEY.
Mrs. Fish . . . . . MISS CONNIE EDISS.

Slur on the Army Boot.

"Only the uniformed endure the agony of corns. The knowing ones apply ——'s Corn Remover and get relief."
Adv. in Provincial Paper.

"On the first four Monday evenings of next week she will broadcast talks on . . ."
Yorkshire Paper.

What the cinemas call "Another Huge Week."

Another Disgruntled Male.

"The report indicates that employment during the year was proportionately better for women than for me, because of the increased activity in the textile and other lighter industries."—*Evening Paper.*

AT THE PICTURES.

PARIS, ISLINGTON, HOLLYWOOD.

No one who cares for the best natural acting and perfect photography should miss the French play, *Jean de la Lune*, which has been given at the Cambridge. This film, directed by M. MARCEL CHOUX, has a brilliance of lighting and skill in composition that surpass



THE ROSE THAT STOPPED RAMBLING.

The Florist . . RENÉ LEFEBVRE.
The Rose . . . MADELEINE RENAUD.

anything in my experience. It is like a series of pictures by HAMMERSHOI, CAMPBELL TAYLOR, even VERMEER. The story, which shows the waverings of a wanton between lovers until at last she comes into haven as the duteous wife of her patient and long-suffering florist, is not equal to these radiant settings; but the performance of MADELEINE RENAUD as the storm-tossed *Marceline* is superb, with a thousand subtle touches. The eager pathetic little RENÉ LEFEBVRE is here too; one of the two heroes of *Le Million*; which reminds me that M. CHOUX is no imitator of RENÉ CLAIR, but a master of effects in his own way. Music, for instance, plays almost no part. Perhaps the most notable thing about the production of *Jean de la Lune* is the absence of extraneous matter; the attention is always focussed on the speaker. There is also a maximum of dialogue where M. CLAIR arranges for a minimum.

It is a positive pain to me to have to record that JACK HULBERT gets less funny with each new film. In *Sunshine Susie* he was a delight; in *Jack's the Boy* he toiled too visibly for effects; in *Love on Wheels* he is mechanical. The central idea, not without humour, is that a huge departmental store keeps an employee who, whenever complaints are made, can be publicly sacked—thus illustrating the firm's sense of rectitude and high standard of efficiency and gratifying the customer. Mr. HULBERT is that unfortunate man and his misadventures ought to be riotous enough; but either because we are never quite sure of his position—whether it is genuine or part of a conspiracy—or because we tire of what is so like a prolonged advertisement, they are not. Even when, apparently at last being discharged in earnest, he dances his way through the departments to the street, he is not quite the authentic caperer of our dreams and memories. In short, I think he must return to the stage, and that quickly. The stage is crying for him.

The title *Love on Wheels* bears upon the fact that *Fred Hopkins* (Mr. HULBERT) reaches his precarious place of toil every morning by a motor-bus in which *Jane Russell* (LEONORA CORBETT), on whom his heart is set, also is a regular traveller; but little or no effort has been made to deal faithfully with this vehicle, of which the conductor, very luckily for the audience, is GORDON HARKER, full, as usual, of cynical sagacity. Without Miss CORBETT there would be no story at all;



A BUS-CONDUCTOR AS CUPID.

Fred Hopkins . . JACK HULBERT.
Briggs . . . . . GORDON HARKER.

but nothing could be less convincing than her underworld misfortunes, and nothing more tedious than Mr. HULBERT's and Mr. HARKER's inebriation as they search for her.

When an ex-waitress in a café becomes engaged, after a single dinner, to a millionaire polo-player and marries him out of hand, there would probably be trouble even if she had not become a cinema-star. But as she is also a cinema-star deeply committed to a shrewd manager and a drunken producer, the growing discontent of the polo-player, who was hoping for her continual companionship, may be easily imagined. Such is the material



"TAKE!"

HOLLYWOOD GIVES ITSELF A LITTLE MORE PUBLICITY.

of which *What Price Hollywood?* is made; but Hollywood is rather unfairly treated, because an ambitious capricious girl like *Mary Evans* (CONSTANCE BENNETT) would, no matter what her walk in life, have behaved equally unreasonably. In the days before films she would, of course, have been merely an actress, just as the Jewish manager might have run the theatre, and the producer have been innocent of cameras. It is the glamour of Hollywood that has placed them all in the studio instead of on the stage, although of intimate Hollywood life there is very little. The title might equally well be *What Price the Stage?*

Enough that it is a good story well told and interesting to follow, and that LOWELL SHERMAN, who plays *Carey* the producer, has great charm. It is, by the way, the polo-player's infant son, a rapidly-growing child, who effects the inevitable reconciliation. As no American screen cast is complete without that ample benign smiling negress in a white apron who acts always as a maid-servant, she is there too. E. V. L.

A Gangster's Holiday.

"Mr. and Mrs. ——, of New York, who have been shooting tenants at —— House, have completed their holiday in Angus."
Dundee Paper.

HOW TO INTERVIEW.

II.

THIS week I propose to take Class B and Class C of the people whom a young interviewer is likely to have to visit, and give you a specimen interview, showing afterwards how it should be written up for a definite paper.

Class B, you will remember, consisted of Leaders of Thought, Captains of Industry, and worse, and as a representative of the class we will select Mr. Solomon Isidore McLevinstein, the well-known financier. The paper that has commissioned you is the *Numismatic-Express-with-which-is-Incorporated-the-Coin-Collectors'-Argus*.

You go to his City office, knowing that he keeps an ex-prize-fighter as a butler at his private house. You ask at intervals an office-boy, two clerks and a secretary to his private secretary whether Mr. McLevinstein can see you. They say that he's just gone out, that he never sees anyone, that he's been in Germany for three weeks and that he's busy in conference. You say what a pity, you had come to talk about investing some money—and at once find yourself in the great man's presence. Here in a brief five minutes and almost before you can ask him his views on the place in the Alexandrian coinage system of the gold octadrachm of PTOLEMY II. he has practically sold you a block of shares in the Tuneless Theatre-Seat Company, Ltd. Luckily his banker telephones him while he is thrusting a pen into your hand, and so you drop under the desk, crawl behind the safe to the door, and so home, clutching your pocket-book.

You write it up like this:—

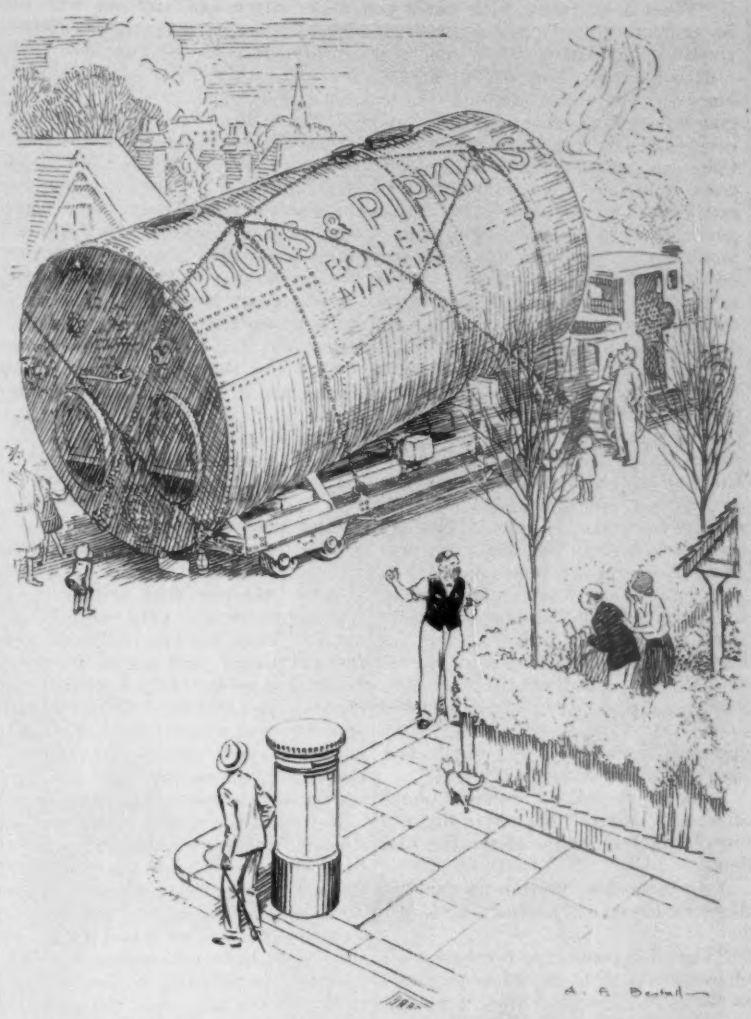
"'*Come in, my dear fellow!*' These words, spoken in a soft Highland accent, greeted me as I arrived at the sumptuous offices (which I am told cost thirty thousand pounds to equip) of Mr. Solomon Isidore McLevinstein, the celebrated Scotch numismatologist, who in his spare time has taken up business. (A list of companies in which he is interested appears in the advertisement opposite.) So devoted is 'Old Sol' (as he is affectionately known to his office-boy) to his hobby that, busy and even pestered as he is, he welcomed me at once—the moment he understood that I had come to talk about coins. As he remarked, 'We have this interest at least in common'; though I must say he has a good deal more of it than I have. We talked for many a long second, discussing coinage of course, and 'Old Sol' made a pronouncement of great value. When I asked him straight out, 'What are your views about the inscription "CONOB" on the exergue of early Byzantine coins?' he looked steadily at me and said, 'That is so.'

"He then spoke to me about his well-known collection of modern coinage, select items of which he began to amass at an early age, chiefly from those who did not seem to know their value. Some of his rarer pieces are estimated very highly and are in the care of his bank, though many are kept in the safe, which, placed on the way to the door, is a useful feature of his office. Mr. McLevinstein considers gold coins rarer than silver; artistically, I gathered, he is not attracted to bronze. . . ."

And so on.

For Class C—Actresses and Ladies of Fashion—we will take as our representative Miss Camilla ("Cammie") Nikker, the musical-comedy actress, who is at the moment in the news, because her Press-agent thinks it's time she was in again, and of course because she has lost her pearls. The paper for which you are to write the interview is *The Mother's Home* (no less).

You arrive at Miss Nikker's very hot little flat and are shown in by a very hot little French maid. Miss Nikker is a trifle hustled because she was up and dressed before she remembered you were coming that morning, and so of course has had to undress again and get into bed and triple-ninon pyjamas.



Householder. "B-BUT THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE. HOW COULD YOU SUPPOSE THAT THAT THING WAS MEANT TO BE LEFT HERE?"
Man. "IT'S FOR YOU ALL RIGHT, GUV'NOR. YOU SEE, OUR PEOPLE AIN'T PAYING ANY DIVIDENDS THIS YEAR, SO THEY 'RE GIVING VALUE IN KIND."

"What a charming little place you have made this!" you begin tentatively. "Is it your own colour-scheme?"

Miss Nikker, who is still at work on her own colour-scheme, says she guesses so, and adds that she simply can't find her pearls anywhere, that Célestine put them away in her jewel-case, that they were given her by a gentleman whose name she cannot *possibly* mention, "Well, by my *fiancé*, young Lord Blimp," and that they cost four thousand pounds (or rather, as you happen to know, that was the cost of the originals, safely pawned and duplicated six months ago).

You ignore this and ask her if she keeps a cook; she says no, she always feeds in restaurants. She then adds that she cannot possibly allow your paper to publish a photo of her, she hates all that sort of thing, but if you *do* want to see her latest, funnily enough there just happen to be a few on her bureau—"You know the way these photographers pester one?" Yes, you may take one away; and you do so, noticing that the few consist of some three dozen and that they all happen to be matt-surface silver-prints suitable for reproduction. You then hand her a printed recipe for *poulet en casserole* to look at and she says she guesses it must be "just swell—is a casserole a bird or underclothes?"

Later on, you take a flashlight photo of Miss "Cammie" Nikker in ditto, a few of different rooms of the flat and depart.

Your interview, written up for *The Mother's Home*, will go like this:—

"That it is possible to combine a life of usefulness with one of beauty and at the same time hard work is proved by Miss Camilla Nikker, the well-known actress, who, though she has to devote long hours to the drama, yet finds time to keep her charming bijou flat in apple-pie order. A little bird whispered to me that Miss Nikker is secretly engaged to a certain very rich young peer, but she herself laughingly denied the rumour. Despite the fact that she is hard at work learning a big new part of several lines for *Raising the Roof* (of which production young Lord Blimp is, I understand, one of the principal backers), Miss Nikker spared the time to show me over her flat. She arranges all her colour-schemes herself, and indeed had already been doing some redecorating when I arrived. The various rooms, with photos. are described below; the bedroom in particular is a dream in two shades of nude (French and Ethiopian). Miss Nikker keeps only one maid and no cook, which should be an encouragement to those wives and mothers who think that housework is drudgery. Here, for instance, is a little recipe for *poulet en casserole* which Miss Nikker thinks is 'just swell.' . . .

"Miss Nikker naturally is not free from some of those little domestic worries that housewives know so well. Only the other day she mislaid a string of pearls worth four thousand pounds, but, as she airily says, 'They'll turn up some time—they always do.' My own feeling is that if Miss Nikker's well-known good luck still holds they'll turn up on the first night of *Raising the Roof*. And every wife and mother knows how things do get mislaid and then come to light in a really 'homey' home. . . ."

And so on. A. A.

TO TEA OR NOT TO TEA.

THE poet COWPER'S description of tea as "the cup that cheers but not inebriates" was amplified by a later pen to "the cup that neither cheers nor inebriates, but only painfully distends." That, however, applied to the tea of parties and social meetings. What shall we say of the tea that interrupts cricket-matches? The cup that cheers not nor inebriates; that is rarely necessary and never indispensable: that breaks the continuity of the game and breeds depression in the lookers-on?

Now that the season is over, might it not be possible for the authorities at Lord's to go afresh into the question of this not too masculine beverage and its insidious effects and find out who—if anyone—really want it and if they are entitled to have it?—although as the batsmen, particularly if they are set, obviously do not, that circumstance alone should turn the scale. The winter months could be spent on this inquisition and the results tabulated for discussion and decision before next season begins.

I am moved to the suggestion by my latest experience of the tea-interval's inimical influence, which occurred at the Oval on September 12th last when, with the assistance of the terrifying BOWES (now on the high seas, Australia bound), Yorkshire were making the Rest of England look so lamentably inferior. Here is an illuminating time-table:—

3.15.—Yorkshire all out.

3.35.—The Rest began to bat.

4.25.—LANGRIDGE being caught, the tea interval was then taken, instead of at 4.30.

4.55.—The game was resumed.

It will be seen by the mathematical eye that not only was a tea interval taken after only fifty minutes' play, but that it occupied half-an-hour instead of the ten or fifteen minutes allotted (but invariably extended). Surely in the last match of the year, with a necessarily shortened period for play, this piece of self-indulgence might have been sacrificed? Those of us who are devoted to cricket, almost on the far side of idolatry, have difficulty in defending it against its enemies when such things happen.

Anyway, I hope the M.C.C. will consider the matter; and while they are about it will remember that the game grew to maturity without any assistance from tea-pot or kettle. W. G. GRACE reached his prime before these utensils reached the ground. FULLER PILCH never looked at them; ALFRED MYNN turned upon them his broad back. E. V. L.

ANOTHER ELEVENTH-HOUR AGREEMENT.

DISARMAMENT gropes in a maze of doubt
For a light that was never on land or sea,
While she yearns to discover the best way out
And shake herself of her fetters free;
But we've solved at the cricketing season's close
The delicate problem of WILLIAM BOWES.

On India's troubled and coral strand
Things might be better as well as worse,
And there's plenty of hard work yet in hand
Ere the clouds of suspicion and hate disperse;
Still, we struggle no more in the fateful throes
Of the crisis concerning our young friend BOWES.

The Irish grievance that last occurred
Stalks gloomily on in its wounded pride,
While in Lancs. the whisper is daily heard
That Cotton is heading for suicide;
But Yorks (and the Aussies) are on their toes
At the happy agreement with Trundler BOWES.

We have ceased to talk of his specs and height;
No longer we weigh the *pro* and *con*
Of his claims to assist in the coming fight,
Since forth from headquarters the fiat's gone;
And a bumper tournament Down Below's
Ensured by the entry of bouncing BOWES.

A. K.



THE BRIGHT YOUNG THINGS' LATEST MENACE TO THE BEST PEOPLE: GATE-CRASHING FROM THE AIR.



THE EXEMPLAR.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mann and Supermen.

THE *Three Essays* (SECKER, 7/6) of Herr THOMAS MANN, which have just been translated into English, are perhaps more remarkable as evidences of inquiry than as trophies of conclusion. The best-proportioned and the most impressive is "Frederick the Great and the Grand Coalition," a measured yet dramatic portrait of a figure too much bound up with and (as Herr MANN insists) sacrificed to the destinies of Germany to lack the eloquence at least of his devotion. The strange vicissitudes of the Emperor's accession, the ambitions (realised and unrealised) of his prime and the "frightful comicality" of his "hobgoblin death" leave a very definite if hardly a pleasant impression. This is more than can be said for "Goethe and Tolstoy," which considers its strangely-assorted heroes as parallel types of the same strain of genius. Starting from a Weimar schoolmaster who encountered both giants, Herr MANN sees a GOETHE projected far beyond the eighteenth century and a TOLSTOY largely reverting from the nineteenth. The most psychologically interesting of his links is the fact that both men suppressed for a considerable time their creative abilities on moral and practical grounds, though in practical matters—their educational projects, for instance—their aims differed widely. The essay ends with an eloquent inquiry into the decay of European humanism and a plea to German Socialists to cast their too material aims into a more classical mould. The third essay gives a detailed account of a spiritualistic séance in Berlin by an inquirer who emerged convinced of the genuineness of what he saw but disgusted at its triviality.

By Rail to Ottawa.

The politician whose gift for general and non-committal phraseology in his serious utterances is matched only by his skill in pointed and particular personal commentary is apotheosised by Mr. H. R. S. PHILLPOTT in his biographical sketch, *The Right Hon. J. H. Thomas: Impressions of a Remarkable Career* (SAMPSON LOW, 10/6). In a volume that is perhaps a little less sparkling than it well might have been the author shows how closely Mr. THOMAS has been associated with affairs of moment in our generation. He has seen more of "direct action" and the maddening whirl of negotiation that accompanies it than one would care to remember and he has always desired to stand for sanity and sound patriotism. Not once but repeatedly he has faced boisterous warlike meetings of supporters assembled to destroy him and has coaxed or browbeaten them into acceptance of his own more peaceable line of action. Only in a fellow-Welshman has he ever found a colleague quite inaccessible to the good comradeship, the magic and the tears in his disciplined voice, and only in the rising flood of world-unemployment has he found a problem of State that compelled him to admit defeat. It is still impossible to assess his final position, not only because no one can foretell his next approximations but because happily one can feel every confidence that he will continue publicly to suppress his aspirates and call upon the Deity as Member for Derby for many years to come. But Mr. PHILLPOTT's

estimate, as that of a colleague and admirer, is none the less interesting.

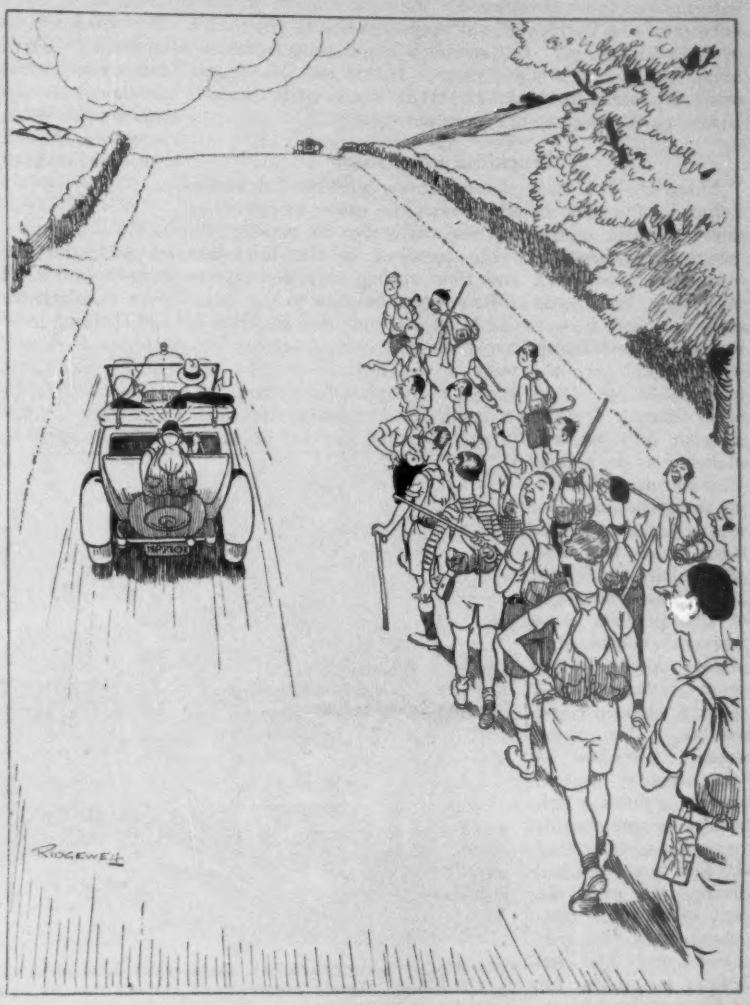
For Mistresses of the Horse.

Ladies who hunt in a modest way
With a horse they make it their job to tend
At dawn and at close of a tiring day
Will like ESTHER GRAHAM'S *Bellows to Mend*;
For she knows the ways of the hunting throng,
Boot and saddle inside and out,
And she knows what they think when they're going strong,
And what, when they're not, they talk about.

But there may be people inclined to feel
That the author might have done well to mix
Something more with the horsey meal
Which METHUEN serves at 7/6,
For, though there's a love-tale—two indeed—
The moral that each of them seems to yield
Is marry in haste if you feel the need,
But choose your mate in the hunting-field.

Criminal Relations.

It has often struck me that, in the interests of art and morality alike, it would be a relief to have crime stories (romantic and otherwise) presented from some other standpoint than that of the principals. I wonder, for instance, how the (if I remember rightly) rather numerous offspring of *Paolo* and *Francesca* (by their legitimate partners) got on during the philandering of their parents; while as for the sisters and the cousins and the aunts of more sinister criminals—their case hardly bears thinking on, but should certainly be thought of. So I am glad Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES has had the enterprise and originality to devote a whole novel to the innocent wife (or perhaps I should say "the innocent supposed wife") of an up-to-date criminal. *Jenny Newstead* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) is a pleasant portrait of a nice young woman of the self-respecting lower middle classes, with a little money and considerable charm. She makes a romantic match with an ardent traveller in silk stockings, who exhibits himself rather brutally during the honeymoon and disappears—with *Jenny's* inheritance—at the end of it. The bride's mother and sister welcome her home. She secures a congenial post and is in no hurry to retrieve her mystery-man. But personable young pseudo-widows receive proposals, unpleasant gossip gets going; and there comes a time when *Jenny's* situation is as cruel as it is ambiguous. Its terrible dénouement I will not divulge. For thrilling, human and closely-handled drama it beats even the notable record of its narrator.



THE HIKER WHO HAD ACCEPTED A LIFT.

Irish Tragi-Comedy.

One of the latest recruits to the ever-growing army of publishers places his imprint on *The Invisible Army: A Story of Michael Collins* (BARKER, 8/6), which is told by Mr. DESMOND RYAN in the form of a novel, wherein, he insists, the majority of the characters are fictitious. "No reflection is made or implied on any living person"—which is so much to the good. But what a picture it all gives of Dublin and her children! Nearly four hundred years ago the poet SPENSER was an Irish civil servant of sorts and saw his house burned down for his pains; you may read in his *View of the Present State of Ireland* what he thought of that incomprehensible country and its inhabitants, and remark how little it and they have changed through the centuries. Mr. RYAN'S novel may also have its value for future generations, if they can be got to credit it, for the picture it gives of Ireland from 1916–1924 is all but incredible. COLLINS himself, riding on the whirlwind and directing the storm (when he can get his subordinates to obey orders) is possible and at times even likeable. He was certainly a boon-companion of merit and a born leader, though we can hardly subscribe to the quoted opinion that he was the greatest military genius of our time. But his henchmen are for the most part shadowy figures, and the pictures of civil war madder than anything that has

yet emerged from Hollywood. No book dealing with the horrors of the Western Front surpasses this in the matter of violent language. But somehow or other an Irishman's abuse has always a comic tinge. We do not take it seriously, and we cannot take Mr. RYAN's book quite seriously either, purple as some of its passages are.

A Trackless Labyrinth.

There are two main classes among writers of detective fiction: some, like Ariadne, have the grace to provide a devotee with guiding thread whereby to retrace the labyrinth; others, like the princess in the fairy-tale, encourage guess-work and then spring surprises on the majority. Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS belongs to the latter class, for there is, so far as I can see, only one sentence in her book, *The Missing Two* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), which might give the wary a real lead as to who was responsible for *Irma Varick's* disappearance from the observatory. *Irma* was a dashing and beautiful American, member of a university, and pursued for her looks as violently as she sought after learning. According to college gossip she was engaged to a professor who was also admired by her friend, a girl possessing many of the qualities most frequently combined in fiction—dowdiness and beauty, faithfulness and acumen, innocence and wisdom. This young woman, described as "dawn-young," was so provoking that the irritable reader may be forgiven for wishing that she and not *Irma* had disappeared after an orgy of platonic star-gazing with the professor, and had left behind a suitcase full of blood-stained clothing. Since the author keeps her secret to the end it would not be fair to reveal the cause of the disappearance or its results upon the hearts of the searchers. The plot is original, but one cannot help wishing that there had been more clues and fewer of the terribly stilted, slangy and sentimental conversations.

The Fading of the Green.

Fanfare for Tin Trumpets (BARKER, 7/6) is Miss MARGERY SHARP'S second performance in the field of fiction; and while I cannot decide if it is really an advance on *Rhododendron Pie*, which appealed to me, I can recommend it as a pleasant study in the gradual sophistication of green ambition. *Alistair French* receives a hundred pounds from his father's estate, and on the strength of it deserts the privet-bound respectability of Norbury for a bed-sitting-room in Bayswater, where he proposes to work feverishly until his money runs out, being twenty-one and full of heterogeneous literary aspirations. The room is shared by a friend, a sober student, also from Norbury. It is on the top-floor of a very democratic lodging-house. *Ma Parker* and *Mrs. Griffin* and the oracular bus-driver, *Mr. Hickey*, all live below, partially eclipsed by *Winnie*, who emerges as the most satisfactorily-drawn character in the book—no timid pooh, but a shrewd, mercurial and infinitely attractive Cockney, who helps considerably with *Alistair's* education. Harder lessons he learns from *Cressida*, who temporarily breaks his heart, and from *Mr. Markham*, the theatrical manager, who permanently shatters the illusion that he can write. And so nobody could say that his year is wasted. Miss SHARP has a light touch, and much of her conversation is excellent.

More Beaux Gestes.

The prologue of *Valiant Dust* (MURRAY, 7/6) gives promise of an exciting story, and even those who are not confirmed admirers of Mr. P. C. WREN's Foreign Legion novels will have to admit that this tale, both as regards construction and thrilling incident, is an outstanding success. I cannot attempt to describe the intrigues that led a detachment of the Foreign Legion to "the outpost citadel of Mekassen," where *Otho Bellême* found opportunity to add to his record of courageous deeds, though in loyalty he does not excel his faithful companions, *Joe Mummery*, *William Bossum* and *Sailor Harris*. Readers of Mr. WREN's *Soldiers of Misfortune* will remember *Margaret Maykings*, and here they will meet her in extreme peril and very repentant of her follies. Mr. WREN, repressing his tendency to overcharge his romances with sentimentality, has never been in more vigorous and vivacious form.



Wife. "GOOD GRACIOUS! LOOK WHAT I'VE DONE TO THEIR GATE!"
Husband. "DON'T WORRY; THEY ALWAYS TELL US TO BEHAVE JUST AS WE DO AT HOME."

The Daily Round.

Those of us who met Mr. DENIS MACKAIL'S *Fosters* in *Greenery Street* will not be surprised to hear that *Ian and Felicity* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) gives opportunity to renew our acquaintance with that engaging family. Ten years have passed, and the *Fosters*, who are now the parents of two children, have moved from Greenery Street to a bigger house in Peninsular Place. But ways and means still have to be considered, and, although *Ian* is a competent breadwinner, the burden of smoothing out the creases in their family life is mainly borne by delightful *Felicity*. Mr. MACKAIL has taken just one week in which to show us the *Fosters* as they are at present. It is an exhibition which I invite all who admire unobtrusive art to attend.

Mr. Punch bestows his paternal benediction on *So This is Science*, by H. F. ELLIS (METHUEN, 5/-), parts of which have already appeared in his pages. The author, who reveals himself on the title-page as "Egregious Professor of All the Sciences at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge," has greatly profited by the pictorial collaboration of Mr. ARTHUR WATTS.

"Curiously enough Mrs. —— had only some minutes before advised her husband in view of the recent hold-ups to go straight on should any incident of the kind occur, so the driver instead of coming to a standstill accelerated and reported the mater to the police."—*Glasgow Paper.*

That 'll teach her not to go giving advice.

CHARIVARIA.

AFTER careful study of the various daily papers we have come to the conclusion that MAURICE TATE is either going to join the Test team or he is not.

* * *

A famous chef says that wolf-meat, correctly cooked, is very appetising. This should keep the wolf from the kitchen-door.

* * *

In a Sunday paper last week an astrologer's forecast for that day was that it was propitious for devotional exercises. Readers should therefore have had no misgivings about going to church.

* * *

For the purposes of Army manœuvres it was assumed that a district east of Bristol was waterless. This would have presented no difficulty to a Scotsman.

* * *

A ball hit by a Surbiton golfer killed two sparrows in flight. We feel sure it was not done intentionally.

* * *

"A girl requires some courage to swim the Channel," declares a writer. Yes, for a really sensitive girl the publicity is terrible.

* * *

At a recent popular wedding ceremony the bride omitted the word "obey." This must have reminded the elder generation of the days when it used to mean something.

* * *

It is observed that Dame LAURA KNIGHT has abandoned the "Chelsea bob." Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN hasn't.

* * *

From Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S recent talk to farmers it would appear that he is prepared to make the wilderness blossom as the potato.

* * *

Readers of *The Times* have cast doubts upon the reputed deafness of the adder. They incline to the view that it may have its own reasons for refusing to hear the voice of the charmer.

* * *

Motor-bandits on the outskirts of North London are said to have been wearing plus-fours. We can believe anything of motor-bandits.

* * *

A device is to be exhibited shortly which will increase the visibility of glazed pictures. The feeling in the best Art circles is that it should be used with discrimination.

* * *

In a Paris restaurant twenty Chinese students closed their eyes for five minutes as a gesture of sorrow and humiliation at the disgrace inflicted on their country by the Japanese occupation of Manchuria. Patriotic shame has never been advanced as an excuse for a few minutes' shut-eye in Chinatown.



Professor (who has lost his party). "HAVE YOU SEEN A SMALL FRECKLED HIKER ABOUT?"

Yokel. "LOR' BLESS YOU, SIR, I DUNNO ONE BIRD FROM ANOTHER."

According to Dr. GRACE W. PAILTHORPE, what the burglar of the violent type really needs is hospital treatment. Householders should make sure that he gets it.

* * *

Permission is being sought to dig for gold at Southend. Gold-diggers at more fashionable resorts dispense with the sanction of the local authorities.

* * *

According to a sporting writer bookmakers will gradually disappear from the racecourse. Some of them already disappear quite quickly.

* * *

SACHA GUITRY has admitted in the Press that he became an actor by accident. The general complaint is against those who adopt the profession deliberately.

* * *

A movie camera-man says he wastes yards of film at a football-match. If he obeys every shout of "Shoot!" we can well believe it.

* * *

Professor BRAMER announces that mosquitoes have a wonderful homing instinct. Then why don't they go there?

* * *

An Essex fire brigade complains that it has been called out to fires on the last four Sunday evenings. We can only suppose that the owners of the blazes in question thought they would not keep till Monday morning.

* * *

A new film entitled *See London First* has just been made at Hollywood. We understand that it will shortly be followed by *See Beckenham Last.*

* * *

A London entomologist is reported to sell wasps at high prices to scientists. So they get stung anyhow.

* * *

Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON wishes it to be known that the "arms deadlock" referred to recently in many newspapers has no connection with the half-Nelson.

* * *

It is suggested that members of the M.C.C. Test team may have an opportunity of kangaroo-hunting on horseback. All our batsmen, of course, know how to take a full toss.

* * *

"For dinner, a thin piece of underdone steak two inches by two inches should be taken," says a slimming expert. It doesn't seem much, but after all it's a square meal.

* * *

"The Americans," we are told, "want to get rid of Prohibition." A bargain; hardly been used at all.

* * *

"Climatic conditions," we are told, "should not interfere with any form of sport." Still, we never attempt to play billiards during an earthquake.

"Mrs. —— requires experienced Cook-General, at once; two in family; house-parlour-maid wept."—*Advt. in East Anglian Paper.*

That was the time she dropped the *soufflé* down the Bishop's neck.

OUR LIBERAL GANDHIS:

SHOULD THEY STARVE THEMSELVES BY REFUSING THE FRUITS OF OFFICE?

["Ferrars found refuge in suicide, as many do, from want of imagination."—*Endymion.*]

WHEN I am asked to waste my breath
On dreary moralists who bandy
Their views of self-inflicted death
(Arising out of Mr. GANDHI),
I cite the case of *Ferrars* who
Committed this anticipation,
An act, said DIZZY, often due
To shortage of imagination.

Life shows me many things awry
That call for courage to correct 'em;
Look at the taxes—far too high!
Look at the way the rogues collect 'em!
But I have sense enough to know
I shouldn't get such evils righted
If I refused my food and so
Entered Nirvana uninvited.

Nor will their Party's fortune change,
Not by a jot nor yet a tittle,
If Liberal Ministers arrange
To go without their daily victual;
Nor can he safely hope for much
Improvement in the Proletariat
If SNOWDEN (Lord) declines to touch
The sources of his commissariat.

Long since they had their chance to make
This futile sacrifice for unity;
They might have starved for Free Trade's sake
But chose to miss the opportunity;
Why now deny themselves the fat
In which for months and months they wallowed?
Why strain at Ottawa's paltry gnat
After the camels they have swallowed? O. S.

A USEFUL GADGET FOR DETECTIVE FICTION.

A NEW type of slot-machine has been designed for installation at popular *rendezvous* like Piccadilly Circus and Marble Arch. On putting two pennies into the slot you may write a message for display behind a tall glass panel for a matter of two hours or so. The convenience of thus leaving a note for a friend who is late for an appointment—detective bump of locality, Oriental ideas about exact time, or what not—is too obvious to need stressing here, and all that I propose to do is to stake out my claim as the first author to realise the possibilities of this welcome slot-machine in fiction. I am going to introduce it into my new detective story, for which the following is a rough draft of Chapter XXXIII., "The Scorpion Strikes Again":—

"It was a typical raw November evening when I set out to meet Strangleton, as pre-arranged, under the clock at Charing Cross at ten o'clock. Passing along the Embankment, where the river looked dark and ominous, I reflected gloomily on the baffling mystery Strangleton was trying to solve. It was beyond doubt that the Scorpion had garrotted Sir Robert in his own library, but we were still no nearer to discovering who the Scorpion might be, except that the subsequent murder of the butler, an under-gardener, a couple of guests, a policeman and Sir Robert's aunt had reduced by elimination the number of suspects, thus narrowing the field of our investigations. Indeed, I had rather annoyed Strangleton by remarking that, if we ruled out Inspector Phelps of Scotland Yard, there was nobody left to suspect but each other.

"At ten o'clock precisely I entered Charing Cross Station and approached our *rendezvous*. As there was no sign of Strangleton I went to the message slot-machine to see if he had left word. Behind the tall glass front dozens of hastily-scrawled bulletins were displayed on a scroll that moved up with the addition of each fresh message. The oldest—about to disappear for good—was:—

8.5. Back in ten minutes.—HORACE.

And the newest, apparently by a homely female, was:—

10.1. I have given you up, Bert. If you have gone straight home I hope you put the kettle on.

For a few moments I considered sympathetically a touching exchange of *billets doux*, perhaps marking a fatal rift between two young people—

8.47. Been here since eight. I've just gone to see if you're waiting at the wrong Charing Cross again. Can't you ever be punctual?—HENRY.

8.50. As that's your nasty temper I've gone off to the pictures.—MURIEL.

Then, bringing myself sternly back to the business in hand, I scanned the scroll for a word from Strangleton. It was not long before I found it:—

8.11. Can't keep appointment, Pongo, as am on hot scent for kill. Come on at once to Wapping Jetty.

This was in block letters, but I knew it was from Strangleton because 'Pongo' was a sort of private telegraphic address Strangleton had given me.

"I was about to move away when my eye was arrested by the succeeding message:—

8.12. I am following the organ-grinder. If the monkey turns up treat him rough.

I broke into a clammy perspiration, for here yet again was that ominous script in violet ink written with a broad-nibbed fountain-pen! (It will have been made abundantly clear in previous chapters that a message in this peculiar writing is nearly always a prelude to a violent death.) It terminated as I expected with a crude drawing of a scorpion.

"I withdrew unobtrusively to the shadow of an arch and stood near to a large lonely policeman. The situation was starkly obvious. 'Organ-grinder' was a code-word for Strangleton, and 'monkey' was a code-word for myself. The message could only mean that the Scorpion was tracking Strangleton to Wapping Jetty, first having left word to one of his gang to deal with me at Charing Cross.

"There was no time to be lost. I turned to the policeman and asked him the best way to get to Wapping Jetty. Something like a leer disturbed the official repose of his countenance.

"'Isn't it too late to go to Wapping?' he said insolently, pointing towards the bookstall.

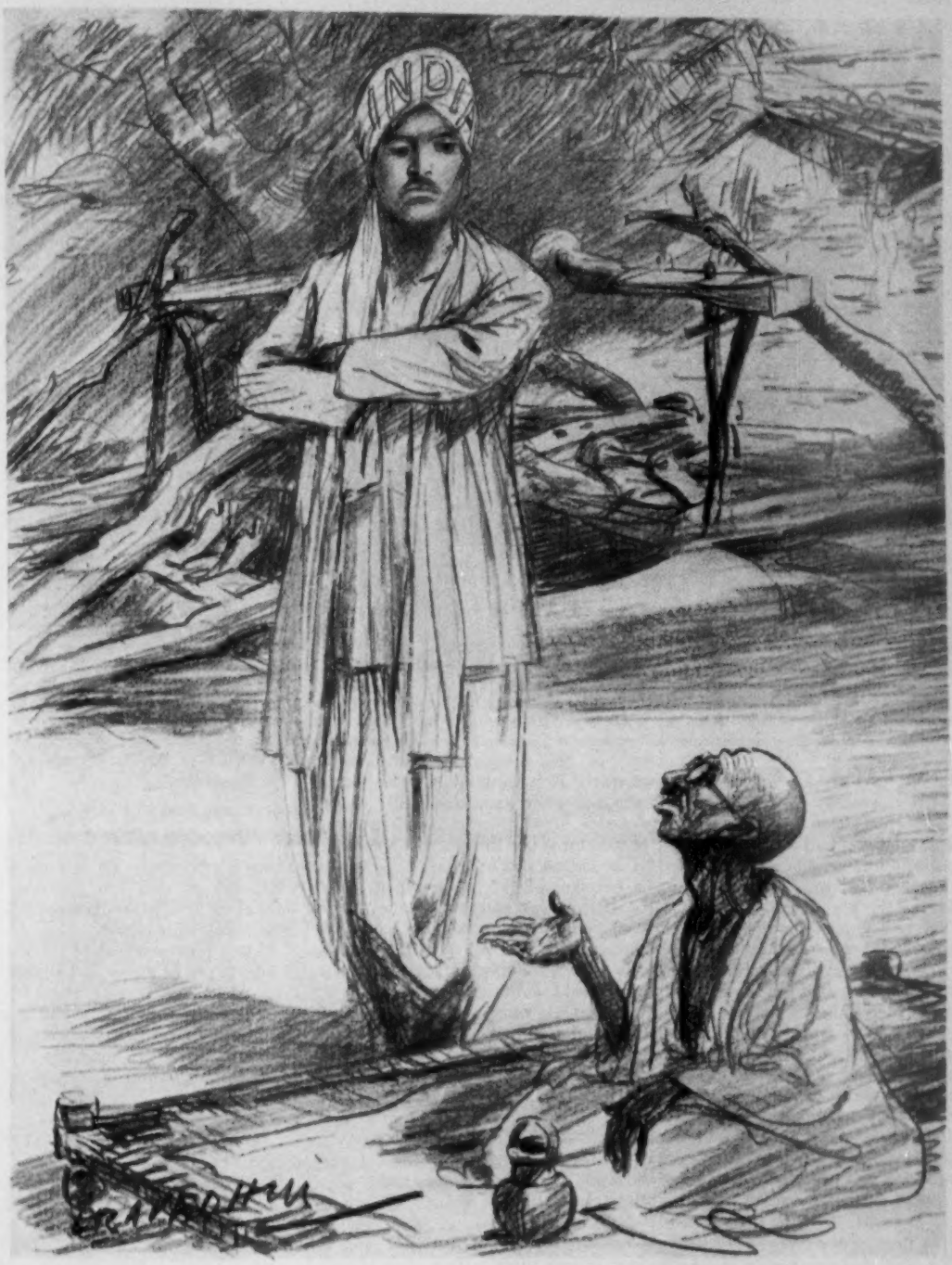
"I turned, and my blood froze with horror as I saw that they were putting up the placard of a special edition:—

DETECTIVE ACE FOUND DROWNED.

"Even as I read, the lights danced and the letters went up in a rush of flame. As the pavement came up to meet me I realised that I had been sandbagged—by the policeman, a myrmidon of the Scorpion."

* * * * * * *

I trust that, if my readers are exhausted by the first thirty-two chapters, Chapter XXXIII. will, with its skilful use of this new slot-machine, act like a whiff of oxygen.



THE UNMARTYRABLE.

MR. GANDHI. "I AM PREPARED TO DIE THAT YOU MAY LIVE."

INDIA. "DON'T TALK NONSENSE. YOU MEAN THAT YOU'RE PREPARED TO DIE FOR A DEBATABLE AMENDMENT TO AN ELECTORAL SCHEME. I PROPOSE TO GO ON LIVING IN ANY CASE."



Film Magnate (to his photographer). "THAT YOU, SPIKE? SAY, GOT A GUY HERE WE MIGHT USE IN THAT LORD MOLLINOUX STABBING SCENE. SAYS HE'S BLUE BLOOD IN HIS VEINS. HOW'D IT PHOTOGRAPH?"

HINTS FOR A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

SHOOTIN'.

IF you are asked at this time of the year what luck you had on the Twelfth, it is tantamount to social suicide to reply that you laid your second within a few feet of the pin at the long eighth hole. The best you can hope for is that your *gaffe* (as fishermen put it) will pass off as a joke in very doubtful taste; should the bone-headed ignorance that really prompted it be suspected, good-bye to any hopes you may have entertained of achieving the status of Squire.

Intimate acquaintance with sporting gunnery is only second in importance to familiarity (in a gentlemanly way, of course) with horses. If you can shoot the head off a rocketing pheasant in a high wind or split hares in the gloaming at fifty yards, then, to paraphrase KIPLING'S immortal *Elegy on a Public Schoolboy*, you will be *persona grata* in the houses of the great.

Moreover, game-shooting is eminently worth while in itself. I say nothing of the glamour of the rolling moors, the smell of peat and heather in the nostrils (grouse), the exhilaration of the crisp November morning (partridges), the sagacious expression and great melting eyes of the Spanish waterhound or whatever it is that follows you about, and call your attention only to the pleasure of writing letters beginning, "I wonder if the following is a record," to the Editor of *The Field*. These must be redolent of the jargon of the butts (or turnips or spinneys); they must mention in separate columns how many thousands of grouse, partridges, pheasants and rabbits were accounted for, and should contain a note: "*Guns:* Admiral C—, Viscount R—, the Bishop of D— and F. Stocking (if that really is your name), Esq." You may also, if you wish, say, "In addition we bagged 6 brace of ptarmigan, 2½ of capercailzie and a singleton snipe," but you have to be careful or you may convict yourself of harassing a species during its legal period of retirement. For, when pheasants are vulnerable, capercailzie, it may be, are in baulk, and to touch them at such a time, even in play, is not the conduct of a sportsman. So turn to your diary, where you will see against their appropriate dates—

*"Hilary Law Sittings begin. Snipe shooting ends.**

* Of course it's wrong: it's only an *instance*. Fool!

Death of Perkin Warbeck. Tripe dressing begins,"

or perhaps quite simply—

"Invention of Printing. Widgeon."

There is no excuse for anyone, even a beginner, to aim his missiles at an animal or bird whose person is for the time being sacrosanct.

I shall now proceed to mention one or two types of game and the methods best calculated to bring them to earth, or keep them out of it, as the case may be. It will be understood that my remarks apply throughout only to large parties, where a decent lunch is served. Rough shooting is now almost a thing of the past; there is no room for boorishness on a gentleman's preserves.

Rabbits.—Where a wood is known to be, in sporting parlance, agog with rabbits, by far the best plan is for the sportsmen to fire a salvo of long-range shot straight up into the air over the trees. The pellets, descending with great force from a considerable height, will as a rule decimate the animals as they emerge in large numbers from their holes to see what the uproar is about. Those that remain, expecting danger only from the skies, may be picked off at leisure by the party ad-

vancing through the wood. The method is interesting in that the noise of the explosion, instead of scaring the quarry, is used to lure him to his doom.

Snipe.—These birds have a zig-zag flight and so must be shot at from behind through a special corkscrew barrel in order that the pellets may follow the course taken by the bird. If attacked from the front they are capable of deflecting the shot by rapid movements of their long beaks, a fact which I do not remember to have seen previously stated in any book on shooting.

Grouse.—Beaters, under the command of a fugleman, are lined up at one end of the moor to be shot, while at the other the firing-party lies concealed in the butts. To the strains of the fugle the beaters advance, driving before them a panic-stricken herd of wild animals and birds. Such of these as are on foot generally rush headlong into the butts, where the ladies of the party put them painlessly to death. Meanwhile their menfolk are engaged with the birds, which are by no means so easy to dispose of. A good plan is to jump up suddenly as they approach and shoot before they recover from their astonishment. Grouse are notoriously sensitive birds and frequently throw themselves clean over onto their backs when the headgear of the guests first comes into view. An easy shot is thus offered, the rule against shooting a sitting bird not being held in this case to apply.

I conclude with a few don'ts. Don't forget to keep both eyes open when aiming; your object is to close the pheasant's, not your own. Don't say anything when out shooting except "Mark over!" until you have found your feet and know what's what. Don't, if asked your opinion on the most difficult shot, talk a lot of balderdash about partridges curling away to the left down wind; remember the first shot after lunch is as likely to miss as any. Above all, don't emulate old Sir George Wutheringham, who, on hearing that one of his party was a conjurer, put a left and right through his hat on the off-chance of bringing down a rabbit. Keenness is all very well in its right place.

There is a word for the noise made by pheasants which at the moment escapes me.

"It was stated that behind the lining of a hat-box was found a very small Chinchilla Pekingese dog. There were also a number of hats in the box.

In Queensbury he is on excellent terms with ministers of other denominations."
Yorkshire Paper.

Who are naturally glad to meet a Shinto colleague.



THE SUNK GARDEN: A CLIFF-EDGE TRAGEDY.

TWO DICTATORS.

["Farmer GEORGE takes first prize for potatoes."—*Announcement on the Tape, September 21st.*]

OLD CINCINNATUS, sated
With honorific scenes,
Retired and rusticated
And cultivated greens.

So GEORGE, freed from the worry
That poisons leaderships,
Grows veg at Churt in Surrey,
And like a lambkin skips.

But in the fruits of planting
The Cambrian chief, we find,
Leaves CINCINNATUS panting
Far, very far behind.

For neither he nor CATO,
CÆSAR nor CICERO,
Produced a prize potato
At any Roman show. C. L. G.

PEDIGREE OF A WATCH-FACED EGG.

IT is reported from Cheshire that an egg has been laid by a perfectly respectable hen bearing on its shell an exact replica of the face of a watch, showing all the Roman numerals and even the divisions of seconds. Poultry historians are of the opinion that the hen who laid that egg was descended from the famous egg which the absent-minded VOLTAIRE held in his hand while he boiled his watch.

AND NOW ALL THIS.

III.

Extracts from Vol. I. of "The Hole Pocket Treasury of Absolutely General Knowledge,"

by the Authors of

"1066 AND ALL THAT."

GEOGRAPHY, PART I.

ARCHIPELAGOES AND ALL THOSE.

I.—THE SECRET.

AFTER an unparalleled research we are now able to reveal the great Secret of Geography.

The secret is that *without Geography you would be quite lost:* you wouldn't know where you were, or whether you were a native or British, or where the nearest mangrove swamp was, or anything.

And there are other dangers: without Geography you might fail to recognise the signs of the Zodiac, and it would be *on you like a flash!* Or you might plunge recklessly into the sea at Brighton without realising that "*the ridge connecting the Aleutian Islands with Kamschatka prevents the cold water from the bottom of the Bering Sea from entering the main body of the Ocean. . . .*"

II.—UTTERLY PRACTICAL.

Most important of all, Geography tells you *where things are*, so that if you want a Delta, or some Archipelagoes, or a Bunyan-tree or as much Exporto-grass as possible, then by means of Geography you know at once where to go and get them.

Or suppose you found yourself stranded on an iceberg in the Arctic Zone. You could be absolutely certain that, owing to Geography, there was *far more of the icebery under the water than was visible to the naked eye.*

Finally, if you didn't know Geography, *you could never circumnavigate the globe*, or build a watershed, or pass the simplest examination (in Geography).

In the last resort you might not even be able to *teach Geography!*

III.—HOW TO BEGIN.

For the benefit of beginners it is customary to divide Geography into Mathematical Geography, Stratospherical Topography, Political Geology, Commercial Astronomy, and Marine Doxology.

Having absorbed *All These* you must be reminded that it is always considered sporting to examine at a fairly early stage what is known as—

IV.—THE CONFORMATION OF THE GLOBE.

The facts about this are simple enough: during the day the globe is always the right way up; during the night it is consequently always upside down.

Thus, if the globe were flat, everything would fall off it during the night.

But it's *all right*. Owing to Geography the globe *rotates on its axis* and is therefore round, so that you can't tell when it is upside down and when it isn't. Consequently *nothing falls off*.

In short, as Senior Geography Mistresses so wisely insist, it's Geography, not Love, that makes the world go round.

Actually it is easy to *prove* that the globe is round. You can do this either—

(1) By watching a ship sailing away into the distance; when it gets dark you can't see the ship any longer; or (2) By noticing that, when you are at the seaside, you always see the tops of things first; or (3) By gazing for 360 degrees through a curved telescope until you see the back of your own head; or (4) By dropping yourself and a pebble simultaneously off the Leaning Tower of Pisa (GALILEO'S experiment).

(N.B.—Either the pebble or you will reach Pisa first; *the Editor's decision is futile.*)



"WITHOUT GEOGRAPHY YOU WOULDN'T KNOW WHERE THE NEAREST MANGROVE SWAMP WAS."

V.—DAYS OF THE WEEK, GREGORIAN CALENDAR, ETC.

During the confusion of the Dark Ages it frequently happened that the *Calendar got lost* so that differences of opinion arose about the days of the week, bank holidays, etc., and there was serious danger of a general loss of faith in the inevitability of Sunday. POPE GREGORY, however, issued directions that the days of the week should always follow each other in the same order and arrangements were therefore made that the *Earth should invariably rotate in the same direction.*

This, however boring it may be to you personally, is very safe and right, and you know it.

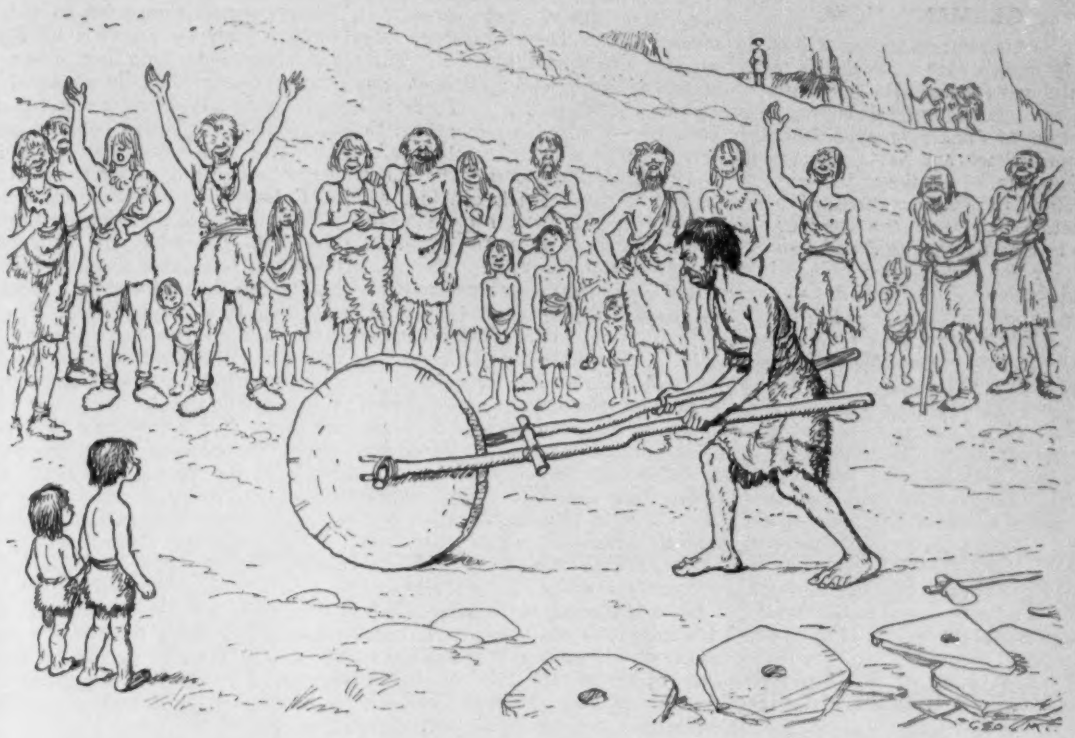
For instance, if the Earth were to rotate from left to right during the day, and from right to left during the night, to-day would only be yesterday over again, while to-morrow, Saturday afternoon, etc., would never come.

VI.—STRUCTURE OF THE EARTH; AGENTS.

Originally the Globe was all spread out at the bottom of the sea. But early Geographers soon discovered that this geologically faultless arrangement was a drag on the evolution of the British Empire; and so by a slow process of folding and crumbling and squeezing from side to side enormous Continents of land, hope, glory, etc., began to appear.

So far, so good. But the structure of the Earth cannot be dismissed entirely at this juncture (bad luck!). In the interests of Geography *various Agents are constantly at work* reducing the Earth's crust to small particles, distributing the sand unfairly among the seaside resorts, and in extreme cases *eating away the coast-lines.*

It is absolutely essential *to get in well with these Agents*, since it is they who are responsible for all the absolutely *Geographical Things* found in the world, most of which are extraordinarily disagreeable, *e.g.*, Waterspouts, Landslips, Sandbeds (especially at the seaside), Sandflips and Landslaps, not to mention all the innumerable eruptions, erosions and totally unconsoling geographical explosions, without which Geography would be reduced to at least one lesson a week and might even cease to be General Knowledge altogether.



THE INVENTOR OF THE ROUND WHEEL GIVES A DEMONSTRATION.

VII.—GEOGRAPHICAL THINGS.

We have thus arrived at the most important question in all Geography:—

Which things are Geographical Things?

Generally speaking, anything thoroughly remote, romantic and utterly unremunerative that the Man in the Street is never likely to run across (in the Street); anything which blows you sky-high or lets you down thousands of feet; anything which is, whatever way you look at it, *peculiar* and (*a*) easy to remember, like *archipelagoes*, or (*b*) difficult to remember, like *isotherms*, is probably *Geographical* all right.

VIII.—WHICH THINGS ARE WHICH.

You will not deny that any day you might find yourself in the middle of a waterless desert surrounded by hordes of deadly veiled Arabs (or COOK'S *Touaregs*); and that they would probably suspect a trap and put you to a good deal of expense, torture, etc., if you went up and asked the way to the nearest Archipelago, when what you really wanted was an Oasis.

It is therefore not only necessary to know all the Geographical things by heart, but also to know *Which Things are Which.*

Fortunately a certain number of them, such as hemispheres, isthmuses, etc., can be disthmissed with a brief definition *e.g.*:—

An Isthmus.—A bit of land that juts into two other bits of land.

A Strait.—A bit of sea that juts out of two other bits of sea.

An Island.—A little bit of land jutting out of a previous age with no visible means of support.

Archipelagoes.—Enormous extinct Arctic birds that jut their fossil-eggs into the mouths of extinct volcanoes.

Hemisphere (*or Demi-monde*).—Any one-half of the earth which has been led astray from any other half or for any other reason has jutted on to the opposite page of the Atlas.

Glaciers.—Huge rivers of ice that come rushing down from the mountain tops at the rate of two inches a year and engulf whole villages during the night.

TEST PAPER.

1. "East is East and West is West." *Show by shading if this is a fact or only a brilliant conjecture.*

Criticise your answer in the light of the Midnight Sun.

2. Mount Everest is 29,002 ft. high. Do you consider this sufficient?

3. (i) Would you mind putting your finger on (*a*) an Archipelago; (*b*) a Volcano; (*c*) a Cactus Plant?

(ii) Would you mind not drawing things on the blotting-paper?

4. Explain in round terms your opinion of (*a*) the Equator; (*b*) Tapioca.

5. (i) *How would you prevent* (*a*) the cold water from the bottom of the Bering Sea from entering the Bight of Bombiscay; (*b*) a Total Eclipse of the Moon; (*c*) the Apotheosis of the Geography Mistress?

(ii) What would you do after that?

6. The Annual Rainfall of the Isle of Mull is one hundred inches continuous. Are you prepared to sit down under this?

7. From the Sago palm ten days' labour will obtain sufficient food to last a man for a year. What use would the man be next year?

"FLYING AT 3d. A MILE. BRINGING DOWN FARES IN AIR TRANSPORT."—*Daily Paper.*

Why not drop them in parachutes?

"Curate wanted, beautiful, ancient church. Graduate and athlete preferred. Possibly Title."—*Advt. in Church Paper.*

The Vicar's daughter must have had a hand in this.

GERMANY NOW.

IT seems strange to me at least in my ignorance, that under the Germany of the newspapers, the Germany of riot and revolution, the Germany of reaction to Junkerdom, the Germany of steel helmets and Nazis, of resurgent nationalism, of imminent bankruptcy, of refusal to pay reparations, of determination to re-arm, the Germany of free love and *Nacktkultur* and *wasnicht* and all the dozen other things that occupy the headlines from day to day, there should still linger something of the old sentimental, shall I say almost comical, Germany described by so many Anglo-Saxon visitors long, long before the great European troubles began.

So at least I gather from My Own Correspondent in Germany—South Germany, I admit. Yet one would suppose that even in South Germany the ripples of these agitations would spread. If they do, he scarcely seems to notice them, though he contrives to notice a good deal, and is staying with a Herr Professor, who should surely understand the upheavals of the political world.

Why is it, I mean, that I receive letters like this, so *gemütlich*, so domestic in their tone?

". . . Am usually late (or early) for all meals. In the first place, have no watch, and in the second, German method of telling the time is insane. . . . I *cannot* get accustomed to being told that it is five minutes before half-an-hour to six. . . . Lessons are conducted in a hermetically sealed room . . . smokes all the time poisonous cigars . . . the large purple handkerchief that hangs from his pocket . . . shrill squeals of a foul canary . . . through clouds of impenetrable smoke I hear, '*Man unterscheidet sechs Klassen der unbestimmten Zahlworte—die Verteilungszahlworte, die Vervielfältigungzahlworte, die Wiederholungszahlworte*, etc. . . .' Language is awful. Cannot quite get used to the bathroom. . . . Took me nearly a week the geyser working to get. . . . Always by the shower caught napping am. When I get into a nice hot bath I naturally turn off the cold tap, but in nine cases out of ten this means that the cold shower suddenly upon me down pours, quite ruining my nerves and constitution. . . . Have not yet fathomed the sort of foot-bath in the corner. . . . Please don't write such long letters to Frau ——, as I always have to translate. Only just evaded having to write out the last in German. . . ."

A *cri de cœur* indeed!

And does Germany—South Germany—starve?

". . . Yes, we have large meals at one, three-thirty, and seven. . . . sausage. . . . There is a siesta from one-thirty to three-thirty. . . . Three immense meals daily without any exercise between. . . . There is a Frau B—— with four rooms on the first floor, to which she retires after every meal, only appearing for a new one. Her recreation is cooking, and she has rigged up a sort of model kitchen next door to the bathroom . . . a woman of mystery. . . ."

And are Germans—some Germans—less simple in their pleasures than of old?

". . . Went to the *Schlossbeleuchtung*. . . . It was the last of the year . . . was told it would be *sehr schön* . . . . people had poured in by bus and boat all day for the great spectacle . . . . In a few minutes the whole vast crowd, all differences forgotten, were murmuring '*sehr schön*' in happy unison . . . at *neun Uhr punkt* the castle suddenly went red . . . shrill cries, bass grunts, and infantile pipings, followed by a great *sehr schön* . . . . We looked at it for ten minutes. . . after which a few mild fireworks arose . . . as each rocket, etc., went up, it was accompanied by murmurs of '*sehr schön*'. . . . Ten minutes later the fifty thousand people quietly home again to return began . . . *Ach, sehr schön.*"

And, if frightful, is not the frightfulness of Germans—some Germans—easily subdued?

". . . My golf-clubs produced a curious impression on the assembled populace . . . women shrieked and children screamed at the so unfamiliar baggage . . . strong men, seeing the crest on my blazer, obviously thought it the emblem of a new and bloodthirsty political party . . . however, braving the rising murmurs, I waited for the train . . . which train? unable to find out . . . observed incredibly smart uniformed gentleman with *Auskunft* on cap. Believed this to be name of a hotel, but on an off-chance looked the word up in my dictionary . . . . Imagine joy when I found it meant 'information'! Approached him diffidently and was informed that I had to change twice. Actually it was four times—in sixty miles . . . . Got into a small carriage with five other occupants. They were a lady in red who always her dress before down sitting completely updrew (thus displaying an expanse of petticoat of which she was intensely proud), a retired pork-butcher and his wife, an elderly female without teeth and an unshaven bricklayer . . . . Before we had gone far every member of the congregation had tried to read my weekly *Times* and failed, all thus coming separately to the conclusion that I was a foreigner . . . . Elderly female then tried to put the window (only open one) a bit higher . . . Moved to help her, when the ex-pork-butcher loudly declared his opinion that it would be better shut completely . . . bowed before voice of authority and personally supervised hermetical sealing of the carriage . . . E. F. then tried to engage me in conversation, but, as the bricklayer rightly observed, I could not understand much . . . bricklayer then enlarged on his theme by informing assembled gathering that I was a Pole . . . hastily disclaimed all relationship with German foe and myself declared English and an absolute-and-at-all-times-lover-of-the-Fatherland to be. However, no sooner had I done this than lady with petticoat said she supposed I fought in the War. . . . This I also disclaimed, pointing out that I was only five years old at end of hostilities . . . none the less there remained an atmosphere of suspicion superadded to general *Schwüle* (frowst) . . . Before I finally out got, the ex-P.B. had announced five times that he was very hot, and had loudly quelled his wife's suggestion that heat was possibly due to window being closed. . . . *Pfui!* (Phew). . . ."

It is true that from time to time in these notes I find evidences of the old German thoroughness, but it is applied less often to military preparations than to the kindly usages of peace. For instance—

". . . . Hair cut had. There is a *friseur* every other shop, so could hardly avoid it. . . . Procedure was curious. . . . The overseer took my command and a minion carried it out while two minor satellites gazed solemnly at work of art in progress . . . at a half-way stage the overseer was respectfully called in to have a look. He examined my head through glasses and asked me if all to my satisfaction was. Upon receiving an affirmative reply he told the minion to proceed. . . ."

Or again—

"*Ach, Himmel!* . . . In social whirl caught am . . . We go to a beer-drinking two or three times a week, and at least a dozen friends encounter. . . . One of them always repeats, after every mug, 'Ven you to Englant again com, you can only say zat ze Germans lof ze Englant und ze English lof ze Germany.' . . . Wow!"

Of Prussian dictatorship, of the mailed fist, of the secret meetings of storm troops, I read nothing at all; and almost the only reference to martial affairs is (perhaps) reassuring

". . . . If it comes to a fight between the police and the Hitlerites. I



Lady-Grocer. "OH, YES, WE STOCK MARRONS GLACÉS."
Customer. "WELL, I ASKED THE YOUNG MAN, BUT HE DIDN'T SEEM TO KNOW WHAT I MEANT. I MIGHT HAVE BEEN SPEAKING A FOREIGN LANGUAGE."

have decided to put all my money on the former. Not only do they carry a sword instead of a truncheon, but a revolver as well. . . ."

It is characteristic of the Germans to have thought of this simple device for keeping anarchy at bay. It may help to explain how they continue to have *coups d'état* without spilling their beer or disturbing the majesty of their meals. EVOE.

"Young Cook; in Surrey, prefers London flat."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*
What about Primrose Hill?

DOMESTIC PROBLEMS.

VIII.—MR. BEENY'S VISITOR.

"THERE's someone in the hall," said William, carefully closing the door behind him, "who won't give his name, but says he is sure you will be pleased to see him."

"What is he like?" Mr. Beeny inquired. "What you call a gentleman?"

"It's just possible," said William.

"You mean he's shabby?"

"More so than not."

"A good accent?"

"Quite."

"How old?"

"Our age, Sir."

"But he won't give his name?"

"No, Sir. All he says is that he's an old friend of yours."

"Very serious," said Mr. Beeny. "But look here, William," he added hopelessly—"if you can't help me, who can? You ought to have shut him out. Look at these reminders I've just been preparing"—and Mr. Beeny exhibited a series of small cards on which in large block letters he had printed warning sentences such as DON'T ASK HIM TO DINNER; DON'T BE TOO SYMPATHETIC;

YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO LEND ANYTHING.

"What's the use," he inquired, "of my arming myself in this way for sudden emergencies out-of-doors if you don't protect me at home?"

"Quite right, Sir," said William. "I do my best. But the person in the hall is different. I shouldn't care to be too terse with someone who might really be an old friend of yours. How can one tell? Clothes don't mean anything any more, and hats mean even less."

"Is his hat bad?" Mr. Beeny asked.

"Very," said William.

"Worse than some of mine?"

"Almost as bad," said William.

"Then we'll see him," said Mr. Beeny. "But don't be too far away, and come in now and then and say I'm wanted. An absolute impostor wouldn't be so foolish as to have a really bad hat. Wait a minute till I've put the cheque-book away. It's not wise to let them see cheque-books. Now let him in."

But even as William turned to leave the room the stranger entered it.

"Forgive me," he said, "but I couldn't wait any longer. Don't you know me, Beeny?"

Mr. Beeny, having failed to produce any sign of recognition, approached nearer and, putting on his reading-glasses, scrutinised his visitor more minutely.

"No," he said, "I don't—and yet there's a something about you that seems to want to touch a button somewhere. Don't forget, William," he added, "to have a taxi ready for that lunch engagement. I forget where it is," he went on, with a wink which he hoped the visitor would not see; "but you know; and it's rather early, if I remember right."

"Yes, Sir," said William with profound gravity, as he withdrew.

"Well," said Mr. Beeny, returning to his desk, "I give it up. Tell me."

"I'll give you a hint or two first," said the stranger. "One: Paton's classroom." Mr. Beeny smiled as he thought of those incisive lectures. "Two: Lord's, when Yorkshire beat Middlesex and ULYETT made 111; Lord's, when Notts beat Middlesex and SHREWSBURY made 212; Lord's, the Oxford and Cambridge match, when M. R. JARDINE made 140 and 30 and VERNON HILL 114; Lord's, when the Players beat the Gentlemen in an innings and WILLIAM GUNN made 103."

Mr. Beeny smiled more happily.

"Don't you remember who was with you on those days?"

"Of course," said Mr. Beeny. "You must be Vereker?"

"I was," said the stranger; "but I've come into a title since then. I'm Kyle now—Lord Kyle."

"How extraordinary!" said Mr. Beeny. "I'm very glad to see you. Let's see, you were going abroad, weren't you? You were going to one of the new countries where men are men. I remember how I envied you."

"You did more than envy me; you lent me the money to go with. Have you forgotten that?"

"I had," said Mr. Beeny; "but now you mention it, I suppose I did. I forget how much, though, and how I happened to have it."

"It was from an uncle who had just died," said Lord Kyle, "and I took advantage of your windfall. You lent me two hundred pounds, and I was to make my fortune with it."

"And did you?" Mr. Beeny asked.

"Not at once. That's why I didn't write. For years I had no chance of repaying. And then the tide turned, and now I'm rich. And that's why I've come—to be out of your debt."

"Well," said Mr. Beeny, "two hundred pounds are always useful."

"It's not two hundred," said Lord Kyle, producing a cheque. "It's £1,459 15*s.* 2*d.*—two hundred pounds at five-per-cent compound interest. A man has worked it out for me."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Beeny.

"A fact," said Lord Kyle, forcing the cheque into his hand.

"But is that right?" Mr. Beeny asked. "I know nothing about such things. Am I entitled to so much?"

"Of course," said Lord Kyle, "and to my apologies for keeping you in the dark so long."

At this moment William entered to say that the taxi was ordered.

"Send it away when it comes," said Mr. Beeny.

"But your lunch appointment, Sir?" said William.

"That's off," said Mr. Beeny. "This gentleman is lunching with me here."

"But, my dear fellow," said Lord Kyle, "you mustn't let me interfere with your plans like that."

"You're not," said Mr. Beeny. "That was a ruse to get rid of you if you turned out to be a nuisance. I don't suppose you've rung for a cab at all, William?"

"No, Sir," said William.

"You see," said Mr. Beeny, "in these hard times William and I have to be very artful. We thought—that is to say, I thought, but William was certain—you had come to borrow money. Instead of which, William, he has come to pay it. William, this is Lord Kyle."

"Lord Lumme!" gasped William as he fell back against the door.

"No," said Mr. Beeny, "Lord Kyle, to whom, forty years ago, before he was a lord, I lent two hundred pounds. Here it is, with compound interest—very absurd and wrong between friends—but here it is; and now we can have cream again and perhaps buy another picture."

"And what about the cricket pavilion?" said William.

"Ah!" said Mr. Beeny, "that needs thought."

E. V. L.



MASTER JELLYBY AND THE BENEVOLENT BEADLE.

"I made my way to the poor child and found him crying loudly, fixed by the neck between the railings, while a beadle with the kindest intentions possible was endeavouring to drag him back by the legs."—*Bleak House.*

SIR HERBERT SAMUEL AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

She-Bandits as Well.

"Before the war shooting over the motors was almost exclusively a masculine sport, but now as many women as men go out with the guns."—*Daily Paper.*

"CONTINUOUS MEAT TEA IN WESLEYAN SCHOOLROOM
from 9.30 a.m.
1s. 6d. Children 9d."
North-Country Paper.

It seems to have started earlier than most non-stop varieties.



SUMMER'S SWAN-SONG.

LALAGE'S LETTERS.

DARLING DODO,—How dashing of you to go to St. Muguet! It seems to be *the* place now, judging by all the picture-papers. You certainly do look most beautifully sunburnt in the photographs; but don't imagine, my pet, that you're going to be able to show it off when you get back here. Because if this regular Empire line is really coming in, as it seems to be, backs are perfectly certain to be high again, and thousands of acres of elaborate sunburn will be wasted. Sad, isn't it?

Personally I intend to go in for being *frightfully* Empire, because if one happens to be S.S.W. it seems madness not to. The only trouble is, all the new dresses, especially the evening ones, are so absolutely skin-tight that it's quite impossible to be impetuous in them for fear of disaster. In fact, at Annajanebrown's they are giving free lessons in "deportment" to everyone who buys a frock there, as otherwise A. says people can't do proper justice to their clothes. I went and watched Anjie Morryson having one yesterday—learning how to get up off a sofa without a heave and a jerk, and how to proceed across a room without apparently taking any steps at all (like those American funny-men sometimes do on the stage). "Remember, Madam," the instructress kept on saying, "*boneless grace* must be our watchword from now on."

It's all rather difficult. However, I don't suppose we shall ever go quite so far as *damping* our frocks to make them cling closer to the figure, which I saw in a book is what they used to do in the



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real Empire days. Poor lambs, no wonder they used to die like flies.

Another Empire thing I hope we shan't go back to is those little flat soft EDWARD-LEARISH shoes with criss-cross elastics. Personally, I simply can't afford to do without those three extra inches which I've taken such pains to learn to balance on—and besides, how on earth would one manage when one wanted to hang pictures and hadn't got a hammer handy?

As for day-cloes, I've bought the most enchanting dark cherry-coloured two-piecer made of rough woollen stuff. The coat is very "highwayman," with little capelets and a high neck and these new "muff-cuffs"—a sort of fur frill hanging down just above each wrist, which you put your opposite hands into when you're walking along. Lovely!

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Ptolemy, by the way, is making a determined effort to tackle the problem of the Boredom of the Perm. He says people don't have it done often enough because they simply can't face the prospect of being tied up to the ceiling by themselves for all those hours. At first he tried putting them all in one room, instead of in separate cubicles, but apparently the fun of seeing your friends looking comic doesn't *quite* make up for being seen looking comic by *them*, because lots of people ob-



"THE BOREDOM OF THE PERM."

jected. So now he's installed a tremendously complicated system of electrical backgammon, so that you can play against someone else in another cubicle, and every time they move a piece it's recorded by a light on your own board. It must have cost a mint of money to put in, but, considering P.'s charges, I should think he could well afford it.

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"TO MY DAUGHTER.

Thank me not for brains or beauty
(These your grandmamma supplied),
Wealth or wit or sense of duty
(These were from your father's side);
When they bring you bliss or bother,
Heaven or headaches, fret or fame,
Please remember that your mother
Seeks no credit, takes no blame.
But oh, my child, be thankful that I gave
One blessing quite unmixed—a natural wave."

Good-bye, angel. Love to Richard, and tell him you *must* spend a few days in London on your way home. Come and stay here if you like, though I don't think our spare room is really big enough for the two of you, especially with all your abroad luggage. Anyway, we will all four go out and have a doggish evening.

Best love, Darling, from LALAGE.

JAN.

THINKING LEGALLY.

STUDENTS of that branch of literature technically known as "Police News" will have observed how it frequently happens that an offender is fined a certain sum and costs for breaking a law concerning which he or she is extremely hazy if not totally ignorant.

It is sad to think that this state of affairs has existed and, unless I can get something done, is likely to continue to exist in this country for a very long time. It is our national peculiarity that we have to break a law before we know it is there. There are numbers of Englishmen who are absolute experts in certain scientific matters—like bridge and golf—but who, if you stopped them in the street and asked them what 42 Geo. III. c. 117 says about something or other, would simply go red and bubble at you. I myself must confess that I am not at all sure what I may or may not do with an Ancient Light. If you sent me out to buy a tort I should probably make myself the object of suspicion.

There are, I believe, highly moral countries where people of all ages queue up to read public notices relating to law and order. A sight such as that is rare in this country. On occasions our authorities will paste up on a lamp-standard a proclamation bearing upon some national emergency—the removal of snow, for example—but we do not stamp one another underfoot in our eagerness to read the thing.

We are not altogether to blame. After all, what did we ever learn at school about the laws of our country? What use to us is Magna Carta when we are trying to think what to say to the local magistrate? Even if we could remember what WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR said in 1072 we should only be told that it was not evidence.

My helpful proposal is that our little ones should be taught to think legally as well as imperially and hygienically and newspaperly. Then they would lisp 53 and 54 Vict., and the rest, at the maternal knee, and our boys and girls would bring home Blue Books for holiday tasks and never get into trouble with the police. When Uncle George came for the week-end he would hear little Clive recite the Real Property Act (1922) and get unusual value for his bright sixpence.

In this way we should become in time a good and noble race whose chief passion would be to do credit to its Parliamentary and Municipal authorities. The best of us might even take a delight in mastering the Parish Notices, those mysterious documents which for some subtle reason are mostly nailed up in churchyards. I have often wondered what they are all about.

D. C.

Heavier Headwear.

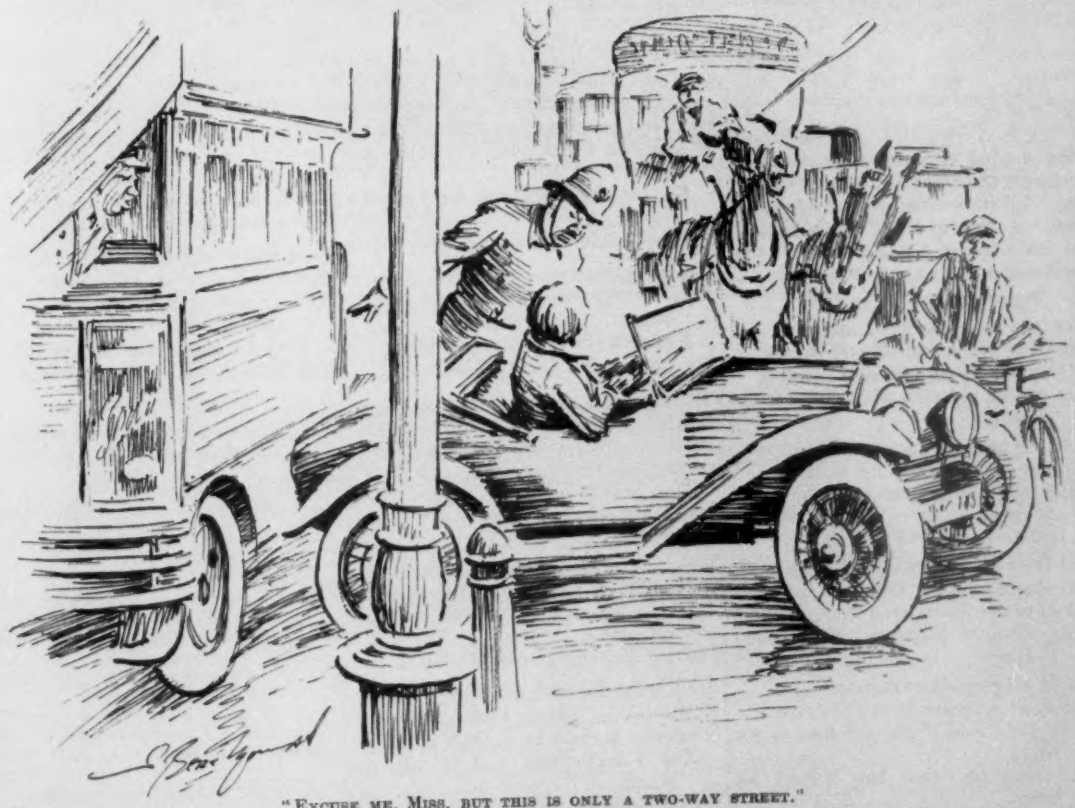
"THE NEW MILLINERY
SEAMLESS AXMINSTER CARPETS."
Daily Paper.

A Solid Advance in Wireless Transmission.

"COWDENBEATH BOWLING GREEN
TO BE RELAYED."
Scots Paper.

"Several pedestrians hurried to the scene and assisted the driver to extinguish the flames before much damage had been done. The driver's seat and upholstery were slightly burned. . . ."—*Local Paper.*

We hope it wasn't his Sunday upholstery.



"EXCUSE ME, MISS, BUT THIS IS ONLY A TWO-WAY STREET."

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JAN.

THINKING LEGALLY.

STUDENTS of that branch of literature technically known as "Police News" will have observed how it frequently happens that an offender is fined a certain sum and costs for breaking a law concerning which he or she is extremely hazy if not totally ignorant.

It is sad to think that this state of affairs has existed and, unless I can get something done, is likely to continue to exist in this country for a very long time. It is our national peculiarity that we have to break a law before we know it is there. There are numbers of Englishmen who are absolute experts in certain scientific matters—like bridge and golf—but who, if you stopped them in the street and asked them what 42 Geo. III. c. 117 says about something or other, would simply go red and bubble at you. I myself must confess that I am not at all sure what I may or may not do with an Ancient Light. If you sent me out to buy a tort I should probably make myself the object of suspicion.

There are, I believe, highly moral countries where people of all ages queue up to read public notices relating to law and order. A sight such as that is rare in this country. On occasions our authorities will paste up on a lamp-standard a proclamation bearing upon some national emergency—the removal of snow, for example—but we do not stamp one another underfoot in our eagerness to read the thing.

We are not altogether to blame. After all, what did we ever learn at school about the laws of our country? What use to us is Magna Carta when we are trying to think what to say to the local magistrate? Even if we could remember what WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR said in 1072 we should only be told that it was not evidence.

My helpful proposal is that our little ones should be taught to think legally as well as imperially and hygienically and newspaperly. Then they would lisp 53 and 54 Vict., and the rest, at the maternal knee, and our boys and girls would bring home Blue Books for holiday tasks and never get into trouble with the police. When Uncle George came for the week-end he would hear little Clive recite the Real Property Act (1922) and get unusual value for his bright sixpence.

In this way we should become in time a good and noble race whose chief passion would be to do credit to its Parliamentary and Municipal authorities. The best of us might even take a delight in mastering the Parish Notices, those mysterious documents which for some subtle reason are mostly nailed up in churchyards. I have often wondered what they are all about.

D. C.

Heavier Headwear.

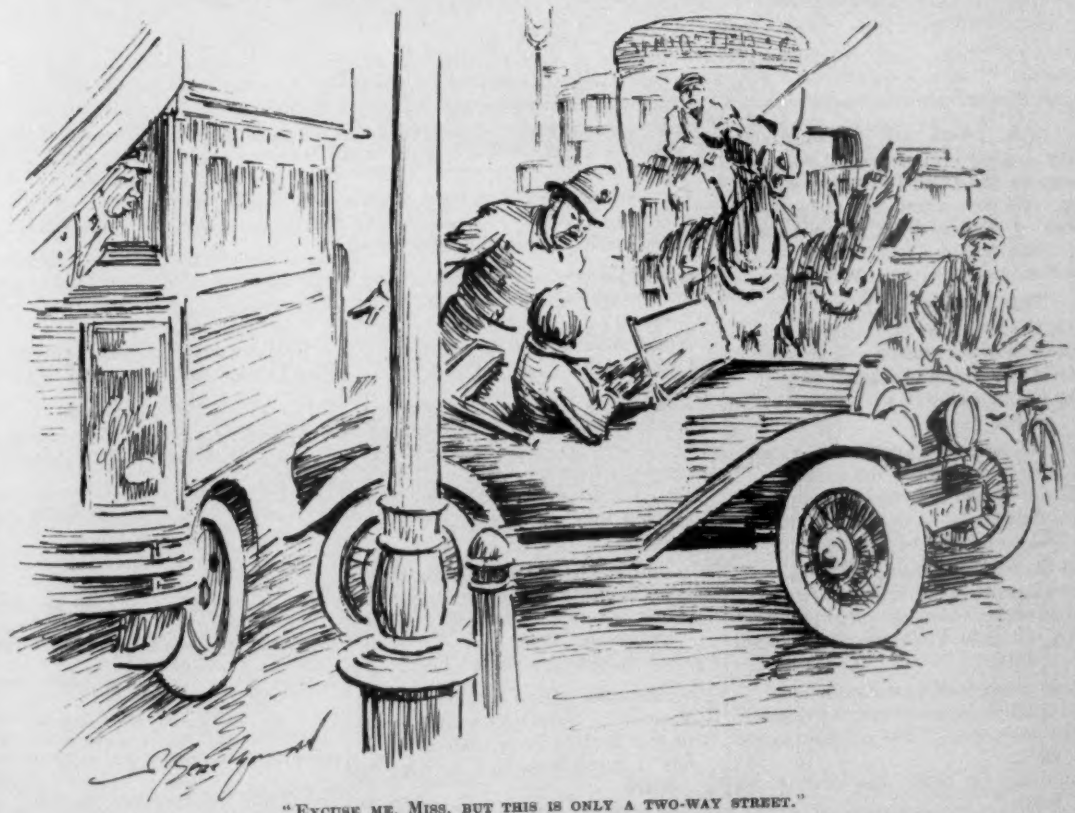
"THE NEW MILLINERY
SEAMLESS AXMINSTER CARPETS."
Daily Paper.

A Solid Advance in Wireless Transmission.

"COWDENBEATH BOWLING GREEN
TO BE RELAYED."
Scots Paper.

"Several pedestrians hurried to the scene and assisted the driver to extinguish the flames before much damage had been done. The driver's seat and upholstery were slightly burned. . . ."—*Local Paper.*

We hope it wasn't his Sunday upholstery.



"EXCUSE ME, MISS, BUT THIS IS ONLY A TWO-WAY STREET."



Customer. "COME, COME, THAT 'S TOO MUCH. I 'D LIKE TO HAVE THAT MODEL, BUT WE MUST PRACTISE ECONOMY NOWADAYS."
Modiste. "HÉLAS, MADAME, JE LE SAIS TRÈS BIEN, MAIS MALHEUREUSEMENT MADAME N'A PAS LA TAILLE ÉCONOME."

A TALE OF NOË.

BY a kind of mechanical reaction, whenever the POET LAUREATE sings, I sing. No sooner had I read his latest poem, *A Tale of Troy*, than I burst out into a tale of a still older seafaring, a still more adventurous escapade.

THE MAKING OF THE ARK.

Noë, the man who unafeared
Made a ship for himself and steered
Over the waste of stormy waters
Was an old, old man with a long white beard.

He loved his home, and he wished to be
In quiet at home with his family,
His wife and his sons and his sons' wives—
He had no longing to go to sea.

And little delight, the poet sings,
Was theirs to go on their journeyings,
And cruise about on a wooden barge
With nowhere whatever to put their things.

People attempted to restrain
This sudden desire to sail the main,
For they said, "The old man is not well;
Something or other has turned his brain."

But Noë was wise and understood
It was best to go while the going was good;
For the world was due for a regular storm,
And he builded a ship of gopher-wood.

The world was weary and full of sin,
And stormy weather would soon begin.
Noë was sure what he had to do,
He pitched his boat without and within.

His wife and his sons' wives were pale
As they watched the ark and they watched the gale,
They said to Noë, "What life is this?
You know we are always sick when we sail.

What is the matter with staying here,
As we always have done year by year,
In the old farmhouse with the pigs and cows,
Instead of seeking a watery bier?"

"Oh, beautiful wife, I love but you,"
Noë replied, "but we have to do
Whatever is right in Jahweh's view,
And I have been told to take on board
All the animals, two by two.

If I may judge by the state of the sky,
To-morrow morning we ought to fly;
You are my wife and I am I,
I'll carry you off on my gopher-ship
At twelve o'clock till the world is dry!"

So it was planned, so it was done;
His wife was ready at eight to one,
The gangway down and the hatch undone,
With a waiting ship and a rising wind;
The Tale of the Deluge had begun.

THE GOING ABOARD.

The animals went in two-by-two,
The polar bear and the kangaroo——"

But space forbids. We must leave the rest for another occasion. EVOE.

A Crushing Collaboration.

"NEXT WEEK
THE GREATEST THRILLER OF ALL TIME.
MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE.
By the World-Famous Author, Edgar Wallace Poe."
Cinema Advt. in Local Paper.

"J. M. Robertson, the veteran Fifer, carried off the laurels among the antirrhinums for the fourth year in succession."
Dundee Paper.

But ought competitors to pinch the exhibits?



DETACHMENT.

PRESIDENT HOOVER (*telling the world*). "I AM TAKING NO PART IN THIS DISPUTE ABOUT GERMANY'S REARMAMENT."

BRITISH COW (*listening-in*). "I SHARE THE GENTLEMAN'S ATTITUDE OF ALOOFNESS. I MYSELF AM TAKING NO PART IN THIS MILK WAR."



"WHAT LOVELY FUR! WHAT IS IT?" "SKUNK." "COST MUCH?" "WELL, JOHN SAYS THEY SKINNED HIM FOR IT."

KIND HEARTS IN ALABAMA.

IT is gratifying to read that "in Alabama a campaign has been launched to 'save the oyster from the excruciating pain of being eaten alive.'"

Hitherto, I have never considered this aspect of the case. I have gulped down oysters with the same recklessness with which I have attacked large, plump, succulent asparagus, all unconscious of inflicting torture.

Having now, as a humanitarian, gone carefully into this question, I find there is every reason to suspect that the kind-hearted Alabamans are right; so much have I gathered from people who write about oysters. Oh, yes, there are men who take the subject very seriously. I don't mean the sort that sits on high stools ordering three dozen of the best and proceeds to carry out thirty-six excruciating executions with the aid of red pepper and lemon-juice. I refer to professors who call the oyster a member of the genus lamellibranchia, or, in moments of ecstatic fervour, pseudo-lamellibranchia, unconscious perhaps that there is a moral in their writings.

We are told that "the degeneration produced by sedentary habits in all lamellibranchia has, in the oyster, reached its most advanced stage."

Sluggards, therefore, instead of being sent to the ant, should be headed straight for the oyster. It is useless giving them examples of industry. Just show them what happens to those who adopt a policy of drifting.

Briefly, the oyster's existence might be termed the Story of a Terrible Life. Should it become a mother, it can only hope to rear five out of its two million offspring. After surviving the perils of infancy these may expect a ten years' span of life; but even the most optimistic of actuaries hold out little hope of any but an untimely end. Rarely is it allowed to die in its bed.

We are told that it is "beset by enemies." Dog-whelks devour it; the deep-sea gourmet known as *murex erinaceus* bores through its shell, while starfish swallow it, shell and all. Human beings get those that are left, and we all know what that means after seeing the fat man with the red neck at the next table celebrating the opening of the oyster season after a good day in the City.

But the greatest martyr of all is the oyster which contains a pearl—condemned to live with a frightful pain in its side, a sensation of fulness after eating, a bilious feeling on rising, and not the slightest prospect of a cure.

If by this time the sluggard isn't impressed he had better go to the ant. I shall do nothing to stop him.

Anyhow, I've written all this without once using the word "bi-valve"; and I nurse a hope, almost amounting to assurance, that the Editor will at least appreciate that. F. A. K.



Smith. "WHAT ABOUT MY MOWER AND ROLLER AND BARROW AND SO ON?"
Brown. "CAN YOU WAIT TILL AFTER THE CHRYSANTHEMUM-SHOW? THEY'RE GIVING A PRIZE FOR THE BEST SET OF GARDENING IMPLEMENTS."

THE CAPITALIST.

If I am wan to-day, my gentle banker,
If I appear to reel, be not dismayed;
It is no inner hurt, no seated canker;
'Tis but the news, too suddenly conveyed
To nerves a trifle frayed,
That I, O peerless flower of bankerhood,
Am £3–6–10 to the good.

As well you know, the oft-attempted stumer,
The stubborn overdraft, is more my line;
Indeed, it looks as if there'd been a bloomer
Somewhere; if that be so, as I opine,
It's your affair, not mine;
It is the banker's law, I've oft been told,
To make no change. That's where I have you cold.

But, banker, to the muttons of my visit;
This is no ordinary sum that cries
Out loudly to be blewed or blewn (which is it?).
This should bring joy to an investor's eyes
By its increasing size;
And 'tis with you that I would plant my gift
At decent interest, if you catch my drift.

But ere it be committed to your keeping
A word. I understand that you'll employ
A tireless vigilance, alert, unsleeping;
Locks are to laughing burglars as a toy
(Like Love, the wanton boy),
As I'm informed, and bandits, so I've read,
Are fond of beating watchmen on the head.

Then, as to fire, are your defences ample?
And lightning, have you an efficient rod?
And those wide matters, meteors for example,
Termed, as I hold in error, "Acts of God,"
What of my £3 odd
In such event, which, mind you, may be near?
Do you lose, or do I? Let's have that clear.

And one thing more. This bank that holds my monies,
Could it withstand, to put the matter pat,
A sudden run? I don't know what a run is,
But could it stand one? Kindly tell me that,
And let me have it flat.
Then your directors, are they straight and true?
And, banker, now I mention it, are you?

These are the points that this unique occasion
Brings to my mind. This is no time for bluff.
I ask a plain reply, without evasion,
And, if I think your answers good enough,
You shall retain my stuff.
If not, then, speaking as a prudent man,
Banker, I'll spend my fortune while I can.

DUM-DUM.

"MEN ACCEPT NEW TERMS. SEQUEL TO ELEVEN-HOUR MEETING."—*Headlines in Daily Paper.*

We always like people to give themselves a fair chance of an eleventh-hour solution.

"Mr. Agha, who is a Turk by birth, fought against Napoleon and eleven wives."—*Scots Paper.*

It would be interesting to know which campaign he regarded as the more arduous.

ZAMBESI NOTES.

THE M'CHEKWE POLITICAL ASSOCIATION.

WE founded the M'chekwe Siding Political Association because Jones said it was time the farmers took an intelligent interest in public affairs, as it was clear the Government didn't, and Wilkins lent us the front-room in the hotel after he had cleared out the Muscovy ducks. We invited the Leader of the Opposition to address us as none of us knew him, and he couldn't possibly be worse, Jones said, than the politicians we knew.

There were over twenty people by twelve o'clock, not counting the station-master and Wilkins and that lot, and what with cars and buck-waggons and ox-teams pulling in with mealies M'chekwe Siding was more like Piccadilly Circus than ever.

Mr. Parrant brought a couple of hunt terriers, and Bittern, the Leader of the Opposition, and a half-section of his in the House arrived by the mail-train with a large despatch-case. It would have been a really good political show if young Blakeway and Jimmy Dainty's sister hadn't taken the two terriers down to the goods ramp when everybody else came to the meeting.

Jones was the Chairman and said he was sure everybody was glad to have the opportunity to speak their minds about the scandalous way things were going on. Jones said the farmers were seething with unrest owing to the new Maize Bill and the new Dipping Bill. Jones said nobody in the House had the faintest interest in the country districts and what they drew their salaries for Heaven only knew.

Just then the noise began. The terriers had found near the mealie-dump. Several thousand bags of mealies had just been shifted and a whole lot of rats were homeless. Nearly everybody had brought a dog, and they all joined in, and then one by one all the audience began to drift away out of the room. Parrant organised a half-crown pool at once and entered the terriers; and Major Lanegan entered his Sealyham, and Blakeway entered his pointer, and Jimmy Dainty entered his Doberman bitch, Topsy, and soon everybody's dog was competing. Each man was to retrieve his own dog's kills, and no sticks were allowed in the long field.

Jones's bull-terrier was there early, and then Jones said it was idle for Bittern even to attempt to teach the elements of political sense to a mob of lowbrows who preferred rat-hunting to mental improvement. So then Jones adjourned the meeting and entered his bull-terrier for the pool, and only Wilkins was left in the room with the visitors.

It was like the Day of Judgment down at the siding. Major Lanegan's Sealyham won with fourteen rats. Then the crowd shifted all the remaining bags to give the dogs a chance, and the noise was awful. One of the rats got into the car with Jimmy Dainty's sister, Parrant hollered the pack on, and they killed that rat all over the cushions and Topsy broke the windscreen. So then Parrant gave the brush to Jimmy Dainty's sister, and Major Lanegan stood the crowd drinks out of his winnings, and Wilkins had to come out of the meeting to attend to the bar.

It was getting very late after that, so Jones went back to the meeting with some of the crowd and told Bittern to cheer up. Jones said he was sure everyone had greatly appreciated Bittern's visit in spite of the interruptions, and he hoped that Bittern would take back to the House the news that the whole farming industry was seething with discontent. And Jones said that meetings like this could do nothing but good; it gave everybody an opportunity to complain about the disgraceful way the country was being run. Then Jimmy Dainty moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Bittern for coming to address us, and Bittern replied; but he seemed a little upset, probably because his half-section had been bitten by Topsy at the end of the rat-hunt. But everybody else enjoyed the meeting, and we are now going to ask the Minister of Agriculture to address the next one.



SAFETY FIRST.

Juvenile Cub-hunter. "AN' APPLE? WHY DON'T YOU CARRY A BANANA, LIKE ME? IF YOU FALL OFF IT DOESN'T HURT NEARLY SO MUCH."

MY WILL.

III.

I AM sorry to have to report that a slight hitch has arisen in relation to Clause 4.

This clause, as the English-speaking world will remember, makes arrangements for a fine "Viking's funeral" for the Haddock remains. They are to be carried down the Thames in my own ship to Westminster and there ceremonially destroyed by fire at a buoy off the L.C.C. building.

I wrote a nice letter to the River Authority:—

SIR,—You will be interested to hear that I am making a new will. I enclose a draft of Clause 4, and shall be grateful if you will peruse same. You will not, I appreciate, be able to commit yourself finally to any definite course of action until the melancholy occasion arises; but I should be glad if, without prejudice, you could indicate that the Authority would be likely to be willing to co-operate and to provide the necessary facilities.

I am, Sir,
Yours faithfully,
ALBERT HADDOCK.

Enc. (Draft Clause.)

I had an answer from the Combustible Cargoes Department:—

PROPOSED FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS.

SIR,—We are in receipt of yours of the 5th inst. As you are no doubt aware, the carriage of fireworks is not permitted on the River Thames except under licence from the Authority. Your attention is drawn to the Rules and Bye-Laws for the Regulation of the Conveyance of Explosive Substances on the River Thames issued by the Authority under the Explosives Act, 1875, and sanctioned by the Board of Trade, an extract from which please find enclosed.

Yours truly, MARINE OVERSEER.

Enc. In exercise of the powers and authority conferred upon them by the Explosives Act, 1875, and of every other authority them hereunto in any wise enabling, the Authority do order and direct as follows, that is to say:—

"There shall not be conveyed, carried or borne in any ship or boat to any place or places on the River Thames any description or quantity of any explosive otherwise than is stated in this Bye-Law:—

. . . IN BOATS.

VII.—*Fireworks.*—Quantities not exceeding 50,000 lbs. may be conveyed in duly licensed boats to any part of the river.

EXEMPTIONS.

Boats carrying for private use a quantity not exceeding 10 lbs. of any of the above-named explosives.

I replied:—

CONTEMPLATED INCINERATION.

SIR,—I am in receipt of yours of the 12th inst. (with enc.), for which accept, I pray, my warm thanks. May I say at once that I have never suggested that my funeral should be celebrated by the explosion of fifty thousand pounds of fireworks (or any comparable amount). Indeed, the fireworks (as you will see if you refer again to the text of the draft clause) form but a small part of the proposed ceremonial, and I venture (as they say) to think that you have (may I?) tended towards the common error of concentrating on the unessential.

However, Sir, as you have dragged up the fireworks question, let us by all means dispose of that first. I observe that under the regulations and bye-laws an exemption is granted to boats carrying for private use a quantity of fireworks not exceeding ten pounds. You may say, Sir, that ten pounds of fireworks would not be sufficient to celebrate so great an occasion. And, Sir, you will be right. But I do not press that. I am not fully informed concerning the weight of fireworks, but I imagine that a ten-pound rocket would make a very satisfactory whizz, and a single powerful rocket preparatory to the main conflagration would perhaps have an effect more dignified and more dramatic than a large number of rockets. At any rate, I am, Sir, prepared to meet the Authority in this matter, and shall amend Clause 4 of my will to that effect. I should now be glad, Sir, if, within the limits indicated in my letter of the 5th inst., you could let me have an answer to the question therein tentatively propounded.

The days draw in, do they not?

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,
ALBERT HADDOCK.



"EXCUSE MY HANDING IT TO YOU LIKE THIS, BUT I'VE HAD MEASLES."

PROPOSED CONFLAGRATION.

SIR,—We are in receipt of your letter of the 21st inst. and would draw your attention to Bye-Law 48, issued by the Authority under the Port of London (Consolidation) Act, 1920, and sanctioned by the Board of Trade:—

"No rockets or shells shall be fired off on the river above or westward of the Lower Hope Point."

Yours truly,
MARINE OVERSEER.

HADDOCK PAGEANT AND FIRE FESTIVAL.

SIR,—Very well, then, I abandon the rocket idea, as I particularly wish the ceremony to take place off the County Hall; besides, you cannot expect my friends and relations, most of whom are busy people, to travel as far as the Lower Hope Point, however important the occasion; and without wishing to spoil the so far happy relations between us or to poison the friendly course of the negotiations which lie before us, I must say frankly that I am a little surprised that you should make the suggestion.

However, you may take it that, thanks to a graceful concession by the under-signed, the firework and rocket questions are definitely out of the way; and we can both give our minds freely to the essentials of our plan. I have in mind especially (1) the question of the buoy which is to accommodate the funeral-vessel, what sum the Authority will charge for the use of the buoy, etc.; (2) whether the Authority will wish

itself to arrange and direct the pageant, order of vessels, etc., or would prefer to leave this to my executors, and (3) whether under any bye-law or regulation there would be any objection to organised singing on the river, as outlined in the draft-clause which I sent you on the 5th inst.

Hoping to hear from you on all these matters,

I am, Sir, Yours fondly,
ALBERT HADDOCK.

PROPOSED FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS.

DEAR SIR,—We are in receipt of yours of the 7th inst. Referring again to the terms of the draft document which you were good enough to send to us on the 5th ult., we understand that you require permission to set fire to a vessel (the dimensions of which you do not specify) while moored in the river below Westminster Bridge. As you are no doubt aware, such an action would be calculated to cause danger of damage by fire to shipping and to property adjacent to the river due to burning fragments becoming detached from the vessel and being carried eastwards by the tidal current. The Authority could in no case contemplate the giving of the required permission. We would draw your attention to the Authority's bye-law:—

> No person while in upon or about the river or the banks or towing-paths thereof . . . to light, maintain, throw down, place or leave any fire or any flaming smouldering or burning substance or any matter or thing on any place where the same may cause danger or damage to property of any kind or annoyance to any person.

Yours truly, MARINE OVERSEER.

I replied, more in sorrow than in anger:—

HADDOCK, CEREMONIAL ELIMINATION OF.

SIR,—Is there *no* poetry in the Authority's breast and so little imagination in your own distinguished mind? Throughout our correspondence you have shown no sign that you appreciate the real flavour and character of my proposals. We are not discussing an ordinary burning of an ordinary vessel. It is the climax of a majestic pageant such as London has never seen, commemorating a public misfortune such as our country, happily, is not often required to suffer (I refer, Sir, to the passing of Haddock). There is no doubt that millions of citizens would be drawn to the river banks by such a spectacle and would there enjoy an experience at once inspiring, beautiful and free of charge. The congregation of boats, the voices of the singers, the flames of the funeral pyre reflected in the river, the knowledge that before their eyes the noble ashes of Haddock are being committed to the keeping of Father Thames—all this, Sir, even without the fireworks, which you have somewhat capriciously excluded from the programme, must delight and improve the minds of a multitude; and I beg the Authority to think again before they take upon themselves the responsibility for denying these benefits to the people. As for the dangers which you apprehend, these, I assure you, Sir, can be averted by various precautions so simple that it would be impertinent in me to bring them to your attention.

I am, Sir, your obedient but rather disgusted servant,

ALBERT HADDOCK.

So far there has been no reply.

A. P. H.



Pier Attendant. "IT 'S THE WATER COMIN' OVER 'ERE AT 'IGH TIDE WOT MAKES EVERYTHING WET AN' CLAMMY. IT ALLUS MAKES ME FEEL JUST LIKE A MERMAID."

Disciples of St. Vitus.

"HOPPING MONKS."—*Daily Paper.*

AT THE PLAY.

"WORDS AND MUSIC" (ADELPHI).

ONE of Mr. NOEL COWARD'S chief causes of quarrel with the decorative ladies whom he labels "Children of the Ritz" is that they do no work. He has some right to his platform, for, viewed in terms of the work involved and apart altogether from its conspicuous and varied merits, the invention, writing, composing and production of *Words and Music* is a positively heroic achievement. And it must be said squarely that, though there were none of the usual importations of lyrics, sketches or musical numbers by other hands, the author-composer gave us no reason to wish that there were. Naturally some items a little failed of their effect, but certainly not more than in productions of multiple authorship. The show stands to be judged on its merits without any handicap allowance and can more than hold its own. It did indeed seem to me that the music showed perhaps less invention than the text, and that the scoring was at times a little confused; but I submit this suggestion with diffidence. There were certainly engaging melodies and rhythms that were not mere echoes of the current mode, which, Mr. COWARD, being a clever parodist, might have been expected.

To descend from general to particular: the author, conscious perhaps that we should see less of Mr. COCHRAN'S Young Ladies than usual, shows us as much as possible of them in their dressing-room, following this by a mass-introduction of the eighteen Dancing Boys in one of the most successful individual scenes of the revue (or, for that matter, of any revue within recent memory). Dancing with, across and against the movement of the revolving stage, their shadows are thrown, enlarging and diminishing, on the plain muslin-curtained background in a brilliant kaleidoscopic pattern—a startlingly beautiful effect which won an unmistakably spontaneous tribute from us all. I should say here that the dances, except the three diverting skits on the romantic ballet, which were designed by Mr. COWARD, were the invention of Mr. BUDDY BRADLEY, and the décor and costumes, eminently satisfactory and achieved without extravagant expenditure, were by Mrs. G. E. CALTHROP.



CHILDREN'S COCKTAIL HOUR.

Jane . . . . . MISS DORIS HARE.
Bobby . . . . . MR. JOHN MILLS.
Lilli . . . . . MISS STEFFI DUNA.

We get a glimpse of the author in his serious sardonic moods in the four appearances of the pretty brunette "Débutantes" (the Misses PHYLLIS HARDING, BETTY HARE and MOYA NUGENT) and in the two entrances of the sleek "Children of the Ritz." Mr. COWARD seems to have something on his mind about the smart young women of the hour, who do not realise (he seems to say) that they are out of their period, and that anyway, having no money for their expensive tastes and antics, they are no longer admirable but mere figures *pour rire*. If in these items and in the duet, "Let's say Good-bye," we perhaps do not take as much pleasure as in the lighter numbers, they are yet welcome as there is no harm in a revue author's having something serious to say. Perhaps also in the serious category should be included "Mad about the Boy," which, in a prologue and four scenes, shows the effect of infatuation for a film-star on the *Lady* (Miss JOYCE BARBOUR), angry, critical, yet impotently in thrall; the *Street-walker* (Miss STEFFI DUNA, a most intelligent actress and, as later appeared, an even better dancer), with a sort of bitter wistfulness; the *School-girl* (Miss NORA HOWARD, a quite first-rate comédienne, new, I think, to London); and the *Servant* (DORIS HARE—another sound discovery), ruefully conscious of the distance separating her from her hero. There was a pathos in all this which put it beyond laughter—until the epilogue gave us a close-up of the *Boy*, with manicure, secretary and typist and his reiterated perfunctory "Send her a photograph."



LEFT IN CHARGE OF THE CHARGER.

Salome . . . . . MISS JOYCE BARBOUR.
Announcer . . . . . MR. ROMNEY BRENT.

There was pathos too, finely indicated behind a grotesque mask, in Miss IVY ST. HELIER'S study of a depressed gauche "Wife of an Acrobat," always wondering, as she watches her husband, when his nerve will fail.

The author as jester began on a note of extravagant nonsense in "Children's Hour"—a very modern nursery scene in which English *Jane* (Miss DORIS HARE) and *Bobby* (Mr. JOHN MILLS) startle their new Viennese friend, *Lilli* (Miss STEFFI DUNA), by opening their

doll's house and disclosing a cocktail bar (the tail of the rocking-horse is the handle of the drawer in which the olives and cherries are kept). They have, they explain, kept their parents ignorant of the facts of life as long as possible. *Lilli* didn't know English children were like that.

"Mad Dogs and Englishmen" is good nonsense (and criticism) to a good rousing nonsense tune, with Miss IVY ST. HELIER showing how giddily a Governor's wife might alight from a rickshaw, with a native policeman (Mr. CLIFFORD SEAGRAVE) prefacing every traffic order by delicately kicking the back of his topee, and Mr. ROMNEY BRENT—yet another discovery, a comedian with a most attractive quiet unstressed manner—as a missionary. Popular Press imbecilities are ruthlessly but not unfairly guyed in "The Hall of Fame;" while "Journey's End," presented as it is supposed the producer of *The White Horse Inn* and *Casanova* would have presented it, puts a sly finger on the weak points of Charellism, and of the many which have been offered us is the best skit by far in spirit and in detail of the new Coliseum manner. Naturally the German prisoners brought into *Captain Stanhope's* dug-out happened to be Tyrolese and broke out into their national excesses of leapings and slappings; *Lieut. Raleigh* was in skirts; Generals with pretty secretaries are pushed on and hauled off on moving platforms, and by way of *finale* some excessively unmilitary figures with jewelled rifles and other unlikely impedimenta prance round a revolving ruin while three sly dove-pink nuns of most unvirginal aspect trip lightly, with tapers awry, across the foreground.

Parody of the Ballet is a stock turn in revue. Mr. COWARD's three ballets —"The Club," "A Boarding House at Ilfracombe" and "A Crèche"—were, I think, just a little better than the best we have had so far of this kind of thing. Through the happy nonsense of "A Crèche" shone the quite exquisite dancing of Miss STEFFI DUNA. More savage in its travesty was "Midnight Matinée," in which vanity and boredom and exhibitionism are indicated as the springs of charity in the smart people engaged in such works of mercy and incompetence. Here Mr. ROMNEY BRENT, as the *Announcer*, embarrassed and complacent, distinguished himself, as did Miss JOYCE BARBOUR (*Salome*) and Miss NORA HOWARD (*Joan of Arc*), while clever Miss IVY ST. HELIER fussed busily about as the fatuous organiser. But surely Mr. COWARD's misogyny is hardening on him!

Finale, "The Party's Over Now," struck, no doubt intentionally, an unusually sober and, as it were, disillusioned note, lightened by Miss STEFFI DUNA dancing her *pas seul* with superbly flowing rhythm and apparently effortless control of a lithe trim body.

An admirable evening's entertainment; an amazing *tour de force*. What new surprise will Mr. COWARD find to spring upon us to-morrow? T.

"WILL YOU LOVE ME ALWAYS?" (GLOBE).

This is the slight bright disedifying story (deftly translated from the German of EMMERICH HALASZ by Mr. FELIX AYLMER and conceivably modified in detail in the process) of a Viennese quintet, three men and two women. *Richard*, librettist (Mr. AUSTIN TREVOR), and *Frederick*, composer and stalwart athlete (Mr. DAVID HORNE), are so elated by the success of their light opera that they propose to celebrate it by temporary association with their leading ladies, bachelor *Louise* (Miss YVONNE ARNAUD) and married *Renée* (Miss MARY GLYNNE). *Peter* (Mr. MAURICE EVANS), an impecunious and respectful adorer of *Louise*, drifts vaguely in the background.

The ladies are willing enough, but *Louise* professes to have a marriage complex. *Richard* must marry her, but she will give him a most compromising letter post-dated two years ahead—two years being about the period for which faithfulness can be reasonably guaranteed. *Richard*, not without misgivings, accepts this arrangement, himself dictating the passionate love-letter (which, by the way, has been addressed to *Peter* as a likely person from the Divorce Court President's point of view—unlikely in fact, or so *Richard* complacently imagines). *Frederick* and *Renée* make no special agreements, content to take things as they come. *Peter* is so far out of the picture.

Three weeks less than two years later *Richard* has with obvious intention engaged a new pretty typist, *Mizzi* (Miss BETTY LYNNE), and has bought for *Louise* a jewelled bracelet with the inscription, "In memory of two happy years. Good-bye," which to his chagrin *Louise* accepts in the most matter-of-fact way imaginable. He leaps to the obvious conclusion. She has dared to be unfaithful to him. *Louise* is not concerned to deny this or to deny that *Peter* is the intervener.

Outraged male vanity is roused. At the pistol's point *Peter* shall be forced to marry her. He won't have the fellow going about Vienna bragging that *Louise* has given herself to him for nothing, while he, *Richard*, had to pay the heavy and humiliating price of marriage, however limited. *Peter*, however, while vigorously protesting his complete innocence, is delighted with the arrangement. Whereupon *Richard*, unwilling to surrender what another prizes (a fairly truthful if exaggerated aspect of male psychology), begs abjectly for an extension of the contract, *Louise* consenting without enthusiasm. The curtain falls as she kisses the rose that she has taken from *Peter's* buttonhole with the clearest indication to him and to us of what the action symbolises.



GOOD-BYE: SAYING IT WITH DIAMONDS.
Richard . . . . . MR. AUSTIN TREVOR.
Louise . . . . . MISS YVONNE ARNAUD.

This unsubstantial bubble is kept in the air mainly by Miss YVONNE ARNAUD's incomparable gift for expressing every relevant emotion with her incomparable laugh—laugh beguiling, laugh disdainful, laugh deceitful, rueful, mischievous, high-spirited, sensuous, reproachful. Someone really ought to write a Laughie without words for her. It is also pleasant to hear her saying such things as "Do you think I *like* being married to a man whose wife is unfaithful to him?"

Mr. DAVID HORNE's extravagant antics in the vain hope of getting rid of the clinging *Renée* contributed to our amusement. We enjoyed her faithfulness rooted in unfaithfulness (she has a husband somewhere in the background) and the transient ardours and wounded

pride of Mr. AUSTIN TREVOR's *Richard*; while Miss BETTY LYNNE interpolated a most workmanlike and attractive sketch of the rather puzzled unmoral *Mizzi* with just the right touch of gaucherie and underbreeding to give point to the situation. Mr. MAURICE EVANS has little to do and does it very well; and Mr. LEO DE POKORNY makes his effect as the solicitor always cadging, in the intervals of his light professional duties, for a free meal or a cigar. T.

FAMA VOLANS.

THERE's a hefty set of people who have
risen into fame
By emulating ICARUS (who gave a sea
his name);
Very cheerfully they venture upon
flights across the sea
Without thinking of the worry that
they leave behind to me.

In the papers antecedently they notify
their flights,
And I read up all about them till I
cannot sleep o'nights;
I dream that I am flying and I roll
about in bed
Till I make a spinning nose-dive and
alight upon my head.

I imagine them aloft there, men and
women, even kids,
And I wonder what will happen if the
frail contraption skids;
Or I picture them marooned upon an
oscillating floe,
Altercating (for a haddock) with a seal
or Eskimo.

Now to spoil another's pleasure is a
sorry sort of thing
And I wish them every comfort in
their life upon the wing;
And all that I would venture is to ask
them when they fly
Not to advertise their going but to do
it on the sly.

The Lunar Cow Again.

"The harvest moo was riding high in a perfectly clear sky last night. . . ."
Manchester Paper.

"Man, 6 years House-Parlourman, also year as Cook-General, well recommended, take anything in house."
Advt. in Church Paper.

We 've had one just like that. He even took the egg-whisk.

"Saleswoman wanted immediately, used to country life, gentlewoman, University and Public School preferred, able to add and subtract . . ."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

Nothing is said about reading and writing. Indeed the qualifications required of a University and Public School candidate seem most reasonable.

ÆSOP ADULTERATED.

In a sunny Vineyard, upon a Day some while ago, a Fox sate on his Haunches eyeing with perfunctory Interest a particularly fine Bunch of Grapes that hung a little beyond the Compass of his considerable Agility. A passing Peasant, attracted to the spot by the Pungency of Reynard's peculiar *Effluvium*, accosted him in a friendly Manner and desired that he would explain the Situation in which he found him, for it seemed to the simple Rustic to exhibit one or two Aspects of Incongruity. The Fox politely consented and, inviting the Peasant to take a Seat, addressed him in the following words:—

"*Imprimis* I would have you know," said Reynard, "that I am not as others of the Vulpine *species*, free to roam the Hillsides at their own Will and Peril, but I am latterly become one of the Properties (I speak in a *Quasi*-Theatrical sense) of a certain Fabulist who, smarting under Criticism directed, on the score of Improbability, at much of his published Work, is resolved that in Future no man shall call in question the Accuracy of (at the least) his Natural History, as in the case of his *Bursting Frog* and his *Parturient Mountain*, and that if it should suit his Moral Purpose to represent (for example) a Fox as coveting so repellent a Fruit as the Grape, he shall be able to point to an attested Instance of that curious Longing and, by so proceeding, to impart to his most Astonishing Narrative an air of Verisimilitude. To which end he has this morning sent me forth with Instruction to seek out this inaccessible Cluster and (in the presence of a reliable Witness) to leap at it until I be thoroughly Exhausted."

"Well, I am no Scholard," quoth the Peasant, "and what you tell me sounds like a passel of Nonsense. Howsoever, I trust that not all your Missions are so Hollow and Thankless as that whereon you are presently engaged."

"Nay, forsooth," said the Fox, "some are even less Congenial. I anticipate with grievous Apprehension one for which I am already booked, and in which, for the hypothetical Benefit of a pack of puling School-kids, I am to lose my Brush."

"Now may Jove blight me!" exclaimed the Goodman with honest Warmth, "is it indeed possible that in this Country and in this Age conditions so Atrocious can be imposed upon the Wage-Slave? I marvel that you do not forthwith leave the Service of this bloody-minded What-do-you-call-him."

"Oh, as to that," quoth the Fox, "the Hazards of the Untrammelled life which I lately abandoned might well have equally led to my Curtailing and even to my Dismemberment, without permitting of the comparative Ease and Comfort which I now enjoy or of the Security which my Brats and Vixen (with whom I keep in touch) are afforded by the Employers' Liability Act."

"True," agreed the Peasant; "I had forgot those Consolements; nor can it be gainsaid that when one's Time arrives one cops it anyhow, whether Bond or Free, Fox or Man. But let us come," he proceeded, "to the Matter in hand. You do not propose (I take it) to sweat and caper at a Job such as this here. My Back is broad, and if you will but clamber upon it you shall come at your precious Boozeberries without further pains. As for reliable Witnesses, you may rely upon me to swear to Anything, not so much for the sake of a trifling Fee as for that of the Solidarity of the Working Classes."

"I am vastly Obliged to you," replied Reynard, "but I should have mentioned (had you not interrupted my Explication) that in accordance with my Instructions I must by no means Secure the so-called Prize, but am to slink away, when adequately fatigued, with the Observation that after all the Grapes are indubitably Sour."

"Damme!" ejaculated the dull and impercipient Oaf, "think you that, if they were not plainly Unripe, I should be sitting here with my Tongue hanging out? It occurs to me," he pursued with sudden irrational Wrath, "that you are amusing yourself at my Expense. I treat you matey and you pitch me a Tale; I offer you my Back and you pull my Leg. Alternatively, if you be serious, you can be naught but a stinkard prong-nosed Half-wit. You and your Instructions!" fleered the fellow, lashing himself, like the Tiger, into a Rage. "Why, an you would lief on a woundy hot Morning like this strain all your Elbows over such Rubbidge you must e'en be as dippy as your Master. Go to it then," he cried, raising his umbrella, "and take this with you."

So saying he fetched the Fox a skelp upon the Pate that laid him Senseless, and went his way in Dudgeon.

Moral.—It is ill-paid Labour to attempt to explain Subtleties to the Proletariat.

"The bride, who was given away by her brother, carried a bouquet of shot matron of honour . . ."—*Bristol Paper.*

We trust her present had already been sent.





FAIRY GAMES.

(*For the very, very young.*)

WHEN I play with Fairies
All of us are wee;
I'm the size that they are,
They're the size of me;
Sometimes we wear dresses
Lent us by the flowers,
Sometimes carry toad-stools
Just in case of showers.

Often we go flying,
Me as well as they;
We had flying races
With the birds to-day,
And we took our toad-stools—
Not because of rain,
But to parachute us
Safely down again.

Sometimes we run races
Round inside the house;
Once we nearly frightened
A sweet baby-mouse;
But when we had told him
It was only fun
He joined in the races,
And oh, he *could* run!

No, it's not all dreaming;
Dreaming is for night;
I can play with Fairies
In the brightest light;
I need only whisper
Just their fairy names,
And they *come*.... I've taught them
Lots and lots of games.









"WHEN HE MAKES A MISTAKE YOU SHOULDN'T LAUGH AT HIM BUT CORRECT HIM."
"I DID, AND HE HIT ME BACK."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Thackeray and His Friends.

THE definitive biography against whose possible existence THACKERAY once (and apparently once only) inveighed can never be written until all the THACKERAY correspondence is published. When this is available it is to be hoped that a biographer discerningly in sympathy with both the novelist and the nabob will duly appear. Mr. MALCOLM ELWIN, seeking to present *Thackeray, A Personality* (CAPE, 12/6), has, I feel, too little sympathy with that Victorian Bohemia which obviously gave his charter to the novelist and sets too great store by the correcter if less articulate world which THACKERAY inherited by birth and reconquered by celebrity. This curious bias renders him extremely tetchy and wayward with the convivial fellow-workers whose companionship meant so much to both THACKERAY and DICKENS. "The *Punch* set," "unassociated with any reputable writers," is contrasted with the personnel of "better-class periodicals," such as the quarterlies, one of which a forbear of the biographer apparently edited. Yet the chance of fame and what was more to the sorely-burdened young THACKERAY of the forties, financial security, was given him, not by the quarterlies, but by *Punch*, and Mr. ELWIN's continuous disparagement of a long and, on the whole, a felicitous connection is obviously the Achilles' heel of an oddly limping biography. He scores, on the other hand, over the THACKERAY-BROOKFIELD romance. All that understanding and tact can do to present in a happy light an ill-starred, illogical and indiscreet attachment is here gracefully conceded.

"E. V. L."

The portrait of W. P. KER, most lovable and laconic of polymaths, is well-chosen for the frontispiece of Mr. E. V. LUCAS'S *Reading, Writing and Remembering* (METHUEN, 18/-). For "W. P." was his only real master, when, after brief sojourns at nine different schools and a hectic journalistic interlude in Brighton, the generosity of a benevolent uncle enabled him to take a course of English Literature at University College, London. But his arduous apprenticeship as a reporter on the *Sussex Daily News* had brought him into contact with many oddities and celebrities. From childhood he was an insatiable reader with an unerring *flair* for the best, and on his migration to London his Quaker upbringing led him on *via* his Life of BERNARD BARTON to his classic edition of LAMB. Since then the stream of his literary activities has diverged into many channels: from serious biography to "Shilling Nonsense," in all of which he has achieved high distinction by his unfailing urbanity. A man of many books, many friends and many clubs, he practises in these pages the high art of felicitous eulogy without ever lapsing into effusiveness. On occasion he can be most judicial—as in his really masterly estimate of SALA—but never malicious. In the chapter on *Punch* he pays generous homage to his chiefs, colleagues and collaborators. For the rest he is to be congratulated for his self-restraint in declining to follow the example of so many writers who, not content with the opportunities for self-expression afforded by their work, overload their autobiographies with details of their private lives. I cannot imagine a better guide for young literary aspirants than the list of his favourite books and authors,

and I can forgive his inability to appreciate SURTEES in view of his enthusiastic praise of the hunting stories in the *R.M.* series.

For Young Dianas.

Now when pink coats redden
Where the brown leaves fall
My Ladies APSLEY and DIANA SHEDDEN
Have made a book for young Dianas all—
A book which hunting girls and women 'll
Name, so I certainly expect,
One that it is imprudent, even criminal,
For novice to neglect.

It grounds the young idea
In the history of sport
(From days when masterful BOADICEA
Set hunting modes to dames of CÆSAR'S Court),
And in the practice, to those last Nimrodities
Of hound and horse that tyros must assume,
And in the wardrobe, stating what commodities
To buy therefor from whom.

Thus to all young misses
Who'd ride a hunting run
I'd say, a *very* good book this is,
At fifteen bob, from Messrs. HUTCHINSON;
To Whom the Goddess is the happy name of it,
A phrase that XENOPHON employs,
Saying that Dian's worship and the fame of it
Make decent girls and boys.

The Awakening of a Poet.

The first volume in a *Scott Centenary Edition* that is to be, as far as is humanly possible, the final word on a much belaboured topic owes, I suppose, its principal importance to the light it throws on the dreary financial quicksand where the hero floundered in company with others who were even worse men of business than himself without the excuse of being glorious writers. Yet, whatever their intrinsic importance, most readers will deal lightly, I think, with the newly-discovered letters to the BALLANTYNE BROTHERS and the acute analysis of ancient business troubles included with *The Letters of Sir Walter Scott, 1787-1807* (CONSTABLE, 18/-), and only noting what they always knew well, that SCOTT'S honour remains unassailable, will turn with relief to the heart of the book where are familiar letters which Professor H. J. C. GRIERSON has freed from the "manipulation" inflicted by earlier editors, and others now first published that have been gathered together from the corners of the earth. Here in the spontaneous gaiety yet allied with something that in a lesser man might be called pomposity, in the completeness of the thought conveyed by the balanced phrases, and most of all in a whole world of underlying chivalrous knightly implications, one discovers the SCOTT one knows. From year to year in this volume lore of the countryside crystallises to a delight in legend-haunted localities, zest for local history develops into a joy in traditional ballads, the collecting of ballads gives birth to his own narrative verse, and finally the flowing SCOTT poem leads to the SCOTT historical romance.



"DOCTOR, WAS MY LIFE *really* IN DANGER?"
"MADAM, I VISITED YOU TWICE A DAY."

Californian and Cosmopolitan.

It is a compliment, but, I admit, a left-handed one, to Mrs. GERTRUDE ATHERTON to maintain that her reminiscences have not on the whole the fascination of her novels. She apparently led an unhappy childhood as the incumbrance—if I may use so Copperfieldian a phrase—of an unfortunate Californian belle who damned herself socially by obtaining a divorce in the sixties and marrying again

with equal infelicity. Of both households GERTRUDE—on her own showing something of a "limb"—succeeded in choosing the worser part, finally carrying off a young suitor of her mother's, to the relief of his half-Spanish and wholly Catholic family. The ATHERTON *ménage*, with its overbearing matriarch and brilliant daughters, proved an unrivalled source of later literary achievement; but at the time it weighed harshly enough on a highly temperamental young free-lance who never seems to have found herself except in her books. The tragic death of her husband turned a Californian into a cosmopolitan, and henceforth Mrs. ATHERTON'S story becomes part of that shifting panorama of Europeanized American life which gave us such notable artists as HENRY JAMES, ABBEY and SARGENT. But it is for its Californian memories, the art they inspired, and that art's fecundity in literary relations that *Adventures of a Novelist* (CAPE, 15/-) strikes me as chiefly remarkable.

Farnological Romance.

I have not met *Charmian, Lady Vibart* (SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & Co., 7/6) in any previous book by Mr. JEFFERY FARNOL, but, from internal evidence, feel sure that all his own wide public must know the lady well already. Here she is forty-three, and that her charms seem to me a little more in rumour than in evidence has nothing to do with that fact or our lack of earlier acquaintanceship, but is the fault of the half-coy and wholly superficial attitude of her creator. The story, which, in spite of the dark places over which it glides, is a pretty—very nearly a pretty-pretty—one, tells how *Charmian* and her husband, just having quarrelled, hear that their only son, in Paris, has become involved in a duel with one of his mother's early and most unpleasant admirers. *Sir Peter* and *Charmian* both cross the Channel as fast as the traffic conditions of their period permit and, he with straightforward clumsiness and she with guile and feminine appeal, both attack the problem of saving the boy's life and honour. The results are of the happiest. The wicked suitor makes full amends and dies, the son is saved, husband and wife are in each other's arms. But what really interests me most is the fact that here yet once more, and probably for the last time in fiction, we have a heroine who "sank into a merciful oblivion."



"PARDON CRITICISM FROM A TOTAL STRANGER, BUT I THINK YOU ARE LIFTING YOUR ARMS A LITTLE BIT TOO MUCH OUT OF THE WATER."
"WELL, IF YOU KNOW OF A BETTER WAY OF DROWNING THAN THIS YOU MIGHT TELL ME ABOUT IT."

Mummery in Miniature.

Perhaps the youngsters of the near future in rebellion against the entirely passive character of their recreations—radio, television and, for all we know, long-distance tasting and smelling—may be drawn again to the pasteboard "juvenile theatre," of which Mr. A. E. WILSON, turning from his professional preoccupation with the legitimate, gives us a most readable, enthusiastic and conscientious history in *Penny Plain, Twopence Coloured* (HARRAP, 21/-). Meanwhile, alas! the glory has departed. The SKELTS, HODSONS, WEBBS and POLLARDS are no more—the surviving WEBB is a mere newsagent and tobacconist. Collectors, on the prowl for bargains, alone seem to be actively interested. Yet—to say nothing of R. L. S.—ELLEN TERRY, GORDON CRAIG, GILBERT CHESTERTON, WINSTON CHURCHILL and C. B. COCHRAN (with his school-fellow, AUBREY BEARDSLEY, designing the scenes and puppets) are among those who have played enthusiastically with this magic little theatre of make-believe. And possibly you did not know, as I confess I did not, that BLAKE did not disdain to work for it; and very spirited and dramatic his characters are, as reproduced in Mr. WILSON'S admirably-illustrated pages.

To the Manor Born.

Mr. Ockham had carried frugality to such a pitch at Mapleden Hall that when he died it was generally supposed that his widow and three daughters would be poor. But Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL has a quick surprise for those who read *The Lady of the Manor* (COLLINS, 7/6). In short, the curmudgeonly *Ockham* had been a wealthy man, though in his will he behaved none too generously to *Mrs. Ockham*. True that he made reasonable provision for her, but Mapleden Hall, with its income of some six or seven thousand a year, was bequeathed to his eldest daughter, *Catharine*, as soon as she came of age. No wonder that the *Ockhams* revelled in their change of fortune; and no one could describe more skilfully than Mr. MARSHALL the pleasure they derived from taking their proper place in county society in spite of the clash between *Catharine*, when she came into her inheritance, and her mother, who naturally resented playing second fiddle. Mr. MARSHALL tells the story of the *Ockhams* with ease and conviction, and even if his solution of *Catharine's* difficulties may be a little too facile for all tastes it is quite obviously the right and proper one.

Suspense.

When *Herbert Sterron*, of Ferris Court, was found hanged in his own study it was reasonable to suppose that he had committed suicide. Suspicious circumstances, however, cropped up, and in *The Hanging Captain* (CONSTABLE, 7/6) Mr. HENRY WADE breaks new ground in detective fiction by allowing the local police to show more intelligence than the Inspector from New Scotland Yard. Sensational novelists as a rule hold up local policemen to such determined ridicule that I congratulate Mr. WADE on leaving the beaten track and endowing them with considerable astuteness.

Mr. Punch extends a warm welcome to *Easy Warriors* (METHUEN, 5/-), a collection of military articles by ANTHONY ARMSTRONG. All but two have appeared in his pages.

CHARIVARIA.

As we go to press there still seems to be some uncertainty as to which horse will win the Cesarewitch.

* * *

Gorillas at the Zoo have been shown a jungle-film; but we advocate a strict censorship of Hollywood productions before they are classified as fit for apes.

* * *

A gossip-writer says he has not seen Mr. LLOYD GEORGE for two years. Gossip-writers seem to have their secret sorrows like the rest of us.

* * *

"There is no real beauty without intelligence," says a writer. We hear that a girl recently entered a London hairdressing establishment and asked for a brainwave.

* * *

In connection with the accelerated speed schedules of the London General Omnibus Company, we understand that passengers are to be requested to pass faster down the car.

* * *

Paintings by a bus-driver which have been exhibited illustrate *Pilgrim's Progress*. It is a profound thought that BUNYAN didn't visualise the *Pilgrim* as a passenger.

* * *

Stamps issued by the new State of Manchukuo have been ignored by the Chinese postal authorities. Philatelists should lose no time in securing ignored Manchukuos.

* * *

Muffins and crumpets, it is stated, have the greatest sale in Croydon, with Brixton second. "Croydon for Crumpets" should be the borough slogan.

* * *

An operatic singer mentions that she eats every day a vegetable soup that can almost be cut with a knife. A speciality of our cook's is a steak that can almost be cut with a knife.

* * *

Attention is drawn to the bay-trees in tubs which have been placed beneath the portico of the British Museum. Our advice is that a sharp look-out should be kept for Bloomsbury poets who may be tempted to appropriate the leaves.

* * *

According to an authority of the American Dental Association, GEORGE WASHINGTON'S false teeth were hinged together with a strong spring which occasionally opened wide and left him with his mouth agape and unable to close it. This throws a new light on his alleged inability to tell a lie.

* * *

For film purposes, we are told, an old English public-house has been transported to Hollywood, lock, stock and barrel. We have our doubts about the stock and the barrel.

* * *

"Spectators on Horses and Cows on the Fairway" was a recent headline. Nothing is more calculated to put golfers off their game than the appearance of spectators on cowback.

* * *

The public is now to be admitted to the famous No. 1 studio at Broadcasting House. We learn that there will be no extra charge for those who wish to view the announcer of the Fat Stock Prices.

* * *

Dr. JOHANNES WINKLER is confident that it is possible to build a passenger-carrying projectile capable of reaching the moon in three or four days. Anybody can have our seat.



Shortsighted Sportsman. "I MAY BE WRONG, BUT THE BIRDS SEEM TO BE FLYING VERY HIGH THIS YEAR."

In connection with the candidatures of Mr. FRANKLYN D. ROOSEVELT and Mr. HOOVER for the Presidency, we gather from the Press that unless they are very careful one of them is going to get elected.

* * *

It is announced that milk will be sevenpence a quart this winter. We shall expect a better yodel for that.

* * *

A debating society in Hampshire has come to the decision that there is more good music in the saxophone than most people imagine. Then why isn't some of it allowed to come out?

* * *

The All-England Angling Championship was won by Loughborough A.A., when the contest was held in their home waters. The question arises: Do fish show favouritism?

* * *

An order has been issued at Hythe requiring that dogs should be refused admission to cinemas. No exception is to be made for dogs accompanied by their parents.

* * *

A film was booed in a London cinema recently. It is only fair to state that the players remained calm and attempted no reprisals apart from carrying on with the picture.

* * *

A Glasgow resident is reported to have bought a motor-tyre for a shilling. We predict an early lament when no fewer than twa saxpences go bang all at once.

* * *

An angry telephone-subscriber wishes to say that he begins to suspect that the telephone-exchange is not on the telephone.

* * *

Messrs. NATHAN, the New York ironworkers, have no fewer than sixteen members of the family in the business. It looks like a League of NATHANS.

* * *

Fortune-tellers, it is stated, are causing the police a great deal of anxiety. It seems odd that such a fine body of men should be troubled by superstitious fears.

* * *

A dramatist declares that he will write a play in which all the characters are perfectly virtuous. A note will of course be inserted in the programme to say that no reflection is intended on any living person.

SECESSIONAL.

A LIGHT DIRGE, INDICATIVE OF MUTUAL RESIGNATION, COMPOSED FOR THE SAMUELITES.

Into the wilderness off they tramp
(Not an address that I should choose),
Shaking the dust of the National camp
Out of their old-time Party shoes;
Bound for the desert waste they go
To breathe the freedom of open spaces—
Endless bunkers of sand and no
Sort of oasis.

Calm was the exit each man made,
Nothing of heat or ruffled hairs;
Colleagues, left in the lurch, displayed
A resignation as cool as theirs;
It didn't produce one sob or bleat,
This sacrifice to an outworn fetish,
But from the parting they sucked a sweet
Sorrow—or sweetish.

Cabinet rank (for their country's weal)
These patriots took in her hour of Fate;
Try as they will, they can't conceal
The passionate love they bear the State;
England, with such to guard her peace,
Need fear no foe that attempts to biff her;
Meanwhile from a farce all find release
And agree to agree it was time to cease
"Agreeing to differ." O. S.

HINTS FOR A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

FISHIN'.

Do you know the serene joy of a day by the river, as you sit rod in hand with the water rippling at your feet, the lush grass at your back, the air full of the sweet scent of bog-myrtle and meadow-pipit? Have you ever thrilled to the long combat with giant salmon or trout as you stand hour after hour among the Highland cattle, their grave kindly faces turned to watch your every movement? If not, read on.

I propose to confine my observations in this article to river-fishing. There is something—shall I say?—definitely of the people about fishing for dabs from a pier; and as for deep-sea fish, no *gentleman*, I take it, would gladly allow himself to be towed for miles in an open boat by a tarpon. There are plenty of books for the class of person to whom that kind of thing appeals.*

To proceed, fish are taken on a hook. In the bad old days before the introduction of baiting much time and patience were expended in drawing the hook again and again through the water on the off-chance of its catching in the outlying portions of a passing fish. Nowadays bait is used to induce the fish to impale himself, and our first task must be to inquire what kinds of bait give the best results. Obviously we must know the likes and dislikes of fish. What's sauce to the goose is another man's poison, and it is idle to try to judge the tastes of a trout from our own. If you are out to land a millionaire or catch a two-hundred-pound stockbroker in the lunch-hour there may be some sense in dangling *pâté de foie gras* under his nose, but fish have simpler tastes.

And even they are not unanimous. Roach are satisfied with paste, but the wary trout is more particular. You can cast your bread on the water but you won't make him bite; what he wants is flies. And don't make the mistake of serving up dry fly immediately after rain; he knows as well as you do that all the genuine ones will be wet. Salmon are very partial to a bundle of highly-coloured wool garnished with peacocks' feathers, and a great deal of rubbish has been talked on the subject of what they mistake it for. You might just as well suppose that a stockbroker, to revert to my previous instance, hangs back when a dish of sheep's brains is laid before him for the first time until he has satisfied himself that it is really only cauliflower. Actually he says, "This looks good," and snaps it up; and such, in my submission, is the reaction of a salmon when the Blue Doctor or the Parson swims into his ken. Something a bit gaudy is all he asks for. So hang your Christmas tie on the line and leave the rest to Nature. It is a solemn fact (while I am on the subject of bait) that eels are caught by ramming wool into the middle of a clot of worms, letting the whole caboodle down into the water and waiting until their teeth get entangled in the worsted. Important.

On getting a bite you must strike and strike quickly, *i.e.*, you must jerk the rod sharply upwards with the object of fixing the hook more firmly in the fish's mouth. But beware of striking too violently, for the action will whip a small fish clean out of the water, and it may be a case of taking the bream out of one eye in order that you may see clearly to remove the float that is in your other eye. Hook him gently and play him with a delicate touch as you would an ordinary wind instrument. Large fish often resist for hours, and only the most accomplished angler can hope to land these monsters if the orthodox tackle is employed. For beginners the best plan is to use wire instead of gut for the line, connect it up with a small battery kept in the pocket and electrocute any fish which shows signs of becoming troublesome. In this, as in so many other ways, Science has come to the aid of the sportsman. Having hauled your victim inshore and lifted him on to the bank by means of the gasket,* an ingenious combination of gaff and basket, you may dig your heel into the ground and claim a Fair Catch.

Your next care must be to ascertain the size of the catch. Several varieties of fresh-water fish can be weighed on the scales which fall from their eyes the moment they find themselves on dry land, but in cases where this wonderful provision of nature does not exist the following table will be found useful. It is built up on the assumption that an inch is as good as an eel—a commonplace with anglers:—

2 gills	= 1 jack.
2 jacks	= 1 cod, sole or perch.
2 soles	= 2 sq. eels (or 1 pr. feet).
640 eels	= 1 sq. meal.

Those who are unable through some mathematical debility to make adequate use of this table generally measure the fish carefully with a foot-rule and deduct a couple of inches to allow for shrinkage.

"Study to be quiet," said IZAAK WALTON, and to this day many a timid angler goes stealthily about his work in imitation of the Master. But listen to what RICHARD JEFFERIES has to say: "The thud, thud of a horse's hoof does not alarm fish. Basking in the sun under the bank, a jack or pike lying close to the surface will remain unmoved . . . but if the light step of a man approach, away he goes." Now perhaps you will understand why you may sometimes see a red-faced man with flies in his hat clumping about on all-fours beside a stream; there, if anywhere, goes the expert fisherman.

Three more tips and I am done. Don't eat pikelets out of season. Don't ask people with refined accents if they are good at playing dace—you may get stung for a lot of money. And don't bother your head too much about Ichthyology and Pisciculture.

What I said the other day about rough shooting applies with even greater force to coarse fishing. Try to be nice.

A Background for De Valera.

"At a meeting of the Committee of Management of the —— Mental Hospital the following resolution was passed unanimously:—'That we, the members of the Committee of Management of the —— Mental Hospital, tender our congratulations and pledge unswerving loyalty to President de Valera and his Executive.'"—*Irish Paper.*

* *Some Funny Tunny* and *The Hake's Progress* are among the most readable of my earlier works.

* The gudgeon-pin is used for smaller fish.



EQUAL HARPS FOR ALL.

Germany. "I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL AND PLAY AN INSTRUMENT OF PEACE. BUT IF THEY WON'T LET ME HAVE ONE OF THE SAME SIZE AS THEIRS I SHALL GO ON BEATING THIS."



"I'VE ASKED YOU DOWN, MR. JONES, THAT YOU MAY SEE THE RESULT OF YOUR GAMBOLS OVERHEAD."
"WELL, I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT. I WAS ONLY TRYING TO KILL A WASP."
"WAS THE WASP SUPPOSED TO BE IN YOUR FLAT OR MINE?"

JOHN PEEL'S COUNTRY.

HERE bare and bluff
And as old as Time
The hills are rough
And steep to climb;
But it's JOHN PEEL'S country—at breath of morn
There stands not a rock but rings to his horn;
It is JOHN PEEL'S country, and here he was born.

By Troutbeck's bounds
And over Skiddaw
He would come with his hounds
And here he would draw;
For it's JOHN PEEL'S country—and still to this day
There are those who can see him, ghost-like and grey,
High on a crag-top blowing them away

There's a new pack now
On Lakeland ground
And a rare tow-row
When a fox is found;
But it's JOHN PEEL'S country—and "Bellman" and "True"
May be still seen flying as of old they flew
To the trusted horn that their huntsman blew.

Its screes are a baulk
To the strongest stride
And it's steep to walk
And it's rough to ride;
But it's JOHN PEEL'S country—and those who love a hound,
And twenty miles of mountain to ring the music round
For ever and for ever will hold it hallowed ground. W. H. O.

A Ticklish Living.

". . . the native was miserably poor beyond the range of modern conception. When clothed in skins or not at all he and his family scratched a precarious existence from the soil or from his flocks and herds."
Daily Paper.

"Mother adored to have our children spend the day with her, and always sent them home with scrap-books, pastries and treasures which she had saved from my childhood."
Magazine Story.

But despite her care the pastries had got rather chipped.

LETTER TO A TAX-COLLECTOR.

DEAR OLD BOY,—So sorry I was out when you called. But Bertha gave me your dear little red letter about distraint. (What, by the way, do you propose to distrain? Whatever you take you'll have to sell, you know, and personally we find it extremely difficult to sell anything these days. We have an old motor-boat which simply nobody will buy. True, she is not so seaworthy as she was, but with goodwill and a saucepan she can be kept afloat for hours. Also the engine is on the old-fashioned and *outré* side; or so I gather from the people who come and inspect it—I do not know much about engines myself. It has one cylinder only, but I maintain that it is a good one. Buyers, however, generally insist on taking off the head, top or whatnot and peering inside. What they see in there I have never discovered, but it always has the strangest effect upon them. They raise their eyebrows and give a sort of shudder, as if they had seen some sort of obscene monster; then they say "Golly!" and go away without

another word. Most extraordinary. And some of them don't like the little plants and bits of moss which grow in the lower parts of the boat. Personally I like them very much. But there it is. And there is the boat. And when you start removing my belongings I beg that you will start with the boat. The CHANCELLOR, I think, will like it. Bertha has the key.)

But what I wanted to see you about was this. You say I owe you money. A debatable point; but we won't rake up the old argument about that. What is quite certain is that a large number of people owe me money *which I am quite unable to get*. Putting it pretty bluntly, there are on my books (or would be if I kept any books) a number of baddish debts. Added together these debts amount to much more than the alleged sum owing from me to you. Now I am hopeless at collecting debts. You, on the other hand, are good at it. I have a foolish delicacy about asking a fellow-man for money; it does not seem to worry you. In any case I am too busy; but you, I believe, have nothing else to do. So what I propose to do is to hand over all these debts to you and let *you* collect them; and I am prepared to accept this arrangement in full discharge of income-tax. The principal debts are as follow:—

(1) The Huns owe me money. Last spring I had a small dramatic work performed in Berlin, and some other Hun-town whose name I forget. I can't get a bean out of them. They have some barbarous law against letting their money out of the country. But there is no law against their coming over here and drawing large fees and royalties as producers, conductors, authors, etc., and popping back to Hun-land with our money and, as a rule, without payment of income-tax. When they want to have an army they are a normal civilised state deserving all the rights of a civilised state, including an expensive army; but when they owe me money they are a poor bankrupt down-trodden nation that cannot honour contracts in the ordinary civilised way.

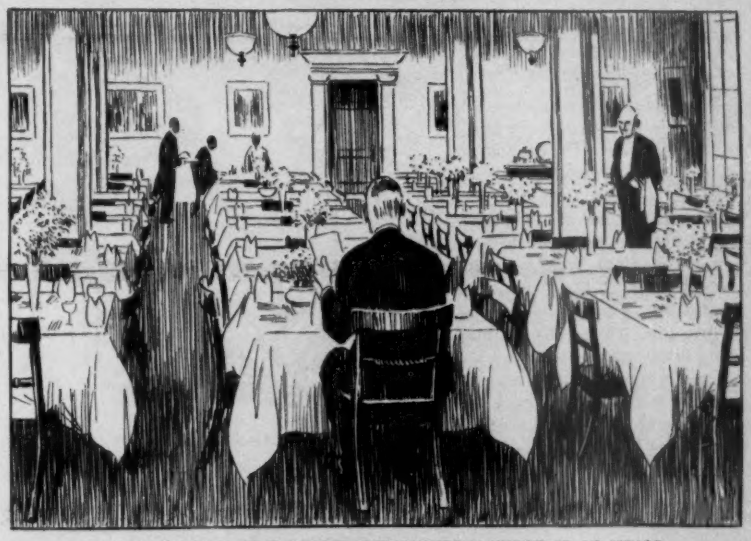
Well, they may bamboozle the Foreign Office with this sort of stuff, but not me. If they can't pay cash, I have told them I will take it out in Rhine-wine; but not a bottle have they sent. And the maddening thing is that I don't even know how much they owe me; for they won't even send any returns! But I put it at about fifty pounds; and you can have it, old boy.

(2) Anyone who is connected with the theatre for a fortnight is reputed to be immensely rich, though as a rule by the time he gives the final party for the leading lady the poor fish is generally out of pocket. When it got about that I had been performed in Hun-land a great many old friends had sudden financial reverses and unavoidable misfortunes. As a result I have quite a little collection of post-dated cheques marked "R.D." in my drawer. I send them to my bank now and then, but I shall soon have to give up that or there will be nothing visible upon them but the rather dreary message, "R.D." But they should interest you as a collector, and I am endorsing them to you, old boy. Total, about seventy-five pounds.

THE WAYS OF THE ENGLISH HOTEL.



AFTER ONE HAS BEEN ALLOTTED, AS A TREMENDOUS FAVOUR, THE LAST AVAILABLE BEDROOM—



IT IS SURPRISING HOW LITTLE OVERCROWDING THERE IS AT MEALS.

(3) My debt to you is now very much more than settled; but you deserve a little bonus, and I don't mind throwing in as well the twenty-five pounds I am owed over another theatrical venture—British, I regret to say.

(4) I am also owed a large sum by the Americans; but I still hope to get that. So there it is in the back-ground if you should have any difficulty with the others. Enclosed please find the relevant documents. And now, I hope, I shall be left in peace.

Dash it all, you shall have the motor-boat as well!

Yours ever, A. P. H.

AND NOW ALL THIS.

IV.

Extracts from Vol. I. of "The Hole Pocket Treasury of Absolutely General Knowledge,"

by the Authors of

"1066 AND ALL THAT."

GEOGRAPHY, PART II.

I.—CONCEIVABLE COUNTRIES.

SOMEHOW or other a large number of countries have managed to worm their way into or in between the Geographical Things mentioned in Geography, Part I. Very few of them, however, are Absolutely General Knowledge.

We shall describe, therefore, some of the more conceivable countries only (omitting Latvia, Lithuania, Ireland, Poland, Germany, etc. as being insufficiently typical of countries in general or even of themselves).

FRANCE.

PRINCIPAL IMPORTS: *La Gloire, les Pourboires.*

PRINCIPAL EXPORTS: *Les Belles Lettres, Les Beaux Gestes, Les Bonjours et les Babas au Rhum.*

Political Divisions.—The country is remarkable for being divided into *Compartments* (*Hommes* 40—*Chevaux* 8).

Rivers.—These include the Seine, memorable for its splendid Bridges, the most famous being the *Pont Neuf*, though the others, *e.g.*, the *Pont-et-un*, *Pont-deux*, *Pont-trois*, *Pont-quatre*, etc., are worth enumerating occasionally.

Costume.—*Le smoking, les golfings, le boating* (all *high-life*) and the sky-blue uniforms of the soldiers (*overcôtes d'azur*).



CHIEF INDUSTRY OF SPAIN.

Sports.—*Le cyclisme, le tourisme, le footing, le dancing, heid and sieck*, etc., all of which can be done without a dictionary.

Fauna.—The irritating little *bêtes-noires*, the disappointing fishes called *poissons d'Avril*, and, among birds, the elusive *mallard imaginaire* (Eng. Bombay Duck.

SWITZERLAND.

Configuration.—Switzerland is divided into (1) The famous climbing and skiing district known (for Shorts) as the Bareknese Oberland, and (2) The famous skiing and climbing district gloomily referred to by the Swiss as the English Ingedean.

Towns (*or Thuns*).—The most geographical town is Geneva, which is the Seat of the League of Nations and thus known as the Home of Lost Clauses. It is distinguishable by the gigantic Protocol or secret palace built (by Santa Clause) for the League of Nations to make treaties against each other in.

Language.—None. *On parle Français; Mann spricht Deutsch; Englishspok.*

Government.—Switzerland is ruled by the Alpine and Ski Clubs of various races, operated by Guides and Kurvereins, which provide snow, ice, curves, etc., as required and maintain all glaciers, crevasses, avalanches, etc., in working order.

Current Coin.—English Cheques, Swiss Francs, German Marks, Norwegian Telemarks.

National Anthem.—*Funiculi-funicular.*

Days of the Week.—Lunnday, Murrenday, Lugesday, Wengensday, Thawday, Freidegg and Scheidegg.

SPAIN.

Capital.—Madrid was deliberately chosen (by CHARLES V.) as the capital city on the ground that it was *plumb in the middle*—a reason which, we venture to say, would not have been considered valid (Sp. *valladolid*) in any other country.

Inhabitants, Industries, etc.—Coming of a haughty, sombre and somewhat cynical stock (especially the Undelusians of the South), the Spaniard is always a perfect gentleman, proud of his skill as a Robber (Sp. *Picador*), or Postman (*Ratatatador*) or Lorry-driver (*Lorreador dos Autos da Fé*), or Pullman attendant (*Correador*). The truth however is that they are all engaged in the *Mañana* Industry—carried on preferably in comfortable sunny places such as parks and open-air cafés (Sp. *Outadors*).

Exports.—The Spanish are too proud to export anything, but permit the English to come and fetch sherry as required.

Imports.—Rain, Borrowed Bibles and anything else permitted by the Old Spanish Customs.

National Diet.—Sherry, Onions, Oranges and Cascara Sagrada Mañana.

II.—INSCRUTABLE PLACES.

The authors were gratified to find after the briefest attempt to scrutinise it, that the East is, as everybody knows, Inscrutable.

A similar attempt to scrutinise Russia, *and subsequently America*, led the authors to the same rather consoling conclusion, namely, that they are, for the present at least, *quite inscrutable.*

It is, however, possible to distinguish between the old Russia with its old capital, St. Petersburg, renamed Petrograd, and the new Russia, with its new capital Leningrad, or possibly Stalingrad, and likely to be renamed again and again every Five Years, according to Plan, as the country becomes progressively less and less retrograd.

SPECIAL APPENDIX ON THE CLIMATE OF INDIA.

India is really part of the Inscrutable East, so that writers can, and mostly do, say anything they like about it, however inscrutable.

We will therefore state fearlessly that the climate of India is very hot (especially during the Hot Weather); and also rather cold (especially during the Cold Weather). For months no rain falls (during the Dry Weather); at other times nothing else falls (and this is called, with Oriental subtlety, the Wet Weather).

Sunset in India occurs with mysterious suddenness, and is succeeded at once by the mysterious Eastern *Night*, which is in turn brought savagely to an end by the pitiless Eastern *Day*.

And this has been going on, mysteriously, since time inscrutable. No one can stop it.

Note.—The Thing which causes all the Wet Weather, climate, etc., in



Wife of Health-Faddist. "HENRY, IF YOU *will* KEEP DRIVING ALONG THESE TWISTY LITTLE LANES, HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME TO KEEP ASLEEP WITH MY HEAD TO THE NORTH?"

India is called *The Mongoose*. All depends on what this bothersome Thing is up to; whenever it gets the answer wrong (*Rongoose*) there are fearful thunderbursts, bunderbusts, etc.; dams and irritation works are hastily started by the Government and the native soldiers commit Puttee to propitiate it. But nothing avails till the Mongoose gets itself into a favourable condition again (Bongoose).

PRIVATE LIVES.

(With sincere sympathy for our Test Team on the "Orontes.")

THE cream of English cricketers, the Knights of Ball and Bat,
Have sailed away to battle for their country—and all that;
Impatiently we waited for their ultimate selection;
The Press has fanned our interest to something like affection;
But lest the Public mind forget (you know how like a sieve it is)
A correspondent chronicles their personal activities.

We hear that every one of them enjoys the liner's games;
Here's MAURICE LEYLAND (illustrated) playing quoits with AMES;
While BROWN and HAMMOND (WALLY) have become inseparable—
Conceive them arm-in-arm on deck and side-by-side at table!
VOCE, "lightly clad," is "much admired" for muscular agility,
And JARDINE "inspiration draws from Gib's impregnability."

Beau-Brummell-SUTCLIFFE's glossy hair's unruffled by the sports;
A county blazer DUCKWORTH wears and JARDINE (fancy!) shorts;
BILL BOWES, though studiously inclined, at any game on deck tackles
MITCHELL, the ship's accepted wit (the only two in spectacles);
And did you hear the dreadful thing that hefty fellow BROWN did?
He hurled a medicine-ball which struck a Pressman and rebounded!

But what they do postprandially we're simply left to guess;
Perhaps they settle down to draughts, or possibly to chess;
Does PAYNTER take a hand at bridge? Does ALLEN challenge HAMMOND
To friendly rivalry till one or other is backgammon'd?
And do they shine at parlour-tricks? Does WYATT sing? Or VERITY
Display his cunning finger-spin in sleight-of-hand dexterity?

I too for many weary miles on voyages have been,
And know this sort of thing is just an everyday routine;
Our cricketers must laugh to see their unpretentious capers,
Their muscles, clothes and *négligé* described in all the papers.
Perhaps I'm hypersensitive, pedantic and meticulous,
But are we not becoming just a little bit ridiculous?

Suicide on the Links.

"ENGLISH WOMEN'S GOLF.

Fourth Round—Miss Gourlay beat Miss Gourlay, 2 and 1."—*Edinburgh Paper.*

The Odour of Sanctity.

"Was duftet doch der Flieder (The Elder's Scent is waxing)."

Wireless Concert Programme.

"TRAINING COUNTS IN HOUSECRAFT."

Evening Paper.

Another proof of the social decline of foreign aristocrats.

"When children refuse to eat their cereal, try the stunt of serving a white cereal in a flat soup-plate, and making a face in the mixture."—*Montreal Paper.*

In our view children should be taught better manners, even to grape-nuts.

the times.

CONSTANT readers of THE TIMES must have noticed that during the last few days a mild though distinctly perceptible alteration in the type and title of that redoubtable organ has been made. But they will not be aware of the exact causes which have led to the change.

In order to prevent panic on the Stock Exchange and in diplomatic circles, I want to say a few words about the whole affair.

The fact is that the new title, apart from being a sensational novelty, is actually the result of a slow and continuous process of thought, the matured fruit, so to speak, of almost a hundred-and-fifty years of patient administrative care.

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At the end of three years it was felt that there was something unsatisfactory about this title, and a Round Table Conference was called to discover what. The suggestion finding most favour with the staff was that the title was not long enough, and a new block was cut, in Early Perpendicular lettering, as follows:—

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(PRINTED PALÆOLITHICALLY).

This entitlature surrounded the design of a lion and a unicorn, by the brothers ADAM—one of their last, though loveliest, works.

Some years later the secondary title was dropped in the composing-room at Printing House Square, and, though a long and earnest search was made, it could not be found again. It was resolved, therefore, to dispense with it. By this time, however, the neo-Byzantine movement in type architecture had set in and, carried away by the universal predilection for this unlovely phase of lettering, THE TIMES made its first bow to the world under the title

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the new lion and unicorn being by LANDSEER.

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The introduction of the Government Reform Bill by GLADSTONE in 1866 brought about many changes in political thought, but it was not until 1868, after the resignation of Lord DERBY and under the Premiership of DISRAELI, that any further remodelling of the entitlature was deemed desirable. Unhappily, before the reconstruction could be put in train DISRAELI had resigned and GLADSTONE had taken over the helm of State, so that a further delay ensued. But in 1870, after the passing of the Elementary Education Act, the recently-discarded lettering, viz. :

The Times

made its début and a bottle of champagne was broken over the senior compositor's head.

It might have been thought that finality had now been reached. But

"Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range;
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change,"

as Lord TENNYSON nobly sang. And as the years rolled by a host of imitators sprang up who copied the stately, if too flamboyant characters, employed by our principal daily journal, until it seemed possible that one good custom might corrupt the world.

With a heavy heart, then, but with a firm faith THE TIMES undertook a still further departure into the unknown, and will henceforward for the next few decades be published as

THE TIMES

though with a slightly altered lion and unicorn, both animals being photographed from living exemplars now in captivity at the Whipsnade Zoological Gardens, near Dunstable, in Bedfordshire. The clock above the index however will remain unaltered, the numbers (in roman type) running from I to XII in a right-handed circular direction, and the hands pointing to five minutes past six, the usual breakfast hour of thoughtful men. EVOE.

"When the Gangs Come to London."

"A tough of low pressure stretching from Iceland to S.W. Ireland is moving E."—*Daily Paper.*

". . . . This is serious, because we must depend on offertories to meet our expenses, until the Sale of Work, which takes place in October. . . .

I can give you no better message than our Motto for this year: 'Hold fast that which thou hast, that no one take thy crown.'"
Parish Magazine.

The reverend editor seems determined to make the silver collection a failure.



"'DON'T DO IT,' I SEZ TO 'ER, 'DON'T DO IT; IT DOESN'T DO;' NOR DO IT—DOES IT?"

A LAST ROUND WITH THE COLONEL.

I MUST confess that this title may be a somewhat misleading one, evoking perhaps visions of a final eighteen holes with that martial gentleman by whom we have for some years been worsted on the second Saturday in every other month (you know the cryptic entry you see in the Sunday papers, "Lower Toppington, M.B. A. Jones 3 down").

And now, so they tell us, the Colonel is to be retired and we who have been wont to writhe beneath his whips will soon be scarified by the scorpions of his successor. We may have called the Colonel a beast, but he was a just beast, and he had a few human failings—the eighth hole for instance. Only 380 yards, and yet the Colonel could never do it in less than 5. His second shot would go into one of the bunkers on either side of the green, or else career over into the ravine beyond, and, if occasionally he got on in two, he took three putts. Not so this Par.

So one can imagine a last sentimental round with the Colonel himself. There he stands on the tee with his white moustache, his red coat, his plaid knickerbockers, and the long spats concealing the upper parts of his boots. He takes out an ancient play-club, with a long whippy shaft and a thick leather grip; he holds it in the palm of both his hands and his swing is flat, easy and unhurried. Away goes the ball, surprisingly far, and straight, dead straight. And at the end we shall be 3 down again, even though we *have* won the eighth in 4. And then the final round of drinks in the club-house ("Well, perhaps just *one* more glass of Madeira," says the Colonel), the good-byes, the crunching on the gravel as an ancient fly bears him away. It is all too sad to contemplate and it is high time that fantasy gave way to fact. We must leave Bogey and turn to Benderton.

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The Times

This bold piece of lettering lasted for many years, in spite of the almost fanatical opposition of Palmerston and Peel.

The introduction of the Government Reform Bill by Gladstone in 1866 brought about many changes in political thought, but it was not until 1868, after the resignation of Lord Derby and under the Premiership of Disraeli, that any further remodelling of the entitlature was deemed desirable. Unhappily, before the reconstruction could be put in train Disraeli had resigned and Gladstone had taken over the helm of State, so that a further delay ensued. But in 1870, after the passing of the Elementary Education Act, the recently-discarded lettering, viz. :

The Times

made its début and a bottle of champagne was broken over the senior compositor's head.

It might have been thought that finality had now been reached. But

"Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range;
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change,"

as Lord Tennyson nobly sang. And as the years rolled by a host of imitators sprang up who copied the stately, if too flamboyant characters, employed by our principal daily journal, until it seemed possible that one good custom might corrupt the world.

With a heavy heart, then, but with a firm faith The Times undertook a still further departure into the unknown, and will henceforward for the next few decades be published as

THE TIMES

though with a slightly altered lion and unicorn, both animals being photographed from living exemplars now in captivity at the Whipsnade Zoological Gardens, near Dunstable, in Bedfordshire. The clock above the index however will remain unaltered, the numbers (in roman type) running from I to XII in a right-handed circular direction, and the hands pointing to five minutes past six, the usual breakfast hour of thoughtful men.

Evoe.

"When the Gangs Come to London."

"A tough of low pressure stretching from Iceland to S.W. Ireland is moving E."—*Daily Paper.*

". . . . This is serious, because we must depend on offertories to meet our expenses, until the Sale of Work, which takes place in October. . . .

I can give you no better message than our Motto for this year: 'Hold fast that which thou hast, that no one take thy crown.'"
Parish Magazine.

The reverend editor seems determined to make the silver collection a failure.



"'DON'T DO IT,' I SEZ TO 'ER, 'DON'T DO IT; IT DOESN'T DO;' NOR DO IT—DOES IT?"

A LAST ROUND WITH THE COLONEL.

I MUST confess that this title may be a somewhat misleading one, evoking perhaps visions of a final eighteen holes with that martial gentleman by whom we have for some years been worsted on the second Saturday in every other month (you know the cryptic entry you see in the Sunday papers, "Lower Toppington, M.B. A. Jones 3 down").

And now, so they tell us, the Colonel is to be retired and we who have been wont to writhe beneath his whips will soon be scarified by the scorpions of his successor. We may have called the Colonel a beast, but he was a just beast, and he had a few human failings—the eighth hole for instance. Only 380 yards, and yet the Colonel could never do it in less than 5. His second shot would go into one of the bunkers on either side of the green, or else career over into the ravine beyond, and, if occasionally he got on in two, he took three putts. Not so this Par.

So one can imagine a last sentimental round with the Colonel himself. There he stands on the tee with his white moustache, his red coat, his plaid knickerbockers, and the long spats concealing the upper parts of his boots. He takes out an ancient play-club, with a long whippy shaft and a thick leather grip; he holds it in the palm of both his hands and his swing is flat, easy and unhurried. Away goes the ball, surprisingly far, and straight, dead straight. And at the end we shall be 3 down again, even though we *have* won the eighth in 4. And then the final round of drinks in the club-house ("Well, perhaps just *one* more glass of Madeira," says the Colonel), the good-byes, the crunching on the gravel as an ancient fly bears him away. It is all too sad to contemplate and it is high time that fantasy gave way to fact. We must leave Bogey and turn to Benderton.

Colonel Benderton never asks you to have a game. He issues a Special Order and, sober and properly dressed, you parade at the appointed time. The Colonel is a stickler for the strictest obedience to the laws of the game. He also stickles for the observance of its etiquette and for a decent regard for his own foibles; and such is the Colonel's personality that, when he putts, the lambs restrain their bleat, the engines of aeroplanes are switched off and no birds sing. Should some bystander as much as whisper while the Colonel is at his preparations the offender is withered with a look. If the withering is not successful the Colonel steps back from his ball and in clarion tones commands, "Order for the stroke!" The delinquent sinks into the ground and the game proceeds.

He is at his best and happiest when in command of a four-ball foursome. The players and their caddies move across the open at the regulation pace and at the prescribed intervals and distances. Occasionally the party is halted and orders are given for a stroke to be played, and woe betide the luckless recruit who addresses his ball when he is deemed to be a yard nearer the green than his left-hand file!

The Colonel's genius for tactical manœuvre is given full play at the fourteenth. To the lay mind it might appear as if all that had happened was that the Colonel had driven straight down the defile, that Smith and Brown had respectively hooked and sliced into the sand-hills to left and right and that Robinson had topped into the rushes twenty yards from the tee. But under the Colonel the thing assumes a special significance. He strides forward and, taking up his position on an eminence, surveys the scene. He makes a waving movement with his arms and lo! flanking parties appear on either wing. Anon arrives the rear-guard under Robinson, who reports the lines of communication to be intact, and Benderton's expeditionary force moves down on to the plains without the loss of a man.

The Colonel makes but one mistake. He should not walk round the course; he should be mounted on a charger.

Whether the Colonel has won or lost is of no moment to him; what does concern him is the behaviour of his troops. If he is satisfied he comes into the bar, has a small whisky-and-soda, abuses the Government and then bicycles home. If he is displeased he just bicycles home and you know you have played your last round with him.

The trouble with our course is that some of the fairways run nearly parallel to one another and the intervening rough can be carried by a strong but erratic player. These factors led to the unfortunate episodes which caused Tompkins to be struck off the Colonel's muster-roll. Not that Tompkins drove into the Colonel; he was playing with him at the time. But the finding of the Court was that in a moment of grave emergency his conduct had been altogether unbecoming.

The Colonel had just driven off the third tee and was poised at the finish of his swing when suddenly a ball struck the teeing-ground a bare two yards away. It gathered pace on pitching, turned slightly from the off and struck the Colonel on the fleshy part of the thigh. Tompkins says that his astonishment at not hearing a confident appeal for leg-before was lost in his admiration of the Colonel's vocabulary and of the rapid play of strongly-defined primitive emotions which chased one another across his face. They looked about them and there, far away up the first fairway, was a man endeavouring by waving a club in the air to signify sorrow, surprise and deep personal abasement. It was Greenberg, the Colonel's bugbear.

"Confound him!" roared the Colonel (expurgated). "By gad, I'll teach him a lesson! Can't go over to him now or we'll lose our place; but, by gad, afterwards! Drive off, you!" And Tompkins drove.

Greenberg's second scoring shot was a beauty and was made on to the eleventh green. Firmly struck and with heavy cut, it fell about chase better than two and took the Colonel on the calf as he was putting. A real winner all the way. Both Tompkins and the Colonel were certain it was Greenberg, but when the Colonel shouted at him he paid no attention but continued to walk up the ninth fairway pointing out some distant scenic beauty to his partner. A deep gloom settled over the Colonel's party and they marched at attention for the next few holes.

Tompkins thinks that Greenberg must have become over-confident, for his next attempt missed the Colonel by several feet. This was lucky, for it passed about head-high and travelling at a great pace. The effect on the Colonel was instantaneous. "Take the clubs in!" he ordered the caddies. "Follow me!" he said to Tompkins, and advanced upon the foe. They caught sight of Greenberg endeavouring to escape to the club-house by the nearest route, and set off in pursuit. He had a good start and had nearly reached his car when they came up with him. "Hi, you! Stop!" cried the Colonel, and strode towards his man with menacing gestures. In one of the more complicated of these the Colonel's thumb caught his watch-guard and it and his heavy gold watch were torn from their moorings and shot across the intervening space to fall at Greenberg's feet. Greenberg stooped down.

"You leave that watch alone!" bellowed the Colonel.

"Yes," said Tompkins; "after all, you haven't quite earned it. But if you ask the steward he will give you a nice cigar or a bag of nuts."

With a snort that defies description the Colonel picked up his goods and bicycled home.



Cobdenite Parrot (to Lord Robinson Crusoe). "THEIR FOOD WILL COST THEM MORE."

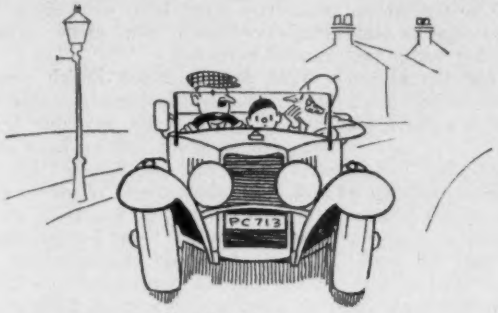
The Road-Hog Takes to the Water.

"£16 14ft. Motor Boar in good condition; 7 h.p. inboard engine."—*Hampshire Paper.*

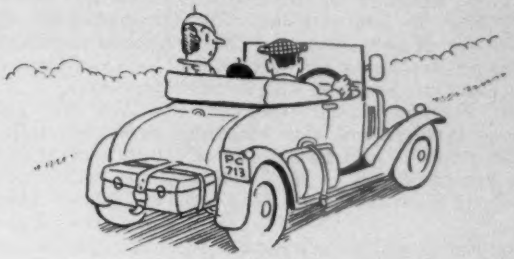
"OLD SHOE IN A LOAF NEARLY CAUSES A RIOT.
'SABOTAGE' BELIEF."—*Daily Paper.*

Was it really a wooden one?

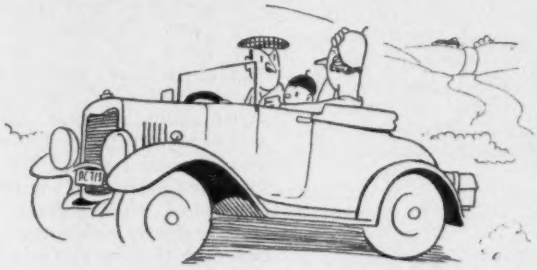
TOURING TROUBLES.



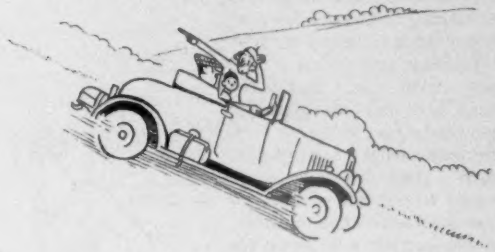
Sunday—
"GEORGE, I'VE FORGOTTEN MY TOOTHBRUSH!"



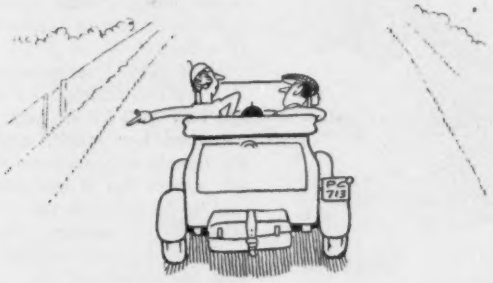
Monday—
"GEORGE, I'VE LEFT MY RAINCOAT AT THE HOTEL!"



Tuesday—
"GEORGE, I'VE LEFT MY SLIPPERS UNDER THE BED AT THE HOTEL!"



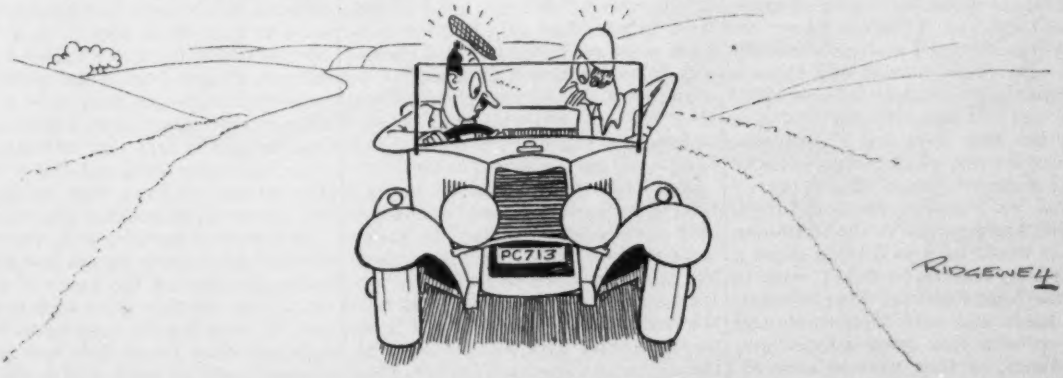
Wednesday—
"GEORGE, I FORGOT TO PACK YOUR PYJAMAS WHEN WE LEFT THE HOTEL THIS MORNING!"



Thursday—
"GEORGE, WHAT WAS THE NAME OF THAT LAST HOTEL? I DIDN'T PACK MY BLUE BLOUSE."



Friday—
"GEORGE, STOP! MY BAG! AT THE HOTEL!"



Saturday—
"GEORGE! THE CHILD!!!"

SIMPLE STORIES.

The Governess.

One day the Nanny who looked after Mr. Furbelow-Smith's two little boys came to him and said if you please Sir Master John and Master James are so naughty and troublesome that I can't do anything with them.

Mr. Furbelow-Smith, who was a famous barrister and very successful in murder cases, said well then I suppose you had better go and I will get somebody who *can* do something with them.

The Nanny said I don't want to go, because this is quite a good place and I get on very well with the other servants, and it suits us not having a mistress because we can do more what we like.

Well this was rather a sore point with Mr. Furbelow-Smith, as he had had to divorce Mrs. Furbelow-Smith for running away with a market-gardener. And he was quite pleased to get rid of her because she wasn't at all suitable, but she had left a letter on his dressing-table saying that he was so tempestuous that she would much prefer growing broccoli and carrots to putting up with him any longer, and the letter had had to be read out at the trial or he couldn't have divorced her, and the judge had had to stop people laughing in court, which Mr. Furbelow-Smith wasn't used to except when he made them laugh himself, and he had never been able to bear having Mrs. Furbelow-Smith's name mentioned in his presence since.

So his brow darkened when the Nanny said that about not having a mistress, and he said I don't care about what suits you or what doesn't suit you, if you can't keep two little boys in order I shall get somebody who can. And she said well there is no sense in getting tempestuous about it, I was just going to say that it is time the little boys had a governess, then all the rest of us can go on as we are, I will leave you to think it over.

Well Mr. Furbelow-Smith did think it over, and he came to the conclusion that it would be a good thing to get a governess, because he didn't want to lose the Nanny and the other servants, who made him very comfortable and put up with him being tempestuous sometimes, as they were so comfortable themselves. So he sent round to a Registry Office and ordered a good governess to be sent to him on appro., and they sent Miss Obelisk, who came in one afternoon while he was at the Law Courts, and by the time he came home she had chosen her room and unpacked her clothes and her photographs and knicknacks and had a hot bath and dressed herself in a nice frock for dinner.

Well Mr. Furbelow-Smith hadn't meant to engage her without doing a little cross-examination of her beforehand, which he was good at, being a well-known barrister, and he could soon have got at whether she had anything in her past that she was ashamed of, and whether she would be able to do anything with John and James. But he was rather tired, after defending a murderer all day, and before he knew what was happening Miss Obelisk was cross-examining *him*. And he answered a few of her questions and then his brow darkened and he said well now if you don't mind I should like to ask *you* a question or two.

And Miss Obelisk said all in good time, I have seen John and James and all I can say is that if that old Nanny can't manage two weedy little objects like them she can't be fit for her job. If they give *me* any trouble I shall take the skin off their backs, and I'll see that *you* don't have any trouble with them, or with the servants either. They all seem to be as lazy as they make them, but I will keep them up to their work and you will be far more comfortable with me here to look after things than you have been ever since Mrs. Furbelow-Smith ran away with a market-gardener.

Well Mr. Furbelow-Smith was so surprised at her daring to mention that that he couldn't say anything before she went on again, but his brow darkened again and he clenched his fist. And Miss Obelisk said oh don't show temper with me, it won't do at all. Now there is one thing I stipulate for if I consent to take this situation, and that is that you don't make love to me. I am a defenceless woman, fairly young and a good deal better-looking than most and you are quite a good-looking man for your age, and how Mrs. Furbelow-Smith can have left you for a market-gardener passes my comprehension. I have read up all about the trial and I said to myself that is just the sort of man I should like to have for a husband if I wanted a husband which I don't. So let it be clearly understood between us that we can admire each other without it going any further, and I don't see why we shouldn't get on splendidly together for say five years, when it will be about time for John and James to go to school.



"And Miss Obelisk said oh don't show temper with me, it won't do at all."

Well Mr. Furbelow-Smith was rather flattered by what she had said about him, and he liked her spirit, and he thought to himself I can easily get rid of her if she doesn't suit, so he said you needn't be afraid of me making love to you, some people might call you good-looking but your features belong rather too much to the horse tribe for my taste, and as I have tried married life once and didn't care about it I shouldn't want to take it on again. And Miss Obelisk said well I haven't tried it myself yet, though I have had plenty of opportunities, so we shall have something to agree about, and I dare say I shall be able to help you with some of your cases after John and James have gone to bed, as I am very intelligent and interested in criminal procedure.

So it worked out very well, and Miss Obelisk hadn't really meant that about taking the skin off the backs of John and James and they quite took to her. And she kept the servants up to their work and they found they had got a mistress again all right, and it was no good their complaining to Mr. Furbelow-Smith about her because she

did everything in the house while he was at the Law Courts, and when he came home at night she amused him and helped him with his cases. And once when a murderer he was defending seemed likely to get hanged, which would have done him harm in his profession, she thought of something he might say in his speech that would get him off. And he did get him off, and everybody said he was one of the greatest advocates of the day and ought to be made a judge. And that evening he took Miss Obelisk to the Opera as a reward and everybody saw them together in a box, and the next morning a gossip-writer with a title put it in his newspaper that they were engaged to be married.

Well Mr. Furbelow-Smith didn't read what the gossip-writer had written until he went to the Law Courts and another barrister showed it to him. And the other barrister said he had been at the Opera himself and seen Miss Obelisk, and he thought he couldn't do better. And Mr. Furbelow-Smith said to himself well *can* I do better? And he came to the conclusion that he couldn't. So he went home early that afternoon to propose to Miss Obelisk, but he found that she had packed up her clothes and photographs and knicknacks and left the house.

Well that brought it home to him that he was in love with her, which he hadn't suspected before, and he rushed upstairs to see if she had left a letter for him on his dressing-table, which she had. And in the letter she said that she should never be able to look him in the face again though she was passionately in love with him, but she knew it was no good as he had said she had a face like a horse.

Well Mr. Furbelow-Smith was terribly distressed at that and he engaged the most expensive firm of private detectives he could find to trace Miss Obelisk. And they were to give her a letter saying that it was all a mistake, because everybody's face partook of some tribe or other and it was nothing against them, he belonged to the bulldog tribe himself and the first Mrs. Furbelow-Smith had belonged to the sheep tribe, and he said he much preferred the horse-tribe sort of face in a woman to any other now, and would she overlook it and allow him to lead her to the altar?

So she did overlook it, when she was traced, and he did lead her to the altar. And soon afterwards he was made a judge and knighted, and Lady Furbelow-Smith said well now I shall let you attend to your cases yourself and see about getting into society. A. M.

The Gaitered Fraternity.

"Chauffeur wanted, town, mid. Oct., for 3 months. If Bishop available, address No. 1696."—*Advt. in Scots Paper.*

"Mr. Baldwin, Sir S. Hoarse and Lord Lothian were back in Whitehall early this morning."—*Evening Paper.*

We hope Sir Samuel let someone else speak for him.



Stout Person. "Any use trying to borrow a fiver off you?"
Scot. "Ay, the exercise will do ye guid."



"HERE'S A LOST BALL FOR YOU, DADDY. I PICKED IT UP OVER THERE."
"HOW D' YOU KNOW IT'S A LOST BALL?"
"'COS THERE'S TWO OLD GENTLEMEN LOOKING FOR IT."

SHIP MODELS.

I.—ROYAL YACHT (*Restoration Period*).

SAMUEL PEPYS, as all men know,
Loved ladies and ships in the long ago;
A rounded bosom, an ankle trim
Were toys that came not amiss to him;
And yet his soul took an equal joy
In frigate and first-rate, ketch and hoy—
Sweepstakes, *Orange-Tree*, *Garland*, *Hope*,
Unicorn, *Phœnix* and *Antelope*.

SAMUEL PEPYS, on the Sabbath Day,
When St. Olave's chime called folk to pray,
Forth from his house in Seething Lane
Churchward would pace with wig and cane,
Sober, sedate and dignified,
To his wonted seat by his lady's side.
And it well might be that once in a while,
When the preacher was dull and his matter was vile,
Good Master SAMUEL'S thoughts would wander
From the parson's droning, now here, now yonder—
To last night's music and dance and laughter,
To kisses he stole (and repented after),
To the fine new suit that so much became him,
And its cost, wherefor his wife did blame him,
And the sound of voices singing together
On the sunlit Pool in the summer weather
That day they rowed from the Tower in wherries
To kiss ripe lips and eat ripe cherries.
And then it might chance his mind would turn
On public matters of grave concern,
Like the latest trouble afoot—Od rat 'em!—
With the master-shipwrights down at Chatham,
And the plaguey waste of carving and gilding
On OLD ROWLEY'S yacht, just then a-building . . .
Till his periwigged pate drooped more and more
And SAMUEL PEPYS began to snore.

SAMUEL PEPYS—God rest his bones!—
Sleeps soundly under St. Olave's stones;
Folly and finery, feasting, fun,
The good and the bad of him all are done.
But here's the model he may have pondered
In his oaken pew while his fancy wandered
Of the new yacht building at Chatham Yard,
Curved like a lady, slender-sparred,
With her garlanded ports and her gilded galleries
And her figurehead with its carved fallaleries,
Her smirking Loves with their chubby paunches,
And Tritons blowing on fluted conches,
Just as they were in that vanished heyday
When SAMUEL PEPYS loved ship and lady—
Tall ship, fair lady, now long since passed
Where ships and ladies all wend at last.

C. F. S.

"WHY WOMEN DRINK COCKTAILS AND POWDER IN PUBLIC."—*Daily Paper.*

Because (obviously) a little is bound to drift off the nose into one's glass.



THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL.

FARMER GEORGE. "HULLO, SAMUEL! SO YOU 'VE COME BACK, HAVE YOU? WELL, I HOPE YOU 'VE BROUGHT YOUR OWN VEAL SANDWICHES WITH YOU."



DOMESTIC SCENE IN THE ALPES MARITIMES.

A RETIRED CROUPIER GIVES HIS GRANDCHILDREN A FEW HINTS ON THE USE OF THE RAKE.

BRIDGE AND THE LAW.

As a keen and tireless bridge-player I have long felt convinced of the salutary influence exercised by this popular game upon our national life and character. Patience, endurance and an almost superhuman self-restraint are among the virtues engendered round our card-tables. That man of whom it may be remarked in the club, "Ah! hark at old Bogglethwaite laughing—his partner must have revoked again," is one, depend upon it, who will bear fate's rudest buffets with courage and composure.

Spending as I do so many useful hours playing this game and reading articles about it in the papers, it has occurred to me that at least one well-known feature of bridge could with great advantage be grafted upon the procedure in our courts of law. Let me explain.

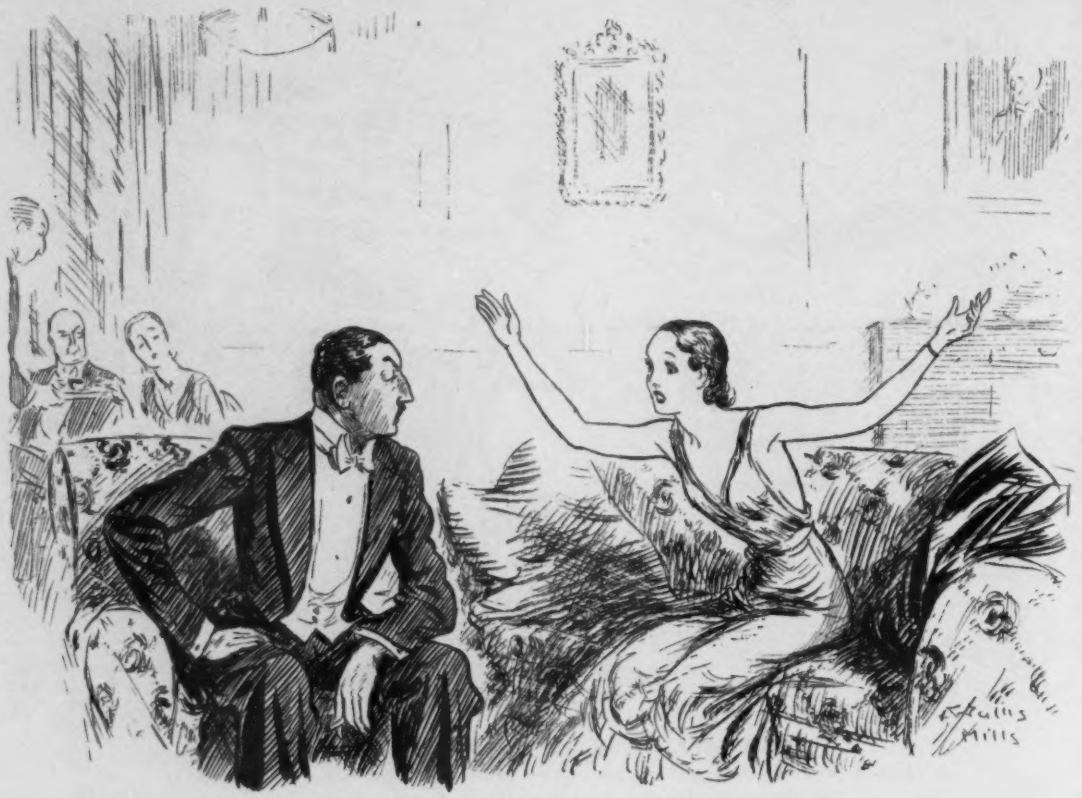
It has been pointed out as a blot upon our legal system that an accused person who establishes his innocence, often at great inconvenience and expense, can obtain no adequate redress. Solicitors and barristers rain their charges alike upon the just and the unjust. A harmless citizen inadvertently accused of arson or barratry who proves to the satisfaction of a jury that at the time the alleged offence was alleged to have been committed he was lying in a nursing-home undergoing an operation for alleged appendicitis cannot secure costs against the Crown. He leaves the court without a stain upon his character but with an ugly mark on his banking-account.

Now my proposal is this. At present an accused person is allowed only to plead "Guilty" or "Not Guilty." I suggest that when the charge is read out to him he may, if convinced of his innocence, have the option of retorting, "Not Guilty, and I double." The bidding is then closed and the case proceeds. If the prisoner is convicted he receives twice the appropriate sentence or pays a double fine. If acquitted he exacts from the prosecution twice the amount of his costs or of his moral damages, whichever is the larger sum—such damages to be assessed by the Court in proportion to the gravity of the offence with which he is charged. The equity, logic and engaging simplicity of this proposal must, I believe, commend it to all right-thinking persons.

Naturally the scheme might be developed and elaborated in certain directions. It might be considered advisable to allow the prosecution the option of redoubling. Possibly a doubler who is found guilty and is afterwards proved to have been previously convicted on a similar charge should be deemed to have been "vulnerable" and have his punishment increased accordingly. This would give the habitual offender something to think about before he overcalled his hand.

I foresee only one minor objection. In trials on the capital charge it might seem to involve some measure of unfairness to the prosecution, as where a conviction was obtained it might be difficult to enforce the double penalty. At the moment I do not exactly see how this snag is to be surmounted, but no doubt a panel of eminent and ingenious jurists, working in consultation with the Committee of the Portland Club, would quickly find a practicable solution. In any event it would be deplorable if so trifling a point were allowed to stand in the way of such an obviously beneficial reform. It is with great pleasure and a profound sense of social duty that I take this opportunity of bringing my proposal to the notice of the LORD CHANCELLOR.

C. L. M.



"OH, THE BLUE OF THE LAKES! AND SUCH LAKES—MILES AND MILES——"
"FISHIN', EH?"

ANOTHER GREAT BOOK.

THE Mother of Parliaments is about to issue her reminiscences. Poor old thing!

Those of us who have wide ears will remember that last week the PRIME MINISTER broadcast "an appeal for £30,000 to be provided for the compilation of a full record of the personnel of the House of Commons from 1264 to 1832." There are four "ofs" in that sentence, but the prose is the PRIME MINISTER'S, not mine.

What a work! Colonel JOSIAH WEDGWOOD is apparently to edit it, and the notion is—I quote the PRIME MINISTER again—"to increase the prestige of Parliament, for that is in itself a thing to be cared for at a time when Parliaments are being broken in other countries, and when between the wind of the demagogue and the vanity of the dictator it is being questioned in our own."

A cynic—not I—might comment that when the Mother of Parliaments feels the necessity of justifying her existence by means of an autobiography and entering the bad mad publishing world she herself must be a little doubtful about her own prestige. But what a book! What a book!

Is it really necessary for the public to subscribe as many as thirty thousand pounds for the publication of this strong fearless work? It should be a best-seller, standing four-square on its own boards. Where is the firm that would not leap at the chance of issuing it? I dare wager that the Book Society will feel bound to recommend it—nay, will like to recommend it—if some of the more mediæval biographies are made sufficiently frank and full.

"SIMON DE MONTFORT was my first lover," the Mother of Parliaments will begin coyly, "and as I look back on those distant years I cannot help reflecting how different were the manners and customs of the young men in those days from those of our time. Many of them fled from me. They were too frightened of my beauty to come near me or to speak with any freedom in my presence."

Not without reason will the Mother of Parliaments speak thus, for I find, on consulting my historians, that WALTER LE ROUS was held to bail in eight oxen and four cart-horses to come to Westminster on the day specified, though whether he eventually came or left the livestock standing in Parliament Square in lieu of personal presence I cannot say.

Many another shirked the grave responsibility. The bottom of Whitehall must have looked like a cattle-market or a pony-fair on the day of the King's Speech; and I observe that in EDWARD III.'s reign the borough of Torrington in Devon obtained by petition the franchise of not being required to send Members to Parliament at all. O ungallant Torrington!

Expense may have caused this shyness, or lack of oratorical gifts; or possibly the sheer difficulty that a knight in full armour found in taking his seat on anything but a horse unless he were bent by hand.

These things no doubt the Mother of Parliaments will explain to us in her fine candid book.

I scorn the idea that it will be a mere alphabetical *Who's Who*, a dry-as-

dust compilation of names, addresses and dates, total number of words spoken, debates attended and buffets received on the jaw. There must be more in the thing than this.

I seem to see the chapter-headings in advance:—

Passionate Memories.
The King and I.
Must He Go to France?
I Am Out of Favour.
I Flirt with Commoners.
Prorogued Again!
Poor Harry's Wives.
My Little Star Chamber.
I Visit Oxford.
I Lose My Bauble.
Back in the Old Home Again.

Oh, happy days! happy days!

It may be objected that there is no great central love-interest in this story, that it cannot be dramatised and will not film well. I grant that. Yet I see it in the words of the probable dust-jacket as

"a story of white-hot passions, of the strange romantic journeyings of an ambitious spirit. How a small-town girl came to rule the destinies of a mighty people after many set-backs to her personal pride. How she coquetted with princes and divines. How she threw in her lot with merchants and manufacturers. How she sought popularity in the humblest homes and found haven at last after tempest in the strong arms of a Bank Manager,"

and so on and so on. You all know the kind of stuff.

I now see that this autobiography is going to take five or ten years to compile, even if Colonel JOSIAH WEDGWOOD gets all the money that he needs, so that it will not be the unparalleled success of the next publishing season or the next after that. That there will come a year, however, when it rivals the sale of any detective-novel, any book of old or new crime, any book of travel or astronomy I make no doubt. The pity is that this stark story of a woman's soul cannot be continued for another hundred years beyond 1832, so that the full contrast between the wooings of SIMON DE MONTFORT and RAMSAY MACDONALD, of JOHN HAMPDEN and NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, of PRAISE-GOD BAREBONES and DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, of EDMUND BURKE and J. H. THOMAS might stand forth, as the publishers put it, in letters of burning fire.

But stay a moment. The whole book must lie on the little boudoir table of the Mother of Parliaments as soon as it is typewritten, before it is put into print. I do insist upon that. It must pass three Readings and go to the Upper House. It must be debated and amended sentence by sentence and clause by clause and spelling by spelling (for SIMON DE MONTFORT and WALTER LE ROUS were good men but they did not know how to spell); nor do we want any partisan or non-National spirit to creep into the record, as it easily might in the chapters on the Wars of the Roses and the arrival of WILLIAM III.

Perhaps, after all, five or ten years is too moderate a time to allow before the date of publication. Perhaps, after all, I may never live to read *The Reminiscences of a Plantagenet Lady*. But my grandchildren, with any luck, will see the first volume (*Girlhood*, 1264–1485) at least through the Committee stage.

EVOE.



"WHAT'S YOUR FRIEND LIKE?"
"WELL, 'E'S SOMETHING LIKE GARY COOPER, ONLY 'E'S GOT 'AIR LIKE RAMON NOVARRO AND A SMILE LIKE RICHARD DIX, AND A NOSE LIKE IVOR NOVELLO, AND 'IS FIGURE'S LIKE JACK 'OLT. AND 'E CAN SING LIKE JOHN BOLES, AND 'E'S *something* LIKE DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, AND WHEN 'E'S FUNNY YOU CAN'T TELL 'IM FROM BUSTER KEATON."
"I SEE."

A NEW INSTRUMENT OF PERCUSSION.

[To the performer who will operate the fly-whisk for which a part is scored in a new American musical composition.]

OF your studious habits with pleasure we hear;
In the music you long have been hotting
An additional pep cannot fail to appear
Now you 've zealously taken to swatting.

"DR. JOHNSON CELEBRATIONS AT LICHFIELD. PUNCH SERVED BY MEN IN WIGS."
North-Country Paper.

On behalf of his staff Mr. Punch hotly denies this totally irrelevant libel.

AT THE PLAY.

"STRANGE ORCHESTRA"
(ST. MARTIN'S).

THIS is one of the relatively few plays which discount the axiom that a play shall be no better than its weakest part. Mr. RODNEY ACKLAND contrives to hold our interested attention after we have regretfully decided that the strange orchestra has run ahead of the baton. And this is no doubt because the author has an eye for observing and a hand for transcribing character; and a sense of the theatre that enables him to build up actable parts which come to life with skilful interpreters. What seems unplausible to us is perhaps not so much what his characters do as the pace at which they do it. Time is obviously a factor in the development of human situations.

Let us take a glance at the strange orchestra, the too-crowded canvas. There is first of all the delightful red-headed unmarried mother of three (by two fathers), *Vera Lyndon* (Miss LAURA COWIE)—of an all-embracing tolerance and indeed charity, sleek, slatternly, sensual, feckless, sensitive to auras and vibrations. *Vera's* flat is a sort of lodging-house—the censorious might give it a harsher name, for *Vera* takes no responsibility for the behaviour of her lodgers, and indeed she is infected with the popular modern doctrine of the paramount necessity of getting rid of inhibitions and is quite ready to take a hand in helping any young man who is disposed to remove these distressing handicaps from her own two daughters, *Esther* (Miss MARY CASSON) and *Jenny* (Miss JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON). *Esther* is a young woman full of generous sympathies and distressing complexities, and as ready to slap the face of any young man of conventional views as argue with him. *Jenny*, a more controlled and developed character, who does a bit of writing (a remarkable feat of concentration in this over-inhabited flat), has just heard that she is going blind. Their half-brother, *Gordon*, is a guileless young man who has a plan of life—keep yourself to yourself; you may not attain happiness that way but at least you'll avoid unhappiness.

Of the lodgers there are the two artless babes, *Laura* and *Jimmie* (Miss CAROL REES and Mr. LESLIE FRENCH), devout lovers who get married between the First and Second Acts; *Freda* (Miss NADINE MARCH), film-actress in a modest way, an unhappy, resentful, hysterical little peroxide; the complete lowbrow giant, *George* (Mr. DAVID HUTCHESON), booming out platitudes and old jokelets and making the late and early hours hideous with his ukulele; and the sensitive *Val* (Mr. ROBERT HARRIS), embryo novelist, in love with little *Esther* and sharing her inhibitions, suffering meanwhile *Vera's* half-motherly, half-loverlike endearments. To which at the end of the First Act is added the handsome cad, professional thief and seducer, *Peter* (Mr. HUGH WILLIAMS, who has just conveniently been done to death as the villain in the First Act of another piece). *Peter* is a friend of *Jenny's*. He has, he says, been turned out of his studio, unable to pay his rent. Of course there is a room for him at *Vera's*, though already *Vera's* bedroom is the hall, in which the whole action of the piece takes place. Poor *Jenny*, having told her brother *Gordon* of her impending physical calamity under pledge of secrecy, declares her intention of living her life to the full in the short time that remains to her—a little scene charmingly written and sensitively played. She begins the living process by shyly making a proposal to the more than friendly *Peter* which is promptly accepted—a proposal and a promptness for which we have been sufficiently prepared by the general atmosphere and casual ethics of the strange flat.



A NICE DISTINCTION.

Vera Lyndon (*Miss* LAURA COWIE), *with great dignity, to Freda* (*Miss* NADINE MARCH), *who has used an impolite expression in reference to her past*). "NO, I WASN'T THAT; I WAS A COURTESAN."

Three weeks later. The author, afraid that he may be boring us (which we can assure him is not true), imports comic relief—that dangerous expedient in a play of serious complexion. The babes are about to celebrate their wedding with a party at a night-club. *George* brings in the sort of young woman that *George*, if anyone, might be supposed to bring. But no, not even that crude goof could have put up with eight minutes of *Sylvia* (Miss ELIZABETH ASTOR, who must, I am afraid, share some part of the blame with the author; and perhaps Mr. JOHN GIELGUD, as producer, must also take a portion). Nor could the careful *Gordon* so immediately and completely have lost his head—this no doubt to provide us with a grotesque quarrel between *George* and him, not unamusing in itself but of no interest because of the painful inadequacy of its cause.

The author has in fact been wasting his time and ours and breaking the rhythm of his pattern. The pace is now inevitably hurried, the justifications perfunctorily stated; and, as if it were not enough to pile on poor *Jenny* the double agony of her blindness and her base betrayal by *Peter*, *Peter* must needs make a victim of *Freda*, with a result in uncontrolled hysteria which is unintelligible but desperately uncomfortable to watch; while little *Laura* and *Jimmie*, frightened by their happiness and by way of forestalling fate, turn on the gas in their bedroom, to be saved by *Vera's* promptness in making them "divinely sick."

I am bound to say that Mr. ACKLAND does not make all this anything like so bald and absurd as my quite truthful account sounds, but the fundamental baldness and absurdity are there none the less. The happy ending is *Jenny's* acceptance of fate, her staunch resolve to begin again. And long enough before the end the author recovers his balance, the piece reassumes the interrupted pattern. We depart, having assured him that we understand the causes of his indiscretion, and that he has it in him to write a much better play.

Space permits me only a summary but sincere compliment to the players as a team. But Miss LAURA COWIE's *Vera* demands explicit and individual recognition. It was, to begin with, an extraordinarily well-conceived part. It

was interpreted with a subtlety and an absence of false emphasis which makes it remarkable even in her gallery of portraits of seductive women. *Vera Lyndon* bore no relation (save in the necessary fundamentals) to the others. Her calm matter-of-fact denial of the bitter *Freda's* charge made in the crudest terms that she belonged to the oldest profession in the world was a fine instance of the subtlety. A few seconds elapsed between the quiet phrase and our delighted appreciation of its full implication. This wasn't due to our slowness of wit; it was the startled recognition that it was just a little too good to be true. But it wasn't. It was truth itself.

The author's villain might easily have been made impossible. Mr. HUGH WILLIAMS made it credible and interesting with the most delicate calculation of the effect of every phrase. A most interesting and stimulating evening. T.

AT THE OPERA

"TRIAL BY JURY": "THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE" (SAVOY).

Trial by Jury—aet. 57; *Pirates—aet.* 53, and both going strong and as fresh as paint. . . . There is the usual revivalist buzz. The fans gather. Blissful septuagenarians proudly recall their memories of first performances to youthful sceptical initiates wondering how much they are going to be bored. One watches the latter quizzically and sees them melt in the general enthusiasm. I hear one rash Victorian explaining to his adolescent grandchildren that they are about to enjoy privileges their elders enjoyed before all this vulgar modern nonsense-music was invented. There are implications of superiority. The young listen to him with that "Sez you" expression; but later they capitulate with the rest of us.

The evening goes well. A certain nervousness in the new principals conscious that they are performing before an audience mainly composed of the instructed ready to pounce on any failure or any impertinent departure from accepted tradition is rather to be guessed at than observed. Old hands expect and receive their customary tribute—Mr. SYDNEY GRANVILLE as the unjust, unlearned and susceptible *Judge* and the apprehensive and equally susceptible *Police-sergeant*; Mr. DARRELL FANCOURT as the swaggering twopence-coloured abnormally conscientious *Pirate*. He even persuades us not to be annoyed by the often orphan joke.

Mr. MARTYN GREEN, the new *Major-General*, faces a special ordeal. From the Royal box Sir HENRY LYTTON, well-loved Savoyard, shortly, alas! to retire, watches his successor, is satisfied that the tradition will be worthily carried on and says so with generous conviction in a graceful speech at the curtain's fall. And we all heartily agree, doubting indeed whether specifically anyone has achieved such rapidity of utterance combined with such crystal clearness of articulation as Mr. GREEN contrived in the last encore-verse of the patter-song.

Miss MURIEL DICKSON (*Mabel*) has a sweet flexible voice which she controls with a finished art. Our old favourites, "Poor Wandering One!" with its difficult embroideries, and "Ah, Leave Me Not!" come over to us with a renewed charm. Miss DOROTHY GILL, looking much too handsome to square with the text, is an admirable *Ruth*, and we miss no single word that she says or sings. Mr. JOHN DEAN, the honest apprentice, *Frederic*, uses his pleasant tenor well, not forgetting his duties as actor the while. Which reminds me that we have earlier admired the easy warm tenor of Mr. ROBERT WILSON as the unabashed *Defendant* in *Trial by Jury*.

The Choruses, the Pirates, the Police and the *Major-General's* quiverful of pretty daughters (twenty-one in all!), and, with perhaps not quite so helpful materials, the Jurymen and Ladies in Court, do their work well, and in general we seem agreed that this is no mere ritual performance but has a freshness and a balance not attained in recent GILBERT and SULLIVAN revivals. T.



COURTING IN COURT.

The Plaintiff . . . MISS KATHLEEN FRANCES.
The Learned Judge . MR. SYDNEY GRANVILLE.

P.S.—I find that a trick of memory betrayed me into imagining that I had recently "discovered" Miss NORA HOWARD, whose reputation was made long ago in *Bitter Sweet*. Will she please accept my apology for this lapse?



FLAG-DAY IN CORNWALL.

The Pirate King . . . . . MR. DARRELL FANCOURT.
Major-General Stanley . . . MR. MARTYN GREEN.

Our Eagle-Eyed Firemen

"Although the flames had obtained a good hold, the brigade had little difficulty in distinguishing the blaze."
Manchester Paper.

"We arrived at Naples at 8 a.m. to-day in very warm weather. F. R. Brown, Hammond, and Sutcliffe drove to Capri."—*Evening Paper.*

The best thing about this drive is the marvellous absence of dust.

"Finally, the lake at Blenheim, the Duke of Wellington's residence, froze over for the first time for years."—*Evening Paper.*

Not to be confused with the Duke of MARLBOROUGH'S old seat at Waterloo.

AT THE PICTURES.

"GRAND HOTEL" AND THE BROTHERS.

I AM beginning to think that LIONEL BARRYMORE is the best film actor of all; certainly he is the most useful and trustworthy. To whatever he plays he brings strength and support and a voice that carries conviction; while he has also that extra drop of nervous fluid which has been claimed as the American inheritance. Brilliant as is the whole cast of *Grand Hotel* at the Palace Theatre it is LIONEL BARRYMORE who makes its success: LIONEL BARRYMORE *plus* EDMUND GOULDING, the producer, who out of so much kaleidoscopic movement has evolved a steady drama. Whether quite enough has been done for those who never read VICKI BAUM'S novel is the only doubt in my mind.

LIONEL BARRYMORE does no more than one would expect from him; the surprise of the performance is our old friend, WALLACE BEERY, as the *Herr Director Preysing*, the overbearing employer, to the life. One always knew



Fan (a literal stickler) to Kringelein (LIONEL BARRYMORE). "I SAY, ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE ILL? ACCORDING TO THE BOOK YOUR CHEST MEASUREMENT IS TOO BIG."

that WALLACE BEERY could act, but hitherto he has not much concealed his identity; whereas as the German magnate it is only now and then that it betrays itself. But for the evidence of the programme I might never have guessed it. JOAN CRAWFORD has also added to her reputation in this most vivid screen-play.

It may seem odd to come so late to the two lovers—the Russian dancer and the thieving *Baron*, represented by GRETA GARBO and JOHN BARRYMORE—but it is not they that we most remember. JOHN has his easy charm and the GARBO her anxious intensity, but they are both of the stage; whereas those others bring with them life.

The title of one of STEPHEN LEACOCK'S books, *The Larger Lunacy*, comes to mind as one watches the MARX BROTHERS in *Horse Feathers* or in whatever they perform; but they



A COMPANY-PROMOTER.
Flämmchen . . . . JOAN CRAWFORD.
Preysing . . . . . WALLACE BEERY.

can practise the larger logic too, as when HARPO, having been informed by GROUCHO that he can't burn the candle at both ends, instantly produces from those inexhaustible and voluminous rags of his a lighted candle performing precisely that action. Throughout it is HARPO (by profession a dog-catcher) who acts as the imp out of the machine and provides the final victory on a very strange football-field, which I hope is not typical. Hitherto in the fraternal films HARPO has been an abstractor of articles; but in this new one he reverses the process and produces them. I have mentioned the incident of the lighted candle. On another occasion, when a legal document cannot be completed because there is no seal, HARPO instantly provides one, straight from Alaska presumably, who flops across the desk into a black-out. Of such stuff is the MARX special brand of nonsense made. CHICO (by profession an iceman) again talks his Italian rubbish with a sweet grave face and has a very gay interlude at the piano; and ZEPPO, the non-funny brother, sings acceptably as an amorous co-ed.

I award them all marks, but it is GROUCHO who dominates the asylum in the character of the wildest Principal of a University that the world has ever seen: GROUCHO, with his moustache, his spectacles, his cigar, his tail-coat, his rubber over-shoes and, on this occasion, with a very good song, "I'm Against It."

By an unfortunate stroke of chance BUSTER KEATON, in his new farce, *Speak Easily*, is also an educationalist; but whereas GROUCHO MARX, as *Professor Wagstaff*, has all knowledge and no learning, BUSTER, as *Professor Potts*, has all learning and no knowledge. It is therefore very promising when he finds himself the head of a touring burlesque company; but the promise, I regret to say, is not fulfilled and one laughs too little. Indeed were he not caught up in the flies and swung backwards and forwards across the stage among the performers one would hardly laugh at all. JIMMY DURANTE, or "SCHNOZZLE," the outsize dimensions of whose nose are endearing him to both hemispheres, works loyally to fill in the



A LADY WITH A PAST (OFFICIAL).
Martha Hicks . . . ALISON SKIPWORTH.

gaps; but *Speak Easily*, I fear, must be called a failure.

In the same programme as *Horse Feathers* I found a very entertaining comedy called *The Sporting Widow*, which I can strongly recommend both for the story and for the acting of the leading lady, ALISON SKIPWORTH, who is new to me but whom I shall now (on the screen) pursue. Her performance as an ingenious swindler with a heart of gold could not be better in the hands of any comédienne far more famous; and it is imperative to wait till the very end to know what happens. ALISON SKIPWORTH is a real find. E. V. L.

LUNAR LÈSE-MAJESTÉ.

[Considerable excitement has been caused in Germany by Dr. JOHANNES WINKLER'S giant rocket, which he expects will speedily penetrate the stratosphere and attain a height of six miles in a hundred seconds. The doctor regards his rocket as merely the forerunner of much larger ones capable of carrying a man to the moon in three or four days.]

O LADY MOON, whom classic bards of old
Saluted as the huntress chaste and cold,
Comforting SIDNEY in his love-lorn days
By the sad splendour of thy gentle rays:
Honoured by WOTTON for thy peerless light
Dimming "the meaner beauties of the night";
Though thou wert chosen from the earliest times
To be the scene of travellers' tales and rhymes,
From LUCIAN, ARIOSTO in his turn,
To CYRANO DE BERGERAC and JULES VERNE;
Though fabulists misrepresent your hue,
Hinting that silver sometimes turns to blue,
Or libelling thy mantle's stainless sheen
By likening it to cheese grown stale and green,
Or, more profanely, their belief avow
In the rude legend of the jumping cow,
In spite of these old mockeries of thy grace
Conducing to a gradual loss of face,
It grieves me sore to see thee fallen of late
From thy majestic and romantic state—
The cynosure of lovers and of mystics—
Into the brutal region of ballistics,
While prying eyes protruding from their sockets
Are fixed upon the flight of lunar rockets.

"Shooting the moon" was once applied to dodgers
Of legal debts or to levanting lodgers,
But this was only in a sense symbolic
Connoting a disreputable frolic,
And had no reference to the bombardier
Who seeks to penetrate the stratosphere.

Yet while I reverently sympathise
With "the imperial votaress" of the skies,
Reluctant tribute should to him be paid
Who leads this wondrous rocketeering raid;
For while I yield to none in honouring HINKLER,
Stoutest of airmen, or Professor TINKLER,
Great chemist, I award the palm to WINKLER,
Since he of all whom I delight to sing
Is best equipped to make the whelkin ring.

C. L. G.



American Visitor (producing his gun). "SAY, IF HE COMES OUT, DO I BUMP HIM OFF?"

'PHONE-PHOBIA.

I HAD just emerged from my first encounter with an express elevator in a New York hotel, and as I entered my thirty-seventh-floor bedroom I was still convinced that many important and—to me—desirable parts of my anatomy had been left below. Rest seemed imperative, but scarcely had I sunk gratefully into a chair than the bedside telephone buzzed impatiently. I regarded it with disfavour, for I have an inbred dislike of telephony. At length—

"Are you there?" I demanded.

"Sure," replied a voice in surprised American. "Where else should I be?"

"I meant 'Hello,'" I explained.

"Is that Mr. Crow? Well, say, Mr. Crow, I just heard you'd arrived and I want to ascertain that you're quite comfortable. This," added the voice, "is the President speaking."

Despite all I had been told of American hospitality this last announcement caused me to gasp in surprised gratification.

"That's enormously kind of you, Sir," I said. "Are you speaking from Washington?"

"Washington nothing," replied the voice; "I am the president of this hotel and I'm glad to extend the hand of welcome to you as a new member of our clyenteel."

"Oh, thanks very much." I hope my

disappointment was not reflected in my voice, but I could not help feeling that the president actually on the line was distinctly inferior to the one who had, so to speak, got away.

"And I want to say," continued the voice, "that if there is anything I can do to make you more comfortable just you call me up and I'll fix it."

Before I could reply the president had hung up. As I replaced my receiver the instrument shrilled again.

"Mr. Crow? Say, Mr. Crow, this is the chef of the first floor restaurant talking. Care for any eats, Mr. Crow? Anything you say, from a shrimp to an elephant-steak. And if anything's not quite O.K. just you notify me and I'll fix it."

With a word of thanks I hung up the receiver and walked across the room to unlock my luggage. Before I could do so the telephone summoned me once more.

"Well?" I demanded a trifle irritably.

"Good-day, Mr. Crow," remarked a new voice reprovingly. "This is the chief valet calling. If your suits need pressing, Mr. Crow, place them in the servidor and push the button marked 'Valet.' They will be returned to you brushed and steam-pressed in fourteen minutes. If you have any complaints, if your floor-valet isn't giving you service, just you call me up and I'll——"

"Fix it," I suggested, unable to bear the strain.

"And," agreed the chief valet grimly, "how!"

Wearily I replaced the receiver on its hook, but the action was a mere waste of time, for the buzzer sounded before my hand was free.

"Hell!" I cried out fiercely—"oh!"

"Hello to *you*, Mr. Crow." It was an attractive feminine voice this time. "Say, you're not mad at me, are you?"

To a student of the talkies this was an easy one. "Sure I'm not mad at you," I replied reassuringly, and only by a conscious effort did I refrain from adding "gurly."

"Fine! Say, anyone sent you any flowers to your room? No? Well, I'll say that's tough! How about a few, Mr. Crow? I'm the hotel florist and—Well, just as you say, of course. But perhaps you'll change your mind. I'll call you up later. Good-bye, Mr. Crow."

I hung up once more, mopped my brow and began to face facts. I was an alien in a strange land where everybody telephoned at one. The florist would call me up again; so would the chief valet and the chef. Nothing, no appeal could prevent them. Quite possibly the barber, the controller of bell-hops and the hotel doctor would be on my track before long. I toyed wistfully with the idea of disabling the telephone, but a moment's thought showed me the futility of such an action. They would, I decided, merely come and fix it—and then ring up to ask me if it was O.K.

Black depression gripped me and I looked malevolently at the telephone. Then I suddenly saw a gleam of hope. Picking up the receiver I asked to be put through to the president. When I heard his voice—

"I'm calling you," I said, "to tell you how excellent I find the service in your hotel. Your chef, for instance, has just telephoned to say that he has a meal ready for me, and I can only say that I think it's very kind of him."



Voice on Telephone. "HULLO, IS THAT POLICE? THEN I WONDER IF YOU COULD POSSIBLY TELL ME OF A WORD IN TEN LETTERS, OF WHICH THE FIRST IS 'B,' THE SECOND 'L,' THE FIFTH 'B' AND THE SEVENTH 'T,' MEANING A SLANG TERM FOR A POLICEMAN?"

"Why, Mr. Crow, that's fine and friendly of you," replied the president, and he hung up a trifle abruptly.

I gave him three minutes' peace, then I put through another call.

"Mr. President," I said, "your chief valet has just spoken to me, and he tells me that he'll press my suits for me. I can't tell you——"

"That's his job," remarked the president, and I thought he spoke somewhat sourly.

But when in five minutes' time I telephoned to congratulate him on the excellence of his florist there was no doubt that the man had lost interest in my conversation.

"It's bully that you like the service," he said, and I rather think that he spoke through clenched teeth, "but I'm a very busy man, and——"

"I know, I know," I assured him; "but I find it all so marvellous. Every time one of your staff telephones to me I feel that I must tell *you* about it."

"Oosh!" he said unhappily.

"Of course," I continued, "if *they* didn't call *me* up, I shouldn't have anything to telephone to *you* about."

"You wouldn't?" he asked, and there was a note of wild hope in his voice.

"No, I wouldn't."

I heard his teeth click together.

"I'll fix it," he said.

MORE WEDGERY.

A LOVELY piece of wedgework comes to me from *The West Briton and Cornwall Advertiser*. A gentleman, speaking at a meeting of the Phillack Urban Council, is reported to have said: "The Council were already overburdened with Acts of Parliament and red tape, and this was *the thin end of the wedge for fastening another collar around the neck of the council*."

Very high marks. And this, I think, is not a bad avenue, taken from the foreword to a cookery-book:—

"Mass-feeding experiments have been carried out on school-children and their effect noted. Every avenue has been explored, even the stomach of a cow has been fitted with a trap-door so that the progress of her meals could be explored. . . ."

But this year's Diploma for Imagery goes to Miss RATHBONE for a little nest of metaphors which I found some weeks ago:—

"Miss RATHBONE (English Universities, Ind.) said that she hoped the Secretary of State would see his way, without in any way seeming to climb down to Congress, to build a bridge so that the new Constitution might have a chance of being launched in an atmosphere of greater goodwill."

We have here a charming picture of the Secretary of State remaining firmly (I presume) up a tree, in which position he is building a bridge suitable for the launching of ships not, as one might suppose, in the water but in an atmosphere. A busy day. A. P. H.

"IMPERIAL FRUIT SHOW.

As a stimulus to Empire fruit sales, 1,000 apples, 7,500 oranges, 2,000 samples of canned fruit, and 7,000 cartons of dried fruit are to be given away to every visitor . . ."
Fruit-growing Paper.

"Eat More Fruit" is a sound slogan, but we think this is too much.

"The first boy's correct entry to be opened and the first girl's opened will be awarded one of these prizes:—A Leather Purse bearing the winner's initials and containing twelve New Half-crowns, a Home Cinema, or a Bicycle."—*Sunday Paper.*

This must be one of those purses that you can't make out of a sow's ear.

UNWELCOME GUESTS.



THE GUEST WHO STEAMS YOUR LATEST NOVEL IN HER BATH.



YOUR SON'S GUESTS WHOSE COUNTRY CLOTHES ASTONISH THE VICARAGE GARDEN STAFF.



THE GUEST WHO THROWS LIGHTED CIGARETTE-ENDS ON YOUR NEW THATCH.



THE GUEST WHO DEVOTES HERSELF ENTIRELY TO HER HOST.



THE BRIGHT YOUNG RELATION WHO BRINGS A FEW BRIGHT YOUNG THINGS TO LIVEN YOU UP A BIT.



THE WEEK-END GUEST WHO HASN'T GONE BY LUNCHEON-TIME ON MONDAY.



Visitor. "I SUPPOSE YOU 'LL BE HAVING YOUR RABBIT IN A PIE SOME DAY?"
Cynthia. "OH, NO; WE COULDN'T POSSIBLY EAT A WABBIT WE KNEW SOCIALLY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Martyr and Muddler.

A WELL-MEANING but incompetent generation seeking to cope with a political inheritance that calls for supermen should have a certain fellow-feeling for their forebears similarly situated. On this account the muddles and miseries which the TUDORS handed on to the STUARTS should arouse a certain amount of commiseration for the latter, and a sympathetic study of *Charles I.* (HAMISH HAMILTON, 10/6), the most muddled and miserable of the dynasty, is a timely and promising enterprise. Mrs. F. M. G. HIGHAM is to be congratulated first and foremost on her equity. She is fair enough to her Roundheads, though she is so far a Cavalier as to subscribe to the Royalist ideal. This, I take it, is the notion of a king who actually governs and a people whose liberty consists in possessing its own persons and goods. For "government is nothing appertaining to them." CHARLES'S life, however, failed to illustrate the dogma for which he claimed to die. His character—a fatal blend of vacillating intellect and tenacious emotion, his chequered upbringing as the sickly younger son in a sordid and unpopular Court, his complacent tolerance of his friends and impatience with his critics, left him very little chance of retrieving the ascendency of the Crown. His personal story, with its befitting background of social and political history, is all Mrs. HIGHAM sets out to relate; and this she has done discerningly and unaffectedly, with what distinction is inherent in the tragedy. Her subsidiary portraits—notably those of BUCKINGHAM and HENRIETTA MARIA—are both memorable and illuminating.

The Maker of Modern Egypt.

In his Life of *Lord Cromer* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 25/-) Lord ZETLAND was confronted with an easier task than in his biography of Lord CURZON. For Lord CROMER'S character and achievements were less open to controversy than those of the great Indian proconsul, and Lord ZETLAND'S labours were largely simplified by the fact that in his book, *Modern Egypt*, Lord CROMER had left a full record of the twenty-four years during which he was at once the ruler and good genius of that country. None the less Lord ZETLAND has done his work with conspicuous success. He writes in a style at once lucid and unaffected, as becomes the subject of his memoir. Here is neither uncritical hero-worship nor the now fashionable method of acidulated iconoclasm. The portrait reveals the humanity and simplicity as well as the austere side of a strong, wise and just ruler. We are shown the friend of LEAR, the lover of nonsense and of children, and the encourager of young men. It is well that we should be reminded that he had little schooling, that he was largely self-educated and devoted all through his life his scanty leisure to the study of the Classics, and found his chief delight in reading and translating Greek poetry. But his abiding memorial, more durable than bronze or stone, is graven on the hearts of the *fellahin*—the descendants of the depressed classes who built the Pyramids for their despotic rulers—whose lot Lord CROMER so consistently and successfully strove to ameliorate.

Peace-work and Play.

Oft have I wondered what relaxations
Help the tedious hours go by
When the anxious staff of the League of Nations
Are lost for something to pacify;
Do they cultivate olive-branches;
Do they sit and twiddle their thumbs
Or fatten doves in the turtle-ranches
Against the time when the bust-up comes?

ANTHONY BUXTON lifts the curtain.
He, though tied for eight hours a day,
Shows how some of the crowd make certain
Of keeping the free hours bright and gay;
Sport, from angling to wild-pig chases,
Lures him, but gayest of all the lot
Is tracking birds to their nesting-places
And photographing them on the spot.

Sporting Interludes at Geneva
(From COUNTRY LIFE) describes the tricks
Which helped his camera to achieve a
Record that's welcome at 10/6;
Its range is wide; but some buzzards (honey)
Win my vote for the birds that best
Combine the virtue of being funny
With ornithological interest.

A Critic of Poets.

It is rare to discover a critic to whom principles are more important and more sedulously to be cultivated than taste. Not that I deny the possession of a palate to Mr. T. S. ELIOT—whose *Selected Essays, 1917–1932* (FABER AND FABER, 12/6) are the text of this meditation—but the endowment is subordinated to more excellent gifts. True, neither fiction nor theology is here Mr. ELIOT's strong suit. His enjoyable "Lancelot Andrewes," for instance, ignores obvious derivatives from ST. AUGUSTINE. He even quotes the whimsical African's jest about the Baby Word that could not speak as though it were pure Jacobean; and his "Thoughts After Lambeth" exhibit only a piecemeal coherence. It is as a critic of poets and, what is more to his purpose, poetry that Mr. ELIOT excels. His manifesto on "Tradition and the Individual Talent" gives the key to his attitude; and a steady relentless war on the pretensions of the second-rate is implied throughout a really commanding exposition of the first-rate. He realises the futility of a search for exotic emotions when new combinations of the old, fused under high pressure, are the sole condition of poetic output; and the results of his technical research are amazingly interesting, especially those scattered up and down a dozen studies of the Elizabethan dramatists. His appreciation of the levity that enhances seriousness—a capital issue in a delightful essay on MARVELL—strikes me as one of the finest concessions in a book which has enlarged as well as enriched my own pretty ample notion of the Muses' territory.



Stowaway. "W-WHAT 'LL THEY DO WITH ME?"
Bos'un. "NOTHING, IF YOU PAYS YOUR PASSAGE-MONEY. IT'S ONLY FORTY-FOUR QUID."

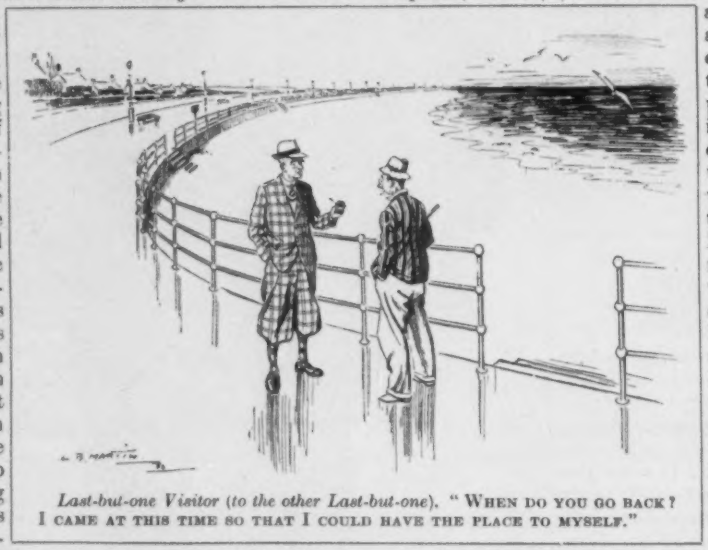
A Tea-Table Chronicle.

If you already have enjoyed *Penny Plain*, you must hasten to acquire *Priorsford* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), for you will revel in meeting once more dear little *Jean Jardine*, now *Lady Bidborough*, in playing with her babies, in going back with her to Priorsford and knitting all the severed friendships up that the former book began there. But if you happen not to be a lover of *Penny Plain* this new book by Miss O. DOUGLAS may seem to you rather

dull, for it has little story save how *Lord Bidborough* had to take a sick friend abroad and *Jean* spent a winter in the North, met her old friends again and, after various excursions and alarums with burglars and illnesses, went happily south to her big house and returned husband. *Jean* herself here is in just the slightest degree too much an oracle to her friends—and, one suspects, to her author—and in spite of its gleams of subtle humour and the interest of some of the characters the scenes are laid too often and too carefully at one tea-party after another where nothing happens. Apart from its pleasant social atmosphere, this is not one of its author's best books, but, as usual, we have the impression of having met a great many very charming and recognisable people.

The Third Olympian.

Neither Mr. BERNARD SHAW nor Mr. H. G. WELLS is responsible for a volume of a quarter of a million words whose vast, repellent and subtly insulting title does certainly suggest that one or other of them should be the author. In *The Intelligent Man's Guide Through World Chaos* (GOLLANCZ, 5/-) Mr. G. D. H. COLE fairly graduates in limited omniscience, for there is nothing regarding gold standards, tariff policies, trusts and cartels, price stabilisation and even the incidence of income-tax, that he does not discover and lay bare to its historic and generally unpleasant foundations. He is here reading the lessons of the world slump in the light of that flare in the Russian East that he has decided, though not without some little natural hesitation, to reckon as a guiding beacon rather than as a dangerous conflagration, and while honestly attempting to prescribe for a Capitalist civilisation sick, he believes, beyond hope of real recovery except by the most drastic treatment, would prefer personally to cut clean away from the legacies of an old bad cosmos and launch out all afresh. Yet even he, when squarely up against his real problem, discovers a difficulty in envisaging the change-over to a Socialist world except in terms of revolution, which he is forced to formulate faster than he can find words in repudiation. In his argument Mr. COLE is brilliantly clear and patently honest. He is not thrusting his opinions on anyone, and he has given genuine study to questions that above all require solid thought.



Last-but-one Visitor (*to the other Last-but-one*). "WHEN DO YOU GO BACK? I CAME AT THIS TIME SO THAT I COULD HAVE THE PLACE TO MYSELF."

Middling Strong.

As a method of introducing rural idiom and atmosphere I have never liked the Loquacious-Innkeeper or Thank-you-sir-I-don't-mind-if-I-do formula, for it has come to smack of facetious anecdote through over-use by minor writers, and the fascination which attaches in the public-bar to the ramblings of dialect fades on paper, at least for me, into irritation. I cannot therefore understand Mr. L. A. G. STRONG's affection, in his new volume of short stories, for *Mr. Spaddacott*, who recounts five of the sixteen, including *Don Juan and the Wheelbarrow* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6). I like these least. Of the genre which we most expect from this author is "Death of a Gardener," a grimly realistic but beautiful description of the passing of an old Scotsman, a subject well suited to his uncanny understanding of simple people. "Good Riddance" is also interesting as peasant realism, but perhaps a trifle over-brutal for most readers. "After Breakfast" is probably the best thing in the collection, a very subtle study in the shy; and almost as good psychologically is "The Big Man," a rather delightful picture of a suburban couple on holiday abroad, where the wife falls a distant victim to the unintentional charms of a giant Austrian. But none of these stories attains the rare quality of *The Brothers*.

A Pleasing Blend.

Historians may have dubbed RICHARD III. "a fierce vigorous villain" and plastered him with abuse, but these denunciations have not deterred Mrs. R. H. GRETTON from drawing attention to his adherents' standpoint in *Crumplin'* (BENN, 7/6). True that she does not try to "argue a case for the reasonableness of those adherents' devotion," but all the same she has compelled me to be more in sympathy with the enemies of HENRY VII. than with his friends—which fact is surely a testimony to her skill. I can also praise with no niggardliness the ease with which the atmosphere of the period has been produced, and also the vivid description of Burford (especially), of which she and her husband have already written so charmingly in another volume, and of other parts of the entrancing Cotswold countryside. Built on sound historical foundations, this is a story that will give particular enjoyment to readers who are not anxious to rush their fences; for, although Mrs. GRETTON is emphatically worth following, her manner of telling the tale makes her at times not too easy to follow.

A Grass-Widower.

Hugh Malory, in *Drover's Bridge* (SAMPSON LOW, 7/6), had ample cause for regret. While he was serving in the War his wife was unfaithful to him, and, neglecting his parents' advice, he refused to divorce her. Then on the birth of the child she became incurably mad, and presently the child died. It is a situation that requires discreet treatment, and Miss BEATRICE HILL, in what I am told is her first novel, has handled it with delicacy and decision. Perhaps *Hugh's* perfection in the earlier stages of his lonely existence is almost too complete to be true, but the pictures of his home and business life are consistently pleasant, and the children, who with reason regarded him as a friend, are, generally speaking, natural and delightful. And if *Hugh* did not in the end resist the temptation that beset him he certainly put up a stout fight before he succumbed. A very promising tale, and one that demands of the reader something of its author's intelligence.

CHARIVARIA.

AN old lady writes to ask if she is not correct in assuming that Sir HENRY LYTTON'S report on Manchuria has involved a severance of his relations with the MIKADO.

* * *

People have been waiting in queues at crowded West End restaurants; but as yet no *maître d'hôtel* has had the thoughtfulness to send them out some soup.

* * *

A paragraphist observes that an interesting sidelight is thrown on a man's character by his way of going up or down a staircase. We ourselves form an adverse opinion of the man who ascends on all fours.

* * *

One of the newly-appointed Under-Secretaries of State was reported to have lost his voice. Among Samuelites it was understood that he attached a sentimental value to it.

* * *

A writer thinks too much fuss is made of vitamins. Beyond an occasional pat on the head we never pamper them.

* * *

Sir BARRY JACKSON tells us that a Malvern hairdresser's remark to a customer that the local theatre was being rebuilt led to the organisation of the Dramatic Festival and to Mr. G. B. SHAW's writing *The Apple Cart*. It is anticipated that the hairdresser will be made an honorary Shavian.

* * *

Worn-out films are sold as old junk. But why wait till they are worn out?

* * *

The Manchester Guardian's support of the campaign against marble tombstones has incurred a protest from a reader, who points out that the workpeople of Carrara are experiencing hard times. Our monumental Free Trade contemporary would welcome the news that there is little chance of a "Carrara-boom-de-ay" movement.

* * *

At a recent sea-angling festival the smallest prize-winning catch, three ounces in weight, was taken by a woman competitor weighing seventeen stones. No doubt other fish are describing the whopper they got away from.

Bérets which look as though they were nailed to the head are the latest fashion. Many heads lend themselves to this treatment.

* * *

At Cambridge, N.Y., a baby boy has been born with a complete set of teeth. The little fellow should be able to start chewing right away.

* * *

A camera burglar-alarm explodes a flashlight powder, takes the burglar's photograph and rings a warning bell. The warning bell should be rung first to give the man time to look pleasant.

* * *

Attention is drawn to the growth in the number of savings associations at public schools. Smith minor has repeatedly written home for something to save.



"I SAY, JUST LOOK AT ALL THAT MUD, IF YOU PLEASE!"

In our opinion Professor JULIAN HUXLEY was wise to announce that he has taken to writing poetry. It might have leaked out.

* * *

A New York banker believes that American millionaires are in danger of extinction, like the Red Indians. Both, of course, have been associated with Sitting Bull and Sitting Bear.

* * *

"Pedestrians seem very loth to get out of the way of cars," says a motorist. Personally we thought they always jumped at the chance.

* * *

A cannon which makes very little sound and emits no smoke or flame has been successfully tested by Italian artillery experts; but anti-militarists point out that the inventors have failed to render it incapable of emitting shells.

* * *

Bungalows may be built on the spot where CÆSAR once encamped on Wimbledon Common. The more common complaint is that bungalows are often erected in places where the famous Roman General would never have dreamed of camping.

* * *

A famous financial expert predicts that there will be another depression in 1935. This disposes of the fear that it will be the present depression warmed up again.

* * *

According to a news-item a Yorkshireman in Preston makes a practice of swallowing watches, spoons, forks, nuts, bolts and lumps of iron. It is not said whether he takes these things before or after meals.

* * *

Complaint has been made of the number of spurious sixpences being circulated in Scotland. Nothing annoys a Scotsman more than to hear the banging of a counterfeit saxpence.

* * *

An American undertaker is publishing his Memoirs in serial form. Look out for next week's laugh-in-every-line instalment.

* * *

An explorer who has recently returned from Northern Africa says that for a week his only beverage was whisky and goat's milk. Explorers of course have to brave the perils of a soda-waterless desert.

* * *

An M.P. declares that Ireland is more in the limelight than England nowadays owing to the success of her big sweepstakes. We have always maintained that Dora was a rotten publicity agent.

* * *

A Hampshire clergyman, writing to the Press, says he found, picked and ate three strawberries in his garden last week. This we understand is the correct order of proceeding.

* * *

The French authorities are urged to take steps to prevent the threatened disappearance of olive-trees. It is feared that there won't be a branch left for a delegate to take to Geneva.

* * *

Seven engagements were announced at the end of a pleasure-cruise on a liner. During future excursions of this kind the thoughts of many friends on shore will turn to those in peril on the sea.

AN INLAND CRUISE.

[Dedicated to the L.C.C. in the hope that they may review their fleet of trams and scrap the more antique relics.]

WHEN to the sacred shrine of Duty
I move upon my daily beat,
Though better for my health and beauty
It were to get there on my feet,
I choose to sit, and so
By one of those Embankment trams I go.

The cost, amounting to a penny,
Is not excessive, and the joy
Of intimate contact with The Many
(Vulgarly known as Hoi Polloi),
Which Time can never dissipate,
Fills me, a democrat—but I anticipate.

When on my flank I see the river
Steadily winding toward the sea,
That's not the thought that moves my liver,
Bringing the briny back to me;
Rather the sickening motion,
Just like a ship's, reminds me of the ocean.

Soon as my legs the shuddering car board
They seem to sense the bounding main;
Feebly I lurch from port to starboard,
Feebly I lurch to port again;
The straps elude my clutch,
And bumps occur that pain me very much.

Forrard and aft I blindly stumble
While all my inwards plunge and heave,
Till into some strange lap I tumble
Without the lady-owner's leave;
Barely a moment's rest
Before I have to quit at her request.

At length the old ark flings me reeling
Down on a seat where I hold tight
And try to get that British feeling,
That touch of sailorly delight
In mocking at the waves
However horribly the deep behaves.

Why should I take exotic cruises
When here for such a trifling fare
I can enjoy, beneath my bruises,
Something as good as *mal-de-mer*,
Letting my stomach rock
Inside the Council's heavily rolling stock? O. S.

I KNOW A BANK.

I WAS coming out of the bank when I heard the little silver laugh which is Dorinda's signature tune.

"Good morning, Mr. Barclay," she said; "or isn't it?"

"This is not Mr. Barclay's bank," I replied stiffly.

"Whose bank is it?"

"Mine."

"Too thrilling." Dorinda sighed wistfully. "I wish I had a bank."

"You can have this one if you like."

"Don't you want it?"

"When I said it was mine I meant it was the bank where I—as it were—bank. All you have to do is to open an account and then it would be your bank too."

"All of it?"

"All of it."

"Lovely! It would be so exciting to take the American cousins past it on a bus. 'That austere temple-looking place with the marble pillars,' they would say—'just too cunning. Whose is it?' And I'd say, 'Mine. So glad you like it.' What did you say I'd have to open?"

"An account."

"Are they difficult to open?"

"No; you simply deposit a sum of money and the management gives you a cheque-book."

"I know cheque-books—by sight, I mean. I'd love one of my own." Her face suddenly clouded. "A sum of money, I think you said?" Pathetically she opened her ridiculous bag. "Would the manager accept sixpence and a rather nice lipstick?"

"He'd probably see red."

"Wouldn't you like to help? Unfortunately my allowance—it's like vanishing-cream; it just——"

"I oughtn't to. Your father——"

"Oh, Father always comes over all stern and unbending when a girl spends — courageously. But if you lent me enough to open a what-is-it I shouldn't really be borrowing, should I?"

"There would be a certain similarity between the two transactions."

"Oh, no. You wouldn't be encouraging my well-known extravagance. You'd be starting me on a career of strict economy and sound finance. You *do* see the difference, don't you?"

"Well, look here, as your acting lance-uncle I will open a deposit of twenty pounds for you if you'll promise never to borrow again."

"I promise. Cut my froat," she added elegantly, "if I tell a lie."

We went into the bank together. I talked to the managerial person while Dorinda smiled meltingly. It was all over in five minutes.

"I'd no idea it was so easy," she said as we came down into the entrance-hall. "So nice of them to ask for my autograph and give me this latest model cheque-book. And now it's my bank, isn't it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Now I can come in and sign cheques whenever I like and stroke the stout gentleman with the medals at the door, and offer a lettuce to the nice young man in the brass-wire hutch labelled 'Cashier.' Only of course I'll have to remember to come before three o'clock. Like a wedding. Life is bright with promise."

She glanced at the absurd little platinum thing on her wrist. "Heavens! I must fly," she exclaimed. "There's just one thing before I go. Of course I wouldn't dream of borrowing."

"Of course not."

"From now on strict economy and sound finance are the watchword. But this cheque-book is my very own, isn't it?"

"Certainly."

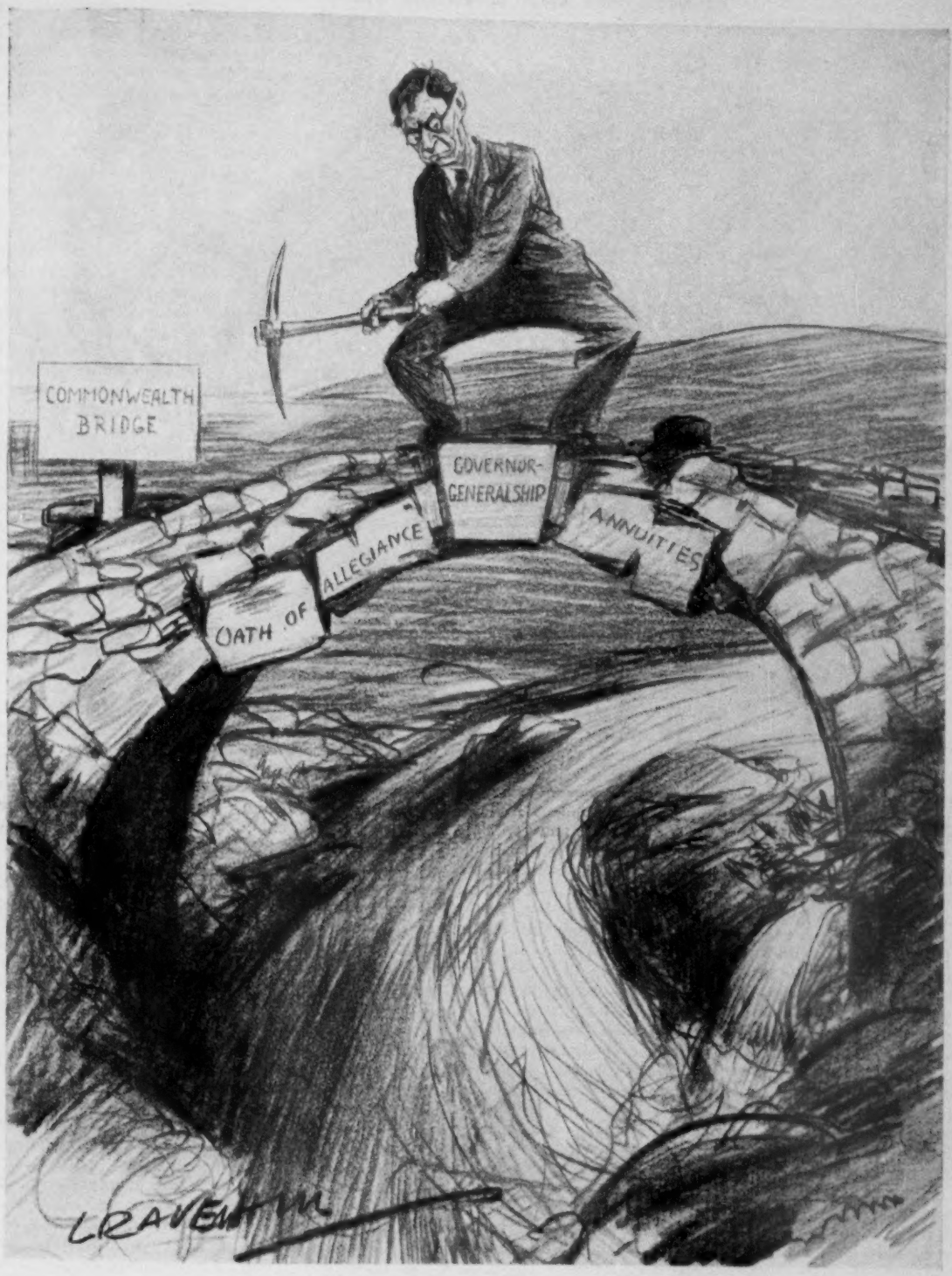
"So, you see, while you were talking to the kind bald gentleman I thought I'd—autograph the first cheque. Such nice pens my bank keeps. Now *would* you be a white-robed angel and get them to cash it for me? It's only twenty pounds."

The Solicitor's Paradise.

"It is hidden in a wide stretch of flat country . . . overgrown with tall deeds, through which it is impossible to find a way unaided."—*Exeter Paper.*

"277 MUIR, RAMSAY.—How Britain is Governed by Ramsay Muir, 1930."—*Bookseller's List.*

Perhaps the date should be more like 1940.



THE BRIDGE-BREAKER.

MR. DE VALERA. "IF I CAN SHIFT THIS KEYSTONE, THAT OUGHT TO CLEAR THE WAY FOR SOMETHING DRAMATIC."



[At our Agricultural Show and Gymkhana.]

Colonel (to man he has backed to win V.C.'s race). "GOOD GAD, MAN! *CAN'T* YOU IMAGINE IT'S YOUR BEST GIRL YOU'RE RESCUIN'?"

HINTS FOR A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

ESTATE AND VILLAGE.

ENOUGH and more than enough has already been said on the subject of sport. The daily round, even for a squire, is not all play; there are duties to be faced alike within the boundaries of the estate and in the wider sphere of village life. So it is that one morning, as you sit waiting for your boots on the loggia and gazing out over the terraced lawns and ornamental fishponds to the vista of stream and meadow that lies beyond, you must ask yourself the age-old question, "Am I or am I not to be Chairman of the Parish Council?"

For a while, no doubt, the answer must be in abeyance while you conduct an inquiry into your general fitness for the post. Have you the *knowledge of men* required for presiding successfully over a body of councillors? Are you *au fait* with the regulations relating to the care and maintenance of public footpaths? Have you read *Salmon on Torts*, or do you know it only as a savoury? Can you (and this is most important), when faced with, say, Sub-section 48, Paragraph 12 of the Local Government Act, 1902, pick out the subject and predicate at a glance and assign the remaining clauses to their due subordinate position? If so, you are all right. Go to it. Attack the drainage, hurl yourself furiously into the war against the promiscuous dumping of rubbish, and draw up such a series of by-laws on the subject of grazing-rights on common-land as shall hold old men from the bar and young men from the village corner.

Such work is not without its reward. Yours will be the joy, when you are old and grey and full of port, of taking down the dear old minute-book and reading once again the magic words you wrote there on an evening long ago: "No person shall graze or cause to graze any ox, ass, pig, sheep, horse, goat, mule or other four-footed animal in or upon any of the common land or lands of this Parish, nor shall he drive or cause to be driven across, on to, or upon the aforesaid common land or lands any such ox, ass, pig, sheep, horse, goat, mule or other four-footed animal as aforesaid, save and in so far as permission shall have previously been devised, granted and bequeathed to him, his forbears or accredited agents, for grazing or driving, or causing to graze or be driven, any such ox, ass, pig, sheep, horse, goat, mule or other four-footed animal as aforesaid, across, on to or upon the aforesaid common land or lands. BY ORDER." And sometimes, it may be, your grandchildren clustering at your knee will peep shyly at the great book and wonder what it can be that brings the tears of happy memory into (or in or upon) their kind old grandad's eyes.

In any case you will probably be made a J.P.

Even those who are forced to confess that Parish Council work is beyond them will find many public bodies on which they may sit with perfect safety and no little gain in importance. No man can be too much of a fool to be a Vice-President, though many have not the necessary wealth. With half-a-dozen Vice-Presidencies, a Churchwardenship and a seat on the platform at political meetings, you may rest content and turn your attention to the great event of the year, the Annual Flower Show, held of course in your own Manor grounds. The purpose of

this affair is to encourage local horticulturists by a comparison of their own miserable entries with the vast marrows and twelve-inch philadelphiums that your head-gardener has set out conspicuously upon a special table marked "NOT FOR COMPETITION." What with the beauty of the grounds, the band and the very reasonable shilling teas, the people will come flocking from far and near. Add bowling for the pig and an enjoyable time is almost certain to be had by all.

When the moment comes for you to make your speech, you must not forget to say how much pleasure it gave your wife and yourself to see them all there that day; that the general standard of the exhibits was, in your opinion and in that of more competent judges, well above the average of recent years (applause), especially in the Hydrangea and Open Beetroot Classes (renewed applause); that you were particularly pleased with the display of wild flowers collected by the girls of the village school, a display, you might add, which reflected the very greatest credit on their schoolmistress, Miss Crindle; that your own knowledge of wild flowers was scanty—(laughter)—but you knew a good thing when you saw it—(more laughter, and cries of "What about Orwell, Squire?") Apart from this—the *oratio obliqua* is now over—you can say pretty well what you like, and the day concludes with dancing on the lawn till 10.30.

I have spent so much time on duties of a public or social nature that little space remains for the consideration of those more domestic problems concerned with the management of the estate. To show a real and intelligent interest in the work and personal welfare of your tenants and employees should be your earliest care, and for this purpose a tour of the property is advisable on not fewer than two occasions a week. While so employed, gaiters, an ash-stick and your favourite spaniel are *de rigueur*, but you need not take your wife unless the weather is particularly clement. Squire Partington, a keen rider to hounds and owner of the fattest heifer in Northumberland, has very kindly sent me a leaf from his diary describing a typical morning round of his beautiful estate. It will repay close study.

"Lovely day. Took Clara* for a stroll. Spoke to the head-gardener about the Colorado beetle—no joke nowadays. He tells me the gladioli are shedding their anthers very late this year (must look into it). Parkinson came up and showed me a slug he had just killed. Gave him a shilling and asked after his mother. A good lad—keen as mustard and knows his job.

"On to the stables. Polly and Firefly are saddle-sore and Judy has glanders, so told Jim to give them milk with their oats at breakfast; no reason why they shouldn't have the same as we get up at the house. Made a complaint to the third groom about my spurs, but he said it was the weather, and not his department either, come to think of it. So I gave him sixpence as he's a good lad really, though not so reliable as Parkinson. Took a look at the steadings and spoke to one or two of the cows. Patted Nancy and thought her rather bony, but I dare say you have to expect it. So to the pig-sties."

But there we must refuse to follow him.

* Probably his spaniel, but see above.



THE RECALL FROM THE WILD.

Good-bye to the Nightmare.

"In an interview the Chairman of the Show Society said that cheesewaking as an industry was slowly dying."—*Daily Paper.*

"TO-NIGHT'S WIRELESS.

8.30.—How the Wind Works in the Child (1), by the Hon. Medical Director of the East London Child Guidance Clinic."

Yorkshire Paper.

Our Nanny could have told them.

AND NOW ALL THIS.

V.

Extracts from Vol. I. of "The Hole Pocket Treasury of Absolutely General Knowledge,"

by the Authors of

"1066 AND ALL THAT."

MYTH INFORMATION.

I.—IMPORTANCE OF MYTHS.

DURING the course of their investigations the authors questioned a number of average schoolboys as to which educational subject they considered the more important—MYTHS or MATHS. They answered at once, "Moths."

When shown, however, a number of canes and other forms of WOE, they all admitted (at once) that there must have been some myth-understanding.

The truth is, of course, that the importance of Myths cannot be exaggerated (bad luck). Everyone knows that the splendid old legends of heroic times—the Myths of Hellas, the Tales of Asgard, the Arthurian Cycle—have inspired our Poets, Artists and Statesmen as (and when) nothing else has; and that, as a result, we English have for generations been myth-construed, myth-represented and myth-governed.

II.—RUTHLESS RUNES.

"A Norse! A Norse! My kingdom for a Norse!"
Sleipner's Myth-translations from the Edda.

The thing which makes Myths of all kinds so uplifting, compelling (and in practice compulsory) is the moral and spiritual beauty which we can all find in them.

Consider the grand old Outlandish Viking Songs, or Sagas, about the MYTHICAL REALMS OF ASGARD, FISHGARD and MUDGARD.

These lovely old Norsery Tales have, like most other myths, always been found exceptionally advisable as bedtime readings for little children whose little nightmares are apt to be quite vague and formless in the absence of such handy myth-conceptions as Berewolves and other spell-binding Scandinavian bric-à-brac, and whose best little impulses respond at once to the lovely little idea of Valhalla—the Viking Heaven, in which the Heroes spend Eternity in the ecstasy of furious fighting, serious drinking, etc., while those unfortunate enough not to have been slain in battle eke out eternal boredom in the far-off futile realm of Piffelheim.

III.—GOOD-KNIGHT STORIES.

In addition to their manly tone, the grand old Pagan Sagas have the further recommendation of an almost complete lack of Norseous love-interest.

This unfortunately is not true of the totally Christian Myths of KING ARTHUR and his splendid Knights; in fact many investigators have concluded, after reading the Good Knight Sir THOMAS MALORY'S *Morte d'Arthur*, that the Rules of Chivalry entitled any young Sir to do any blessed thing he liked to any Blessed Damozel he happened to meet.

Note.—This is a ridiculous myth-interpretation of the facts; on the contrary, by the laws of mediæval joustice he could do nothing to anybody without Power of A Tourney.



"THE IRON DUKE IN HYDE PARK: AN ENGLISH MYTH-REPRESENTATION."

Such mistakes are caused by a failure to realise that the Keynote of these beautiful Mediæval romances is just sheer glamour, *e.g.*:—

HOW AT A GREAT FEAST SIR DYNALOT BEHELD SIR GLAMIS LE MONSTRE AND TOOK HIM FOR A DYNASOR AND WOULD HAVE MADE DO A CARNAGE OF HIM FOR HIGH GAME, BUT WHEN HE KNEW HIM FOR A SCOTT KNIGHT DID STRAIGHTWAY MAKE DO A PORRAGE OF HIM FOR A DAMOZEL.

Love in a Myth.

A brief research among the Poets will convince anyone that in this epoch the women of the upper classes (and a few Beggar Maids) were all bewitchingly beautiful and that most of the Heroines of these enthralling Romances were *Belles Dames Sans Fairy Ann*.

But that was not their fault, because, as everyone knows, they all had the misfortune to quaff love-lotions (or -poultices) which ensured their being permanently in love with *The Wrong Knight*, thus obliging any other really noble-minded Knight (*a*) to slay their husbands and (*b*) to burn his own wife alive (*noblesse oblige*) if he had any reason to suspect that she had recently quaffed a love-poultice in which he was not mentioned.

IV.—GREEK MYTHS.

But for sheer concentrated Beauty and Inspiration there is nothing like the grand old classical Myths of Ancient Greece.

For instance, everyone knows that British boys are bound to become absolute Barbarians unless they are periodically ducked in the Pierian Springs of Greek Culture and held under until they admit the beauty of such memorable legends as:—

A.—The Lovely Story of Jason and Medea.

Part I.

Medea, daughter of Aeëtes (or Eaëtes), became enamoured of Jason (or Iason), son of Aeson (or Eaëson), when he came to fetch the Golden Fleece (or Fleaëce) from her father.

Having fetched the Fleece, Jason fled with Medea in a small boat, accompanied by Medea's small brother, Absyrtus.

On the other hand, in another boat, other things being equal, etc., the father of Medea pursued them. Medea therefore made a *beautiful plan*. She took her small brother, Absyrtus, and CUT HIM INTO SMALL BEAUTIFUL ABSYRD PIECES, which she strewed in the wake of the boat, with the object of detaining her father. In this she was entirely successful, her father stopping his boat and spending day after day in mid-ocean trying to fit the small absyrd pieces together in order to see who they would make.

Part II.

Meanwhile Jason's half-beautiful half-uncle, Pelias, had seized the throne of Aeson and put him to the sword, or much more probably put the sword to Aeson.

In order to seize the throne back again and present it to Jason, Medea now thought of another plan, which is probably *the most beautiful plan in all Mythology*.

She deceived the daughters of Pelias and CAUSED THEM TO CUT THEIR AGED FATHER INTO A THOUSAND EQUAL



The Archæologist Explorer. "AT LAST WE STAND AMONG THE RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF AZPTL! THIS IS THE PROUDEST MOMENT OF MY LIFE."

Practical Assistant. "MINE TOO, PROFESSOR. AND NOW DO YOU WANT THIS STUFF SENT OFF TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM, OR DO I JUST CLEAR AWAY THE ASPIDISTRAS AND TIDY THINGS UP A BIT?"

PIECES and boil him in a cauldron. This, she assured them, would restore him to youth and beauty.

But when Pelias had been cut up and boiled he *looked just as old and ugly as ever.* Jason was thus so disappointed that he deserted Medea and caused himself to marry Alopetia, daughter of Perispomenon and half-cousin of the beautiful Periscopë, who gave birth to twin serpents with the feet of fire-breathing she-goats.

Part III.

Having consulted the Fates, Furies, Harpies and other beauties of Ancient Greece, Medea took a final and totally beautiful revenge on Jason by MURDERING ALL HER OWN CHILDREN, and fleeing to Athens in a chariot drawn by twin-Dragons with the fire-breathing feet of mythical he-hens.

End of lovely story of Jason and Medea.

B.—The Noble Story of Perseus.

Perseus was the son of Zeus and Danaë and the grandson of Proposteros and (according to one authority) the great-grandson of Properiposteros.

Warned in a dream that he was DOOMED TO PERISH at the hands of his grandson, Proposteros TURNED INTO A BAD MAN and incarcerated Danaë and the little Perseus in a very small Oracle, which he then hurled into the sea and in which Mother and Son, or (according to a few romantic authorities) *the twain*, floated helplessly until they were TURNED INTO PORPOISES by Zeus and finally picked up on the island of Cerebos by Dactyl, an ignorant fisherman, who ignorantly nourished them for nineteen years and was then quickly turned into a geranium by Apollo Bomphilogeranios.

Meanwhile Pterodactyl, King of Cerebos, fell in love with Danaë, or (according to a more cautious authority) became enamoured (of her, understood), but sent Perseus away to fetch the MEDUSA'S HEAD in the hope that it would turn him into something.

Chancing, during the journey, to meet the three beautiful daughters of Sago, who happened to have the bodies of SAVAGE SWANS and ONE TOOTH and ONE EYE between them, which they borrowed from one another when they wanted to sing, Perseus seized (*a*) the Eye, thus rendering himself invisible, and (*b*) the Tooth, thus rendering himself indigestible, and then attacked the Medusa: but discovered that WHENEVER HE LOOKED AT HER HE WAS TURNED INTO A STONE. He therefore looked at her reflection in a mirror and cut that off instead.

On his way home Perseus found a special sort of nymph tied to a rock and easily untied and married her.

The rest of the story is almost unbearably beautiful.

Perseus, arriving at Cerebos, turned the Wicked King Pterodactyl and all his friends into stone and compelled the ignorant Dactyl to stop being a geranium.

Finally he went in pursuit of his grandfather, Proposteros, and SMOTE HIM TO DEATH while HURLING THE DISH-CLOTH at the Olympic Games, in revenge for which the Goddess Athene made him immortal every seven years and turned him into a twin egg. . . .

"HAIRDRESSERS' CHARTER NOVICES WHO UNDERCUT."—*Daily Paper.*

We always thought this was the first thing a barber had to learn.

"The world over September is a welcome month. In the northern latitudes it ushers the autumn with its hips and paws turning golden and red."—*Australian Paper.*

The autumn would do well to consult a good vet.

ABOUT HYGROMETRY.

I AM always reading lovely books. One such came into my house the other day, I know not why nor whence. It was meant to provide children with all the knowledge there is in the world, if any, and to help parents as well. I had just been paying school-bills and my mind was in a very receptive mood.

I opened it at the place where it talked about "The Family" and read:

"Marriage and the inferior position of women are due to the choice of the family group as a means of caring for children. Marriage laws and the unequal treatment of women are therefore only likely to disappear if and when we devise other means of bringing up children which will do the job as well as the family does."

I liked that, so I read some more. As I say, it was a lovely book, leaving out no branch of knowledge, and everything was made easy for the little ones, if not for the rather stupid grown-ups. It went something like this:—

"Robert Gutch is a very clever man,



living at Huddersfield. He has side-whiskers and keeps toads. Every summer he goes and climbs in the Dolomites, and every winter he goes out into the garden and eats worms; but his favourite subject is the hygrometer. He has three lovely children, a boy and two girls, just like you, dears. What is the hygrometer? It is an instrument. You know what an instrument is. It is a thing for doing things with.

"Well, this instrument called the hygrometer measures the quantity of moisture (which means wetness) in the atmosphere (which means air). Fancy that, darlings! That is how Robert, or Bob as I always call him, passes his time. Can you imagine a more delightful hobby? But since it is also a very useful hobby, Robert Gutch has been made a Professor of Hygrometry at Sheffield University, and many of the fogs which you see about during winter-time are entirely due to his scientific care.

"When people despise hygrometry—and many rather worldly-minded people do—Professor Gutch gets very angry. And so he was glad to write about it in this book, which dear Mr. Rosencrantz has published and I am editing for him.

"It has been difficult for Professor Gutch to get all he knows about hygrometry into the short space I was able to allow him. But he has done his best, and above all things he has tried to be absolutely fair."

So far so good. Robert Gutch is now endeared to readers both young and old. They are all agog to hear what he has to say about hygrometry. The trouble about him is that he is not only a scientist but a Yorkshireman. He does not fall so easily for this simple soothing way of attacking a great theme. There is a rude transition between the preface and the actual essay in hygrometry, and the rough stark nature of the matter which follows is only mitigated by sentences which the author has obviously inserted, like plums into the duff.

"The earlier forms of hygrometer," begins Robert Gutch, "depended upon the property possessed by some substances of readily absorbing moisture from the air and being thereby changed in dimensions or in weight. Of this kind was the hair-hygrometer of a *very delightful* man named Saussure, in which a hair which expands and contracts in length according as the air is more or less moist was made to move a *charming little* index. A similar instrument again was the whalebone hygrometer of *another very delightful person named* Deluc. . . ."

And so on and so on. Alas for hygrometry! already the eye of little Willie is wandering. Hoping to hear about the Dolomites and eating worms, he finds that Professor Robert Gutch is no better than his ordinary mouldy task-masters at school. Despite propaganda the conviction grows up in his heart that Saussure was a poor kind of fish and Deluc, if possible, worse. A moment later Professor Gutch has got on to two bulbs connected by a bent tube, and when he is well under way he flings an algebraical formula into the arena, which makes little Willie determined that whatever happens to him in after life he will avoid hygrometry like the plague.

After that he tears out a blank page from the book and, allotting runs in the proportion of 1, 2, 3, 4 to various letters in Professor Gutch's article, and methods of getting out—bowled, caught, stumped, etc.—to the other letters, plays a fine match between the M.C.C. team and Australia until it is time for tea. You cannot really hoodwink little Willie by kind words and personal anecdotes into supposing that hygrometry has any message for him like *The Three Musketeers* and *Bulldog Drummond*. Nor is Professor Gutch to be wheedled into using words of one letter in order to help the great idea.

As for the parent, he has realised his limitations long ago. His feeling is that if the practice of hygrometry produces a person with a face like Robert Gutch and with habits like Robert Gutch, the less he hears of hygrometry the better. And so another great encyclopædia of omniscience is removed to a distant shelf. Family life goes on. Children are dragged up as usual. Women are unequally treated. Hygrometers are despised.

The only solution of the difficulty is to abolish the family—and abolish marriage. And abolish schools. And abolish parents and abolish children. And abolish publishers and abolish books. Only in that new world, I fancy, will hygrometry come into its own.

EVOE.

MR. PUNCH AND PROFESSOR MILES WALKER.

IN a recent "Charivaria" paragraph Mr. Punch wrote: "Professor MILES WALKER of Manchester assured the British Association that if he were Engineer-in-Charge of the world things would be run better." Professor WALKER complains that he said nothing of the sort. But in his address, of which the full report has been put before Mr. Punch, the Professor gave it as his opinion that the affairs of the world could be run better if they were handled (with suitable assistance) by engineers, not only in the technical matter of engineering but in most phases of its existence—economic, administrative, social, and even spiritual; and to Mr. Punch it does not seem a very long step to the deduction that the Professor, who was speaking as President of the Engineering Section, was available for the superintending of these operations. Professor WALKER, however, does not agree with him; and Mr. Punch expresses regret for his alleged offence.

OTHER TIMES, OTHER MANNERS.

[Two women were recently charged with burglary.]

As a hint to our light-fingered gentry
We had purchased a couple of tykes,
And "Beware of the Dogs" at the entry
Struck a chill to the heart of Bill Sikes.

But in view of the changed situation
We're amending the ancient device
(To appeal to the new generation)
With a postscript, "Beware of the Mice."



"I can't fight him with my glasses on and I can't see him without 'em."
"Well, have a good look at him and hit him from memory."

THE MARTYRS.

No one was surprised when the Mayor of Bulham announced that he was going to over-eat himself as a protest against the Ministry of Health's famous Form Fifteen. It was recognised as a legitimate political gesture, comparable to fasting but more expeditious and even more uncomfortable.

"Unless," wrote the Mayor simply, "by October 1st the infamous Form Fifteen be withdrawn, I shall on that date begin a course of gross and continuous over-eating, which I shall maintain until I die."

But, though no one was surprised, everyone was stimulated. The Mayor had been generally regarded as a bit of an ass, and his arguments were almost everywhere described as bilge or cabbage-water. But when he announced that he was about to terminate his life for the sake of principle in a painful manner, everyone began to consider his arguments again; and almost everyone decided that, after all, there must be something in what the fellow said.

Conferences, movements, societies sprang up on all sides, all with a common object—to prevent the Mayor from eating himself to death. The Rechabites of Bulham met the Oddfellows of Bulham and both sent a telegram to the Minister of Health. Alderman Pobbs, Colonel Buttery and the Rev. Herbert Muke called on each other and on the Mayor hourly. *The Daily Dose* opened a fund to prevent the Mayor from eating himself to death; and the proprietor led off with £10,000. Sir John Simon called on the Prime Minister; the Prime Minister flew to Lossiemouth; Sir Gilbert Murray wrote to *The Times*. Many people wrote books. But Form Fifteen was not withdrawn. And on the 1st of

October the Mayor, adamant, began his fatal gorge.

Reverent crowds surrounded the house at eleven A.M. when Councillor Oaks handed the Mayor his first sausage-roll. The Mayor's digestion was not good, and his doctor had long ago warned him against rich, farinaceous or starchy foods. "No fish, meat, eggs, poultry or fruit" had been his simple orders. After four sausage-rolls the Mayor took a rump-steak with mashed potatoes, then a fried sole, a grilled mackerel, a *truite meunière* and seven sausages; after that a whole shepherd's pie, four kippers and a loaf of bread. At 4.30 his medical adviser announced that he was weakening. The Mayor ate on.

A fast may by cunning be mitigated (who knows what may not be slipped into the faster's innocent glass of water?), but it is impossible to fake a gorge. Either the food disappears or it does not; and the Mayor's piles of food slowly but surely *did* disappear. Heroic, relentless, he went on taking nourishment, and weakened with every mouthful.

Outside the crowds swelled in sympathy with the Mayor. Public indignation against the Government ran high. The Mayor's case was now seen to be unanswerable, and savage was the language applied to Ministers who still refused to recognise its force. At 6.0 the doctor announced that the Mayor could not eat much more and live. At 7.0 a special meeting of the Cabinet was summoned.

Night fell and the Mayor still ate, peeping through the curtains at the adoring crowd outside. At 9.0 he took three roast chickens with bread-sauce and boiled potatoes; at 10.0 a couple of chops and a great deal of jam and Devonshire cream. The whole of London was now gathered at his door, and the Mayor was a national hero. The Cabinet still sat at No. 10, Downing Street, and Fleet Street sat outside. Everyone agreed that Form Fifteen was as good as dead, though nobody could remember what Form Fifteen was about.

At 11 P.M. the Cabinet meeting broke up and special editions carried the official announcement of policy about the town. It was a "bomb-shell." Unless by midnight (the Cabinet declared) the Mayor withdrew his opposition to Form Fifteen and stopped eating himself to death, the MINISTER OF HEALTH would begin sucking matches till he died of poison; the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE would lie in a bath of cold water till he died, and the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES would flog the HOME SECRETARY with dead fish till they both died. All this to be done publicly on a platform in Whitehall.

A startling change came over the political situation. An uneasy feeling spread among the Mayor's supporters that perhaps the Mayor was not right after all. Sections of the crowd detached themselves and slunk away towards Whitehall. As midnight approached the Mayor was still masticating, but with less conviction, his sixty-fifth currant-bun. Midnight struck and a thrill passed through the watchers. Would his Worship surrender? No; slowly, painfully the indomitable jaws continued their heroic chew. And now, save for his own circle, the whole crowd stampeded away to Whitehall.



HERBERT. "TAKE IT AWAY; IT MAKES ME SICK TO LOOK AT IT!"

Dr. ELLIOT, M.B., Ch.B. (Minister of Fisheries). "COME, NOW; SWALLOW IT LIKE A GOOD LITTLE MAN AND YOU 'LL BE ENCOURAGING EMPIRE INDUSTRIES."

Here the four Ministers had already begun their gallant fight for principle. The MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES was belabouring the HOME SECRETARY with a large wet cod; the martyred Minister's agony was plain to see, but not a word of complaint escaped from his lips. As for the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES, it was clear from his sensitive face that it hurt him more than it hurt the HOME SECRETARY, but he too made no complaint. The MINISTER OF HEALTH went on sucking matches, greener with every match; and ice formed slowly round the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE. The crowd stood hushed; the Ministers were national heroes; and it was generally agreed that Form Fifteen was quite a good form after all. The essential wisdom of a great democracy was asserting itself.

Meanwhile the busy emissaries of goodwill rushed back and forth between Whitehall and the mayoral residence, hunting for a formula. The PRIME MINISTER flew back from Lossiemouth. Sir JOHN SIMON flew to Geneva. The Stock Exchange opened. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE met the Town Clerk of Bulham, Lord PASSFIELD and Mr. E. F. WISE. The Mayor, so far as he was still intelligible, was adamant. He looked, however, like india-rubber.

The hundredth blow of the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES was a fierce one; the HOME SECRETARY winced, the crowd cheered and the over-worked cod broke into a thousand pieces. The MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES took up a healthy herring and began again.

But at this moment a panting messenger found his way through the crowd. The Mayor, it seemed, was quite full and his jaws were no longer capable of action; but by signs and writings he had signified his assent to an honourable compromise. He would accept the substance of Form Fifteen provided that it were known by a different name; and he suggested "Schedule 21."

Another Cabinet meeting was called and Sir JOHN SIMON returned from Geneva. At 2.30 A.M., just as the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES was beginning to lay on with a new mackerel, it was announced that the Cabinet had accepted the formula. Form Fifteen became Schedule 21, honour was satisfied and principle vindicated on both sides; and thus once again did the essential wisdom of democracy assert itself.

A. P. H.

Cassandra of the Movies.

"Unless the time-honoured traditions and team-spirit of the theatrical profession are incorporated as part of the cinema code, Hollywood is doomed and will see me no more."—*GRETA GARBO in Sunday Paper.*

"ST. GERALD DU MAURIER."
Patronage List of Theatrical Charity.

We look forward to seeing his first halo in the colours of the Garrick Club.

"Mr. Beattie . . . threw the mace at the corner of the Chamber. It struck the floor with a resounding crash . . . . and slid for a few yards, coming to rest almost under the Press table."—*Ulster Parliamentary Report in Evening Paper.*

Several Members threaten to sleep in the smoke-room if this occurs again.

RELAXATION.



ALTHOUGH—



WE ENJOYED—



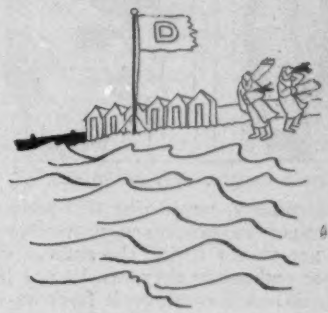
OUR—



HOLIDAY—



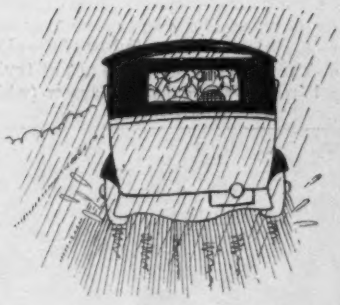
TREMENDOUSLY—



AND HAD—



A PERFECTLY—



TOPPING—



TIME—



AND ALL THAT—



IT 'S RATHER A TREAT TO SETTLE DOWN IN A CORNER-SEAT OF THE DEAR OLD CITY AND SUBURBAN.

LALAGE'S LETTERS.

DARLING DODO,—It was enormous fun having you and Richard in London even for such a very few days. We adored our evening at the Keyhole—I'd quite forgotten how well Richard danced.

Sorry you found such turmoil at Starlings when you got back. Isn't it



"THAT LOOK OF SUPPRESSED GLOOM."

extraordinary, considering that houses are supposed to exist for *our* convenience and not we for theirs, the amount of bother and agony they can let one in for? When I come back from anywhere I quite dread walking in at the front-door for fear of meeting that look of suppressed gloom and smothered catastrophe on the face of whoever-lets-you-in, which always means either that the roof has sprung a leak or that there's been a fall of soot all over the new covers in the drawing-room, or that the electric-light has been cut off because you've forgotten to pay the bill, or (worst of all) that the cook and the housemaid have suddenly ceased to be on speaking terms for no reason at all.

For "house" in your case, of course, read "garden." Really it does look rather as though you'll have to get rid of old Paddle, even if he *has* been at Starlings for thirty-seven years. After all, the garden does belong to you and Richard, and if you want to turn half the herbaceous border into more strawberries and asparagus I really don't see why you shouldn't. Anyway there's absolutely no excuse for his venting his fury on the wretched garden-boy, especially so near the cucumber-frame.

Do take care though that he doesn't do something quite awful by way of revenge before he goes—like Tubby Walchester's gardener. They had to sack him for slackness and general inefficiency, and just before he was due to leave he went out at dead of night, rooted up every single thing out of that big flower-bed in the middle of the lawn and filled it up instead with "VOTE LABOUR" written in bright red geraniums. They were having a constituents' garden-party that very afternoon, so of course they had to pull the whole bed up again, and in the end the lawn looked like a shambles, and Dorothy said it was the most leprous party she'd ever given.

Of course, if she'd had any imagination, she'd have left it as it was and made a Thing about it and perhaps had a procession of under-gardeners marching up in the middle of the party, tearing out the geraniums and replacing them with "VOTE FOR WALCHESTER" done in royal blue lobelias. It would have been a roaring success and probably have given Tubby a really decent majority. But then poor darling Dorothy never *did* have any sense of the dramatic.

Anyway, if you *do* decide to get rid of Paddle, don't follow Mimi Sludge's example and try having *women* gardeners. She's had two, and they were both the most shuddering failures. The first one wouldn't handle a slug, dead or alive, and the second one spent the whole time sitting in the potting-shed knitting herself bérets. Mimi happened to be snooping round one day and looked through the window of the shed, and there she was in the act of trying a béret on a vegetable-marrow (which she'd picked specially for the purpose because it was exactly the right size). Mimi was *livid*; she always wins prizes for marrows at the Gullerwick Show, and this was an extra fine specimen.



"TRYING A BÉRET ON A VEGETABLE-MARROW."

By the way, I've asked her to lunch with me to-morrow at Murillo's. "My dear," she announced brightly on the telephone, "you'll find me a *very* cheap guest; I'm on a diet and I'm only allowed one dish!" My heart sank. I know these dieting women; their "one dish" always happens to be peacocks' brains or oysters stuffed with caviar or something, and costs far more than the whole of the set lunch. And you



"MOSTLY RUN BY SMART BROKES FOR THE BENEFIT OF OTHER SMART BROKES."

know how Murillo sticks it on if you ask for anything special.

I've a good mind to take her to the Swashbuckler instead, which is one of these new cheap sandwich-bars that seem to be springing up in every mews in Mayfair. They're rather fun, but almost embarrassingly *intime*, because they're mostly run by Smart Brokes for the benefit of other Smart Brokes. The result is that the proprietors and the customers all look practically identical, except for minute "saucer" hats which you can hardly see; so it's terribly difficult to know whom to speak to when you want another walnut-and-*foie-gras* sandwich or a second helping of sweet-corn-and-capers. Especially as they all call each other "darling" quite impartially.

Well, good-bye; and let me know what happens about Paddle; and mind you come up again before too long. It *was* so marvellous seeing you again.

Best love from LALAGE.

JAN.

"Mr. McNeill drove to Buckingham Palace at noon. He wore worning clothes and a top hat. No one recognised him as his taxi-cab drove in the Palace gates."
Evening Paper.

The worning was evidently insufficient.

"The grounds are fringed all about by a picturesque ewe border . . ."—*Nottingham Paper.*

It sounds like *Ali Baba's* garden.

A SONG OF LAST STRAWS.

WHEN the prosperous tribe of book-boosters
Their trumpets incessantly blow,
Or, like rude and robustious roosters,
In leather-lunged unison crow,
In spite of their vast exudations
Of strident yet saccharine slosh,
I refrain from more harsh execrations
Than "Bother!" or "Bosh!"

When some motoring pundit discourses
In very large print in *The Times*
On the nuisance of dogs or of horses
Or silly pedestrians' crimes,
Though his bland yet pontifical railing
Is certain of getting my goat,
I refrain from reprisals or trailing
A combative coat.

When high o'er the maëlstrom's mid eddy
Enthroned like a DUCE or Dux
Great GARVIN ejaculates "Steady!"—
A Proteus prohibiting flux—
While I own that it's folly to pay no
Regard to the words of the wise,
I regard this parturient volcano
With critical eyes.

But the worst of this breed, to my thinking,
Are those who exploit to the full
The art of maliciously pinking
Soft spots in the hide of John Bull—
Poor "exiles of Erin," migrating
To England's more civilised coasts,
Who accumulate fortunes by baiting
Their tolerant hosts.

The ignorant need elevators,
But average middle-class folk
Resent self-appointed dictators
And long to escape from their yoke;
So I feel that the classical query,
Quis tulerit Gracchos? provides
Good counsel to all who are weary
Of arrogant guides. C. L. G.

DIARY OF THE CRISIS.

Oct. 13th.—DON BRADMAN still says his job is more important than playing Test cricket. Australian Board has fit of vapours.

FRANK WATERS says *his* job is more important than playing international Rugger. Scottish Rugby Union has two fits of hiccups.

Oct. 14th.—GANDHI sends cable to BRADMAN assuring him that he will go on hunger-strike if his (BRADMAN'S) demands are not granted.

Oct. 15th.—Sir HERBERT SAMUEL sends telegram to WATERS advising him to resign from everything and extolling the virtues of cod-liver oil.

Oct. 16th.—Powerful article by JAMES DOUGLAS in *Sunday Express*: "Still Waters does not Bubble."

Oct. 17th.—All available space in all columns of all papers taken up with correspondence from LOVER OF FAIR-PLAY, LOVER OF JUSTICE, LOVER OF CRICKET, LOVER OF FOOTBALL, MOTHER OF SEVEN, etc.

Oct. 18th.—Special meeting of Recreations Committee of League of Nations proposes to relegate BRADMAN and WATERS to Second League. MUSSOLINI joins Scottish Rugby Union and Australian Board of Control.

Oct. 19th.—S.R.U. and A.B.C. resign. Assented War Loan falls ten points.

Oct. 20th.—PRIME MINISTER makes a felicitous reference to the eleventh hour and suggests plan: BRADMAN to play Rugger for Scotland and WATERS to play cricket for Australia. Crisis over. Assented War Loan goes up to 110 (in the shade).

Oct. 21st.—Powerful article by Lord BEAVERBROOK: "*Express* to the Next Crisis."

"Mr. C. T. Cramp, the secretary of the N.U.R., recently declared for the 36-hour day . . . ."—*Labour Paper.*

And they always told us it was the Capitalists that ground the faces of the workers.



Motorist (laden with spoils from countryside). "CAN WE TAKE THIS ROAD BACK TO LONDON?"
Native. "MIGHT AS WELL WHILE YER AT IT."



PROBLEMS OF MODERN DRESS.

Young Lady (to visitor). "DARLING, I'M SO WORRIED. I'VE CHOSEN THE MODEL FOR MY NEW EVENING-DRESS, BUT I CAN'T DECIDE WHETHER TO HAVE IT MADE IN *PEAU D'ANGE* OR CROCODILE SKIN."

PEEWIT'S CESAREWITCH.

HAVING always harboured a profound contempt for those rather brutish writers who, in order to put across to their readers some peculiarly unlikely pack of lies, sink to the low subterfuge of pretending that they have dreamed it, I would naturally prefer you to credit me when I say that the following strange occurrence really happened. But, if it suits your sort of mentality better to rush to the assumption that I did dream it, then please do. For it really doesn't matter in the least.

The important thing is that when I threw my wireless into gear last night and waited confidently for the golden notes of Vina Schnitzel herself (from Munich), this is what burst instead through the fretwork:—

"B.B.C. Commentator speaking from the course at Newmarket. May I just repeat what most of you know already—that, in view of the growing feeling that the Turf must either brighten up or go under, it was unanimously decided some weeks ago at a joint meeting of the Jockey Club and Dublin Sweepstakes Committees that all horses entered for the Cesarewitch should be sent away for a nice week by the sea, and that the race should be run off by the drawers of horses in the Sweepstakes.

"The other races to-day have been run as usual by horses, and the Cesarewitch has been put last on the card as, owing to the size of the field, some small difficulties in starting are foreseen. I can't tell you the exact numbers, as a few foreign and Dominion drawers will not compete; but there will certainly be several hundred. A special race-catalogue has been issued. . . .

"The parade is just beginning. The horses—I beg your pardon, the runners—are walking slowly up and down, unled. Although the Committee hasn't actually insisted on fancy-dress, one is immediately struck by the wide range of costumes. No. 99, for instance, who I see from the card is 'Gumboola, Nairobi,' is wearing an abbreviated creation of mango-leaves. She is bare-shod and is said to be the head-wife of the hereditary ruler of the Yuyus. On the other hand, No. 72, 'Sporty-boy, Hull' has a zephyr and shorts surmounted by a morning-coat. There is only one top-hat to be seen, 'Simla, Pall Mall,' whose white flannels I do not fancy. No. 127, 'Grosses Dunkel, Innsbruck' is exceedingly picturesque in full Tyrolese costume, and if he doesn't get caught up in his braces might easily steal a place. . . .

"I have just heard that 'Mother of Fifteen, Pimlico' has been disqualified for cracking the scales in the weighing-in room. Too heavily backed, they say.

"The Committee has finally, and I think wisely, turned down the suggestion that where a ticket was held by several people—as in the case of 'Flossy and the Boys, Scarborough'—they should race three-or-more-legged, as it were. One ticket one runner is therefore the rule.

"The course is two miles two furlongs, as usual. . . .

"They're going down to the post now. 'Nasal Catarrh, Swanage,' No. 234, is indulging in a practice trot, but to me he has a slightly cab air. 'Peewit, Tumby-over-Tussock' has got an original action, doing most of the work with his elbows, and I like his hat; but he is ill-advised to wear sandals. My own fancy is 'Girly, West Norwood,' whose scarlet beach-pyjamas should be



THE COMMAND COURTEOUS.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS. "*GOOD* DOG—DROP IT!"

easy to follow. She looks extremely quick off the turf. . . .

"I'm sorry you're having to wait so long, but the starter is having a tough job of it. No. 17, 'Anti-Gambling, Beckenham' has just been removed. Drunk or disorderly, or possibly both, it's rather hard to tell at this distance. Everything seems set now. . . .

"They're off! 'Shillelagh, Ballyscullery' is making the running, but 'Yo-Yo Boy, Cairo' is forging up. First six going well, except 'Peewit,' who has cast a sandal and is going round in circles. I thought as much. . . . 'Girly' is coming up all the time. . . . Poor 'Nasal Catarrh, Swanage' is the first to fall out. He is lying down by the rails sneezing. . . . Something odd has happened to 'Hold-me-Tight, Manitoba,' who has suddenly swerved and taken a short cut to the other side of the course. 'Aunt Ethel' has followed, and the judges have already disqualified them. She has only come from Basingstoke, but it does seem a pity after travelling all that way from Manitoba. . . .

"I'm going to close down now for ten minutes as there's nothing to tell you, except that there is a little band in front led by 'Turkish Delight, Sheerness,' with 'Une Chance, Boulogne' lying second despite his evening-dress. . . .

"Here we are again, with only two furlongs to go, and it's frightfully exciting. The unexpected has happened, and 'Peewit,' having kicked off the other sandal, is second, holding a plover's egg in front of him as a mascot. 'Gumboola,' who leads, is quite tireless but lacks acceleration. A barefoot finish, I think, for 'Hartal, Jubbulpore' is coming up fast. There are about thirty runners left. 'Une Chance, Boulogne' has lost it, I'm afraid, but is carrying on indomitably some three or four furlongs in the rear. I can't see 'Girly' anywhere. The crowd's going mad. . . . 'Peewit''s coming up . . . he's going to do it . . . and he's done it! A great race! 'Peewit' wins, 'Gumboola''s second and—I can't believe it, but 'Girly''s third. . . ."

And there my wireless died as mysteriously as it had started. Pretty EINSTEIN, wasn't it? What do you make of it all? The best I can make of it is an article. But, if somebody who has been silly enough to choose one of these pseudonyms has actually drawn a horse, will he or she please accept this apology? Even "Gumboola"? ERIC.

Nobody knows exactly why the PRINCE OF RUMANIA was not allowed to rumania.



Mother (to Roy, who has been to a party in her absence). "I HOPE YOU WASHED YOUR HANDS BEFORE TEA."

Roy. "I HADN'T TIME TO WASH BOTH, BUT I KEPT THE OTHER ONE IN MY POCKET."

IN MEMORY OF LORD ROBERTS.

Mr. Punch desires to support Lord ALLENBY'S recent appeal, made on the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Lord ROBERTS, for a cause that was very near to his heart. The Incorporated Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society, of which his daughter is Chairman, has assisted more than a million necessitous ex-service men, and carries on the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops in which 3,000 war-disabled men have been trained and employed. The Society is served by 16,000 voluntary workers.

Mr. Punch is confident that his readers will respond to this appeal for a fresh tribute of love and gratitude to one whose devotion to his country can never be forgotten.

Cheques should be drawn in favour of the Society, crossed "Lloyds Bank, Ltd.," and addressed to the Chairman, Countess ROBERTS, D.B.E., 122, Brompton Road, S.W.3.

The shortness of the run of Mr. G. B. SHAW'S new play is attributed to a general impression that it was Too Bad To Be Good.

"A big feature which will certainly influence sales is the inclusion in every copy of three skeins of wool."

Newspaper Trade Announcement.

The readers of a good many papers seem already to be wool-gathering.

GETTING THE RIGHT MAN.

NOBODY can look at a Middle White pig nor consider the egg-laying velocity of a common hen, nobody can observe the difference between a greyhound and a bulldog, without remembering how much man has done to domesticate wild animals and fit them for his own enjoyment and use. But what has he done in the course of thousands and thousands of years to alter his own shape and adapt it to the needs of a totally new environment? Modern man is no better equipped than Cro-Magnon man—sometimes no better than the Neanderthal man or the Java Ape man. I sometimes wonder that he survives. Very often of course he does not.

I thought of these things in the bathroom while I was trying to shave and read a book at the same time—the difficulty of course being that it was impossible to focus one eye on the looking-glass and one on the book; whereas a horse, which has eyes sticking right out at the sides, would have had no difficulty at all.

Science itself has hardly considered yet the type of man most fitted to live in an age of multiple machinery. We have eradicated the useless tail, but by what have we replaced it, I should like to know? Possibly some false idea of beauty has been the stumbling-block—a sentimental idea that certain shapes or patterns of men or women have intrinsic and absolute charm.

This of course is hugaboo. Beauty consists in exquisite adaptation to the purposes of life. Your octopus (if you have one) is not less but more beautiful by reason of the number of its arms. The most beautiful female jellyfish is judged not by the slim line but by colour, it may be, or transparency, or the power to sting bathers where they least expect it when they cross her path. And Man, I need hardly remind the reader, is no longer the simple running, wrestling, singing, harp-playing oaf that he used to be some thousands of years ago. He lives in a world of buttons, taps, pipes, ceremonies, peculiar clothing and still more peculiar machines.

Why, to take a single case, have we not bred the three-armed man, infinitely more fitted than the two-armed for modern civilisation, just as the Middle White pig by the splendour of its bacon is more fitted than the lean hungry pig of the wilds? The three-armed man can carry in one hand a despatch-case and umbrella and at the same time remove a pipe from his mouth and a hat from his head in order to salute a lady. The two-armed man, faced (as I am) every day by the necessity of performing this feat, merely strews the road with his personal goods. The three-armed man can change gear, manipulate the steering-wheel and signal at the same time. He can fist off two men at Rugby football while still retaining the ball. If a Prime Minister, he can shake hands with three resigning members of the Cabinet at once. He can hold a strap and turn over the pages of his evening newspaper. He can use a telephone and at the same time write down on a little pad what the fool is saying at the other end.

The three-armed woman is better off still. She can make up an entirely new face whilst carrying five or six parcels. She can cook and knit at the same time. Nor, remember, is she less beautiful, *quâ* woman, any more than a motor-cycle combination is less beautiful, *quâ* motor-cycle combination, for having three wheels.

I think we may assume the desirability of the three-armed woman or man. Three legs are more important still. There is one for the clutch and one for the accelerator and one for the brake. Pedestrians need them. If a man runs swiftly with two legs, how much more swiftly with three! The queue-stander, by easing one leg at a time, can remain at his post for days and days. The blackmailer can be kicked downstairs without loss of poise, and the additional momentum supplied to a golf-swing is almost incalculable.

Let the eugenists, therefore, breed us the three-armed, three-legged man.

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Forget once again the notion that any such arrangement might detract from personal charm. It would not. There is no magic about the spacing of eyes and mouths. It is merely a matter of tradition. The loveliest woman in many African tribes is the one that weighs the most. In others the one with the largest number of rings through her nose.

It might be better to have one eye for use in the centre of the forehead and two painted for ornament on the cheeks. Two frontal eyes, at any rate, are a handicap. They merely get out of focus and necessitate spectacles. They increase the temptation to fix one on the scenery while the other is glued to the ball. I suggest that, reversing the rather foolish practice of the sole and



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THE AWKWARD RENCONTRE.

A FABLE.

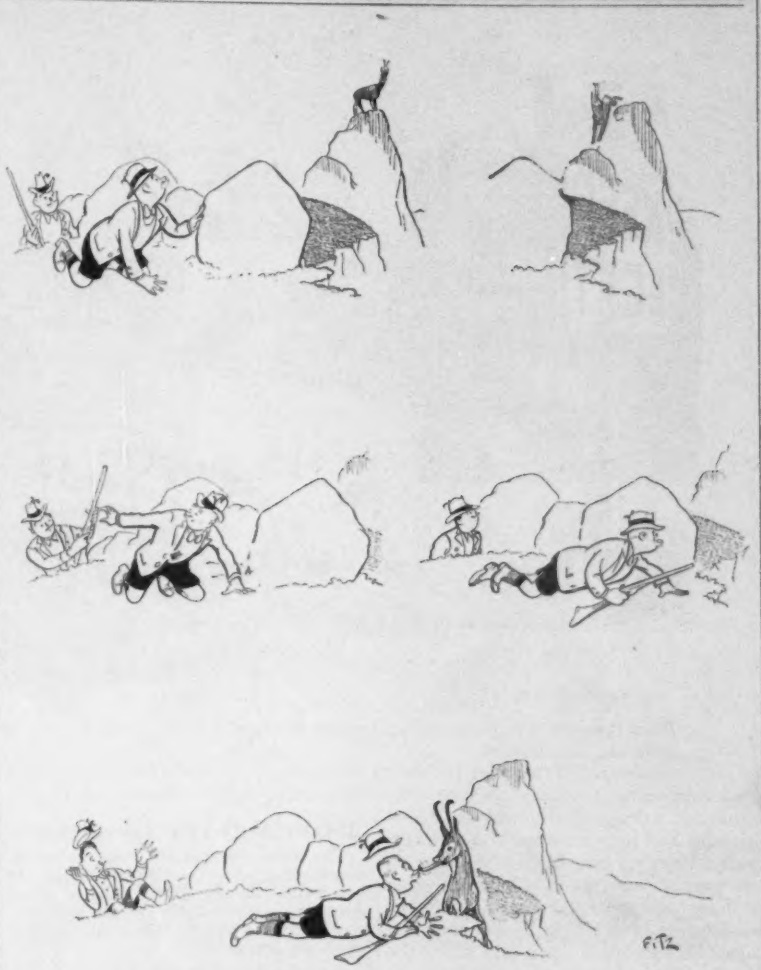
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Hereat was the Shepherd greatly perturbed and frantically urged his Dog to attack the supposed Wolf, while fumbling with trembling fingers to reload his piece.

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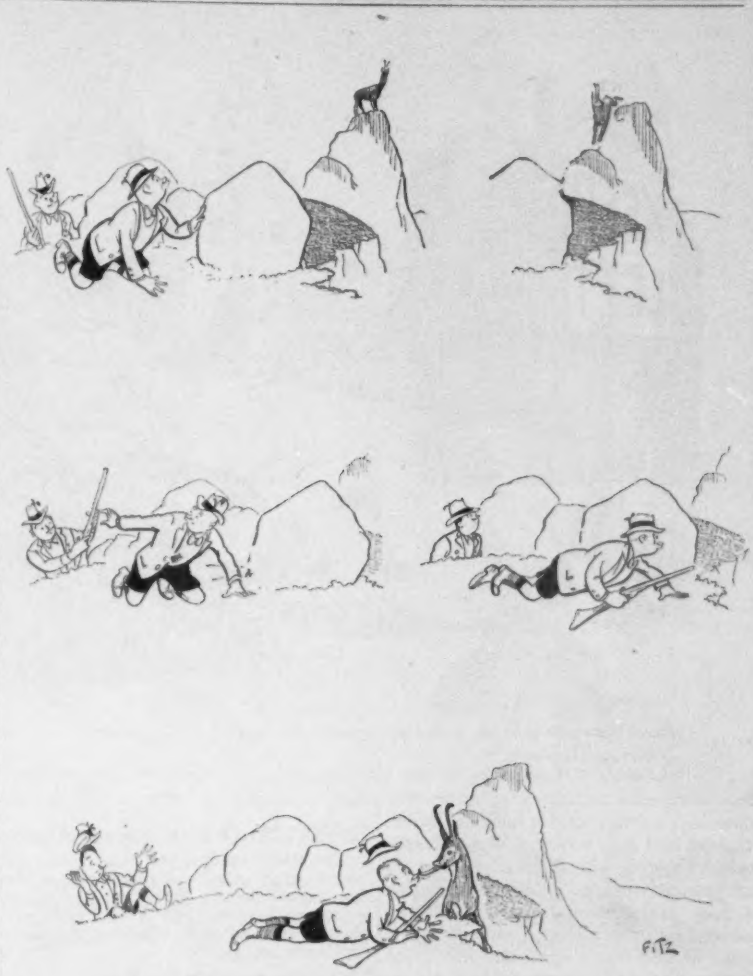
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Rural Constable (who has pulled up motorist for ignoring notice). "DIDN'T SEE IT? WHERE DO YOU COME FROM?"
Motorist. "LONDON."
Constable. "WELL, YOU 'VE GOT TO REMEMBER YOU AREN'T IN LONDON *now*!"

cunning, savage and pestilent Beast, and he had long ravaged the countryside. Espying him from afar, I set off in pursuit and, overtaking him after a long and arduous chase, with the assistance of my Dog I slew him just after he had fallen upon and killed the foolish Sheep.' "

And the Dog added:—

"There be here four pelts, two of which it will not be necessary to mention. Prithee do not forget Me when thou hast cashed them."

And it was so even as the Dog had predicted, for the story was well received by the Master of the Flock and subsequently, with sundry further embellishments, made quite a good yarn when the Shepherd related it in the Alehouse.

Moral (to whom it may concern). Deceit is an Abomination, but, if you *must* disguise yourself, seek some honest wigmaker who will do it thoroughly.

"MOTHER BEATS STUDENTS IN SPARE TIME."—*Daily Paper.*

They should club together and buy her a punch-ball.

"LIGHT FLESHY SULTANAS 39/- PER CWT."—*Grocer's List.*

Does Mr. COCHRAN want a nice Oriental Chorus?

SPORT AND THE LANGUAGE.

[The writer offers a few observations on contemporary sport, taking advantage of the new lingual licence in this department of journalism suggested by the following extract from the Press: "They all appeared hopelessly over-golfed."]

To prophecies upon the Test
I hasten to contribute lest
The views I hold, too long suppressed,
  Should run to waste unspoken:
Has LARWOOD still the speed to make
The WOODFULL-PONSFORD phalanx quake,
And are the bowlers trained to break
  Effectually broken?

If England, questioned thus, can give
Replies in the affirmative,
She may, in my opinion, live
  To win the Urn, provided—
And here of course may come the hitch—
She has a team of batsmen which
Is blocked and driven up to pitch
  And amply glanced and glided.

In tennis (lawn) again the day
Has gone to France; and I would say
Of JEAN BOROTRA's dashing play
  And COCHET's, stern and stolid,
That both are lobbed and pulled and cut
In delicate proportions, but,
Though still he wields a pretty gut,
  The Basque is over-volleyed.

To talk or exercise a quill
On billiards, one observes that still
A singular degree of skill
  To LINDRUM is allotted;
But NEWMAN, I have heard it said
By one who wagged a knowing head,
Is ultra-losing-hazarded
  And slightly super-potted.

Your bridge performer grows in guile,
Though often I have watched him while
At Contract in the older style
  Of calling he has acted;
An over-Auctioned game is his,
And also *vice versa*, viz.,
The Auction player often is
  Excessively Contracted.

But mine are not a critic's claims;
By others hourly news of games,
Of BOWES and FISHWICK, WILLS and JAMES,
  Into our heads is hammered;
To slake the sportsman's appetite
Elsewhere a hundred experts write
Elaborate reviews and bright,
  If rather under-grammared. C. B.

"DO YOU KNOW—
That Evalyn Knapp has the smallest waist of any girl in pictures—and that it is twenty-one inches in diameter?"
Film Paper.

It is only fair to Miss KNAPP to say we should never have guessed this.

REALLY INFORMATORY BIDDING.

IT is of course a truism that in the highest Bridge circles bidding has long since ceased to bear any relation to the desire to play the hand in the suit named. Instead of indicating by their bids their readiness to attempt to get a certain number of tricks in a given suit, the best players now spend their time in exploring avenues, reconnoitring lines of approach and exploiting distributional values. Otherwise the innumerable experts who infest the daily and weekly Press would have even less excuse for existing than they have at present.

Although every week sees the introduction of several fresh systems each more complicated than the last and equipped with some such catchy title as "The One, Two, Three," "The Half-and-Half," "The One Over the Eight" or "The Half-seas-over"—to mention only a few of the most recent—there is nothing very modern about the idea in itself. "Informative" bidding has long been in force among my wife's female relatives, with whom (unless I can think of a reasonable excuse in time) I am sometimes privileged to have a rubber. Unlike some of the more specialised conventions, theirs is eminently fair, as it presents the bidder's opponents with at least as clear a picture of her hand as her partner gets.

I subjoin a few examples taken from actual play which, as the experts untruthfully say, will make the system clear. It will be noticed that, like all the best systems, it is elastic, and the same bid bears different interpretations in different circumstances. I am Z throughout, and my wife's mother is Y.

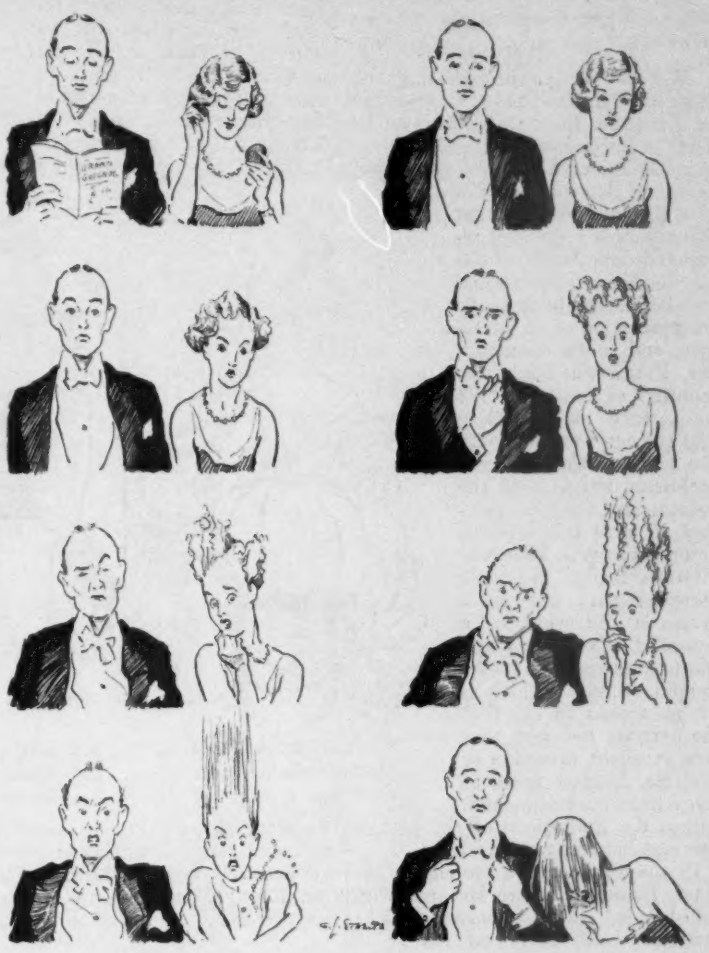
(1) Z deals and says "No Bid"; A, "No Bid"; Y, after several muttered ejaculations of disgust and indignation, in a tone of resigned despair, "No Bid." This bid means, "Partner, I don't know who dealt this lot, but if it was you I've no doubt you're doing your best, but you don't seem very clever at it. If it was our opponents I don't of course suggest anything, but it's extraordinary that I *never* get any decent cards when they deal."

(2) A deals and says "Three Spades"; Y, in an offended tone, "Oh, No Bid." In this case the meaning is rather "I suppose you are within your rights calling like that, but I don't think it's very good form in a friendly game. Personally I don't call it bridge when one side has no chance at all."

(3) Y deals and says, "One No Trump"; B, "No Bid"; Z, having about a dozen Hearts and no confidence whatever in his partner's ability to manage them, "Four Hearts"; A, "No Bid"; Y, "I suppose I must say 'No Bid'; meaning, "Partner, it's extraordinary that when I do get a decent hand you must butt in and insist on taking me out. I know you think you are no end of a performer, but I shan't be surprised or particularly sorry if you fail to get them."

(4) B deals and says, "One No Trump"; Z, "No Bid"; A, "No Bid"; Y, "Two Clubs"; B, "No Bid"; Z, "No Bid"; A, "Two No Trumps"; Y, "Let me see, three Clubs don't beat two No Trumps, do they? No Bid"; meaning, "Partner, you poor mutt, I suppose you've got nothing as usual, and I know you haven't got the courage of a wood-louse. I have an excellent hand of Clubs, but I never go four of anything on principle. I shall be extremely annoyed if you don't put me up, and no less annoyed if you do and we come down."

(5) Z deals and says, "One Heart"; A, "One Spade"; Y, "Two of whatever my partner went"—a most illuminating bid, though I understand that it is regarded with disfavour by the obscurantists of the Portland Club. It says in effect, "Partner, I have paid no attention to the bidding, but I fancy you went something, and whatever it was I have a strong enough hand to put you up."



GRAND GUIGNOL AND THE PERMANENT WAVE.

Mr. H. V. Morton at Sea.

"'In Search of Whales'...H. V. Morton."
Bookseller's Advt. in Canadian Paper.

"HAIG'S STAFF TRAIN A BUNGALOW."
Daily Paper.

To look like a house, we hope.

"It is no uncommon thing," says Sir WALFORD DAVIES, "to hear railway-porters singing arias from grand opera." For a real thrill he should hear a Covent Garden porter singing "O Ruddier than the Cherry."

AT THE PLAY.

"DIZZY" (WESTMINSTER).

WE have perhaps no right to quarrel with Mr. THOMAS PELLATT, the author of *Dizzy*, for taking liberties with the facts in the interests of the less serious-minded amongst us. We can regret, however, that the player of the title-*rôle*, Mr. ERNEST MILTON, was given such restricted opportunity of displaying the intelligence and subtlety he can bring to the interpretation of an intelligent and subtle character. Mr. PELLATT'S *Dizzy* was emptied of much of that intelligence and subtlety and the actor was left with too much of the mask and accidents, too little of the substance of the great original to give this brilliant actor full scope. This "domestic comedy" is largely occupied with the melodramatic intrusion of a beautiful adventuress and the unmasking of a rather squalid swindle. Which is by no means to say that the evening did not provide excellent diversion or that Mr. MILTON failed to give a most interesting and, within the limitations of the part, a rich and impressive portrait.



"YOUNG BEN, HE WAS A NICE YOUNG MAN."
Caroline Vyse . . . . . MISS GILLIAN SCAIFE.
Disraeli . . . . . MR. ERNEST MILTON.

In the Prologue we are shown the young *Disraeli*, fantastic Macaroni with gold-braided cherry-coloured trousers, ringleted hair, rings on his fingers and red rosettes on his toes—the last detail being perhaps a little difficult to accept. It is the year 1836—by which date I rather think these extravagances had been somewhat mitigated. The political wild oats period is drawing to an end. In another year he will, as Member for Maidstone, be laughed at in the House. Meanwhile the solid noblemen and stout squires whom he is one day to lead grow apoplectic with fury when the exuberant dandy appears, as here he does in *Lord Wroxton's* house, meeting with the most churlish reception but refusing to be put out of countenance. (The Velazquez and the Canaletto are airily pronounced to be spurious, and a glass of "that admirable sherry" is demanded.)

The Young Romantic shows something of his extravagant gallantry to the girl, *Caroline Vyse* (Miss GILLIAN SCAIFE); the Young Englander impresses her with the sincerity of his ideas. He is arrested for debt by the contrivance of a young manufacturer, the iniquities of whose industrial methods he has been denouncing. So far the Prologue.

For the play we move forward forty-two years. As an old man comes down the stairs heralded with ceremony by the pompous tyrannical valet, *Baum* (Mr. ROGER MAXWELL), we are positively startled by the fidelity of Mr. MILTON'S reproduction of the well-known face. (We may recall here that our hero in 1878 had been two years in the House of Lords, was at the height of the power and popularity which had come too late. His health was failing. He has just worked diplomatic wonders in Berlin; is being impressively firm with Russia. Peace with honour is in sight.)



Mr. Gladstone (Mr. EUGENE LEAHY) to Lord Beaconsfield (Mr. ERNEST MILTON). "NOW YOU'LL BE ABLE TO TELL THEM WHAT I SAID IN 1878."

Lord Beaconsfield is staying in the very house in which he had been long ago so scurvily treated. The present owner, *Lord Scarslake* (Mr. CARLETON HOBBS), is the grandson of the young mill-owner and heartily ashamed of his ancestor. The *Caroline* of the Prologue, now *Lady Creech*, is of the party. But there has been some petty disagreement. The platonically adored lady has gone off in a tiff and the old gentleman is too agitated to attend even to the urgencies of his despatch-box. An extremely stupid young nobleman, *Lord Dalbraith* (Mr. GEOFFREY TOONE), is infatuated with an extremely pretty young woman, *Renée de Montesson* (Miss VERA POLIAKOFF). *Caroline* is for stopping the affair; the young woman is not "one of us." The susceptible *Dizzy* is inclined to champion beauty in perplexity. Hence the disagreement. *Caroline* returns; equanimity is restored. The devout lover renders tender homage; the lady is gracious, bright, coy (almost giddy, indeed, we thought). That theme recurs and is well enough handled by the author.

Then there is the melodramatic interpolation. Who is the beautiful *Renée de Montesson*? Who the mysterious *Baron Veurst* (Mr. ANTONY EUSTREL)? The statesman sets himself a piece of detective work; reluctantly takes a hand against beauty, now evidently in distress; cross-examines with Oriental suavity and cunning; employs all the resources of secret and police services to unmask her, and covers up the *Dalbraith* scandal in ways available for people of importance in the glorious 'seventies.

And naturally we have a glimpse of the statesman at work in a short interview with the *Russian Ambassador* (Mr.

Boris Ranevsky), sufficiently impressive in the skilful hands of both players to be accepted as something like the real thing; and, very properly in the circumstances, a friendly call by *William Ewart Gladstone* (Mr. Eugene Leahy in a most convincing make-up but unable to keep the Hibernian richness out of his voice), fresh from axing trees in a neighbouring ducal park and setting himself to address his rival as if he were a public meeting.

Clearly the author has been thinking and working in terms of the middle-brow theatre rather than of authentic biography. "And why not, pray?" he may pertinently ask. "Have I not succeeded within my chosen frame?" To which the answer is a decided "Yes!"

Mr. Ernest Milton was, as we used to say, immense. The exuberance that is native to him is given full scope in the young *Disraeli*. The fantastic portrait of the Prologue was in no more startling colours than contemporary records suggest. The *Lord Beaconsfield* shows no more than faint traces of his extravagantly-coloured youth. The study is restrained, dignified, conveys a sense of power and intelligence where occasion offers. The peevishness of the invalid is well conveyed. His gallantries and courtesies are charming. The only pity, as I have indicated, is that he should have had to spend so much of his time breaking a butterfly on a wheel; but what a pretty butterfly! Miss Poliakoff is at her best when she is at her quietest. Experience will cure her restlessness—is curing it. T.

"The Left Bank" (Ambassadors).

Mr. Elmer Rice, who has commended himself to us by his shrewd observation, his fundamental seriousness and his sense of humour, brings these qualities into action in *The Left Bank*, a study of the bad American ostentatiously living the free life in Paris. The seriousness is here uppermost, as is inevitable when the author is so clearly bent on reading these unsatisfactory countrymen of his a lecture; and it must be admitted, I think, that, owing to his honest desire to drive his points well home, a certain dulness manages to creep in at times. I am not sure that this is not in part due to an uncomfortable feeling on the part of his English audience that they are eavesdroppers at a purely domestic quarrel. If this seems to the author hypersensitiveness let him put it down to the fact that the troubles and perplexities of his country have renewed in our fundamentally friendly breasts a sense of cousinhood which wore a little thin in the days of her proud prosperous self-sufficiency.

John Shelby (Mr. Vernon Kelso), unsuccessful author, sham *esprit fort*, unmitigated egotist, and his wife, *Claire* (Miss Mary Grew), are living from hand to mouth in a squalid little hotel of the Quarter. *Claire*, a serious-minded, indeed austere soul, has taken the measure of her man and there is a quarrel going forward about the education of their child. Prosperous friends, *Waldo Lynde* (Mr. Martin Walker), decent, diffident, low-brow lawyer, and his empty wife, *Susie* (Miss Sunday Wilshin), break in upon them, *Susie* anxious, *Waldo* reluctant, to share this squalor and discomfort for the sake of being in the real Paris. The only vacant bedroom communicates with that of *John* and *Claire*, in which the whole of the action takes place—this naturally giving the author opportunity for the tactful display of the technique of the free life. *Susie* promptly flings herself at the head of the polygynous *John*, the two contriving a business expedition which takes them into the country for some days. *Waldo* and *Claire* are thus thrown together. Exchanged confidences, proximity and, I suspect, a certain irritating conviction that their spouses had assumed them to be incapable of adventure have their inevitable effect. *John* and *Susie* return, their sense of embarrassed guilt giving place to indignant suspicion and final certainty that not two merely but four can play at that game. Upshot: the sound Americans, *Waldo* and *Claire*, will go back to their unsophisticated but wholesome country; the unsound *John* and *Susie* will remain to live the civilised life, as *John* puts it; to bring shame on their own country and spoil, as it appears to the angry author, a charming district of the city of their adoption by their crudity, pretentiousness and noisy Bacchanalian routs.



QUICK- (AND FREQUENT) CHANGE ARTISTS.

(The habit extends eventually to their marital relationships.)

Claire Shelby	Miss Mary Grew.
Waldo Lynde	Mr. Martin Walker.
Susie Lynde	Miss Sunday Wilshin.
John Shelby	Mr. Vernon Kelso.

Mr. Rice is too sensitive an artist to make his characters mere debating puppets shaped in the sole interest of his thesis. *Waldo* and *Claire*, the two critics of the self-conscious votaries of the free life, are not cast in the mould of hero and heroine. *Waldo* besides is, if amiable, distinctly slow-witted; *Claire*, under provocation, it is true, is a trifle shrewish; and both put away the most astonishing amounts of cognac and Cointreau. Of the company of roysterers that bursts into the bedroom in the Second Act and remains till the liquor runs out, one is able to quote Horace with an enthusiasm heightened by alcohol, another (a girl) to finish the quotation, and a third to recognise it as Vergil. *John*, outlining his case against the country of his birth, is given real points to make. Indeed the very seriousness, not to say solemnity of the argument accounts a little for the *longueurs*—especially as all this, as I have said, seems to us none of our business.

It is a tribute to Miss Mary Grew's artistic handling of the part of *Claire* that she loyally and self-denyingly refused to allow herself to be charming (except for a few moments, very naturally, with *Waldo*). All through she was the harassed woman with a grievance, and none the less tiresome because the grievance was legitimate. Mr. Vernon

KELSO also kept loyally in the mood of the piece, never forgetting to let us see that he was incapable of any action that was not entirely egocentric. (I admit that this means that these parts were carefully and skilfully written. Still, they might easily have been tampered with.) Miss SUNDAY WILSHIN sparkled, babbled and pouted in an excellent portrait of the entirely shallow and worthless *Susie*; and Mr. MARTIN WALKER's quiet *Waldo* was effective. Miss MARGARET MOFFAT as the well-meaning interfering sister of *John* made us without any touch of exaggeration feel sharply the uncomfortable kind of woman she was. Miss MAY AGATE as the much-marrying *Miriam van Diesen* of the liquor-party gave us one of those well-invented eccentrics she does so capably. And Mr. HUGH E. WRIGHT's little gem of characterisation as *Claude*, the hotel's *valet-de-chambre* and man-of-all-work, made one look at the programme to be sure that the actor was not a direct importation from the Latin Quarter after a bad fashion for ultra-realism that has become increasingly common. It was hard to distinguish one roysterer from another, but I imagine it was Mr. DENIER WARREN who was the buffoon of the party and diverted us by his well-invented antics.

I am inclined to think that the piece might benefit by being played at moments of secondary importance at a greater pace, and am certain that some of the players might with advantage articulate their words with greater precision. T.

THE CALENDAR.

WHY are things so odd?

Why is there no logic in the world?

When I sent my little dog to France to comfort a lonely friend no one made any fuss.

He was put into the train at Victoria and delivered up at the Gare du Nord in Paris, and went off at once upon his business, which was the healing of the spirit.

But now when I want him back I can't have him because of a law which we in England think necessary and the French laugh at.

It may be necessary. For all I know to the contrary it is. But it is odd none the less that we should be so frightened of catching something from a little dog, and the French, who are not without nerves, are not.

It is odd too, since the quarantine statistics show that hardly any dog is dangerous, that no examination by a veterinary surgeon at Calais or Boulogne can be arranged for, giving an innocent dog a clean sheet.

Anyway the point is that when my little dog crossed back to Dover yesterday I could not bring him home. Not a bit of it! Six months must pass before I can have him again.

For six months—till April 5, 1933—he has to be a prisoner in a quarantine kennel.

I may go to see him if I like, but I mustn't bring him away.

And as I mustn't bring him away, I shall not go to see him.

We should both of us be unsettled.

The stupid part of it all is that if I lived in France and had sent my dog to comfort a friend in England, I could have him back directly he landed.

But of course no one living in France would send his dog to England to comfort a friend, because six months would have to pass before the comforting could begin.

I have been working it out with a pencil and I find that—to April 5th, 1933—it will be a hundred-and-eighty-one days before I can have my dog.

And a hundred-and-eighty-one nights.

In other words, a lifetime.

The nights will be worse, because I shall wake up and think of him.

There is nothing to do about it, but all the same I have done something.

I have bought a little calendar which I can keep in my pocket, and I have already written "Only 181 days" in it.

To-morrow I shall write "Only 180 days."

The next day I shall write "Only 179 days."

And so on to the end of the year, when I shall buy a new one for 1933, and on January 1st I shall write "only 95 days," and against April 5th I shall put a cross in red ink.

I shall put the calendar by my bed overnight so that I can make the entry the next morning the first thing.

How I hope he is not going to be too miserable in that strange inhuman place!

Not whimpering, is he? E. V. L.

BULBS AND THINGS.

I OPENED the catalogue of one of my Dutch bulb friends at breakfast this morning with some alarm, for it bore on the outside in large letters the legend "BUY BRITISH." Further inspection, however, revealed that there was no need for disquietude (on behalf of my bulb friend), for in smaller letters followed the words, "But bulbs from Holland."

An ingenious suggestion; but it occurred to me that the Dutch cheese-merchants and hoe-manufacturers might have something to say about it. "Who is this bulb fellow?" I can imagine Mr. T. Blozen, junior, the Dutch hoe-maker, saying, "and what the Rotterdam does he mean by urging the great British people to do anything so stupid? Does he think because his catalogue contains pictures of his grandchild clutching a daffodil and his maiden aunt inserting an iris in her waistband that there are no Dutch hoes in the world?" And promptly he produces a catalogue, "Buy British—but hoes from Holland," and gives an old-world picture of his Uncle Albert using a Dutch hoe on a bed of flowering *British* bulbs. I expect to receive one of these next week.

As for the cheese-exporters, always a sinister and revengeful class, I am afraid they will by now have called a secret meeting, the event of which will be that my poor bulb-merchant will be quietly snatched from his flowery pastures and taken for a ride.

On second thoughts, therefore, I rather tremble for my Dutch friend, but that does not prevent my enjoyment of his and the other bulb-catalogues which lie beside my plate. How delightful it is to know, for example, that if with my sterling English commonsense I send the price of some bulbs, plus the postage, plus the duty charged at the British Customs, they will do all the rest for me free of cost! Above all, how stirring it is to be told my duty! It is my duty to buy Dutch bulbs because I can save money by doing so, and with the money thus saved I can support the glorious British Empire (see Great Ottawa Conference). This proposition suggests a thought to me.

* * * * *

"I think," I remarked to Irene, "I shall get some new steel-shafted golf-clubs; I have had my eye on a super set for some time."

She put down her coffee-cup. "Don't be absurd," she said; "you're always wasting money on new clubs."

"And with the money thus saved—" I proceeded unmoved.

"*Saved?*" she laughed.

"Certainly; with this set I shall save the half-crowns and sweepstakes I habitually lose, and to this may be added those I shall now win."

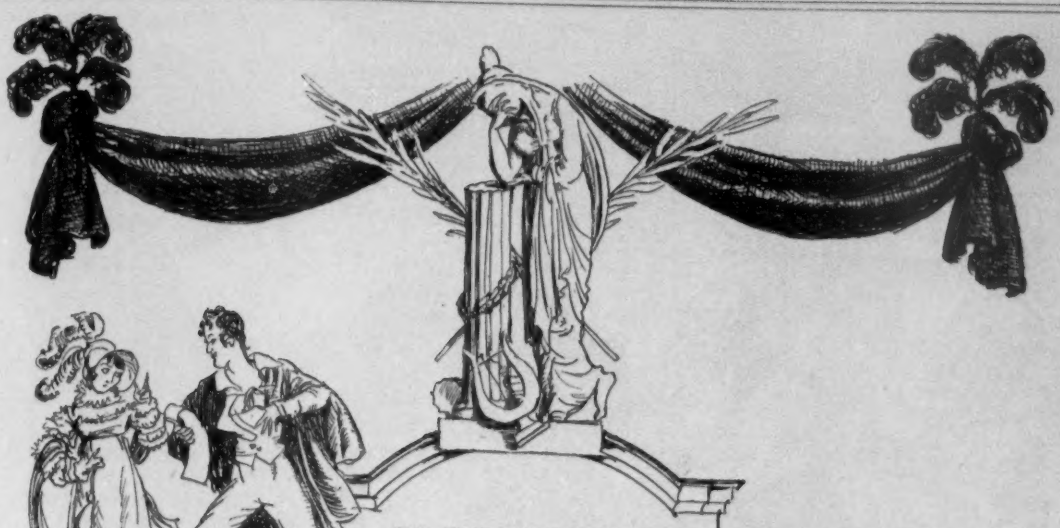
"Pooh!" she said.

"With the money thus saved," I repeated, "which I estimate at three guineas a year, you might perhaps care to buy a new hat—a British one, of course. What about doing this to-morrow?"

She sat up. "Oh, well," she said.

So I have achieved some new clubs after all. I salute my Dutch friend.

C. M.





TO THE MEMORY OF LADY SARAH BEAUMONT.

WHO DIED IN 1821. AGED 25.

Her youth of beauty and of wit
Death looked upon, and envied it;
Peace to her shade who lived on earth
In grace, in courage, and in mirth.

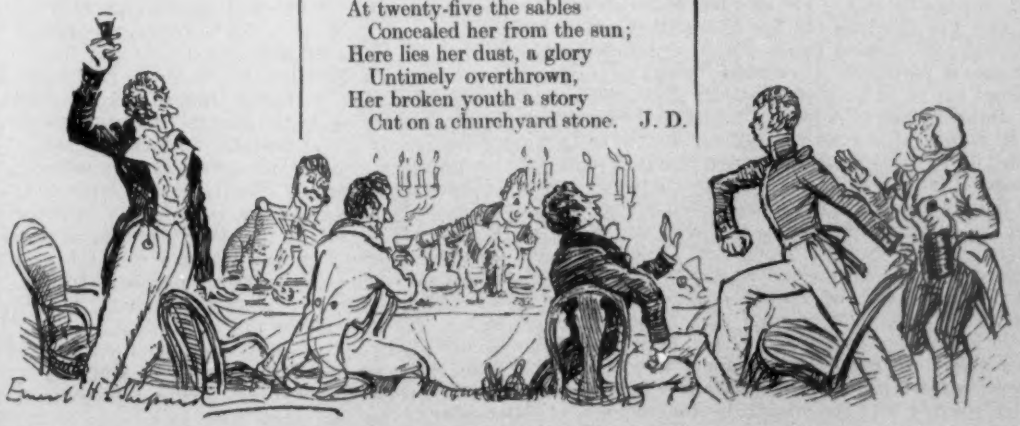
With silks and lawn and laces
My lady took the town,
When PRINNY blew to blazes
The honour of a crown;
She heard the cuckoo calling
When Islington was green,
And BYRON was her darling
In eighteen-seventeen.

When fancy was the summer's
She walked at Sadler's Wells,
And flirted with the mummers
And quarrelled with the belles;
The beau she most affected
Had been at Waterloo,
But WELLINGTON suspected
That there were others too.

A toast among the tables
When she was twenty-one,
At twenty-five the sables
Concealed her from the sun;
Here lies her dust, a glory
Untimely overthrown,
Her broken youth a story
Cut on a churchyard stone. J. D.









Chairman of Directors. "SO, GENTLEMEN, WE LAUNCH OUR NEW BEDSOCK ON THE MARKET, AND WE MUST NOT REST UNTIL WE HAVE MADE THE ENTIRE NATION BEDSOCK-MINDED."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A French Vicar of Bray.

FEW recent essays in historical biography have aroused in me such sustained interest and cumulative admiration as Mr. DUFF COOPER'S *Talleyrand* (CAPE, 12/6). To produce a lucid and sympathetic English life of CHARLES-MAURICE DE TALLEYRAND, PRINCE DE BENEVENTO—whose bent towards things English (not perhaps those on which we most pride ourselves to-day) has never endeared him to his models; the protagonist, moreover, of half-a-century of sufficiently tortuous French diplomacy—would seem an almost impossible task. Yet this has undoubtedly been done, and the shocking old fox of tradition replaced by a dignified and likeable figure whose perversely-handled youth made inevitable a crooked though occasionally beneficent career and a comprehensive death-bed repentance. Injured when at nurse and thrust out of his inheritance in favour of a younger brother, TALLEYRAND was provided for by being practically forced into the priesthood. He consoled himself from the first with study and women—the first blossoming into an unequalled grasp of world affairs, the latter comprehending the wives and mistresses of his friends and relations. The French Revolution found him useful as the only bishop willing to ordain its improvised clergy; and he proved equally invaluable to NAPOLEON, NAPOLEON'S enemies and LOUIS PHILIPPE. An exile in America during the Terror, he wound up his political career as French Ambassador in London; and his biographer's masterful use of exceptionally heterogeneous material, coupled with the remarkable thoroughness of his bibliography, will render his book as fascinating to scholars as it is certain to prove to the ordinary reader.

Eulogies Lavish and Reluctant.

Perhaps the one indisputable characteristic of *The Great Victorians* (IVOR NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 8/6) was their greatness. It was the common denominator that united the most dissimilar personalities into a driving force that made possible great achievement in all branches of human activity. These men and women were intensely virile and more than content to be themselves. There was no time (and no desire) for self-analysis in the lives of FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, General BOOTH or—greatest Victorian of them all—"W. G. 2." I am grateful to Mr. NEVILLE CARDUS for his splendidly lifelike portrait of that G.O.M. of cricket, and can only wish that Lord PONSONBY'S sketch of the G.O.M. of politics did not so obviously bear the impress of reverential awe. But it is Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE'S study of the Founder of the Salvation Army that lingers most clearly in my memory. Something of the flamelike temperament of that amazing and contradictory man, who used crude emotionalism in the cause of social improvement, seems to have quickened Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE'S imagination to enable him to achieve a rare success in literary portraiture. Too many of the other portraits in this gallery have been painted by artists who would have liked to blame and could only reluctantly praise. And there is one astounding omission—QUEEN VICTORIA herself. The reason put forward by the editors—Messrs. H. J. and HUGH MASSINGHAM—to explain the absence of VICTORIA from the company of the great men and women of the age is that she was "so essentially unimportant a personality." An astounding judgment.

A Good Draft on "P. R. C."

An old-established bank we see
Depicted in *The Golden Bee*,
And things are looking none too fit
When we are introduced to it.
Two partners run the show, and one
Is father of a wealthy son
Whom they invite to trim the Board
With lashings from his private hoard.
He does, and very soon gets rid
Of five-and-twenty thousand quid,
Which checks but doesn't stop the rot.
His luck is out, but ours is not,
For he it is and his designs
For putting things on proper lines
That Mr. CHALMERS (PATRICK R.)
Describes in full particular,
With vivid portraits of the throng
Who block or help his plans along,
Including those who clog his stride
Upon the sentimental side.

The flavour's piquant and yet bland—
A mixture of no common brand;
In fact, throughout it's jolly good
(Price 7/6 from SPOTTISWOODE).

Romantic Horror.

All the ingredients of an historical witches' cauldron have gone to the making of *Gold of Toulouse* (HEINEMANN, 8/6), and while I felicitate Mr. JOHN CLAYTON on choosing a period naturally (and supernaturally) propitious to romantic horror I have to admit that he has made the mixture a trifle thick and slab for my own personal taste. Starting with a callow and chivalrous young Spaniard impelled over the Pyrenees to fight Albigensian heretics, Mr. CLAYTON unfolds a terrible picture of the cruel, blasphemous and enervating "civilisation" of which the sadist Count RAYMOND of Toulouse was military leader and efficient protagonist. In thus piling up the agony I should like to credit the novel with an incidental attempt to redress current injustices to the northern crusaders, who are too often supposed to have been suppressing a high-souled band of free-thinkers in the interests of the French monarchy. But I am afraid the worst has been made of the Albigenses merely that the reader may sup his fill of the grisly; the book would have fared better had it chequered its legitimate shadows with something of the gaiety and grace of the troubadours. A little of this filters through its first chapters, and there is a sustained but not wholly successful effort to recapture, in *Fraire Hilarius*, the typical tun-bellied friar. The novel, however, stands and falls by the depths of its horrors and by the rapidity with which *Marcos* and his lady—the mistress of the redoubtable RAYMOND—go into and come out of them.



"WHAT'S THAT WHITE STUFF FOR?"
"TO PREVENT THE SLUGS EATING THE CABBAGES."
"AREN'T CABBAGES GOOD FOR SLUGS?"

A Modern Masterpiece.

Books on field sports come prodigally. As a rule they also go, a little in the financial sense, I suppose, and immediately and entirely as entities of the smoking-room bookshelf. Once in fifteen years is born a book on some particular sport or sports which by a natural magic becomes beloved and lives to be classical. Such are *A Cotswold Village* and *The Life of a Red Deer;* and such is Mr. ERIC PARKER'S *Shooting Days*. Produced first at the end of the War-days on such paper as was then procurable it was allowed to go out of print and to become a sought-for rarity as each recurring Christmas required it for a new entry of boys. PHILIP ALLAN AND CO., at 12/6, now abolish this nuisance of second-hand. And to add a charm they have fitted their publication with reproductions of old and little-known sporting prints. Though why the gentleman on page 36 goes grouse-shooting in the company of a horned yak with the forelegs of a coryphée I cannot tell. Mr. PARKER has added to his masterpiece without spoiling it. For *Shooting Days* really *is* a masterpiece. It has little of the practical in it. It has little perhaps of actual saltpetre. But it has the wind in the wood, the sun on

a rickyard of stacks, the berry in the hedge. You may open it, and it is not a small book, at random anywhere and at once read something to make you read on. Its outlooks and its attitudes are British. It is a book for the countryman and his son, and in a hundred years' time it will still be a book for them.

The March of the Marionettes.

In *Dolls and Puppets* (HARRAP, 30/-) MAX VON BOEHN (capably translated by JOSEPHINE NICOLL) pursues his related subjects with commendable Teutonic industry down the ages. The scope of his survey is, I cannot help thinking, too wide for satisfactory treatment, and he is constantly rousing our curiosity and having to pass rapidly on without satisfying it. He deals with idols, ancestor dolls, magic or hate dolls, fetishes, votive and funeral images, porcelain figurines, lay-figures, wax-works, fashion-dolls (mannequins), toy dolls for the recreation of the child, art dolls in the service of decoration or pose, automatic figures religious and profane, tin soldiers, cribs, and finally the shadow and puppet theatres of East and West. The treatment of the marionettes, being the most detailed, is much the most interesting. Of his five hundred illustrations many receive less explanation than they invite in his compressed text, but they are of considerable intrinsic interest and in themselves provide a summary history of the strange preoccupation of mankind with the graven image. The author does not seem to have heard of our Mr. WILLIAM SIMMONDS, whose beautiful puppets certainly deserve mention and illustration.

Sane Views on India.

With another Round Table Conference in prospect, India is likely once more to enter upon a prolonged occupation of the front page. Cart-loads of information are again being delivered to the public, both by the learned and by the ignorant. There are few safer guides than Professor J. COATMAN, whose *Years of Destiny* (CAPE, 10/6) gives an account and an explanation of what happened during the years 1926–1932. The author cannot be lightly dismissed as an "ineffectual Don," for he has served seventeen years as a police officer. This double qualification enables him to be both cosmic and detailed. He is second to none in his admiration for Lord IRWIN, who contributes a foreword. He is not afraid to draw unpalatable conclusions and he is entirely free from that easy optimism which is at once the pride and folly of the British race. Now that the march of events in India has developed into a double, the need for bold and sympathetic action is more obvious than ever. Professor COATMAN writes throughout in the diplomatic manner, ascribing always the highest motives and taking all prominent persons at their publicity-value. There is not a single statement in the book which can give the slightest suspicion of offence to the most sensitive. We cannot all share his faith in politicians, but we are glad to have the facts stated impartially and interpreted with shrewdness and understanding.



Game-Dealer. "WHY NOT TRY A BRACE OF GROUSE? YOU 'LL FIND THESE IN FINE CONDITION, MADAM; THEY 'VE BEEN WELL HUNG."

Young Housewife. "HAVEN'T YOU GOT ANY THAT HAVE BEEN SHOT?"

Loyalty.

The home of Princess MARIE DE CROŸ is at Bellignies, on the Franco-Belgian frontier, and at last she has written her *War Memories* (MACMILLAN, 8/6), for which many of us have been eagerly waiting. It is common knowledge that the Princess during the earlier part of the War—until in fact her activities were cut short by imprisonment—was indefatigable in helping the Allies in every conceivable way. And her association with Miss CAVELL on many occasions is equally well-known. But in these pages, which glow with truth and courage, she gives the details both of the assistance she rendered and of the risks she and her brave helpers ran during those amazing years, and the result is a most valuable addition to the literature of the War. I should like to quote again and again from this most touching and inspiring book, but with one exception I will refrain. In reference to GABRIELLE PETIT the Princess writes: "Although in the eyes of our enemies she was a spy, surely all right-minded people will consider that those who work in their *own* country and for their *own* people against a common enemy ought to be known by a more honourable name."

Freaks of Fancy.

I cannot attempt to describe the numerous ramifications that make *Sea Breezes* (STANLEY PAUL, 7/6) a mine of delight to those who revel in ludicrous situations. *Mrs. T. Henderson Brisco*, "the long-divorced wife" of a millionaire, supported a small regiment of unrecognised geniuses and freaks in Cornwall, and she and her parasites provide Mr. CHRISTOPHER BENTLEY with ample opportunities to amuse his readers. Presently a young man, masquerading first of all as a celebrated novelist and afterwards as a detective, joined this asylum. His excuse for these disguises was that he had fallen in love with *Mrs. Brisco's* niece, who willy-nilly was also sheltering beneath her aunt's capacious wings. The end is joy for nearly everyone except the freaks, and in bringing about this happy conclusion Mr. BENTLEY not infrequently shows a real appreciation of life's comedy.

Mr. Punch welcomes with paternal warmth *Nymphs and Satires* (BENN, 7/6) by RACHEL FERGUSON, a collection of articles and parodies, several of which have already appeared in his pages; and *Sycamore Square and Other Verses* (METHUEN, 5/-), most of which he originally sponsored, by "JAN STRUTHER" in felicitous collaboration with ERNEST SHEPARD.

CHARIVARIA.

WE understand that since the mislaying of Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY's manuscript thousands of alarmed listeners-in have written to the B.B.C. imploring them to place a special guard on the Fat Stock Prices.

* * *

A new telephone-exchange has been officially opened by the pressing of a button. Buttons don't get off so easily at the opening of a new laundry.

* * *

We read that motor-car designers this year have concentrated on cleaner outline, reducing wind-resistance, and road-holding qualities. It is nice to know that nothing more has been done to improve their pedestrian-hugging.

* * *

"What should we do if the world's supply of petrol suddenly gave out?" asks a writer. A pedestrian friend of ours says he would walk in the middle of the road and make faces at every garage he passed.

* * *

King's Cross Station was eighty years old last Friday. Scotsmen are saving up for the centenary.

* * *

Attention is drawn to the fact that a Guards' officer has dropped his hyphen. It would of course have been embarrassing if this had happened on parade.

* * *

Complaint is made of bridge-players who use such terms as "sparklers" for Diamonds. On the other hand there is a certain prejudice against the habit of calling a Spade a Spade.

* * *

The order forbidding French troops in barracks to play yo-yo is not calculated to allay the suspicion that in Continental military circles a state of tension exists.

* * *

In an article on the Royal Mint it is stated that nowadays the florin and the half-crown are about equal in popularity. We ourselves prefer the half-crown.

* * *

"To dry-clean tartan," says a household hint, "sprinkle it lightly with fine dry oatmeal and rub with a pad of soft cloth." This process, however, is apt to render the oatmeal unfit for porridge.

Rat Week opens on November 7, and hopes are entertained that there will be no interference by opponents of blood-sports.

* * *

Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE advises Mr. NOEL COWARD to spend a year as an industrial life-assurance agent in Huddersfield. Nobody offered this advice to CONGREVE.

* * *

A *Daily Express* reader announces that he has just worn his dress-suit for the last time. Yet the social life of London goes on.

* * *

From reports of the disturbances in Jugo-Slavia it would appear that insurgent Dalmatians complain of being treated like spotted dogs.



PANTOMIME CASTS ITS SHADOWS BEFORE.

CONSCIENTIOUS ACTOR, RE-ENGAGED TO PLAY THE HIND-LEGS OF THE ELEPHANT, STUDIES HIS PART AGAIN AT FIRST-HAND.

"Asiatic Flowers on Snowden" (*sic*) was a recent newspaper headline. We trust that he had no duty to pay.

* * *

A Russian writer contends that trousers are the result of the triumph of the French bourgeoisie over feudalism. Another view is that they are the result of the suppression of the *sans-culottes*.

* * *

A Brazilian engineer has invented a shell which, if it does not hit its object, returns to its original starting-point. Sporting gunners will be able to back it both ways.

* * *

A traveller states that in some parts of Chile the earth-worm sometimes exceeds thirty-six inches in length. It is not commonly known that in that country early birds only venture out in couples.

A German Professor tells us that worms can sing. We regret that the secret is out, as it may get round to the B.B.C.

* * *

We have no confirmation of the rumour that the one-armed bandit who entered a post-office has complained that the young lady assistant took no notice of him.

* * *

"Violinists are seldom very stout," says a writer. This is a pity, as it must be an advantage in a long recital to have a choice of chins on which to rest the instrument.

* * *

"Safety-pins," a doctor declares, "have killed more babies than fire-arms." The custom of shooting babies seems to have gone out of fashion.

* * *

A physical culturist says that if you sing and shout before breakfast and before going to bed it will prevent an unhappy old age. Your neighbours will attend to that.

* * *

A gossip-writer mentions that he always keeps a first-aid outfit in his office. Then there should be no excuse for any split infinitive turning septic.

* * *

A man fined for being drunk near Newmarket last Wednesday pleaded that he was fed up because he did not back the winner of the big race. We understand that his inability to say "Nitsichin's Cesarewitch" went against him.

* * *

A shoemaker charged recently with bigamy expressed a preference for his second wife. Every cobbler should stick to his last.

* * *

A prisoner has escaped from gaol by means of a rope made from mail-bags. It is understood that the Post Office indignantly disclaims all knowledge of a special gaol delivery.

The Sound of her Horn . . .

"MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, &c.

For Sale, newly-calved Cow; third calf; good milker."—*Advt. in Local Paper.*

"The officiating prelates in investments of cloth of gold . . ."—*Weekly Paper.*

Not merely gilt-edged, you will note.

ANSWERS TO IMPENDING CORRESPONDENCE.

"HOSPITAL CHAIRMAN."—We understand your predicament. We too belong to a nation of law-keepers, and when we take tickets for a Dublin sweepstake it gives us an exquisite pain—only slightly mitigated by the thought that our prospect of winning anything is practically negligible—to reflect that we run the risk of profiting by a breach of the law. That pain would, if possible, be aggravated if English hospitals were assured of benefits to be derived from a similar transgression. And we can well imagine the reluctance with which a conscientious patient would tolerate a cure obtained by illegal means.

The desire to be healed of sickness is natural and universal; and it does not seem fair that in certain cases a sense of wrong-doing, such as must at times disturb the conscience of a receiver of goods unlawfully acquired, should be allowed to cast a shadow over this beneficent operation.

We cannot expect that our own painful reaction to the illegality of lotteries should receive the Government's consideration; but, in view of the benefits offered to our Hospitals by the promoters of the proposed sweepstake at Monaco—the Headquarters of Chance—we strongly hold that the ban should be lifted, so that the more sensitive among our law-loving patients may enjoy their cures without a pang of remorse.

"VIVE HERRIOT!"—We are interested in your view that those two desirable projects, security and disarmament, should—at any rate in the case of France—be placed in the following order of precedence:—(1) security; (2) disarmament. But how, may we ask, do you propose to get the former guaranteed? By everybody undertaking to have all the world's largest and deadliest weapons of percussion dumped in some neutral locality—Monte Carlo, say, or the Lake of Geneva—for the use of France on formal application to the League of Nations at the outbreak of an unwarrantable offensive on the part of Germany?

But what assurance have you that Germany, being privy to her own bellicose intentions, would not anticipate France and help herself to them first without application to the League for permission to do so?

Or, again, is France looking to England, as she always seems to be looking, to protect her? And, if so, how does she expect England, who shares her belief in the virtues of disarmament, to do anything of the kind in the absence of any remnant of her own Army and Navy?

We are confident that you will appreciate these little difficulties, for your nation is nothing if not logical.

"HOCH DER KLEINE WILLI!"—We are interested in your view that Germany has a right to claim equality of armed forces with the other nations of Europe. We will pass over, as you do, the incidental fact that in respect of armaments and other matters she accepted the terms of the Treaty of Versailles which were certainly not more severe, and probably much milder, than the conditions which she would have imposed upon her enemies if she had happened to win the War—conditions which England, being slow of imagination, has never begun to picture. We merely suggest that in her present state of financial depression, so grave that she cannot pay another pfennig of her reparations bill, it would be more convenient for Germany if her claim to equality did not entail the expense of creating and maintaining an army as large as any existing army in Europe. And we find it a little surprising—though we ought by now to be foolproof against surprises in that quarter—that, by absenting herself from the Conference that is to discuss the general disarmament of Europe, Germany should seem to discourage a proposition which, if she insists on equality, would obviously suit the limitations of her resources.

We are confident that you will appreciate this little difficulty, for your nation is nothing if not philosophical.

"RIGID ECONOMIST."—We hold the firmest views in regard to the perils of unbridled economy, and cannot therefore agree with your opposition to those who write letters to the Press advising the public How and Where to Spend Wisely. Unless money gets moved about, there must be a total stoppage of trade. If, in an access of self-denial, you cease to indulge in vegetable-marrow, your greengrocer will have to stop buying pyjamas; his hosier's wife will be too poor to have her hair waved; her *coiffeur* will be unable to afford to be ill; her *coiffeur's* doctor will have to give up his daily paper; its proprietor will be forced to reduce the fee for your series of idealistic articles on How and Where to Buy Nothing, and your voluntary sacrifice of vegetable-marrow will become compulsory. Thus the wheel comes round full circle (vicious). Soon your tomatoes will be caught up in it; and ultimately you will starve.

There is a time to save and there is a time to spend; and the present moment is clearly the time to do both. If a man has any means at all, the happy one is the one he should choose. He should be neither a save-all nor a spendthrift; he should be a thrift-spend.

O. S.

MORE ABOUT OTTAWA.

BAGPIPES are on the list of goods which can be imported free into Canada. This is a fact. If an Imperial Conference chooses to make a joke it is not my fault. We must try a ballad, and I shall take it sadly to heart if any Scotsman asserts that the following lines are not written in the purest Caledonian.

What are ye bearin' awa' sae fast
Ower the waters avast, avast,
An' whaur is the guid ship sailing?
What dae ye put, mon, into the hold—
Sugar an' spice or siller an' gold
To tak' to the New World out o' the Old
When the licht o' the moon is paling?

Is it a haggis to-day, Lochiel?
Is it a dirk o' the stainless steel
That a mon micht seek revenge in?
Is it the rowanberry wine
Or silken hose for a leddy fine
To pay nae tariff ayont the brine,
Or a braw new sairt o' engine?

Oh, up and stood an eldern knight,
And, losh! he gave me sic a fright
As the sail o' the ship was filling!
For ne'er a word from his wame spak he
But he blawed a gurly blast at me,
And he blawed me back to my ain countree
Wi' the sound o' the pibroch shrilling.

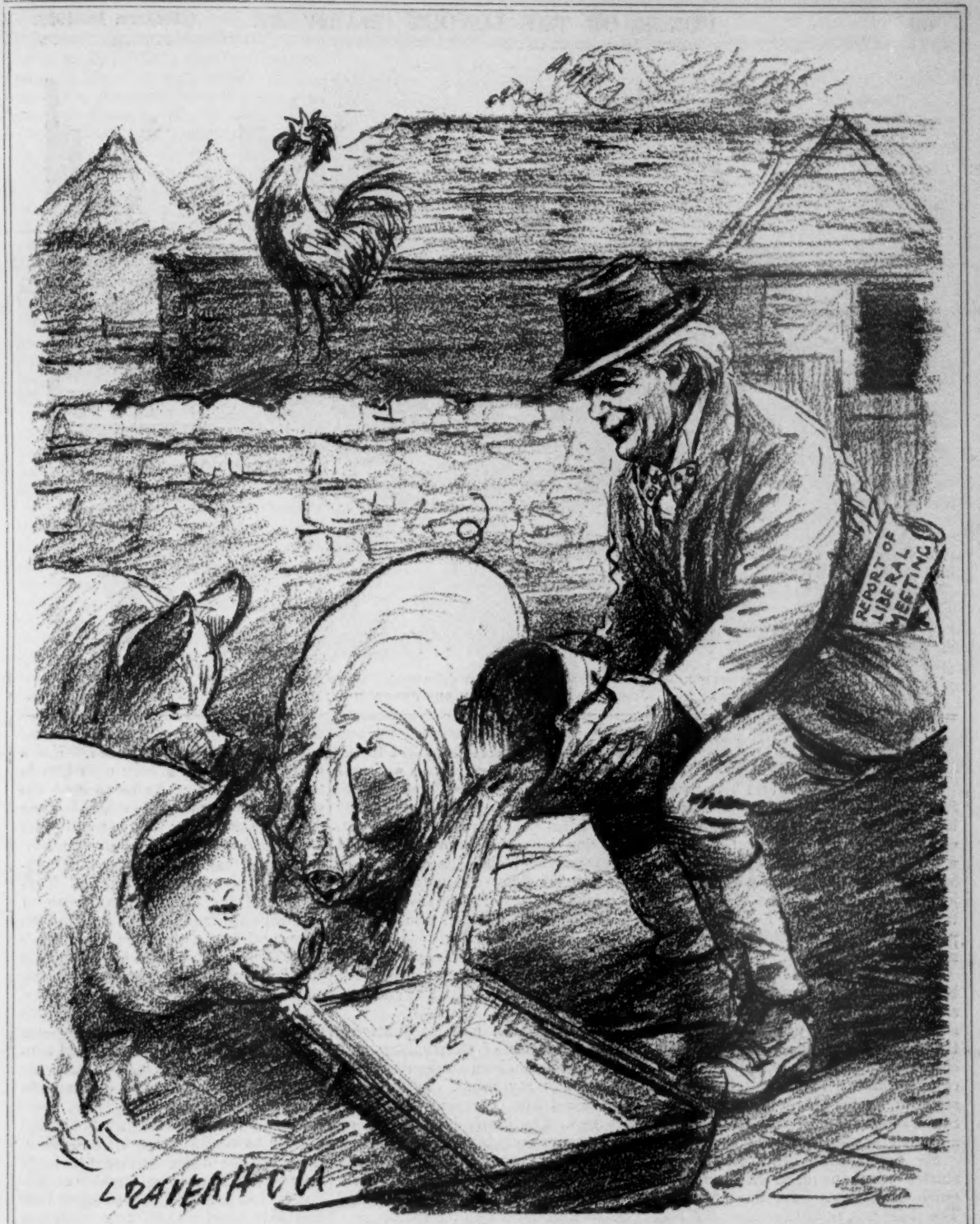
Och aye! it was an awfu' deed,
And wae is the mon wha wad stint the need
O' the mitherland's dearest dochter!
Scots wha hae! we must thole the loss;
Give Macgrigor the fiery cross!
Let a' the pipers fram Rum to Ross
Tak' ship on the saut sea wachter!

Bricht is the heather and bricht the fern
And bricht is ilka wee bonnie burn
That rins alang wi' beauty;
But the flowers o' the forest are fadin' awa',
And the Campbells are going, hurrah! hurrah!
Into Canada now, into Canad-a;
They havna to pay the duty!

EVOE.

"Tote will leave his home at Brighton to-morrow and will travel overland to Marseilles to join the P. and O. liner Strathnaver."—*Daily Paper.*

He should have a pleasant Tate-à-tote with MAURICE.



CINCINNATUS AT THE TROUGH.

FARMER GEORGE. "IT'S COMFORTING TO THINK THAT THERE ARE STILL SOME WHO REPAY ONE'S DEVOTION."



Journalist (who has come to interview very temperamental Film-star). "GOOD HEAVENS! IS *THAT* HER?"
Secretary. "DEAR ME, NO. JUST WAIT. THAT 'S ONLY HER UNDERSTUDY."

STALIN GOES HUNTING.

A MEMORY OF SUMMER-TIME.

I HAVE a black cat, and his name is Stalin. He has an interesting Mongolian face with high cheek-bones, inscrutable almond eyes and ferocious whiskers. His body—not for nothing is he named after the Man of Steel—is long, lean and lithe, and his eloquent tail, stiff as a ramrod, has at its tip a perpetual curl describing a cynical mark of interrogation.

Stalin is debarred from catching birds and mice because there is none available in the flat, so for three seasons of the year he yawns insolently in the Kremlin (as his particular armchair—once mine—is called) in a state of magnificent idleness. But when summer comes with fly and moth Stalin sets out on the trail and becomes a mighty hunter before the Lord.

My first intimation that this had started came one night with a series of quick-fire crashes from the sideboard. The noise was not unmusical; the best Waterford glass has quite a pleasant ring. Stalin, to do him justice, is usually a dainty stepper, but he has a rather low under-carriage and, when he is on the trail, the enthusiast's sublime disregard of obstacles in his path.

The pieces being gathered up and the impenitent Stalin banished to the kitchen, I had gone to bed and was hovering on the delicious borderline of sleep when my coma was shattered by a dreadful shriek from Amanda. Hurrying into the kitchen, I beheld her transfixed before the spectacle of Stalin, a grim figure silhouetted against the night sky, standing on his hind-legs on the top of the open window, his front paws sawing the air wildly at a derisive moth, while he staggered backwards at an angle of sixty degrees over the one-hundred-foot drop to the concrete yard beneath.

"Don't frighten him," I muttered hoarsely, stories of sleepwalkers and the dangers of sudden awakening flashing through my mind. Stealthily I approached him, creeping silently on bare feet. Cautiously I clambered on to the narrow window-ledge and drew myself up. I poised there a second, then, with perfect timing, shot out an arm, seized him by his short fur and yanked him down into the room.

Stalin, of course, knows how to fall. I do not.

The most modest man might have expected a little gratitude. But the frustrated Stalin set up a series of abominable wails and struggled desperately with tooth, claw and sinew to get back to his disgusting moth. For a while we wrestled grimly with him in the stilly night, while he pierced the silence with ghoulish cries. Then Amanda said, "You 'll have to give him his moth. After all it 's only fair."

When Amanda takes up that attitude there is nothing else for it. Tenderly rubbing my injured knee, I climbed once more on to that window-ledge and began to grope for Stalin's moth. The spectacle of a Departmental Head of Anglo-Cantonese Concessions, and a respected member of the Conservative Club, stalking a moth in his pyjamas at dead of night to appease an angry cat has its lighter side. I confess that aspect of the affair did not strike me at the time, but Amanda drove the point well home later.

I found the moth and gravely handed it over to Stalin, who, after dancing a silent dance of glee, carried it lovingly over to the Morgue—a horrible collection he has amassed, consisting of four disabled bluebottles, two common houseflies, one bee (dead) and one indigent beetle. We shut all the windows and left the idiot Stalin, still dancing silently, to his orgy.

* * * * *

Our morning tea is usually brought

to us in bed. Next morning it came more or less of its own accord. For as Jane, our Stranger (that is the name we give all our maids, for they seldom stay with us long enough to become anything more), stood, a dimly-perceived figure, beside my bed with the precious cups, Stalin, who had sneaked in after her, caught sight of a fly. Letting out a banshee wail, he hurled himself across the room. "Oo Lor!" gasped Jane, our Stranger, as bits of Stalin tied themselves up with her ankles. And my morning tea descended in a grateful shower, followed by the cup, which planted itself fairly and squarely on my dewy-eyed morning face. I remember wondering why I always insisted that my tea should be piping hot.

Amanda, as usual, escaped scot-free, so that she was able to minister to me with towels and carron-oil, while I squirmed in a bed full of hot liquid, tea-leaves and broken china.

It is the custom for Stalin and me to sunbathe every morning on my bedroom floor. I take the patch of sun that comes through the window, and Stalin, in theory, takes what is left. It is natural that this morning Stalin was rigidly excluded from the ceremony. But he took it upon himself to regard the bedroom-door as the Wailing Wall, and when I let him in for the sake of peace and quiet he twined himself round my ankles with such voluptuous abandon that I accorded him a cold and formal pardon. He sat down meekly behind me, folded his tail neatly round him and assumed a demure expression. I lit a cigarette and forgot him in contemplation of the blue spirals of smoke.

I never saw the fly, but Stalin did. With a "Prrrmp!" he raced up the incline of my bare back and took off perfectly from the top of my head.

* * * * *

"That cat must go," I said to Amanda as I choked down my coffee, "or I do."

"You mustn't be hard on him, darling," said Amanda, with that sweet reasonableness that can be the most infuriating thing in the world. "It's only high spirits. What he really wants is company. We ought to get another cat."

"Prrrmp!" said Stalin, arching his back and nuzzling his head seductively against my hand.

I turned a baleful eye upon him. Stalin nuzzled frantically.

"Don't come any sob-stuff with me," I said sternly.

Stalin looked at me with an unsuccessful attempt at an injured expression. Then he gave it up, shrugged his shoulders and executed a sheepish grin.



"My new book of poems will be out next week. May I send you a copy——"

"Thank you so much. And please inscribe it for me."

"——of the prospectus."

"All right, brute," I muttered, giving him a grudging pat.

"Prrrrrmp!" cried Stalin joyously, in the tone of the one sinner that repenteth. Then he saw a fly and blazed a trail to it across the breakfast-table.

"It's only high spirits, Amanda," I said with a bitter laugh.

But Stalin, with one foot in the butter and another in the marmalade, didn't care.

"Local Calls—You know all about these."—*G.P.O. Booklet.*

They have said it.

Caviare for the General Practitioner?

"The roes of the sterlet, which is a small species of surgeon, are used in the making of caviare."—*Evening Paper.*

The Half-a-foot-pad.

"Motor Bandit Escapes.

. . . The wanted man is described as of the artisan type, five or six inches in height, dark, clean shaven, with regular features, and wearing a grey cap and dark overcoat."

Liverpool Paper.

The police, we understand, are leaving no avenue unexplored in their efforts to trace the missing manikin.

AND NOW ALL THIS.*

VI.

Extracts from Vol. I. of "The Hole Pocket Treasury of Absolutely General Knowledge,"

by the Authors of

"1066 AND ALL THAT."

PRACTICE AND FURY OF KNITTING.

PART I.—THEORETICAL.

I.—Cause of Knitting.

ALTHOUGH not as yet scheduled by the Board of Trade as a fatal occupation, Knitting is now recognised to be by no means so harmless or so innocent a way of behaving as our ancestors apparently believed it to be.

The uncontrollable impulse which comes to all women sooner or later to knit Something, however melancholy, and even to wear it afterwards, is due basically to a *craving for excitement*—to the human but unhealthy desire to mystify oneself and other people, and to perform *aggressive and risky actions.*

II.—Is it Crewel?

There are two common methods of Knitting which have often been stigmatised by soft-hearted people as *brutal;* namely (*a*) Speculative Knitting, and (*b*) Knitting on the Model.

Speculative Knitting—performed *in vacuo* under the impression or delusion that if you go on Knitting long enough, with long enough Kneedles, Wool, etc., some form of Pilchknicker or Squelchbocker (suitable for a Baby or Infantryman) will ultimately occur—is in our opinion unfortunate rather than unkind. The question of cruelty only arises when ruthless attempts are made to force the speculative Knit-work on to defenceless persons.

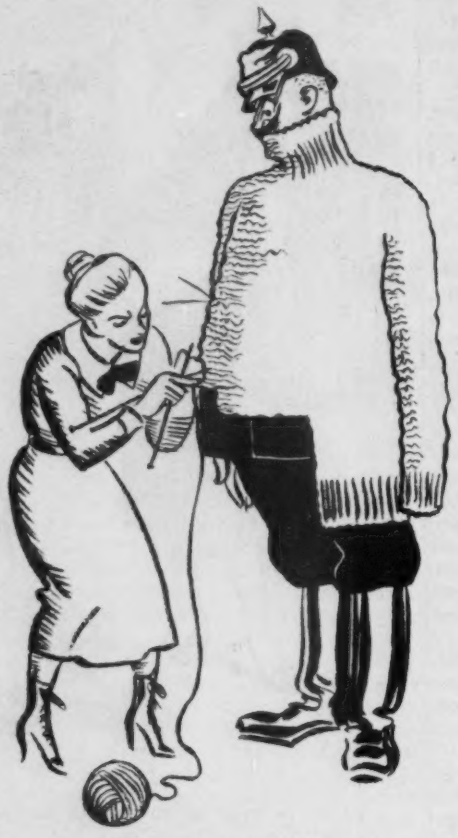
Knitting on the Model entails finding a willing Baby or Officer or Other Rank, surrounding it with kneedles and then completing the Knitcraft with unthinkable rapidity before the model grows up, retreats or in some other way completely alters its shape or position.

It is interesting, by the way, to note that the International Speed Record for Deliberate Knitting on the Model is held by Fräulein Nähnadel, of Prague, who circumknitted a six-foot infantry sergeant in a field-green multiple belliclover, encompassed on 24 Kneedles, in 56 mins. 23 secs.

But to return to our mittens. Knitting of these kinds is not, in our judgment, cruel. In the judgment of other experts it is *not even crewel.*

Knitting enthusiasts may therefore safely ignore all panicky attempts to brand Knitting as a bloodsport.

One word of warning, however. If you are addicted to *Knitting while Eating*, you should exercise some caution never to Eat what you are Knitting, or Knit what you are Eating, especially in the event of macaroni.



"KNITTING ON THE MODEL."

III.—Why Knit?

Why Knot?

PART II.—PRACTICAL.

The science of Knitting has been built up on two primary strokes, the Purl (abbr. P.) and the Plain (abbr. P).

Other abbreviations to be found in all practical Knitting Recipes are K 1 (Knit 1 stitch); U.K. 1 (Unknit 1 stitch); Ch (Chain stitch); S.K. (Start Knitting, or Stop Knitting); G.K. go on Knitting; W.K! (well-Knit!); D! (Damknit!); etc.

Any simple exercise will illustrate the use of these, *e.g.*:—

To Knit (K) a Gent's White Endless Comforter.

S.K., K. 1., U.K. 1., P. 100, P. 200, D! K. 2 tog., P. 2000, (W.K!) S.K., G.K., P. to K. 4, Kt. to B. 3, B. to B. 4, Ch., D! (both castle on), B. takes P., P. takes Q., D! D! (both castle off), K. takes K. White to mate in 3 moves. (N.B.—If mate objects, huff him.)

Advanced Exercise. To Knit a Ten-foot Sock.

N.B.—A certain amount of danger attends the Knitting of advanced socks. We have therefore found it advisable in this instance to write out the directions *in full.*

(1) Start Knitting.

(2) Knit 2 and 2 together.

(3) Drop one—there are now 3 left, therefore

(4) Slip one, slop one, Knit to and fro.

(5) Heel and Toe. 1, 2, 3 Hop. Before and behind hop. Weel may the keel row.

(6) Knit 1, not 2. Forget 1, Knot 2. Pick up 1. Drop it. Undrop it. Wherethehellisit?

(7) *To turn the heel* cast off 2 plain. Cast them on again. Now is the critical moment. Look carefully about you. It 's no good casting off purl before swine. If all is well, cast off 1 purl. Look again. Cast off purl rapidly in all directions.

(8) Breathe again.

(9) After this it 's all plain Knitting; therefore—drip 1, drop 1, drop the sock. The sock is now grey; therefore—continue Knitting grey socks for 18 more rounds.*

(10) Finish off with buttons at toe and heel, and button-holes to correspond (if possible).

N.B.—There should be holes at the top or elsewhere for inserting ribbons, feet, etc. If there aren't it is not a sock at all, but a ten-foot cold comforter.

APPENDIX.

EFFECT OF KNITTING ON THE MIND.

Although Madness is, in our opinion, only rarely caused by Knitting, it is perhaps significant that the longest piece of unbroken solo knitting on record was at once the cause and the consequence of Mental Instability.

*The book from which these extracts, concluded in the present issue, have been taken is being published this week by Messrs. METHUEN.

*If after all these the Knitter finds that he himself is becoming teased, twilled, tousled, and in fact practically worsted, he should, if a Christian, turn the other heel and Knit on Knotwithstanding.



AT THE MOTOR SHOW.

GREATGRANNY BELIEVES IN MAKING HER OWN CHOICE.

This was a pinkish tubular tricotage begun, after much nervous hesitation, in December, 1865, by a Bosnian Inspector of Police, name of Rosenpantz, who had for years nursed a devouring ambition to *Knit a pink sock.*

In February of the following year, finding himself unable to visualise the method of turning the heel, R. attempted to postpone the decision by changing his intention to that of *Knitting a pink stocking.*

The case first came to the notice of the Public in 1867, when R., having failed again and again, offered the piece, then some 3.64 metres in length, to the Thiergartendirektor (lit. Zoo head-keeper) as a soft collar for Wintergiraffen.

On learning, however, that in the opinion of the Thiergartendirektor he was a Knitwit, R. definitely lost all mental stability and abandoned himself utterly for nineteen years to an unbroken spell of Woological frenzy.

Following a shock in 1886, R. completely recovered his sanity, but realised that, though he could now turn the heel, the sock would never be any use owing to its extreme length (a little over 1008619392476·67 metres), and died on July 9th, 1889, a sane but discomfortered man.

Note.—The unfinished sock was for years one of the most treasured exhibits of the Museum of Unconsciously Psychological Crafts at Vienna, where it occupied a great deal of valuable space until the year 1918, when, following on the defeat of the Central Powers, it was divided equally among the Allies by the Treaty of Versailles.

W. C. S. and Y.

PERIM.

WHEN the Lord made our planet
  And found it was good
He stepped back to scan it,
  As your true craftsman should,
And Satan, when near him
  There was none to detect,
With a smile added Perim
  To spoil the effect.

It's a black little island
  As grim as a curse,
Where the seascape is vile and
  The landscape is worse;
For there's no green thing growing
  On this slag-heap of hell,
And whatever wind's blowing
  It's spawn that you smell.

And I own that a tear rose
  To my eyes when I saw
Those thirty-odd heroes
  All raddled and raw
Who dwell in this smitten
  And waterless hole
For the sake of Great Britain,
  Her cables and coal.

But my sorrow was wasted
  On men who had learned
That life may be tasted
  Though the palate be burned;
That—a fact I disputed—
  True joy may be sensed
In a whisky diluted
  With Red Sea (condensed).

Then raise we our tumblers
  To men good and true
Who refuse to be grumblers,
  Though they've reason, and who
Out of nothing have made ease
  And, finding their souls,
Have hacked out of Hades
  A course of nine holes. J. M. S.

TROUBLE AT TROY.

(In which may be traced a curious analogy to the present disturbance in the Antipodes.)

RECENT excavations in the Peloponnese have unearthed documents which shed an interesting light upon certain episodes connected with the Siege of Troy. Some numbers of *The Sparta Standard*, recovered in a fair state of preservation, have been deciphered by experts and disclose one or two points on which historians appear to have been misled. The temporary retirement of Achilles, for example, is now shown to have been due to a much more reasonable cause. The following extracts, translated freely into English idiom, explain themselves:—

Somewhere near Ilium. Monday. (*From our Special Correspondent at Headquarters*). Difficulties have arisen in our camp owing to the fact that the Commander-in-Chief, Agamemnon, acting with the concurrence of Menelaus, has issued an injunction forbidding any member of the Expeditionary Force to contribute to the newspapers accounts of the progress of the blockade. This veto must have been suggested, I think, by a perusal of *The Troy Times*, copies of which are sometimes found on the persons of prisoners. In yesterday's issue of this, the most enterprising of the local journals, prominence was given to the special article by Paris on "The Apple of Discord and the Reasons for My Decision." In this article, at the conclusion of which further revelations are promised, a detailed analysis of the marks awarded to the competitors shows that Aphrodite only won by a neck. Though it is too early to say what the consequence of these disclosures may be, it is known to our Secret Service that they have created offence as well as consternation in Troy, which is supposed to be under the immediate protection of Aphrodite; and our own authorities are naturally anxious that no similar indiscretion should be committed on the Greek side.

Later. It transpires that Achilles, one of our most fancied fighters, is under contract with *The Argos Advertiser* to supply a series of word-pictures from the Plain of Ilium, and that the first of these, entitled, "Let Me Get at Hector," was to appear about the middle of next month. Agamemnon, with whom I have had a short conversation this afternoon, is extremely annoyed, and it is feared that a deadlock may ensue.

Somewhere else near Ilium. Friday. The Troy Times is again to the fore to-day with a contribution from the ex-Queen Helen, who is resident in the city. The famous beauty, under the title of, "What it Feels Like to Launch a Thousand Ships All at Once," traces the progress of her acquaintance with King Priam's son from its inception to the present juncture. This contribution is described by the newspaper in question as a veritable human document. Next week we are promised a powerful article from Cassandra, the well-known prophetess, called, "Why I Think We Shall Not Win." The editor, in view of Cassandra's reputation, is of the opinion that a forecast of this kind will encourage the Trojan troops.

Later. Achilles has now stated definitely that he will not fight in the next battle. He says that, though he could break Hector's neck easily, he cannot break his contract with *The Argos Advertiser*. In consequence he has retired to his tent and is sitting there well out of the wind, which as usual is sweeping across the plain. He declines to be interviewed, but I have had an opportunity of discussing the position with Ajax, who spoke freely on the subject. His opinion is that an exception might have been made in favour of Achilles, but he doubts whether the Commander-in-Chief will give way. The custom of describing Agamemnon as the King of Men has not, Ajax thinks, been without its effect, and he can be obstinate enough when he chooses. It has been proposed that the diplomatic services of Ulysses should be employed to effect a compromise, but nothing has been settled as yet. A. C.

THE SHATTERED DREAM.

[Recent excavations in Egypt have revealed the fact that imitation pearls existed at a very early date.]

I HAVE been wont, to whom a poet's wages
Decreed a course of all too frugal fare,
To let my fancy roam through history's pages
And revel in the banquets mentioned there;
That is a trick, I've found, by which the poor may
Find at their humble meal-times an escape,
And I've contrived to play the mental gourmet
Even on bread and scrape.

Full oft I've told myself (and so been able
To face the odds and ends I had to munch)
LUCULLUS had invited me to table
Or ELAGABALUS provided lunch;
Till even Tuesday's need to make a clearance
Of Sunday's mutton did not come amiss
(A poet's fancy can with perseverance
Be made to work like this).

Fronting a drapery by no means speckless,
I've dreamed myself to some resplendent scene;
"Nightingales' tongues," I've murmured, and, grown reckless,
Allowed myself to take a third sardine;
But most I've loved to think of luxury's stock tale,
How CLEOPATRA, when she took her fling,
Melted a priceless gem to make a cocktail
(A really Bright Young Thing).

To-day I am denied the consolation
Of conjuring these gorgeous times to view;
The tidings of the latest excavation
Awake a doubt if such reports are true;
I cannot feel that I am dining dearly
When I reflect (this is a blow indeed)
That after all the lady may have merely
Dissolved a vulgar bead.

The Sea-beavers' Send-Off.

"A sea of faces, bristling with flags, streamers, etc. to farewell Gen. Honjo, at Central Park, Dairen."—*Manchurian Paper.*

It reminds one of the touching address to "Hans Andersen, my hon jo," recently discovered in the unpublished poems of BURNS.

Our Bright Young Prelates.

"As I passed under the shadow of the Houses of Parliament I saw coming towards me two bishops. . . . Their garters were clearly silhouetted against the blank grey pavements."
Sunday Paper.

Honi soit qui mal y pense.

"The scoring is not for full orchestra, so it was impossible to tell how the L.S.O. is going to sound this season after the loss of so many of its principles."—*Sunday Paper.*

Mr. Punch feels certain that it will continue to be extremely well conducted.



Irish Maid (after studying list of winners in the Dublin Sweep). "I CAN'T FIND MY NAME HERE."
Cook. "I DIDN'T KNOW YOU 'D TAKEN A TICKET."
Irish Maid. "I DID NOT; AND IT 'S GLAD I AM NOW."

AUTOMATICS.

To the Editor of "Punch."

SIR,—The automatic telephone is without doubt marvellous, and brings, I am sure, many blessings; but it has one grave defect. That is that it is not automatic. Not at least in the truest and noblest sense of the word. Progress, as we moderns understand it, may not unfairly be described as a continual effort to avoid or reduce labour, especially manual labour. And I understand by "automatic" something that reduces labour for *me*—something that does or enables me to do simply that which I did with difficulty and complication before. Automatic means self-working on the part of a machine as opposed to *me* working. An automatic weighing-machine not only weighs me but communicates the result of its calculations to me, sometimes neatly typed upon a little card. It relieves me of the delicate and tiresome business of hanging lumps of metal on the balance in order to register my tonnage, and putting on my glasses in order to read it.

The automatic telephone, then, judged by the true modern standards of automaticity, is a failure. Including the removal of the receiver from its bracket I now have to do eight actions, and manual actions, where I had only one to do before. And since this is true of all the many million telephoners in the world the total sum of manual toil has been immeasurably increased. In short, a barbarous step backwards.

And there are other things. With the good old-fashioned instrument one could (and still can) telephone indolently in unsuitable positions. Lying in bed, for example, or in the bath. I have never had a telephone by the

bath myself, but I imagine that many commercial kings and social queens have long been so provided. It must be easy enough to snatch the receiver with a clammy hand and hold it delicately to a damp ear; but dialling with a soapy forefinger must be quite another matter. (I have just rung up my friend ——, and he confirms my view. *What* intuition! He says that all the fun has gone out of telephoning from the bath. In the old days he used to get all his best ideas in the bath, and, being a king of commerce, newspapers and public affairs, he had to act upon his ideas at once instead of waiting, as you and I have to do, till he had dried the ears and put on a kimono. He would lie there thoughtfully washing his neck, and suddenly he would see a vision of the Right Thing to Do—whether it was to sack an editor, open a campaign, unmask a scandal or start a newspaper in Hull. Out would flash his left hand—the right hand still cleansing the neck; he would rap out a rather soapy order or two, and long before the neck was finished the editor would be slinking out of his office for the last time and a special edition be on sale in Fleet Street with an outline of the new campaign. But now, by the time he has dried himself sufficiently to dial with any accuracy and has dialled three letters and four figures, the brilliant vision has faded away and, as a rule, he has forgotten what it was.

I sympathise with my friend, for I have the same red-hot but rather dreamy temperament, and by the time I am approaching the end of the dialling I have had so many visions that, as a rule, I have completely forgotten what the number was. In the end I am connected to the Midland Railway, or I dial six or seven figures for luck, which produces a continuous hissing sound called the Lunatic Subscriber Tone. But let us get on.)

Worst of all is the effect of the new invention on crime; and I come at last to the sad story which prompted these reflections.

Last week, early one morning—I mean, late one night—I was sitting working at the Desk in the Study. And about 2 A.M. a bandit entered the room.

I have a regular routine for these affairs. A mirror carefully placed on the desk shows me the door opening behind me and the bandit's cowardly mug appearing. My right hand takes my automatic pistol from the pen-tray, my left plucks the telephone from its rest; I swing round on my swivel-chair and quietly say, "Oh, yeah?"

The bandit then puts up his hands, I murmur "Police" into the telephone, and while I am being put through I take his name and address.

That is my routine—or rather was. When I went automatic I had carelessly forgotten to devise a new bandit-drill, and I realised with dismay that my routine was out-of-date.

The nerve of course remained rock-like. My doubts were concerned with method only. "Move an inch," I said, presenting my pistol, "and you are meat." "O.K., baby," replied the bandit, who had evidently been trained upon orthodox lines.

I then began to dial with the muzzle of my revolver, which seemed to be the only course. That is to say, I began to feel for the letter "P." Foolishly, no doubt, I had never ascertained the correct method of dialling the police. It was hardly the moment to look through the lengthy instructions in the telephone-book, and I was taking a chance on P–O–L.

I don't know whether you have ever tried to dial with the muzzle of an automatic pistol. It is strangely difficult. The muzzle has a tendency to slip off the chosen figure. Moreover, in order to dial in this way you have to take your eye off any bandit who happens to be in the room. And this is apt to destroy the impression of confident power which it is desirable to maintain.

My bandit at once perceived the weakness of my position. And when at the second attempt I had succeeded in working the "P" about halfway round the dial he dropped one hand towards his pocket.

"*Put 'em up!*" I hissed, and pointed my weapon at him.

This had the desired effect; but unfortunately the "P" slipped back and I had to begin dialling all over again. My hat, I was annoyed! And this happened three or four times. By abandoning my hard-won "P" I managed to keep my bandit under control, but very soon the man was openly laughing at me and the situation began to worry me.

I then thought of a way out, which has no doubt occurred to you practised diallers already. I put down the receiver and began to dial with my *left* hand. I was thus able to keep my pistol pointed at the bandit. Pointed, yes, but not aimed, for I had still to drop my eyes towards the confounded dial. The bandit chuckled. I was furious.

I had successfully dialled "P–O" and was halfway through "L" when the bandit made a leap towards the door. I fired (but without looking up from my work) and ruined an old friend's photograph on the mantelshelf.

The bandit laughed again. And he said in an irritating voice: "Pardon me, but you should dial 'O,' give the subscriber's number and call 'POLICE.'"

"Well, why couldn't you say so before?" I answered angrily. At that he laughed more heartily than ever, and, my own sense of humour asserting itself, I laughed as well. While I was still doubled up by the absurdity of our predicament the bandit slipped out of the door and got away through the hall, from which he removed a valuable silver-mounted walking-cane.

I think you will agree, Sir, that in these days, when bandits occupy so large a place in the national life, the POSTMASTER-GENERAL should make better arrangements for their apprehension, and that a public protest should be made against the retention of an instrument which can place a tax-payer and telephone-subscriber in so humiliating a position.

Your obedient servant, A. P. H.



THE SIBYLLINE BOOKS.

Johannes Taurus Superbus. "AT LAST I 'VE SECURED WHAT I WANTED!"

Sibylla Chamberlainia (aside). "MAKES ONE WONDER WHY HE REFUSED A BETTER OFFER TWENTY-NINE YEARS AGO."



"I TELL YOU THEY *ARE* POLICE OFFICERS. THEY'RE DRINKING CHAMPAGNE."

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE LADY NOVELIST.

ONCE there was a lady called Miss G. B. Crumb who had enough money to live on but she found life rather dull and had given up the idea of getting married because she wasn't pretty enough for anybody to ask her, so she thought she would be a lady novelist. And what put that into her head was that her father had lent a young man called Barrowby some money to start as a publisher, because he thought he might be grateful enough to marry Miss Crumb. And he *was* grateful but not quite so grateful as that and married somebody prettier, but Miss Crumb said to herself well at any rate he ought to be grateful enough to publish a novel for me if I write one, and she went to see him about it in his office.

Well Mr. Barrowby would still have been a clerk if Mr. Crumb hadn't helped him to start publishing, and he had got on very well with it, so he said to himself well it can't do me much harm to oblige this old thing and he said to Miss Crumb what sort of novel are you thinking of writing? And she said well I thought of writing one about Dukes and Lords.

And he said do you know any Dukes and Lords? and she said no, do you? And he said no, but I hope to some day if I get on well enough, and I shouldn't like to offend them. Still it is a good line and if you make your novel interesting enough I will publish it for you.

So Miss Crumb wrote her novel and it took her about a year, and it was quite interesting and Mr. Barrowby was pleased with it and published it, but all the people who wrote about novels in newspapers laughed at it because they said Dukes and Lords never behaved like that, and they didn't know much about it because it was before the time that lords wrote things for newspapers themselves or cared much about mixing with people who did, but they knew enough to make fun about a duke having dinner at one o'clock and high tea at six and a duchess bathing her own baby. And they made such a lot of fun of it that it became quite popular and Mr. Barrowby was pleased with its sales, and so was Miss Crumb.

And Mr. Barrowby said you must write another novel, but this time I think you had better not write one about Dukes and Lords because they don't mind it once but might not like it a second time, and the wife of a Lord has just asked me to go and have dinner with them, so I should like to be on the safe side.

And Miss Crumb said well what sort of a novel ought I to write? And he said well a popular line just now is about people on the stage who run away with other people's wives and go and live in Cornwall. And Miss Crumb said I don't know much about the stage but I sometimes go to the pit, and I shouldn't mind living in Cornwall for a time because of my bronchitis, so I will do that. And she wrote quite an interesting novel, and the people who knew about the stage laughed at that part of it but said the bits about Cornwall were good, and the people who knew about Cornwall liked the stage bits, so that it was quite popular too. But Miss Crumb had had enough of living in Cornwall by this time, and she said to Mr. Barrowby what would you advise me to write about now?



"SO MISS CRUMB DID THAT."

And he said well how would you like to write about sheikhs and deserts? That is a popular line for the moment and you will be quite comfortable living at Cairo. I don't think you need be abducted yourself, and besides you are not good-looking enough for a sheikh to want to do it, so you will be quite safe and it ought to be good for your bronchitis.

So Miss Crumb did that, and it was just at the beginning of the sheikh boom, and she had been careful to put plenty of "Allahs" and words like that into her novel, so that one did well too. And then she wrote one about Monte Carlo and another one about Capri, which was just coming into fashion for novels, and it was banned by the Censor. And that didn't do her any harm but she didn't quite like it because she hadn't meant to offend anybody, and she said to Mr. Barrowby I think I shall write a detective story, and he said very well do.

So she wrote a story about a private detective who had a nose like a dog's, so he found out a lot of things by his sense of smell that the police couldn't find out, and you weren't told that he had a nose like a dog's until the end of the story and couldn't make out how on earth he did it. But she couldn't play that trick twice and couldn't think of another one and Mr. Barrowby said well never mind, people are rather tired of amateur detectives now and are giving the police a chance, so make up a clever policeman and write a novel about him. So she did that, and it wasn't one of her best novels, but as a clever policeman was something new to read about it did fairly well.

And then Mr. Barrowby advised her to write a novel about farm-labourers and people like that, and make them drink a lot of beer and hit their wives with their fists and have ladies falling in love with them and upsetting the work of the farm, and when the ladies got tired of them going out into the night and hanging themselves on blasted oaks. And Miss Crumb didn't know much about farm-labourers, but she called them peasants in her novel and put in plenty of "Dang 'uns" and "I be" for "I am," and the girls in the novel were very beautiful but never brushed their hair, it wasn't worth while as they would have been dragged about by it the next minute, so the people who wrote about it said it was very powerful and one of them said it was stark, which did the sales a lot of good because stark novels were in fashion then.

Well Miss Crumb had made a good deal of money out of her novels by this time, and Mr. Barrowby hadn't done so badly, but he had to go off and fight

in the War, and Miss Crumb made poultices in a hospital and hadn't time to write novels. She did write one about the War when it was over but she didn't make it stark enough and it wasn't a success. And then she wrote one about five generations of one family, but the time hadn't come for that sort of novel and it was a failure, and Mr. Barrowby who was busy picking up his business again said he couldn't publish any more novels for her, and she didn't want to write any more, as she was getting rather old now.

Well Miss Crumb had made enough money to live comfortably on for the rest of her life, but when she was about seventy she lost it all in a crash, and had to go and live in an almshouse. And nobody would have heard any more about her, but one day a bishop who wrote a lot in the newspapers, which people said he ought not to do, read her first novel about dukes and lords, and he liked it so much that he read all her novels. And he wrote about them in a newspaper and said that it didn't matter at all her not knowing anything of what she wrote about, and the duke in her first book who had meat tea was just as much of a duke as if he had had late dinners, and even more, and the same with all her books.

Well people didn't quite understand this, but they thought a bishop ought to know, so they began buying all Miss Crumb's books again, and they became even more popular than they had been before, and she made enough money out of them to leave the almshouse and live in a nice house in Bournemouth.

And Mr. Barrowby did so well out of her novels this time that he retired from business and bought a villa at Cap Ferrat, where he was often photographed bathing with Lords. A. M.

Staggering Figures.

". . . It is not inconceivable that with the advent of better times the roll of those who imbibe not wisely but too well will be augmented."—*West-Country Paper.*

SOLACE FOR THE DEATH OF SUMMER.

Now that the joys of summer-time have quit, oh
How weird it is to wander by the sea;
The beach is bare where late the folk were ditto,
The sand is left to worm-casts and to me.
And yet I am not stricken with the vapours
Though England into hibernation slips;
Better she looks—like all the nicer papers—
Sans comic strips!

The Hen that Laid the Silver Egg.

"Few R.I.R. Pullets, some laying 7s. each."—*Advt. in Local Paper.*

"It is with a certain amount of surprise I read that our City Council is going to launch out on another white elephant."
Canadian Paper.

Our City fathers prefer to lunch in on turtle.



Local Magistrate (angrily). "Is this the first time you've been in trouble?"



Customer. "YOU 'RE NOT GOING TO CHARGE ME AS MUCH FOR A HAIR-CUT AS YOU DO THE YOUNG FELLOW OVER THERE?"
Hairdresser. "IT DON'T MAKE NO DIFFERENCE, SIR. YOU SEE, I CHARGES YOU 'ARF FOR CUTTING IT AND 'ARF FOR LOOKING FOR IT."

TOUJOURS LA POLITESSE.

WHAT action would you take, irritable reader, if you were annoyed by the bumpy surface of an English road?

Let us take it that you have found the road-surface bumpy on previous occasions, that you have brooded deeply on the wrong. And now, when your soul is still simmering, comes a really bad bump, the worst bump of all.

I forgot to say that you are bicycling. You do bicycle, irritable reader, I am sure?

Perhaps you would get off your bicycle, sit down beside the road and cry. Perhaps you would go and hammer the bump on the road with your fists. Or perhaps you would determine to have a question asked in the House of Commons about the road, or write an article to the daily Press:—

"WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH ENGLISH ROADS?

This brilliant article, by a bicyclist who has suffered much, will raise a responsive echo in the hearts of millions of our readers.

Do We Pay Rates for Nothing? is the provocative question raised by Mr. Timothy Smith, whose velocipede has long been a familiar feature of the Rutlandshire countryside."

Probably that is about as far as you would go, even in these days of swift reactions to sudden stimuli. But then, irritable reader, you are an Englishman. Deep down you have the phlegmatic temperament, the placid good-nature of your kind. You are long-suffering under your burden of injustices. Even in a crowded motor-omnibus you only grind your teeth quietly for a moment or two. Even when you cannot buy chocolates after eight o'clock your mad impulse of anger passes swiftly away. You refrain from biting a policeman. You disdain to tear the hair.

Not so the volatile Gaul. Listen to what happened near Turion. I don't know where Turion is, but it is somewhere in France, where the disarmament ideas come from, the country of M. HERRIOT and the vine.

A Frenchman, then, cycling near Turion (so says *The Times*), leapt off his bicycle, attacked and severely beat a woman, rolled her into a ditch and filled her mouth with mud. He left her with the enigmatic remark, "So much the worse for you. It had to be somebody."

He was arrested for this deed. His remarks, I suppose, were made in the French language, but *The Times* does not help me here, and the well-educated reader will have to supply a translation for himself. The point lies in the motive for the unprovoked attack. He explained, apparently, that the surface of the road was so bad that he had the greatest difficulty in making any progress (*faire de progrès? Voyager avec une quantité suffisante de velocité?* I do not know). At any rate, a particularly offensive bump—thus runs the correspondent's tale—had so infuriated him that he had turned back determined to relieve his feelings (*soulager les sensibilités?*) by assaulting the first person he met. And the correspondent ends waggishly by suggesting that the authorities may be inclined to appoint some permanent official to be assaulted and beaten as a cheap alternative to improving the roads. Possibly also, though this is not stated, the bicyclist received some kind of reprimand.

Superior people will tell me, I know, that this was not a typical Frenchman's behaviour. They will point out that gallantry and logic are as characteristic of the French as sudden irascibility. Superior people always do say such things. They will claim that any man, of any nationality, so provoked—Pole, Hungarian, German, English, Dutch—might quite easily, in a hot and hasty mood, have made protest against an incompetent bureau-



A SHORT-TERM BOND.

SAMUEL PANZA (*to* DON Q. LANSBURY). "I 'M WITH YOU FOR THIS ENTERPRISE; BUT PLEASE REMEMBER THAT YOU MUSTN'T COUNT ON ME FOR ANY OTHERS."

cracy. They will instance the case of the elderly Englishman who, long ago, flicked in the face accidentally by the whip of a horse-bus driver, ran after the vehicle and belaboured the conductor with his umbrella. They will quote against me the Spaniard (the Spaniards are lazy but proud) who drew a revolver and fired six shots into the telephone receiver through which he had listened to a statement he did not like. They will mention the American (Americans are boastful and highly-strung) who, defeated by a long putt on the last green, blew up the golf-club house with dynamite on the following day.

But I prefer to cling to my illusions. I like to think that hardly anyone except a Frenchman, thus irritated, would have taken action so dramatically and so soon. I am sorry, of course for the lady. She consoled herself doubtless by the reflection that she suffered in a good cause, as a martyr, you might say, to progress—progress along the roads of France. But I feel that she suffered excessively, and I would not advise English cyclists, or even English motorists, to break through their habitual crust of diffidence so far as to roll any lady to whom they had not been formally introduced into an English ditch because the County Council's steam-roller was not doing its work properly.

Impulse, I grant, outruns discretion at times. But it should be enough (for an Englishman) to climb up a telegraph-post and cut the wires, or perhaps to shoot a sheep. We must preserve our national phlegm. We must correct the abuses of officialdom with our own characteristic calm. We belong to the race which has produced Mr. STANLEY BALDWIN, and we must leave to the fellow-countrymen of M. HERRIOT their own particular customs and ideas.

Philosophise thus, irritable reader, as you urge your velocipede along the rustic lanes between woodlands already touched with the glory of October, however vile the surface may be. Philosophise thus. It will do you good.

EVOE.

Another Blinding Glimpse of the Obvious.

"Unless the Australian Cricket Board give way, there seems every probability that, with Bradman remaining adamant, Australia will have to take the field without him."
Sunday Paper.

"Mr. Baldwin, addressing a mass meeting at Blackpool, said:—
'There are few people outside the violet partisans in the Socialist Party who would say that a means test is wrong in itself.'"
Labour Paper.

We trust that "violet" is a stage in the transition from red to true blue.



STUDY OF A GENTLEMAN WHOSE WIFE'S FACE HAVING BEEN LIFTED EIGHT TIMES AT A COST OF £150 FOR EACH TIME HAS FALLEN AGAIN. HE IS CONSIDERING WHICH WOULD BE MORE DEPRESSING—TO KEEP ON SITTING OPPOSITE THIS SPECTACLE OR PAY FOR ANOTHER COURSE.

PTARMIGAN.

No luckier fowl can cross my path, whatever the legends say,
Than this mountaineer with the dapper shape who crossed mine yesterday.

Grey as the scree of the Larig Gru was his speckled autumn dress,
And his eye was bold for the stranger there in the windy wilderness.

Wherever I meet him I'm in luck, with a heart content and light,
For he makes his home in the rugged pass, on the grim, rock-guarded height;

His wings are wet by the driving rack and dried by the thin keen air,
And he is the soul of the solitude that a man must climb to share.

The time and the place are always right for our lonely rendezvous—
When the rocks are warm on an airy peak aloft in the summer blue,

Or when mist and snow are wanly blent on a stark midwinter day
And white as the curve of the corniced drift he chuckles and skims away.

W. K. H.

Patriarchal Innocence.

"SIMPLE JOB WAITING TO BE DONE."
Headline in Provincial Paper.

cracy. They will instance the case of the elderly Englishman who, long ago, flicked in the face accidentally by the whip of a horse-bus driver, ran after the vehicle and belaboured the conductor with his umbrella. They will quote against me the Spaniard (the Spaniards are lazy but proud) who drew a revolver and fired six shots into the telephone receiver through which he had listened to a statement he did not like. They will mention the American (Americans are boastful and highly-strung) who, defeated by a long putt on the last green, blew up the golf-club house with dynamite on the following day.

But I prefer to cling to my illusions. I like to think that hardly anyone except a Frenchman, thus irritated, would have taken action so dramatically and so soon. I am sorry, of course for the lady. She consoled herself doubtless by the reflection that she suffered in a good cause, as a martyr, you might say, to progress—progress along the roads of France. But I feel that she suffered excessively, and I would not advise English cyclists, or even English motorists, to break through their habitual crust of diffidence so far as to roll any lady to whom they had not been formally introduced into an English ditch because the County Council's steam-roller was not doing its work properly.

Impulse, I grant, outruns discretion at times. But it should be enough (for an Englishman) to climb up a telegraph-post and cut the wires, or perhaps to shoot a sheep. We must preserve our national phlegm. We must correct the abuses of officialdom with our own characteristic calm. We belong to the race which has produced Mr. Stanley Baldwin, and we must leave to the fellow-countrymen of M. Herriot their own particular customs and ideas.

Philosophise thus, irritable reader, as you urge your velocipede along the rustic lanes between woodlands already touched with the glory of October, however vile the surface may be. Philosophise thus. It will do you good.

Evoe.

Another Blinding Glimpse of the Obvious.

"Unless the Australian Cricket Board give way, there seems every probability that, with Bradman remaining adamant, Australia will have to take the field without him."
Sunday Paper.

"Mr. Baldwin, addressing a mass meeting at Blackpool, said:—
'There are few people outside the violet partisans in the Socialist Party who would say that a means test is wrong in itself.'"
Labour Paper.

We trust that "violet" is a stage in the transition from red to true blue.



Study of a gentleman whose wife's face having been lifted eight times at a cost of £150 for each time has fallen again. He is considering which would be more depressing—to keep on sitting opposite this spectacle or pay for another course.

PTARMIGAN.

No luckier fowl can cross my path,
whatever the legends say,
Than this mountaineer with the dapper
shape who crossed mine yesterday.

Grey as the scree of the Larig Gru was
his speckled autumn dress,
And his eye was bold for the stranger
there in the windy wilderness.

Wherever I meet him I'm in luck, with
a heart content and light,
For he makes his home in the rugged
pass, on the grim, rock-guarded
height;

His wings are wet by the driving rack
and dried by the thin keen air,
And he is the soul of the solitude that
a man must climb to share.

The time and the place are always right
for our lonely rendezvous—
When the rocks are warm on an airy
peak aloft in the summer blue,

Or when mist and snow are wanly blent
on a stark midwinter day
And white as the curve of the corniced
drift he chuckles and skims away.

W. K. H.

Patriarchal Innocence.

"Simple Job Waiting to be Done."
Headline in Provincial Paper.



Small Angler. "WHAT ARE YOU MAKING SUCH A FUSS ABOUT?"
Big Highlander. "THEY TAMNED MIDGES WASS FAIR EATIN' ME!"
Angler. "THEY HAVEN'T TOUCHED ME."
Highlander. "MAYBE THEY HAFF NOT NOTICED YOU YET."

A SCOTLAND YARD IDYLL.

THE telephone-bell rang. The Inspector took up the receiver and murmured pleasantly, "Whitehall, one-two-one-two."

A nervous yet precise and cultivated voice responded. "Am I speaking to the department that deals with S.O.S."—the inquirer hesitated over the plural of this expression and then compromised—"with S.O.S. messages concerning persons who have lost their memory?"

"At your service, Sir."

"Then I wonder if you would be so obliging as to issue an S.O.S. for me?"

"Only too happy to be of use, Sir; and you may rely upon our sparing no effort to trace the person of whom you are in search."

"You are indeed most kind, but I am afraid my case is somewhat unusual and——"

"You need have no fears, Sir. Apart from pet animals, which we do not handle, our department imposes no restrictions. Relatives, old friends, employees (especially when absconding), wards in Chancery, pupils at boarding-schools (we have many testimonials from principals)—it is all one to us. Our sole aim is to assist the public."

"It is most reassuring to hear this, especially as I was apprehensive of encountering much official formality; but——"

"Red tape, Sir? Not, I assure you, at the Yard. Would you wait just one moment, please, while I procure an S.O.S. form? And now, Sir, if you would kindly give me the name of the missing person—surname first."

"Ah, how I wish I could! But that is precisely the difficulty. I must apologise for not making myself perfectly clear from the beginning. The unfortunate fact is that I am myself the person who has lost his memory."

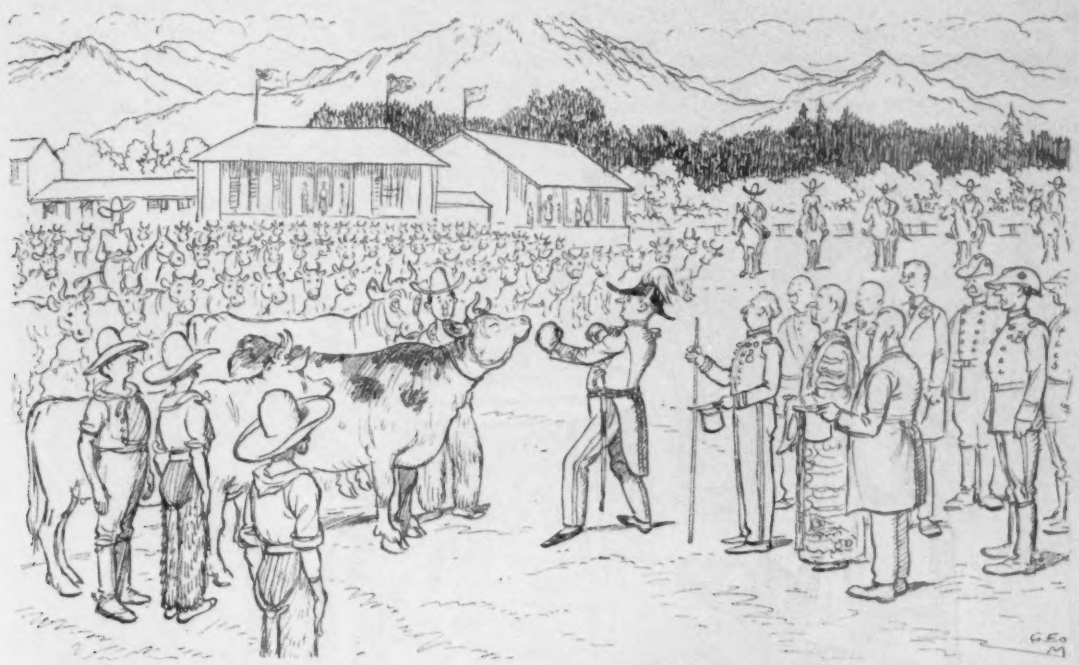
"And you had the presence of mind to ring us up! Sir, I congratulate you. If only every person, directly he found his memory had gone—— But there you are, Sir, they never think of it, and we are not called in until it is feared some harm may have—— It's human nature, I suppose, but none the less regrettable. And now, Sir, if you would tell us just how you came to——"

"There is little, I fear, to tell you, except that half-an-hour ago, when I was eating a poached egg in a tea-shop, I suddenly realised that I had no notion of how I got there, who I was, where I was going, or even why I had ordered it poached. You must think it a strange story?"

"Oh, not in the least, Sir. Our experience here, you see . . . If you will allow me, Sir, I sympathise. It is a great comfort to feel that we have the organisation and the will to set things right. Now, as your memory may have been gone some time when you noticed your loss, it is possible that I may find an S.O.S. which fits you, and so, if you could furnish me with——"

"Ah! I anticipated you would require a description. Allow me to dictate from my rough notes: 'Height, average; build, medium; age, middle; hair and complexion, dark; blue serge suit, black shoes, bowler hat.' As I run over the particulars they seem devoid of outstanding features, I fear."

"It is perhaps, Sir, a little—er—



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

OPENING OF A NEW RANCH IN THE FAR WEST. THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL PUNCHES THE FIRST COW.

lacking in local colour. A few personal peculiarities would assist. You don't walk with a limp, for example?"

"No, my gait is normal."

"Then you can't be the man at Brixton. And I'm afraid there's nothing else among our S.O.S-es here that—— One moment though. There's a Mr. Lancelot Quail, foreman in the caramel room of a confectionery works at Birmingham, on holiday with his niece at High Wycombe—does that suggest anything to your mind?"

"N-no. None of the names you mention stirs any association. Caramels? No; I have not the least hesitation in saying 'No' to caramels."

"I doubted as much, but you will understand, Sir, we cannot afford to leave any avenue unexplored. Well, I wonder—— Let me think. Have you looked in your inside jacket pocket, by the way, Sir?"

"No. Should I?"

"Well, Sir, it might be worth trying."

"I find nothing but a postcard."

"That may give us a clue, Sir. The address on the postcard——"

"The postcard, I observe, is addressed to a Professor Scrabble at University College, Eastingley. Do you think it at all likely——"

"That you are Professor Scrabble? Personally, Sir, I should be inclined to answer in the affirmative. What do you think yourself, Sir?"

"I—I confess to an open mind on the subject."

"Perhaps the message on the card—— ?"

"I am looking at that. It is to remind this Professor Scrabble that he is addressing the Guild of Happy Youth at Tootham on October the 18th at eight P.M."

"This very evening, Sir. If you jump into a taxi . . . And you mark my words, Professor, you will find everything coming back on the way. If I might suggest, as a precaution, handing the postcard to the driver—— I beg your pardon?"

"Not at all. It is I who should apologise. But an exclamation could not be repressed. I find my memory is returning to me."

"Splendid, Sir!"

"I am undoubtedly Professor Scrabble and I am due at Tootham this evening. The Warden of the Guild of Happy Youth is an old college-friend, and I have promised to speak a few words to his—ah—flock."

"Excellent, Sir."

"I find that I can even recollect the main outlines of the address I had prepared—a little informal talk on 'What I Remember.' Well, I cannot adequately express my gratitude. I confess I telephoned to Scotland Yard with some misgivings. I was in considerable trepidation lest you should all be very official and—and awe-inspiring."

"I am glad we have convinced you to the contrary, Sir, and hope you will have a successful evening. My one regret is that the stern call of duty prevents me from coming to hear your address, which I feel sure I should have enjoyed. Good-bye, Professor, good-bye. And if you would be kind enough at any time to recommend us to your friends we should take it as a great favour."

And the Inspector, replacing the receiver, wrote a memorandum for the attention of his typist in the morning:

"Prof. Scrabble, Univ. College, Eastingley. Difficult case of loss of memory. Solved to complete satisfaction of this client. Write and ask him kindly to confirm in writing for testimonial file."

Mr. George Robey's Service to Literature.

"The appearance of George Robey in a film version of 'Don Quixote' will do much to arouse interest in its author, Cervantes."
Daily Paper.

"WHY DO CLERGYMEN WEAR 'DOG-COLLARS'?
They cut them off from human beings."
Weekly Paper.

Oughtn't they to pay for them?



"BET YER 'ARF-A-PINT I CAN TELL WHAT YE 'RE THINKING ABOUT." "NOWT." "WELL—WHAT?" "BA GOOM, YE 'RE VERY NEAR."

TROPIC NIGHT.

TIME was when I have known the blest Nirvana
Of jungle midnights and the sleepy scent
Of mohwa and of sampak and lantana
Spraying the world with slumberous content,
And, drowsing, I have heard the *chital* croon
Soft nothings to the moon,

And felt half sorry sleep's delicious coma
Should break sensation's satisfying chain
And rob me of night's music and aroma. . . .
Ah, me! Time was—and might have been again
Had Providence restored me to that spot;
But Providence did not.

Groves of my dreams, behold to-night's reality!
A City of the Plain enfolds me here;
Stray dogs an imbecile municipality
Will *not* destroy replace my dulcet deer;
That fluting call becomes a frenzied yelp;
And as for scents—oh, help!

Deep bass against the pi-dogs' shrill vendettas
I hear an oil-mill's miserable moan;
Sopranos warble Tamil canzonettas
On Mr. Krishnaswami's gramophone
(He *never* goes to bed); down the bazaar
They're tuning someone's car.

The gentle blacksmith is inspired to hammer
On clanging copper, while his friend, dear chap,
Diverts him with a drum; through all this clamour
Rises the stealthy intermittent slap
Of some darned *dhobi* battering on a stone
Some shirt—most like my own.

Ah! dappled deer that roamed the forest ranges
Chatting so sweetly in the moonlit dusk,
How hideously a fellow's fortune changes!
You probably the tiger's gleaming tusk
Or the lean talon of the loitering pard
Has butchered; while the bard

Endures, as on a bed stuffed full of thistles,
All earth's cacophony. Crescendo carts
Roll down the road; an engine shunts and whistles;
Two streets away a brilliant beano starts
With fireworks. . . . Lunacy is setting in.
Aspirin! Aspirin!

H. B.

The Order of Flagellants.

"Mr. F. H. Booth discovered, under the south-east wall of the cloister walk, the remains of two abbots, Roger de Candover and William de Wallop."—*Birmingham Paper.*

The former was, of course, a connection of the unhappy Askew de Bendover.

AT THE PICTURES.

THE EXPECTED UNEXPECTED.

THERE are, I suppose, such numbers of youths in America who are Hollywood-struck that they have become a commonplace. Otherwise I should be disposed to accuse the mixers of the



Harold Hall (Mr. HAROLD LLOYD) in the course of a catastrophic career. "HAVE I LEFT ANY STONE UNTURNED?"

decoction known as *Movie Crazy*, HAROLD LLOYD'S new film, of too close an intimacy with *Merton of the Movies*. More likely than that is that both these films are in an old tradition. Of the two, *Merton of the Movies* is the more worthy of consideration, because it is credible; but then HAROLD LLOYD would hate to be credible. His strength lies in the incredibility of everything he does, which may be tested to the full in this latest riot of buffoonery. There is a scene in the cinema-studio where he and an adversary exchange a thousand blows that would fell an ox, every one on the face or head and some delivered in the water, and are neither bruised nor exhausted, but almost tidied up and refreshed. HAROLD indeed retains his spectacles throughout. It is the longest fight that even the comic films have given us, and you will find at the Carlton also the longest and wettest rain-storm.

In fact every sure-fire device to cause laughter has been employed, the best of them being those for the dénouement of which the audience is carefully prepared. Thus there are some crazy minutes—the cream and culmination of the fooling—in which HAROLD, an uninvited guest to a swell party, puts on by mistake the elaborately organised tail-coat of a professional conjurer, with the result that, as he dances with his stately hostess and unwittingly pulls strings and touches buttons, the wizard's allies begin to appear—eggs, chickens, pigeons, white mice, rabbits, while from the flower in his buttonhole emerges at intervals (according to expectation and plan and therefore to our intenser delight) a gushing fountain. You see what happens. But the most exquisite moment comes in due inexorable course when HAROLD, to get rid of the rabbit, surreptitiously slips it under the cover of a dish which a waiter is carrying to an impatient and peevish dipsomaniac. . . .

Such is *Movie Crazy*, which as a whole—and it lasts for an hour-and-a-half—is, I think, though funny, not quite funny enough. Indeed it would become wearisome were it not for the presence in it of CONSTANCE CUMMINGS, who supplies a link with life, binds the story together, and is also very pretty.

Miss CUMMINGS is one of a new screen type without which no film is now complete: a comely attractive girl who loves an impossible young man, finds him out, lectures him, repudiates him, and then relents and marries him. There is another of them in *The Crooner*, an excellent story in every respect—plot, dialogue and acting; but here her tenacity is more understandable, since



A CRUSH ON THE CROON.
Teddy . . . MR. DAVID MANNERS.

for all his conceit and blindness the young man is a conceivable human being, whereas no one would ever cure *Harold Hall*, the prime blunderer of *Movie Crazy*, of profound and inhuman undomesticity.

The Crooner contains fine performances not only by the two principal characters, DAVID MANNERS in the title part and ANN DVORAK as the loyal yet censorious *Judy*, but also by KEN MURRAY as the publicity agent.

Although there is in *The Crooner* a free fight in a night-club, it is not a



A FINANCIAL STATEMENT.
Emmie Wilton . . MISS MARY ASTOR.
Henry Wilton . . MR. GEORGE ARLISS.

rough-and-tumble film. Even more placid is *A Successful Calamity*, in which GEORGE ARLISS has found another part perfectly suited to his humorous tact and crisp mannerisms: a kindly millionaire whose family have got out of hand and who has to scheme to get them back. It is all rather too symmetrically sentimental but very pleasant and well-acted.

HAROLD LLOYD'S wine, you would think, needs no bush; but such is the lavishness of the Carlton management that it is preceded by a special overture in which all the musicians and *corps de ballet* wear the straw-hat and spectacles of a brainless life, while additional HAROLD LLOYDS are worked into the scenery. Two of the best step-dancers I have ever seen, also in the regulation uniform, complete this *hors d'œuvre*.

E. V. L.

Dry Hospitality.

"To-day the club is open to visitors of all standing and its hospitality to guests knows no bars."—*Sunday Paper.*

"EPIDEMIC OF COLDS.
HOW TO AVOID THEM.
By our Medical Correspondent.
The key to successful treatment is to take a cold early."—*Daily Paper.*

We prefer to leave ours as late as possible.

AT THE PLAY.

"SERVICE" (WYNDHAM'S).

Service, an episodic play on a business theme in eleven scenes, by C. L. ANTHONY, author of *Autumn Crocus* and dear to the paragraphers under her real name of DODIE SMITH, has an almost topical interest now that behind so many imposing façades the harassed directors of houses of repute that have stood four-square for generations are anxiously, helplessly, studying the curves of their sales-charts, which look like the cataracts of Lodore, and jettisoning the dead-weight of inefficients on their staffs, which, as they know, translated into human terms, means immediate tragedy in respectable and mean streets and comfortable little villas.

The scene is set mainly in the private office of *Gabriel Service* (Mr. LESLIE BANKS), the head of *Service's*, a store with a long and honourable tradition and a fine standard of taste; "in the *Service* Home" —surely an unnecessarily Transatlantic caption; and in the home of a dismissed employee. In the First Act we go back some fifteen months in time. *Gabriel's* harder-headed, more detached partners (Mr. ALLAN JEAYES and Mr. HARDING STEERMAN) present him with a list of "economies;" of employees, that is, of not more than ten years' standing, to be turned off. He puts up a fight for them against his business judgment; reluctantly yields. There is an air of grave foreboding at *Service's*. A charming, loyal, ineffectual fellow, *Benton* (Mr. J. H. ROBERTS), is on the proscribed list. We follow him to his Ealing home—the news broken, the wife (Miss MARGARET EMDEN) in tears, passionately denouncing hard-faced business men; the typist daughter (Miss VALERIE SKARDON), proud of her new hire-purchase piano, which must go back to the owner; the young son (Mr. TONY HALFPENNY), unable to pay his tennis subscription; the drab little charwoman (Miss PHYLLIS MORRIS) told that she will not be wanted —widening ripples from the stone dropped in the directors' office. We skip down to Berkshire, to *Gabriel's* delightful house (clearly furnished by *Service's*); an expensive ardent little daughter, *Caroline* (Miss ANN TODD); a disdainful and even more expensive wife (a second wife), *Isobel* (Miss JOYCE KENNEDY); an apparently casual son, *Michael* (Mr. JACK HAWKINS). Grave warnings as to the need of personal economy by the harassed *Gabriel* are not taken seriously.



GATE-CRASHING AT THE OFFICE.

Gabriel Service . . . . MR. LESLIE BANKS.
Isobel Service . . . . MISS JOYCE KENNEDY.
Caroline Service . . . MISS ANN TODD.



AN EX-SERVICE LUNCHER.

Merrily tolls the Luncheon-bell.

Timothy Benton (late of *Service's*) . . MR. J. H. ROBERTS.

Act II. Fifteen months later. Anxiety at *Service's* has become panic. An inadequate offer for the business from Stonor's—a ruthless mushroom firm—must be accepted; by *Gabriel* because of his hostages to fortune, by his partners because it's best to go, not while the going's good (it isn't) but while there's any going at all; anxious gossip at the salemen's desk; a broken *Gabriel* arriving home to hear that *Isobel* has left him.

A well-planned preparation, this, for a tragic ending which would have been not only more logical but perhaps more wholesome for us. C. L. ANTHONY, however, is a romantic and an entertainer. *Gabriel*, relieved of the responsibility of *Isobel*, fortified by the courage and resolution of *Caroline*, who will go into the dress department, and of *Michael*, who has spent a Paris holiday studying modern furniture design, will turn and fight. Stonor's offer is rejected. The sales-curve rises. Even the loyal *Benton's* lines have fallen in pleasant places. *Mrs. Benton* has buckled to and now runs a successful pastrycook's shop. A rainbow is seen over St. Mary-in-the-Meadows behind *Service's* —no, we can't really approve of that rainbow, and almost expected a pigeon with a sprig of plane-tree. But no matter.

Let us not be so academic as to condemn our author for refusing to take her tragic theme too seriously. She has put together with a quite remarkable skill and economy of means a really well-made play; has created for us the authentic business atmosphere, in happy contrast with the ludicrous stage travesties of it which are so often inflicted upon us. Her characters, main and subsidiary, in office and in home, are excellently built up, directly and by adroit suggestion. She has humour and drops into her mixture the occasional spice of a naughty wit.

The production, under Mr. BASIL DEAN'S direction, is most intelligently done; the scenery by Mr. CLIFFORD PEMBER almost too true to be good. Clever understanding of the author's careful planning has enabled the designer to present each scene upon a small stage without crowding, and a revolving stage (I assume) achieves the elaborate changes without tiresome waits.

The acting was of a high standard. Mr. LESLIE BANKS enriched his well-written part, but we can take his skill for granted. Miss ANN TODD'S high-spirited *Caroline*, adoring her "Angel-face" (her father) or flouting her young stepmother in a passion of bitter jealousy, was a gem of characterisation. Mr. J. H. ROBERTS must be hard put to it to give us a fresh version of the diffident ineffectual, but he succeeds with his *Benton*. Perhaps the subtlest piece of character-acting was that of the level-headed, risen-from-the-ranks director, *Mr. Felton*, by Mr. ALLAN JEAYES.

The author, when we come to reflect on it, has presented us with many quite well-defined characters of whom we have learned a great deal in a very short time—a tribute to her faculty of intelligent selection. One such character, *Isobel*, the queer, heartless, luxurious disloyal wife with a stratum of sporting instinct easily overlaid, Miss JOYCE KENNEDY cleverly realised for us. Excellent short studies by Mr. TRACY HOLMES of *Gabriel's* enthusiastic secretary, by Mr. STAFFORD HILLIARD of the insignificant little salesman, *Birkenshaw*, must be noted. There were half-a-dozen others worthy of special mention. But one mustn't grow fulsome.

One day C. L. ANTHONY must work out a serious theme to a serious end. I think she has it in her to do it well, with her eye for character and her sound human sympathies. Romantic refracting tendencies and ready humour are handicaps no doubt. But the thing is worth trying. T.

"ALISON'S HOUSE" (LITTLE).

The People's National Theatre shows courage in presenting Miss SUSAN GLASPELL'S *Alison's House*. The *Alison* of her play is EMILY DICKINSON, who, for all her deserved reputation in her own country, is known here only to a relatively narrow circle of poetry-lovers and critics as a deep-feeling if unequal interpreter of life. I think it must be admitted that some special interest in and knowledge of the problems and the circumstances, which we cannot fairly be expected to possess, is necessary to supplement Miss GLASPELL'S sincere and affectionate treatment of her theme.

That theme deals with the question whether the dead poet's family has the right to suppress the publication of poems which have been discovered owing to the death of the poet's sister, in whose keeping they have been. They throw light upon an unhappy romance of the poet's youth, a romance ruthlessly strangled by an act of heroic renunciation on the part of the young girl, who shrinks from ruining another woman's life. The agony of that renunciation causes her to live the rest of her life wholly withdrawn from the world in her country home. The story is known to her countrymen in vague terms, the details guessed at and eagerly canvassed by the literary coteries who take interest in these problems.



PORTRAIT OF AN OLD LADY CONTEMPLATING ARSON.

Miss Agatha . . . . . MISS NANCY PRICE.

The action of the play is dated December 31, 1899. The poet has been dead some thirteen years. Her sister, *Agatha* (Miss NANCY PRICE)—in this reconstruction the names are fictitious and, one assumes, the details invented to serve the author's dramatic purpose—has been living in the old house. Her health is enfeebled, her wits wandering. Her brother, *John Stanhope* (Mr. LOUIS GOODRICH), with his sons, *Eben* (Mr. TORIN THATCHER) and *Ted* (Mr. WALLACE DOUGLAS), have come to take her away. The house is to be sold. The old lady is evidently obsessed by some problem of particular urgency. She sets fire to the house so that it may not be desecrated by its intending purchasers; and the sight which the author gives us of these appalling vulgarians (heartily played by Mr. PERCY WALSH and Miss LAURA SMITHSON) seems to us abundantly to justify that action.

Meanwhile *Elsa* (Miss IRIS BAKER), *John Stanhope's* daughter, who has disgraced the family by doing what her distinguished aunt had so steadfastly refused to do, returns to take a last look at the old home. To her the old lady, just before her death, gives a small satchel with muttered words of which neither she nor we guess the intention.

Aunt Agatha's death ends the Second Act and what is in effect the prologue to the main scene in *Alison's* bedroom, in which *Elsa* is to spend the night. So far the author has been trying to build up for us through the comments and recalled memories of her characters the personality of the long-dead hermit poet and preparing us for the final discussion: What is to be done with the poems in the satchel? Are they to be suppressed, as *John Stanhope* vehemently pleads, because the dead woman's secret is too sacred for the prying eyes of the curious? It is clear that *Aunt Agatha* had meant to burn them but had been unable to summon the resolution to do so. *Elsa* and *Eben* argue the world's rights against the family's, the crude youngster, *Ted*, noisily in support (we suspect that young man saw money in them). The young reporter, *Knowles* (Mr. JOHN LAURIE), and *John Stanhope's* secretary, *Ann* (Miss HELENA PICKARD), making a somewhat unlikely intrusion into *Alison's* bedroom at the midnight hour, add their suffrages to those of *John's* children. We learn here incidentally that the austere *John* has also made his renunciation (*Ann* is the daughter of the woman he has loved); that it was he indeed who had pointed out to his sister the difficult way of self-sacrifice for an ideal. The old man finally gives way to the younger generation.

It is an effective scene, and we recog-

nise the value of the intelligent preparation of the two preceding Acts, during which we have had perhaps our moments of tedium and impatience. Mr. LOUIS GOODRICH puts on a warmer humanity to let us know that hitherto he has been deliberately repressing himself (and being a little dull in the process). Miss IRIS BAKER gives us a gracious tender *Elsa* (or *Elsar*, as the players prefer to call her). We have throughout appreciated Mr. THATCHER'S quiet sympathetic portrait of the elder son unhappily married to the hard conventional *Louise* (of which Miss JANE WOOD has given us a brief effective presentation); Miss HELENA PICKARD'S charming little period piece, and Mr. JOHN LAURIE'S sensitive, shy, ingenuous and romantic reporter have interested us. Mr. DOUGLAS'S *Ted*, though designed as a foil to the somewhat suppressed and rarefied members of the household, need not have been quite so boisterous. He exceeded the limits of credibility in the circumstances and might, I should suppose, have made his effect in a much quieter manner. Miss NANCY PRICE maundered convincingly and died capably for us.

Miss GLASPELL'S humour hardly flies on a light wing. Sometimes she makes a mistake that only the profoundly serious-minded can make. "This was the colour of her eyes," says *Elsa* of *Alison* as she raises her glass of sherry to drink in the New Year. And we did not laugh—which must be taken as a tribute to the fact that she had us in thrall. For a poet with sherry-coloured eyes does seem something of a figure of fun to the flippant. T.

A MIDNIGHT MATINÉE of Mr. NOEL COWARD'S new revue, *Words and Music*, will be given by Mr. C. B. COCHRAN, on October 27th, at the Adelphi Theatre in aid of the oldest theatrical charity, The Actors' Benevolent Fund, which celebrates its jubilee this year.

Tickets may be obtained from the Adelphi Theatre, the usual Agencies, and the Secretary of the Fund, 6A, Blomfield Road, W.9.

HOME RULE WITH KILTS.

I USUALLY send a copy of the weekly issue of our local paper, *The Auchterbrose Courier*, to my old bearer, Fusaldar, in India. Lately the editor of the paper has been letting himself go in a series of fiery articles in support of Home Rule for Scotland. This has provoked Fusaldar into sending me the following communication:—

"Many time I am telling Master of Home Rule for India is no blooming use and political wallah is very foolish man. Now I am writing for inform him of deepest distress I am suffering about Home Rule for Scotland. Babu is reading for me story out of Auchterbrose newspaper of political wallah of Scotland will be making Parliament of Blue Bonnet to be setting up of Edinburgh City. Also all man of Scotland is to be wearing nothing but kilts and there is to be no sound of music but blow it of bagpipe. I am make no bone for telling Master I am giving firm disapproval of all suchlike proceeding, and specially about kilts.

"For reason of my good Master is pukka Scottish Sahib I am holding most strong love for dress of kilts and music of bagpipe of its proper place. But I am of most clear opinion of putting on of kilts on poor old man same like my Master is not proper place of kilts. Too well I am knowing Master has body weakness of much thin of leg. Therefore I weeping eye out with picture of Master if political wallah is compelling for show it poor thin legs below of kilts for sake of Home Rule.

"But I am suffering most distress for danger of body health of Master than for eyesore body appearance. Master is not forgetting always when cold weather is coming I am insisting of he is wearing the heavy drawer on for warming of his thin legs. Now Master is making older and older every day and here is coming threatening of Home Rule with kilts of nothing but bare legs. I am prepared for telling of political wallah this is case of Home Rule courting with sudden death for my Master.

"But if my good Master is to be dying with Home Rule kilts what is caring political wallah? Political wallah is only going on the way rejoicing. This very day Babu is reading for me of Hundred Pipers will be coming up and giving blow a blow and scattering Auld Enemy army and navy out of country. This is most cruel news I am ever experiencing.

"What is to be consequence of Hundred Pipers blowing bagpipe all together and chasing all soldier and sailor off of soil of Native Heath? No sooner is coming first blow it of bagpipe than wild Highland man will be coming yelling down out of Frontier Hills of Scotland with war dress of kilts and terrible weapon of claymores and pibrochs. Every man jack of man, woman and child of Scotland will be running for the dear life with thousand Highland man chasing after him. Nothing will be seen of whole country but hungry Highland man eating the cow and the sheep and stealing the salt and drinking the whisky. Except, forsooth, political wallah that will come popping the head out of hole of ground when trouble is finish. Then political wallah will be coming with great gift of gab and yelling for pitch of voice of all man will see happy consequence of his Home Rule.

"Now I am praying Master will be making ready for fleeing away from wrath that is maybe to come of Home Rule with kilts and Hundred Pipers. Nothing will be remaining for Master but for coming back for India for get it peace of freedom for wear it highly necessary trouser and away from rampage of wild Highland man, and will find all most comfortable liberty and warming in bosom of his old Fusaldar. And I am always praying for Master."

THE HORRID TRUTH.

CHILDREN, I'm told, are apt to think
That bottles produce the milk they drink,
And it gives them a nasty shudder
When fate compels them to rub their eyes
And look at a cow and realise
That the dairyman draws his main supplies
From the horrible creature's udder.

We oughtn't to keep them in the dark;
We ought to have cows in Regent's Park
And cows in Kensington Gardens;
Cows that are milked in the open-air
In Paddington Green or Berkeley Square,
Where an urban infant can stand and stare
Till its sensitive soul it hardens.

And nobody's child should be held exempt,
Till familiarity breeds contempt,
From going home and describing
As well as it can in its own words how
It went to the place and saw the cow,
And is quite, quite sure where it comes from now—
The stuff it has been imbibing.

A Bicycle Maid for You?

"FOR SALE, girl bicycle, three months old."—*Advt. in North China Paper.*

"A WONDERFUL TURKEY.

SIR,—Hatched August 9th, 1931, laid her first egg March 30th, 1932, she laid 100 eggs on her birthday, August 9th, 1932. . . . Is this a record?"—*Letter to Local Paper.*

Yes.

"The outbreak of coughing will restrict the number of runners from Manton this week, but the Scarlet Martagan cold will be saddled for the Alington Stakes."

Nottingham Paper.

You should see us bridling our catarrh.

THE BORE AT SEA.



THERE ARE LOTS OF WAYS OF GETTING RID OF A BORE ON LAND—



BUT ON BOARD—



SHIP—



THERE—



IS—



ONLY—



ONE—



POSSIBLE—



WAY—



OF—



ESCAPING HIM.



Eric (out to afternoon tea). "MUMMY, WILL I HAVE A PROPER TEA WHEN WE GET HOME?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Happy Memories.

THERE are always, I suspect, for the succeeding generation two ways of regarding such Victorian biographies as Sir HENRY NEWBOLT'S—admiration for all that was accomplished in those incredibly propitious days, together with a certain impatience for the complacency of the period. *My World in My Time* (FABER AND FABER, 18/-) is, so far as the first of its promised two volumes goes, more than usually evocative of both sentiments. Every career in the nature of things has one of its Janus-faces to the past and one to the future; but Sir HENRY'S is consistently remarkable for the happiness and vigour of its retrospective countenance and the diffidence of its ultimate outlook. This is perhaps a poet's orientation; and the poet's share in the present book is an enchanting one. It accounts for what the poet himself describes as the HANS ANDERSEN-ish quality of his childhood in the Black Country, his supreme appreciation of the classic Public School spirit (with Clifton for its prime expounder), and his sense of the less complete but more grandiose romanticism of Oxford. Aspiring to the Navy, diverted to the Bar, erecting the fabric of a ramifying literary career round an unequalled genius for the English naval ballad, the subject of this book might, you feel, have been more communicative than he is about his own literary development. But he prefers to portray his contemporaries. "I have always found it easier," he says, "to remember persons than events. The people of my past are visible and audible . . . my recollections of my own thoughts are more vague."

A Successful "Failure."

Evening Memories (MACLEHOSE, 16/-) makes the third volume of Sir HERBERT MAXWELL'S reminiscences. *Meridiana* was the first, appearing in 1892; *Post-Meridiana* came out three years later; *Vespertilia*, he tells us, was to have been the name of this, but the author feared book-lovers might be puzzled by the name and expect to find a treatise on the natural history of the common bat. With a disarming modesty Sir HERBERT explains his reasons for inflicting another book of autobiography on a long-suffering world. No doubt there are lives enough of distinguished men and women, but may not the career of an ordinary citizen contain lessons more useful to his fellows? For this many-sided man persists in regarding himself as a failure. He admits that he was born with his due share of intelligence, but laments that, after a decent start, he yielded to "insensate indolence" at Eton and Oxford, and thereby failed for the Army, which was his desired goal, and had to fall back upon the Militia and pray for a war—which came too late to gratify his ambition. Still, looking through our author's record, one is forced to the conclusion that in spite of the handicap of not being compelled to make his own way in the world he has not done too badly. As a young man of eighty-seven—surely he must be the youngest man of his age in the kingdom—he has contrived to serve his country in many useful capacities, to enter Parliament and

hold office and to become an acknowledged "expert" in such different fields as archæology, fly-fishing and natural history. His failure probably made him a writer, as such failures sometimes do; and certainly few men can score a point or tell a story with such neatness and dexterity. A small talent perhaps, but it makes this book a pleasure to read.

Good Hunting.

The aunt of *Jacob Pennyman's* wife,
When *Jacob*'s over the sea,
Slips out of this transitory life
And leaves her £ *s. d.*
(It's a tidy piece) to her pretty niece,
Who cables her husband, "Chuck
The East and jute and a pay minute;
Come home and enjoy your luck."

Now *Sylvia Pennyman's* chiefest bliss
And that of her *Jacob* too
Is to follow the fox, and henceforth this
With all of their hearts they do;
They're found in front in many a hunt
As owners of Brampton Towers;
And not a jot of a plot you've got
In all of their jolly hours.

From Seeley Service, by Brigadier Brooke,
A-Hunting We Will Go
Is a happily starred half-guinea book
And lots for your money so;
And if, as of course, you love a horse
And like rampageous fun
You'll cry aloud, "*This* does us proud
That Brigadier Brooke has done."

A Cairo Cavalcade.

The married woman of forty, with marriageable daughter, who has still no interest in life but man-hunting (and that not wholly vicarious) is growing a distinctly shyer visitant of our own coasts. Probably the requisite leisure for her characteristic abilities is lacking. But in a military outpost, where both climate and etiquette are inimical to any form of work, I can imagine the species flourishing as in the palmy days of *Mrs. Hawksbee*. A clever dispassionate study of it at extremely close quarters monopolises Mr. Bonamy Dobrée's first novel; and, though I own to an initial qualm as to the possibility of his *Dorothy Arundel* staying the course, I am bound to admit my lack of confidence unjustified. Cairo, with intervals of Alexandria and spells of "home," is the scene of *Dorothy's* activities. Her growing fascination—for she is finally absorbing—is the result, I think, of an increasing honesty of outlook sympathetically portrayed. When you first encounter her during the War she is a prodigy of crooked thinking and self-deception. Because her own interests are best served by the marriage of her daughter she suffers compunction where a saner judgment would congratulate itself. Her stupid and frivolous betrayal of her inarticulate husband troubles her comparatively little. Her conscience, belatedly aroused, catches her out very prettily; and this is described not only with more psychological insight than her early aberrations, but with a more austere and direct technique. *St. Martin's Summer* (Hogarth Press, 7/6) is not, I feel, a harmonious work of art, but it is a distinctly promising experiment.



He. "That's prehistoric, that is."
She. "Looks even older than *that* to me."

Russia in Exile.

Many Englishmen have written on Russian themes, and not a few of them well; but is there even one who could (*mutatis mutandis*) have done what Mr. Nikolai Gubsky in returning the compliment has done? For he has used not his own language but that of the folk among whom he has been taking his notes, and used it with a delicacy of touch which any native might envy. This alone would make *Foreign Bodies* (Mathews and Marrot, 7/6) remarkable; but the book has other virtues to commend it—not least an understanding of the ways of the English which, if it prompts to satire, is innocent of malice. The English, however, only come into the picture in so far as they affect

the lives of the little group of Russians—refugees from the terrors of Bolshevism—who are at its centre. These, the *Kurtcheninovs* and the rest, are exquisitely drawn and we follow their fortunes in London and in Northborough, where *Ivan Kurtcheninov* is appointed Consul, with an alternation of amusement and sympathy answering to Mr. GUBSKY's skilled commingling of humour and pathos. Exiles, optimists and dreamers, these alien visitors are made very real to us. They are persons to linger in the memory —especially the women, *Masha*, *Lily* and the unhappy *Yvonne*. As for *Vava*, she is surely one of the most delightful small girls in fiction.

A Comforting Chronicle.

By the time I had read a few pages of *Greenbanks* (MURRAY, 7/6) I felt that I had opened not the covers of a book but the door of a comfortable and friendly house. All the family were gathered together for Christmas dinner, and I soon understood that throughout my long stay I should watch their way of life through the eyes of *Louisa Ashton* and her youngest granddaughter. These two were bound together by their common tolerance; they had none of the virtues of narrow-mindedness with which their relations bristled. From time to time the old lady put aside her work to become the guardian of family happiness, to welcome an outcast or say good-bye to a traveller; and from time to time the young girl roused herself to tear at her own or another person's trammels. Meanwhile the family continued to fall in love, to quarrel, to give birth, to seek husbands and to leave them. There is no space here to give details of this very ordinary domestic chronicle, acutely observed and beautifully written. Its chief merit is what I can only describe as shapeliness; there is no sense of hurry or diffuseness, and yet, when the end is reached, one feels as intimate with a number of characters as though one had known them for a lifetime. Miss DOROTHY WHIPPLE is to be congratulated as much on her method as on her story and for that broad vision which allows her to share the points of view of a very old lady and a very young girl.



EDUCATION IN THE NAVY.
A FUTURIST TATTOO.

Toc H.

Letters from Flanders (THE CENTENARY PRESS, 3/6) have been excellently selected by the Rev. L. R. BECKLEY from the large number which the Rev. P. B. CLAYTON wrote to his mother, and in a few instances to his father, during the years 1915–18. In a remarkable manner and without the smallest attempt at fine "writing" they give us most vivid pictures of the War and at the same time make all who read them understand why "TUBBY" CLAYTON has become so strong an influence for good in the world. Here we are told about Talbot House's early beginnings; of the generous help received in its promotion; of "TUBBY'S" joy in his work and of the humours and tragedies of those terrific days. Both for their simplicity and their truth these letters are extraordinarily appealing and, as Mr. BARCLAY BARON says in an admirable prefatory note, "above all they make it clear that the dynamic of Talbot House was Christian, and anyone leaving this out of account in his survey of Toc H to-day goes as wide of the mark as he would have done at Talbot House in those eventful years."

Tit-for-Tat.

Even if admirers of Mr. MARTIN ARMSTRONG's work sometimes find themselves wishing that he would be a little more ambitious, they will unhesitatingly admit that in *Lover's Leap* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) he has carried out his intentions with admirable ease and skill. The story, which is told "in three voices" by *Philip Marling*, *Rose Bentley* and *Meriel Filmer*, contains the wisest of warnings to engaged couples. All might have gone smoothly with *Philip* if he had not, after *Rose's* promise to marry him, become too exacting. Having no life of his own apart from *Rose* he made incessant attacks upon her liberty of thought and action, and the result was naturally disastrous. Their engagement having been broken off, *Philip* became entangled with *Meriel*, a very silly woman who was so voraciously in love that she was even more exacting with him than he had been with *Rose*. But *Meriel* at least did good service in teaching *Philip* a lesson that he emphatically required to learn.

Mr. Punch welcomes with paternal pride *Short Doses: a book of verses*, mostly reprinted from his columns, and *Says He: a book of prose*, partly drawn from the same source, both by "DUM-DUM" (CONSTABLE, 3/6 each); also *Nymphs and Satires* (BENN, 7/6), by RACHEL FERGUSON, a collection of articles and parodies, several of which have already appeared in his pages.

A Character from Very Faraway.

"His [Mr. PRIESTLEY'S] study of Johnny Ramsbottom, a retired Manchurian wholesale grocer, is a very fine portrait indeed."
Review in East African Paper.

"Sparks from the fire set light to a dining saloon opposite, and demolished the high diving board."—*Evening Paper.*
It will be dull just to drink the soup again.

"The request of Welsh branches of the National Farmers' Union for income-tax forms in Welsh has been refused."—*Daily Paper.*
A pity; we might have understood them at last.

"Both Shakespeare and Shaw begin with S, but there resemblance ends."—*Sunday Paper.*
We think we can detect two other similar similarities.

CHARIVARIA.

A NORTH-COUNTRY vicar's wife who entered a cage of tigers at a circus and stroked one of them declares that it didn't seem to mind at all. So much for the belief that tigers are scared of vicars' wives.

***

Although effigies of a foreign potentate are now on sale for bonfire-night, it is hoped that as many patriotic parents as possible will persuade their children to Guy British this year.

***

The Air Ministry says we may expect sharp frosts any time now. It is nice to receive official permission to do so.

***

A lady-dramatist has told an interviewer that she does all her serious thinking in her bath. She made no reference to the queue outside.

***

In support of the contention that the principles of COBDEN are what the world needs, Mr. J. A. SPENDER observes that all the Sauls are now among the prophets. He says nothing about the Samuels.

***

Phosphorescent hair is the latest fashion; but we do not anticipate a vogue for dining by hairlight.

***

The use of films for the instruction of students of dentistry is of course a development of the familiar close-ups of stars' teeth.

***

Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS recently remarked, on a Saturday, that it had been a crazy week. Sanity, however, is restored by the popular Sunday papers.

***

The Rev. MAXWELL KIRKPATRICK declares that the people of Brighton are dancing round the Golden Calf; but visitors to the town who would have liked to participate have failed to ascertain the whereabouts of this object.

***

Barbers of Mexico City are demanding a prohibitive duty on imported safety-razors. It would not, of course, affect Mexican cut-throats.

***

The staff-doctor of an electric company has discovered that one of the employees has two hearts (*see* p. 462). On the other hand the alleged heartlessness of some employers has never been supported by medical evidence.

***

People are said to be doing without maidservants in order to have money to spend on cars. Many snobbish pedestrians resent the indignity of being run down by motorists who do their own chores.

***

A lady who has taken up sculpture is said to have all-round artistic gifts. Two-dimensional gifts are not much use in sculpture.

***

"One did not expect that in the third week of October one would see the young Earl of —— draw down the blind to shade his party from the hot sun that fell on his table by the window," writes a paragraphist. One gets these delightful surprises if one is a paragraphist and keeps one's eye on the Peerage.

***

Burglars who broke into a Stepney public-house did not touch any of the bottles set out in the bar. It is of course illegal to do that sort of thing after closing-time.

***

Mr. J. H. THOMAS has announced that Mr. DE VALERA has asked this country for four hundred million pounds. It should be remembered, however, that there is no harm in asking.

***

Although two heavy marble mantelpieces have been stolen from the Devonshire Club, we are glad to state that the thieves did not make off with any of the members or other valuables.

***

A French boy who claims to be this year's chestnut champion defeated twenty-six British opponents while on a visit to a London school. He came, he saw, he conkered.

***

Thirty-six thousand weather inquiries were made at the Meteorological Office last year. This seems to indicate that we are becoming a morbid-minded race.

***

The British Government has invited Iceland to enter into tariff conversations in London. The hope is expressed that in order to maintain an optimistic note the Icelandic representatives will not be accompanied by any of their notorious depressions.

***

There have been no successful attempts to swim the Channel this year. All noughts and no crosses.

***

A Tottenham rate-collector has retired after fifty years' service. Residents, however, are gloomily suspicious that another official will be appointed in his place.

***

Although rumours are afloat that the Crystal Palace is to be sold, there appears to be no truth in the report that a successful smash-and-grab raider is anxious to obtain it for his children to practise on.

***

A weekly journal reminds its readers that it is a breach of the law to receive payment for telling a person's fortune. Yet our income-tax collector seems to get away with it.

***

Doctors complain that business is bad because so many people are now taking up gardening as a hobby, which makes them more optimistic about their complaints. We should love to see a dyspeptic with a spade cheerfully making molehills out of mountains.

***

Fishermen report a serious shortage of seals in the northern seas. This is the sort of news that makes our rabbits hibernate in their burrows.



"ONE OF YOUR REFERENCES HAS REPLIED TO SAY THAT YOU ARE LAZY, DECEITFUL, UNTIDY AND THOROUGHLY DISHONEST."
"IS THAT ALL? NOTHING ABOUT MY PUFF-PASTRY?"

THE RENDEZ-VOUS.

[*Sammelplatz, appuntamento, meeting-place.*]

WHERE shall they gather, the Four-Power panel?
France is opposed to London, which
Lies, *par malheur*, across the Channel,
Where vessels are apt to roll and pitch;
As for the burg of the League of Nations,
Whither the transit is done by train,
Owing to awkward associations
Germany answers, "Think again!"

Like to a needle that lurks in mown hay
(Cynics have said it), a perfect spot
Made for a conversazione
Cannot be found to suit the lot;
But we, with a single eye and pure hope
Centred on sound pacific aims,
After a glance at the map of Europe,
Recognise Monte Carlo's claims.

Here let the delegates hold their beano
Under her well-boomed azure dome,
Housed in the Sports Club or Casino
(O what a beautiful home from home);
Kindly supplied with a roulette table,
Here they would meet on neutral ground,
And talk in a genial flow of babel
Heart to heart as the wheel goes round.

Here at the luncheon-hour *chez* CIRO
Lightly they'd drink to war's surcease,
Taking no part in the brutal *tir-aux-Pigeons*, typical Bird of Peace;
Peace! May her lovers who deemed her star low,
Seeing the peoples rage like sin,
Find that a touch of Monte Carlo
Easily makes the whole world kin! O. S.

FROST-BATHING.

A NEW CULT FOR THE WINTER.

IT is a matter of common regret that there is a good deal more winter than summer in England; but the greatest sufferers must surely be our more popular newspapers who for so many months are unable to turn to sun-bathing as a source of glamorous interest when there is a shortage of epoch-making events. No more of those penetrating paragraphs from "A DOCTOR," dilating on the benefits or dangers of exposure to the sun; those letters of protest from "SHOCKED VICAR"; or those dazzling pictures of modern girls with laughing torsos—a cross marking the spot where the bathing-dress is supposed to be. I have heard that the Press would pay handsomely for a scheme embodying some new cult for the colder months, and I'm rather hoping they will, because I've thought of one. What's the matter with Frostbite?

All that is needed is a lead from our Bright Young People and, as soon as the really cold weather definitely sets in, thousands of late sun-bathers all over the country will be vieing with each other to get "just the right touch of frostbite." Of course there will be artificial frostbite preparations on sale ("No one can tell the difference" and so on), but the really smart people won't have any truck with these. They will spend their week-ends getting genuinely frostbitten. Enterprising local councils will be providing facilities for Frost-Bathing at all exposed and elevated spots in their boroughs; and this is the kind of thing that we shall shortly be reading in the columns of our Daily Startlers:—

FEATURE ARTICLE.

Arms, legs, backs, etc., are not yet being fully exposed to the extreme rigours of the cold, but a well-known Beauty Specialist has expressed the opinion that this will undoubtedly follow now that the movement has definitely taken on. "It is more than likely," she adds, "that the idea will spread to the Continent, and fashionable people may very well forsake the Mediterranean in winter for the bleaker shores of England in order to get the requisite degree of frostbite."

TRAVEL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

It is going to be a White Christmas, so experts tell us. Why not spend it on the East Coast this year? Special facilities for Mixed Frost-Bathing are being provided on the tops of Martello Towers. East Coast Resorts are unrivalled for cold biting winds that will chill you to the marrow and give you just the right touch of frostbite that Doctors agree is so beneficial. Send for details of Special Excursions now.

Iceland for Quick Frostbite! Those who haven't the leisure to stay for long periods in English Frost-Bathing Resorts should write to the Frozen Limit Steamship Co. for particulars of short Arctic cruises. All facilities available for rapid and complete frostbite, including iced-water-bottles in every bunk.

MEDICAL NOTES.

Here are the views of some leading Medical Authorities on Frost-Bathing:

M.D. (Charley Street).—Very beneficial.

M.D. (Pimpole Street).—Frost-Bathing may safely be indulged-in in some cases, but not in others. Care should be taken that the frostbite is gradual and that the thaw does not set in too quickly. *In every case one's medical adviser should be consulted first.*

OTHER CORRESPONDENCE.

I am amazed (writes the Rev. Thermophilos Mitten, Curate-in-Charge of St. Grundy's) that Frost-Bathing should be allowed to go on in a so-called civilised country. I am given to understand that not only men but women are exposing themselves to the cold on top of Town Halls and Gasometers in full view of innocent children and other passers-by. Also I have heard rumours to the effect that many of the costumes worn are extremely scanty, and I am determined to see for myself. If this is another of these Nudist Cults I shall know what view to take.

SOCIETY GOSSIP.

Dancing at the Fritz last night (writes "The Snooper") I came across the Dowager Duchess of Dagenham looking very fit and frostbitten. Her nose was delightfully blue, and her second chin was nearly detached. She tells me that she has been spending a week on the roof of the Crystal Palace, where there has been a ground frost. I have seldom seen her so vivacious; her teeth were chattering all the time she danced.

Well, there's the scheme. And all we need to prevent its being a frost is a hard winter.

Our Depressed Industries.

"The British Government agrees to arrange as soon as possible after the receipt of the report of the Commission now sitting on the pig industry in the United Kingdom for . . ."—*Daily Paper.*

Why can't they squat on their own hams?

"One of the causes of this [unpleasantness] was that the wife regarded her husband as being of a somewhat lower social order, his father having been an artesian."—*New Zealand Paper.*

And consequently rather a bore.



THE SEARCH FOR A FOUR-POWER VENUE.

"ALL DRESSED UP AND NOWHERE TO GO."

JOHN BULL. "HAVE YOU ANY NICE QUIET SPOTS SUITABLE FOR A CONVERSATIONAL PARTY, CONSISTING OF MYSELF AND THREE FOREIGN GENTLEMEN—TWO OF THEM RATHER PARTICULAR?"

TRAVEL AGENT. "WHAT ABOUT ONE OF THESE LUXURY LINERS—VERY POPULAR FOR A TALKING TOUR?"



Fair Stallholder (at bazaar). "CAN I TEMPT YOU? ONE CAN SEE WITH HALF AN EYE THAT YOU'RE A SPORTSMAN."

THE TEAPOT CONTROVERSY.

I TOLD Colonel Starkley that I was tired of the teapot controversy, and now I have probably made an enemy of him for life.

Well, never mind. I have made enemies before, and I daresay I shall make them again. Life flows on. We are insignificant atoms whirled in the maëlstrom of events, controlled or not controlled, by the great Demiurge of the Universe. . . .

But to return to the teapot agitation. The fact is that I do not regard the matter as being one of national importance. Not, at least, of sufficient national importance to warrant the summoning of a mass meeting in the Albert Hall, which I gather is what Colonel Starkley has in mind.

He suggested this, I think, on the eleventh tee, and entirely put me off my shot by the vision of massed respectability from all over the provinces which it conjured up in my imagination. Yet I do not think that in this matter of the teapot scandal *The Times* was really to blame. I do not think that it treated its subscribers unfairly; and Colonel Starkley's threat of trying to boycott so aged and so admirable an institution seems to me monstrous in the extreme. I find in the teapot fracas no serious deviation from the policy which *The Times* has consistently maintained in this and similar crises. I certainly can discover no good reason for the ungovernable rage with which Colonel Starkley assailed it as we were driving off at the third.

I might argue in any case that there are more important matters to be decided by the world to-day than the teapot outrage, if outrage it be—matters beside which the teapot incident might well fade into insignificance or be ranked merely as one of those minor sorrows to which in after life we look back with a melancholy not untinged by sweetness, just as in some autumnal garden we gaze dreamily at the wrack of golden leaves. *Desiderium* I think the Latins called it—*πόθος*, the Greeks.

But I recollect that I have not really told you what exactly the teapot imbroglio was.

"You *cannot* say," said Colonel Starkley, standing on the third tee, "you simply *cannot* say with any regard to truth or honesty that a teapot answers the definition of 'a receptacle used for brewing purposes.' Hitherto, in my opinion, *The Times* puzzle has always upheld the standard of decency and fair play. But that particular statement is an abominable lie."

I pondered this for a hole-and-a-half, during which I played extremely badly; then I said, "I don't know that I should go as far as you are prepared to go about the teapot emergency. People do, after all, speak of brewing tea. In fact it is quite a common phrase. I am inclined to think that, according to its own established precedents, *The Times* was justified in using it."

"You are wrong, Sir," said Colonel Starkley (we were now at the sixth), "you are absolutely wrong. I am not an exacting man. I am not a literary man, Heaven forbid. I am a simple soldier, as you know. As a soldier I realise the necessity of attempting to deceive the enemy; but only on certain lines. There are some methods of deceit which amount to nothing less than simply hitting below the belt—hitting below the belt, I say. And let me tell you, Sir, that we have one here. A teapot is *not* a receptacle used for brewing purposes. 'For brewing purposes' means for the purposes of brewing beer, and for nothing else whatsoever."

He hit a long ball, winged, I suppose, by the indignation that springs from

an outraged sense of justice. When I had knocked mine into a bunker and we were walking on, I said a little irritably, "I suppose that when you pour boiling water on to vegetable matter of any kind it can be called brewing, can't it, Sir?"

"No," said Colonel Starkley, "it cannot. There you have the whole gist of the fraud in a nutshell. If *The Times* had said 'a receptacle used for *a* brewing purpose and placed a query after those words there is not a single reader who would have uttered a word of complaint. If there had been and he had spoken to me about it, I should have refused to listen to him, Sir—refused to listen to him."

Colonel Starkley nearly always says everything twice, with the idea, apparently, of bringing up reserves to drive home his attack on the entrenched position of the enemy.

"What *The Times* said," he continued, "was 'a receptacle for brewing purposes.' 'Brewing' used simply in that way means and must mean the brewing of beer. Beer has been brewed in England since time immemorial, whereas tea was only introduced in the eighteenth century. I tell you, it simply makes me ashamed of our national life that *The Times* of all papers should descend to a miserable subterfuge of that sort."

We were now on the eighth green.

"Perhaps," I suggested, still refusing to be browbeaten, "the man never even thought of beer. Suppose that he happened to be a teetotaler?"

Colonel Starkley immediately laid me a stymie.

"The whole thing as I see it," he said on the ninth tee, "is a simple matter of right and wrong. Jokes I pass. Verbal tricks of every kind I allow. Nay, I endorse them. They add a certain relish to the whole proceedings. But this is a matter of plain fact. Plain fact, I tell you. 'Brewing' means brewing beer. You don't talk about brewing porridge or brewing soup. 'Brewing tea' is a vulgar and ridiculous quibble unworthy of *The Times*. It's not playing with a straight bat."

A sudden thought occurred to me. "Was that the only word you couldn't do?" I said.

"It was," said Colonel Starkley.

Another sudden thought occurred to me. "You didn't put 'Mespot' by any chance, did you?" I asked. (He was in Mesopotamia once.)

Colonel Starkley's face grew as crimson as the dying sun. We played in silence until I was routed at the fifteenth. As we began the bye he remarked meditatively, "If there had been the slightest suggestion, even the faintest indication, that the word 'brewing' was not to be taken in the proper and ordinary sense of the brewing of malt and hops, or metaphorically again as it were and humorously of the brewing of trouble——"

It was then that I flung my bombshell. I told Colonel Starkley that I didn't think it mattered whether crossword puzzle definitions were fair or not.

"The whole series of teapot discussions," I said bluntly, "has led to a complete *impasse* and broken down. No basis of agreement appears to exist, and I decline to continue the conference."

Colonel Starkley looked at me as if I were an unpolished tunic-button, and there, alas, the matter stands.

EVOE.



Ship's Fireman. "AN', SIR, I AM NOT VAIN LIKE DEM STEWARDS. I DO NOT GO AROUND KIDDIN' PEOPLE DAT I AM DE CAPTIN OF A GIANT LINER."

Coarse Notes.

"LINGERIE MAY SHOW HER TRUE FORM AT CATTERICK."
Daily Paper.

"Conversely, when your partner has bid, say, 'one no trumps' fourth in hand, and you have, say, hearts, king, knave, 10, 10, 10, 10 . . ."—*Evening Paper.*
Say, who dealt?



Conscientious Driver. "DO YOU THINK I MIGHT GO ON? I'VE BEEN HERE TWENTY MINUTES AND NO ONE SEEMS TO BE TAKING THE SLIGHTEST NOTICE."

INJUSTICE TO GEORGE.

My learned friend George seemed unusually snappish when I found him in his study, where his wife had sent him to get on with the editing of his new thesaurus. I remarked that he seemed a little rattled.

"Rattled!" he snorted. "Wouldn't you be rattled if you had this sort of thing to put up with?"

He handed me a library book that I recognised at once as the latest work of a famous and popular humorist.

"What's wrong with it?" I asked him. "I understand it's a very good book and screamingly funny. Oh, I suppose George Junior's been reading it and skipping his homework. Still, boys will be boys——"

"George Junior nothing," he growled. "It's mine. I like to keep something light in here," he added hastily, "by way of relaxation after the heavy stuff. As you say, it's a very good book and screamingly funny. The hero is one of those glorious nitwits that have made the author famous on two continents. He's always getting into fantastically futile situations. He calls the Bishop 'Old Horse' and the lady Sanitary Inspector 'Dear Old Cheese.' He's the typical priceless idiot of contemporary humour. And you'll never guess what his name is."

"Never," I replied, guessing.

"George, of course. I don't know why, but four out of five humorists nowadays, when they set out to create a character with the brains of a half-baked rabbit, call him George. George is the name of the egg-faced husband with the vulpine wife. George is the name of the poor boob who is the natural butt of those scintillating and vivacious lads, Ronnie and Bertie. George is the name of the mild little man from Upper Tooting who is found in the wardrobe of the sporting colonel's pet chorus-girl. The footling footman, the bun-headed bricklayer, even the comic motor mascot—they are all George."

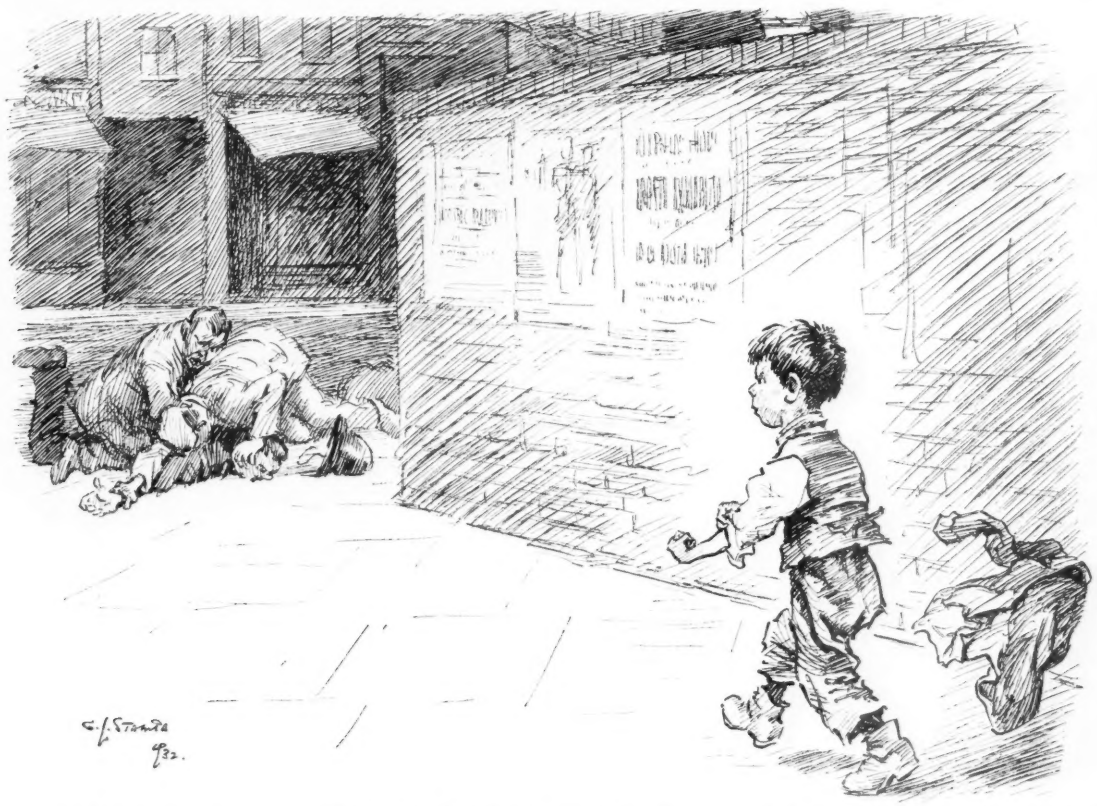
"Too bad, George," I sympathised.

"It isn't," continued George, "as though there were anything inherently ridiculous in the name. On the contrary. It has associations of splendour and pageantry, of chivalry and romance. George is the name of kings and princes; George, hero and saint, is the slayer of dragons; George, politician and administrator, has contributed to all the highest achievements of statesmanship. GEORGE CANNING, GEORGE WASHINGTON, GEORGE Earl of CLARENDON, General GEORGE GORDON, hero of Khartoum, GEORGE NATHANIEL CURZON, GEORGES CLEMENCEAU, Sir GEORGE BUCHANAN, one of the most distinguished of British ambassadors—wipe George out of the statecraft of civilised nations and where should we be now?"

"Painting ourselves with woad in a community of Thomases, Henrys and Williams, I expect, George," I said, to humour him.

"Look at the stage of to-day. Does any romantic playwright call his hero George? No. He calls him Christopher or Anthony or Hugo, or some kind of affected meaningless flim-flam like Mellish or Torquil or ffanyatt. Whereas two of the most romantic figures in English history have been Georges; GEORGE VILLIERS, Duke of BUCKINGHAM, courtier, statesman, king's favourite; GEORGE GORDON BYRON, poet and profligate, one glimpse of whose cameo-like profile could turn high-born ladies into hysterical housemaids. Yet the modern dramatist debases the great romantic tradition of this splendid name by applying it to the hen-pecked husband or the humorous golfing uncle in preposterous plus-fours.

"Again, see what George has done for literature, drama, science, art. George has given us the poetic vagrancy of BORROW, the pastoral scenes of CRABBE, the smiling landscapes of MORLAND, the ripe beauties of ROMNEY. George has enriched us with the sublime symbolism of WATTS, the chiselled prose of MEREDITH, the devotional spirit of HERBERT, the lovely ladies of DU MAURIER. One of the greatest woman-writers of the nine-



["Civilians who fail to go to the assistance of the police when in difficulties render themselves liable to prosecution."—*Evening Paper.*]

Fatalist. "WELL, 'ERE GOES. I'M FOR IT ANYHOW."

teenth century did not hesitate to adopt the pseudonym of GEORGE ELIOT, nor did the temperamental ARMANDINE DUPIN consider GEORGE SAND an inappropriate *nom de guerre* for the most exotic woman of her time.

"George composed the majestic music of HANDEL, George invented the first locomotive engine of STEPHENSON, George gave to the modern stage its most perfectly tailored lover, ALEXANDER. While in George we have the two supreme comedians of the age—GEORGE ROBEY and GEORGE BERNARD SHAW."

George stopped speaking and blew his nose angrily. He glared at the offending volume in front of him. I could not help feeling he certainly had a grievance. Still, it would do him no good to brood over it. I changed the subject tactfully.

"What do you think I've just bought at Spenceworth's, George?" I said. "You'll never guess. A dear little goldfish. Only sixpence, complete with bowl. Wonderful how they do it, isn't it? He's such a darling; he looks rather like an affectionate half-wit. I'm going to call him G——"

I stopped suddenly with a gasp. George looked at me with a vitriolic expression. He rose.

"I can well believe it," he said coldly as he opened the door and prepared to see me out. K. O'B.

AN ILL-STARRED SUGGESTION.

["Can we hope some day for a book devoted to the love-letters of ASQUITH. He would have been horrified, but why withhold them?"—*The "Star" Man's Diary, Oct.* 18.]

WHY should censorious critics bar
The course dictated by *The Star*?
Why should old-fashioned feeble folk
In querulous remonstrance croak?
Why moan and groan, like *Mrs. Gummidge*,
When delvers in the dustbin rummage,
With ears to keyholes closely glued,
And trumpet forth in accents crude
The startling proofs of their pursuing
Fond lovers to their secret wooing?
Such reticence but ill befits
An age that thrives on spicy bits
And sentiment more rank and rancid
Than what Victorian palates fancied.
Rather let us applaud the geese
Who crash the gates of private peace,
Regaling Tom and Dick and Harry
With tales of "those about to marry,"
Although the cultured few may feel
Resentment at the hairy heel
Which tramples ruthlessly upon
The heartstrings of the dead and gone.
They may be safely "horrified"
Whose voice is hushed, whose tongues are tied;
Little their dumb reproof avails;
Dead men can't bite, and tell no tales.

C. L. G.

Pons Asinorum.

"The first Bridge Drivel of the session will be held on Friday."—*Evening Paper.*

Humane Killing.

"SUET PUDDING.—There are some people who cannot make a suet pudding successfully. These are better steamed than boiled."
Daily Paper.

Why this leniency?

"THE —— BOWLER.
IN FOUR DIFFERENT DIMENSIONS."
Notice in Hat-shop.

Does EINSTEIN know of this?

BATHROOM HOGS.

THE Common Bathroom Hog, if I may so style him, like his cousin of the road, acts singly. Lying in a hot bath reading, solving crossword-puzzles or composing poetry, he holds the fort against other would-be bathers for long periods of time. But it is those that work in gangs, less easily dealt with owing, as in the case of other malefactors, to their greater plausibility, that I intend to expose. Of such a kind was the Dobb family, whom I ran across at a small seaside hotel late this summer.

The Dobbs, a charming family when one came to know them, worked in a gang of five—of the whole Dobb family, in fact. Issuing from my room one morning I found Mr. Dobb, senior, entering the bathroom in front of me. Making a second attempt some ten minutes later, I saw Mrs. Dobb (as I afterwards discovered her to be) entering to the sound of running water evidently turned on for her by her husband. This time, leaving nothing, as I thought, to chance, I waited patiently outside the door; and in the course of time, again to the sound of running water, Mrs. Dobb emerged. Seeing a stranger waiting, she explained sweetly that she was sorry but the bathroom was engaged, she having turned on the tap for her daughter. Leaving me weighing deeply the ethics of this procedure, she rapped at a door further down the passage and, calling cheerfully and without the smallest embarrassment, "Amelia! Bathroom!" returned to her own room. I was still considering how to act when I saw Amelia approaching. Panic seized me and I scuttled for my room.

Later, at the sound of a voice, presumably Amelia's, calling close to my room, "George, your bath's turned on!" I rose hurriedly, for by this time my mind was made up and, gathering my bathing requisites, I dashed for the door. I opened it just in time to see George, eldest son and heir of the Dobb family, who occupied the room next to mine, entering the bathroom. How true it is that quick action is the watchword of modern gangsters!

Again I took up my position at the bathroom door, determined, come what might, or rather who might, to enter immediately on George's exit. But when this, as my ear warned me, was about to occur, a youth in mauve pyjamas calmly strolled up and tapped on the door, ignoring me altogether and calling out, "George, let me in, you old stinkpot; it's Bill!" Before I could find my voice to protest he was admitted. I had no bath that morning.

It was on the evening of the next day, the same programme with little variation having been enacted in the morning, that my plans for retaliation were laid. On the third morning, timing it nicely, I was in the bathroom shortly before the first of the gangsters attempted an entry. The door was tried several times during my ablutions, which I performed in my own time; and, opening the door at last, having first turned on the water, I found myself face to face with Mrs. Dobb. I explained that the bathroom was reserved for my second cousin, on whose behalf I had turned on the water and whom I was about to summon. She looked surprised, but I gazed at her unflinchingly and she was forced to retire. As soon as she had done so I returned to the bathroom, turned off the water and, locking the door on the outside, with a fiendish chuckle pocketed the key. Thereafter, at regular intervals and choosing moments when the coast was clear, I shouted from the passage so that all the adjacent risers and prospective risers must have heard me, "Archibald! Bath!" "Daphne dear, your bath is turned on!" and similar news-items, changing every time not only the name of the addressee but my voice with a ventriloquial skill that surprised me.

I breakfasted late that morning, and the Dobbs breakfasted later still. Before I left in the evening I made their acquaintance and, possibly because their sympathy was aroused by seeing me seated alone at table, they were all very kind and enquired more than once about my friends and relations as though they took a personal interest in them. In fact, as I have said, they were a charming family when one came to know them and extremely sociable. But that, I understand, is the danger with modern gangsters; they *are* charming and sociable—on the surface. C. B.

THE PERFECT KNIGHT.

[From America comes the news of an ardent lover who stole a railway-train in order to hasten to the side of his lady.]

TELL me no more of the doings of Galahad,
Not of Sir Tristram's performances sing,
Nor of the tribute the Lady Rookh (Lalla) had
Paid to her charms by Bucharia's king;
Here is a lover worth weaving a fable round;
Here is a glory that nothing shall dim;
Fond as were doubtless the Knights of the Table Round,
Still they had nothing on him.

He in his ardour to be with the maid he loves
Did what they never attempted to do
Who for the sake of their cuties (or lady-loves)
Dented the casques of a caitiff or two;
He, where they merely proceeded to thump any
Single opponent with weapon and taunt,
Set at defiance a whole Railway Company,
Bidding its by-laws avaunt.

They, when they'd finished their thrusts and their parries, on
Whopping the caitiff I've mentioned above,
Took but his horse and his martial caparison,
Bearing them off as a proof of their love;
He (and I beg of you not to be short if I've
Rated too high his occasion for pride)
Coolly and calmly annexed the 10.45,
Simply to haste to her side.

Could they but know of it, envy would weevily
Creep to the hearts of Iseult and Elaine,
Saying (though putting it more mediævally),
"That is the way to keep dates with a Jane;
Never a British and no Continental knight
Showed such a zeal to *our* presence to come;
This is in sooth a most parfait and gentle knight
And (be it added) then some."

Cook's *Cri du Coeur.*

"How can I improve the looks of a cement-faced copper which stands between sink and stove, and thus gets splashed and dirty?" *Housekeeping Journal.*

Tell him to move along a bit.

"The long-haired, bespectacled man with a walrus moustache in a bowler hat . . ."—*Weekly Paper.*

Most proprietors of walrus moustaches find they fit more comfortably into Tam-o'-shanters.

Complicated Coiffures.

"Now, following the mingle and the wind-blown, comes the cringle.

Designed to suit the tiny caps which are so popular, the parting on forehead towards the wearer on the arranged to suit and flat curls below the crown, round the head waves running or more deep the head, with one cluster all round small crisp curls cringle consists of back hats, the turned-up-at-the-and the new either side." *West-Country Paper.*

We are obviously heading rapidly for the bungle.



Nervous Lady (*as bus is climbing a hill*). "WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF THE BUS STUCK ON THE HILL AND STARTED TO RUN BACKWARDS AND THE BRAKES DIDN'T ACT?"
Conductor. "I SHOULD WHISTLE FOR THE NEAREST BANDIT TO COME AND HOLD HER UP."

MY WILL.

IV.

(4) *I direct that my body be burned at midnight in the North Sea. . . .*

Steady, Haddock. We must explain.

Good comes often out of evil, as the new Minister remarked after the resignations from the Cabinet. The mulish obstruction of authority has ruined my Westminster Fire-pageant and Funeral. But this has turned my mind to an even grander scheme, by which the old body may be employed for the service and safety of our gallant seamen.

One night last week I was proceeding in a sailing-barge down Sea Reach, which is the last reach of the Thames estuary. The night was dark, the wind high and adverse. The barge heeled over, plunging and pitching; great waves rolled by or burst into spray over the mate, who was "tending the bowline"; no shore was visible, and in my judgment it was pure geographical pedantry to pretend that we were not at sea. The Captain, however, maintained that we were still in the river, and he peered ahead for a thing he called "The Jenkin" (and his mate, "The Jinkin"). The Jenkin is the name of a lighted buoy which is at the eastern end of a passage called the Jenkin Swatch; the Jenkin Swatch lies between the Nore Sands and the Isle of Grain, and is used by vessels of shallow draught.

The Captain at last perceived the red light of the Jenkin (or Jinkin) and took a happier view of the situation. The wind still whistled up my trousers and tore my eyebrows from me one by one; and, to distract my attention from these phenomena, I began to speculate concerning Mr. JENKIN, who had brought comfort to our Captain and given his name not only to a buoy

but to a swatch. What manner of man was he? And when did he live and die? I saw him in a blue jersey and a peaked cap sitting outside the "Boat and Anchor" somewhere, with a necklet of whiskers. Was he perchance that ROBERT JENKINS, English seaman who appeared before the House of Commons with one of his ears in cotton, alleging that the Spaniards had boarded his vessel and cut off his ear, thus causing the war with Spain? I asked the Captain. He said he did not know. He cried "Lee-O!" and after a little flapping in stays the barge plunged ahead again on the starboard tack.

But my mention of the worthy JENKIN brought up the whole subject of "lights," which is a sad and ancient grievance among the bargemen. The coasts of England are not well lighted. That assertion must come as a shock to members of the island race, the hereditary lords of the sea and pioneers in all marine activity. Surely, you will say, there must be some mistake? So I repeat—from the mariner's point of view (I do not mean that the marine parades of our watering-places are dark) the coasts of England are not well-lighted compared with the coasts of other civilised lands. The unathletic French, for example, have made a better job of their side of the Channel than we have of ours. Their lights are more generously provided and wisely placed.



Author (writing to his sausage-merchant). "I LIKE YOUR JACKET AND YOUR FORMAT, BUT, FRANKLY, YOUR CONTENTS DISAPPOINT ME."

Still, for the big ports and the big ships which employ pilots, the lights, I gather, are pretty good. Indeed the bargemen say that too much is done for the big steamers and the deep channels and not enough for the small craft that use (without pilots) the little ports and passages and rivers all round the coast. We were bound for the fine port of Whitstable; and after the JENKIN waters our course lay through a maze of sands and shoals and unpleasantness. Yet, after the something-or-other buoy, off Sheerness, the bargemen complain, there is not a single light to guide them over a distance of ten miles, all messy with shoals and sands. They grope their way into Whitstable by the lights of the oyster watch-boats, but that is no thanks to Trinity House.

(Trinity House, as of course you know, is the authority responsible for lights and lighthouses under the Merchant Shipping Act, 1894.)

Off the coast of Essex, at the entrance of the Colne and Blackwater rivers, there is a worse case. If you look at a map of the North Sea it appears to be entirely composed of blue water; but if you look at this part of it on a chart it appears to be composed almost entirely of sand. I seldom saw so much unpleasantness in so small a space. Here the mariner creeps about like a rabbit in a burrow, confined to narrow channels between walls of sand; but it is not quite so easy as that, especially at night and in heavy weather; and the rabbit's walls are never concealed by water. The Swin Spitway, for example, is a passage between two "sands," narrow and shallow, from the Swin Channel into the Wallet Channel. All the sea-going barges use the Swin Spitway, and the bargemen talk about the Swin Spitway as you and I talk about Piccadilly. They talk about it a great deal, and they talk about it with the same helpless indignation as we should express if Piccadilly were wholly unlighted; for there is no light upon the Spitway.

Who, by the way, was Mr. SWIN? But there it is, they have to find his Spitway in the dark. And that part of the ocean is devilish dark. The gay but distant lights of the Clacton front are of some assistance; but they do not show the Spitway, and at 11.0 P.M. they are put out. If a barge caught in heavy weather cannot find the Spitway she has to remain at sea in the said heavy weather and is probably driven on to the sands. Bargemen are miraculous seamen, but even they are not cats, and sometimes spend half the night looking for the thing.

The odd argument of the authorities is this—the barges and small craft do not pay the same dues as the big ships, so are not entitled to lights in the parts not frequented by big ships. As one might say, the pedestrian does not pay any petrol-tax, so the pavements shall be kept dark. An odd argument for Britannia, Mistress of the Seas, Mother of Seamen, and all that; and I wish that the Elder Brethren of the Trinity* could hear the poor bargemen discussing it.

But there it is; and on that reasoning a short time ago it was coolly proposed to do away with the light-buoy at the entrance to the Colne and Blackwater. The bargemen protested in no uncertain terms, and the light is still there; but they have to pay for it—so much per registered ton every time they use the river. The cost of a gas-buoy is, I believe, about a hundred pounds a year. What a country!

My Captain asked me if I could do anything in the matter. "Nothing in life, I fear," I answered, "but Clause 4 of my will shall make Trinity House sit up." So here goes :—

(4) *I direct that my body be conveyed in some suitable vessel to the Swin Spitway in the North Sea and there destroyed by a slow fire on a dark night, to the end that for one night the gallant bargemen and fishermen of the North Sea may find the said Spitway gloriously illuminated. And I further direct that* £1,000 *be paid to Trinity House annually for the provision of light-buoys at all points of special difficulty and danger as desired by the masters of barges, fishing-vessels and small craft all round our coasts (the same to be distinguished by the name of Haddock—as, for example, the "Haddock (Spitway) Buoy," the "South-West Haddock," the "Great Haddock," the "Whitstable Haddock," etc.), to be a perpetual comfort and guide to the mariner and a cause of shame to Trinity House.*

A. P. H.

"LIBERALS URGE 'GO AHEAD' POLICY."
Indian Paper.

They would do better to reverse it.

* *The Elder Brethren of the Trinity include:* The Earl of SELBORNE, the Marquis of CREWE, the Rt. Hon. WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, Viscount BRIDGEMAN, Earl JELLICOE, the Rt. Hon. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD.

I LOVE PARTIES.

Jougasse



I *love* CHANGING IN A HURRY.



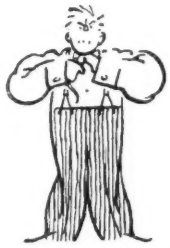
I *love* ARRIVING TEN MINUTES LATE OR EARLY.



I *love* DINING BETWEEN TWO PEOPLE THAT I DON'T KNOW, EVEN IF I DO.



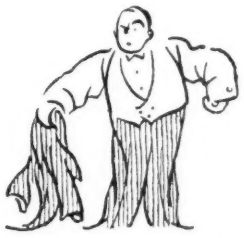
I *love* EATING SOMEONE ELSE'S IDEA OF GOOD FOOD.



I *love* BRIGHT TALK THAT FLOWS (AND SPARKLES) LIKE WINE.



I *love* WINE THAT FLOWS (AND SPARKLES) LIKE WATER.



I *love* PARTY BRIDGE AND PEOPLE WHO DON'T PLAY CONTRACT BUT ARE LONGING TO TRY.



I *love* DANCING IN AN OVER-HEATED AND CROWDED ROOM—



ESPECIALLY TO A DYSPEPTIC WIRELESS SET.



I *love* HAVING TO SEE SOMEONE HOME TO SURBITON OR SEVENOAKS.



I *love* THE THOUGHT THAT IF I GO I SHALL HAVE TO THROW A SIMILAR PARTY IN RETURN.



IN FACT, JUST LIKE EVERYONE ELSE, I *love* PARTIES.

LALAGE'S LETTERS.

DARLING DODO,—You must forgive this wobbly handwriting, but my fingers are sore and my arms aching. You see, we went down to the Rockinghams for a week-end shoot, and for some reason they weren't able to get a loader for William, so I did the noble little wife and said I'd load for him. I'd never done it before but I'd



"MY FINGERS ARE SORE AND MY ARMS ACHING."

often watched other people doing it and thought how clever it was the way they seemed positively to bristle with cartridges from every finger and even sometimes to have them sprouting out of their button-holes.

Well, I got on all right, but believe me, darling, it's an underpaid job and not so easy as it looks. Unless you're very careful you find yourself handing Number One gun back to your Chap with your *left* hand just as he's handing you Number Two with his *right*, and then there's a loud metallic crash and a scratched barrel and a flow of most unhusbandly language.

Also it's terribly easy to drop cartridges on to the wet grass, and then they get soggy and stick in the gun and won't eject, and neither of us had remembered to bring out one of those ingenious little tweezly extractors and the birds started coming over thick and fast and there was general Hell. However, I got into it pretty well after the first two stands, and am none the worse, except that my fingers and my pockets are all permanently stretched. In fact, I don't think I've ever enjoyed a shoot so much in my life. You really feel you're *doing* something, instead of just sitting about on a shooting-stick.

I wonder, by the way, why it is so difficult to look anything but quite frightful on a shooting-stick? Somehow they seem to make everybody hunch their shoulders, turn their toes in and take on an utterly blah expression. Deportment on a shooting-stick ought to be part of every deb's education (like fan-managing used to be).

We drove back late Sunday night in spite of Kitty's almost hysterical pleadings that we should stay till Monday morning. I don't mean by this that she couldn't bear to part with us, it was simply that she's got *motor-bandits* on the brain! Said she'd heard of so many people being held up on the Great West Road lately. Of course we pooh-poohed her and said we must go because of William's office, but I must say it did give one rather a thrill to feel that one *might* meet a real live highwayman.

However, all that happened was that we ran out of petrol between Marlborough and Newbury, and everybody thought *we* were bandits and refused to stop. We waved to about twenty people, but they merely trod on the gas and whizzed past with scared expressions on their faces. William said bitterly, "This is what comes of your buying coats with 'highwayman' collars."

Finally, we *did* get one car to stop—one of those very racing affairs with a leather strap round its tummy, driven by the sort of youth who *does* drive that sort of car. He was so absolutely furious at us *not* being bandits that he almost declined to let us have any petrol. Said he'd been driving round at night for weeks and weeks trying to get held up! I apologised as sweetly as I could for us being so dull and respectable. He replied, "You said it, baby!" and shot off into the night with a stupendous noise. Poor boy—I hope he has better luck next time.

Another person who is frightened stiff of bandits is Adela Fossick. She very often has to drive back alone at night from Norfolk, where her mother lives, so she's thought of a brilliant idea. She's managed to buy one of



"I SHOULD SWOON WITH TERROR."

those wax tailor's-dummies you see sitting about in shop-windows, very lifelike, and she has him sitting on the front seat beside her. Personally I'd sooner have the bandits, because this creature really has got the most alarmingly human expression and if it lurched against me going round a corner I 'm quite certain I should swoon with terror.

Also, if it was *anybody* but poor dear Adela, I can imagine endless possibilities of gossip, scandal and what not!

Well, I must go, as we have got the Sprowstons dining and playing Bridge. I wish to heaven somebody would invent a new card game, or revive another old one or something.

Meanwhile I'm doing my best to introduce Racing Demon as a *chic* pastime. We gave a Racing Demon party the other night, with four tables of six people each, and Handsome Prizes. It went on till two in the morning and was a screaming (literally) success. The trouble is, it's so *frightfully* exhausting; we were all reduced to pulp by the end of it—partly, I think, with the strain of keeping our language under control. (We had to introduce a rule of deducting marks for swearing, otherwise the whole air turned *blue*).

Best love, darling, from

LALAGE. JAN.



"THIS IS WHAT COMES OF YOUR BUYING COATS WITH 'HIGHWAYMAN' COLLARS."

HOUSEHOLD GODDESSES.

M'Bombono, a prominent citizen of the Likawa Settlement on the Upper Zambesi, was consulting the local witch-doctor.

"I wish you could do something for my wife—the first wife, I mean. She complains persistently of my idleness, my stupidity, my greed and one or two other things. She sets a bad example to the others."

"Have you tried beating her?" inquired the practitioner.

"No good," replied M'Bombono.

"It never is," commented the witch-doctor, who was himself a married man. "Well, my friend, this is a stubborn case and I cannot hold out much hope."

"Whatever you hold out," answered the desperate M'Bombono, "I shall snatch. It has come to that."

The witch-doctor fumbled on the floor in the dark recesses of his hut before producing a wooden doll of repulsive aspect wrapped in fragments of palm-leaf.

"Here," he said, "is Fu Fu, powerful against acrimony and wrath. You must hang Fu Fu on the wall of your hut. Her mere presence will tend to still clamour, but on certain occasions she will speak to you."

"Indeed, doctor," exclaimed M'Bombono, "and what will she say?"

"Her voice will be audible to you only, so that there is a full range of conversation open to her. She should speak very rarely, however. By so doing she will render her dicta the more effective. My fee is twenty bananas. You will find the chop-waggon near the door."

* * * * *

M'Bombono briefly explained to his first wife the function of the new wall-decoration. She was suitably impressed and passed on the information to her colleagues. The whole house was quiet for a time.

After a few days, however, she took a mild exception to some remark of her husband's.

Then Fu Fu spoke. She said: "If that woman speaks another cross word in my presence I will cause her to be devoured slowly by a crocodile in urgent need of new dentures."

This pronouncement, duly broadcast by the head of the house, had an instant effect. Peace reigned among the female members for some days.

Instead of resting content with this triumph, however, M'Bombono caused Fu Fu to rate his household soundly without provocation, adding such further threats as he could devise. This was unwise, for Fu Fu was provoked to extend the sphere of her unwonted garrulity.

Then one morning he found his first wife weeping. As she had not been known to weep since the moment when the report of her husband's death under an elephant's hind-feet proved to be false, he was a little taken aback. When he inquired the reason of her tears she fell at his feet exclaiming. "It is Fu Fu."

Exhorted to be more explicit, she explained: "Fu Fu spoke again to-day. We all heard her—that is to say, myself, the third and the fifth. The second and fourth were outside at the time pounding the mealies."

"Yes, yes," said M'Bombono impatiently; "and what did Fu Fu say?"

"She said, 'If that man speaks another angry word in my presence I will cause him to be impaled on an ant-heap and consumed alive, s-slowly and p-painfully.'

"Of course," the first continued, "we were bewildered as to the identity of the person alluded to, for in this house we never hear a rough word. On that we are all agreed."

M'Bombono confessed himself also at a loss to explain the reference, but having a morbid dislike of the mere mention of ants he took an early opportunity of returning with Fu Fu to the witch-doctor.

"A very successful cure," declared the practitioner to M'Bombono's sur-



Lawyer. "YOU WISH TO SUE FOR DIVORCE?"
Client. "NO, NO. I WANT THE OTHER WOMAN FOR PETTY LARCENY."



Small Girl (after her first attendance at "grown-up" service). "WHY DID THE CLERGYMAN SING ALL THE TIME HE WAS READING? I COULDN'T HEAR A WORD HE SAID."
Elder Sister. "HARK AT HER, MUMMY! HE WASN'T SINGING, SILLY—HE WAS INTUNING-IN."

prise. "The treatment of what I may call the sequelæ is simplicity itself. Here is Glu Glu, to be attached to your wall for a few weeks. Glu Glu will say nothing; Glu Glu heals by silence. In her presence no unnecessary word may be spoken by anybody or the worst and most comprehensive consequences may be confidently expected. My fee is forty bananas, to be paid as usual on the chop-wagon on your way out."

And, when M'Bombono had withdrawn, the witch-doctor said to himself, "It is certainly an aid to the physician to know which is the real patient. But the art of life is the art of covering one's mistakes." E. P. W.

The Tottering Throne of Justice.

"HEAVY OLD BAILEY LIST."
Headline in Sunday Paper.

Bombshell for Philatelists.

"Like those of many another stamp-issuing country, the portrait stamps of Roumania improve as they get better."
Suburban Paper.

"The green port light of an outgoing steamer glared balefully at her."
Extract from Novel.

She must have been looking on the crème-de-menthe when it was red.

A STRONG SUIT.

[A man has been found with two hearts.]

THERE lives a man (or so I'm told),
A simple man, like me or you,
To whom the kindly gods have doled
A second heart, no doubt of gold,
Which gives him two.

And would that I were such as he;
Viewed only as a cardiac pump
How grand an added heart would be;
How one could run, or breast the sea;
How one could jump.

In moments of depression when
One feels that life is nothing worth
(They come upon us now and then),
When one regards the lot of men
With hollow mirth,

Times when one heart does not suffice
To dissipate one's "gloom and glunch,"
A pair would do it in a trice;
A man would be as cool as ice,
As pleased as Punch.

I have for many years been fain
To seek the tropic wilds and pot
Alarming creatures through the brain,
But prudence ever bade refrain,
So I did not.

But let me be accoutred thus,
I'd drag the tiger from his lair;
I would not pause to give a cuss
For floating hippopotamus
Or bounding bear.

Serpents would quail at my command,
And if a lion dared to roar
I'd take my little gun in hand,
Affront him in the open and
Give him what for.

And then—O Love, whose barbéd dart
Comes everlastingly along,
Too oft to put one in the cart,
'Tis then, methinks, an extra heart
Would come out strong.

One of the two could gleam on Fay,
The other concentrate on Nan,
Or both direct a steadfast ray
On Araminta, shall we say,
Or Mary Ann.

O burning Love, upon whose shrine
I have laid many a single flower
E'en with this one weak heart of mine,
How I could go it in that line
With twice the power.

DUM-DUM.

"Sleep in A. E. Smith's Pyjamas."
Advt. in S. African Paper.

We thank him, no.



DEAD RECKONING: ANOTHER "BONNE HISTOIRE."

MR. J. H. THOMAS (*fresh from hearing Mr.* DE VALERA*'s historical claims*) *to Signor* BENITO MUSSOLINI. "I OUGHT TO WARN YOU, BEN, THAT THERE 'S A TALK OF MY COUNTRY PRESENTING A CLAIM AGAINST YOURS FOR THE DAMAGE CAUSED BY JULIUS CÆSAR'S INVASION. WITH COMPOUND INTEREST I MAKE THE TOTAL A BILLION BILLION."

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI. "STERLING OR LIRE?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, October 18th.—The Commons resumed work in a healthy and hopeful spirit. The Government hopes to get the Ottawa agreements off its mind and clear the way for the World Economic Conference. The Labour Opposition hopes to raise the question of the Means Test to the Government's pronounced disadvantage. The Samuelites hope that the essentially sacrificial nature of their recent association with the prodigal cream-jug will be recognised by all concerned. The Maxtonites hope that Mr. KIRKWOOD will exercise a restraining influence on the Parliamentary Labour Party. What the Lloyd Georgeites hope is not clear—that something will turn up, perhaps. Anyway, everybody cheered hopefully as the PRIME MINISTER, Mr. BALDWIN, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and Sir JOHN SIMON moved into position.

It was Sir JOHN who got in the first word. He informed Mr. MANDER that a Four-Power meeting (to lure Germany back into the disarmament fold) had been agreed upon in principle, but not the place where it should be held. Geneva, it seems, is not nearly embracing enough.

Mr. J. H. THOMAS explained to Mr. ATTLEE that, on October 17th last, the Soviet Government had been notified that the Trade Agreement of 1930, granting Russia most-favoured-nation treatment, would be determined. The Ottawa agreements required this step to be taken, but the dumping of sweated Russian goods in this country was the true cause of it. Was Russia the only foreign country which produced sweated goods? asked Mr. ATTLEE. Mr. THOMAS assured the hon. Member that he need have no fear of any sweated goods from anywhere being allowed to nullify the Imperial preferences. Mr. ATTLEE did not look so pleased with this assurance as one would have expected.

Mr. DE VALERA is like a crocodile; the hungrier he gets the wider he opens his mouth. Mr. THOMAS did not put it in those words, but that was the substance of his explanation to the House of the circumstances under which his negotiations with the Irish Free State President had broken down. Nothing, it seemed, would satisfy EAMON the Adamant but an Irish Republic and a full discussion of Irish claims for a few hundred millions dating back to the Act of Union.

A flock of four new Members having fluttered to the Table, Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN moved the first of the Resolutions to give effect to the Ottawa agreements. His survey, a general one, summed up all that has been said in many places and on many occasions. Trade and commerce were now international matters and, if one country, by putting its economic house in order, could help to restore prosperity, how much better could a group of nations do it. That was what they had tried to do at Ottawa. The agreements had done much to restore Imperial unity, they would help Empire trade all round, they would not raise prices to the consumer and, so far from putting an obstacle in the forthcoming World Economic Conference's path, they were the only possible prelude to its success.



"THE LIMB OF LIMEHOUSE."
King Henry VIII., v. 3.
MAJOR ATTLEE.

These arguments left Mr. LANSBURY cold. "Labour," he said, "wanted a British Commonwealth of Nations run on the lines laid down in *Labour and the Nation*. The Ottawa agreements would change the channels of trade, but would provide no new work for our people.

Sir HERBERT SAMUEL, now seated below the Gangway and in uneasy proximity to those twin austerities, Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. AMERY, rose early to put the revolting Liberals' case. He defended warmly if not very convincingly their action in leaving the Government and argued with considerable force that to fix some of the Ottawa agreements for five years without the usual breaking clause was an unconstitutional attempt by one Government to tie the hands of its successor.

Sir HERBERT is not easily surprised, one imagines, but he must have been a trifle astonished at the purposeful vigour with which the PRIME MINISTER set about him. Mr. MACDONALD has had few opportunities of late, or at all, to make the speech of the evening. This, however, was his big night, and when he had flicked the quivering fragments of Sir HERBERT into the discard he received a great ovation from the Ministerial benches.



SIR HERBERT GULLIVER CHALLENGES THE CHIEF OF THE BROBDINGNAGIANS.

In spite of the fact that the National Government had made plain its intention to try tariffs, said Mr. MACDONALD, Sir HERBERT'S conscience had only pricked him *after* the General Election, in which he and his followers had had the National Party's support.

The Government had broken no pledges, and as for the constitutional issue raised by Sir HERBERT there was a recent treaty with Germany under which the House of Commons was not free for a period of five years to impose taxes on German goods except under certain conditions.

The Government was not going to be moved by the bad constitutional academics of Sir HER-

BERT, but was going to carry out the Ottawa agreements by every means in its power. As for unemployment, it was sheer dishonesty to claim that it was due to any one fiscal system. The Ottawa agreements would be applied by this country, and he hoped by the Dominions, in the most generous spirit and would expand trade and help, not hinder, the World Economic Conference.

Wednesday, October 19th.—Inspired thereto by its class-warfare complex the Parliamentary Labour Party still regards or pretends to regard the police as the ruthless minions of capitalistic oppression. No disturbance is so well organised on the best Moscow lines, no rioter plunges into the fray so well munitioned with brickbats and chunks of lead pipe but Mr. LANSBURY will proclaim him the innocent and helpless victim of police stupidity and brutality.

So it was this afternoon. Mr. LANSBURY asked a question about the previous night's disturbance at St. George's Circus. Sir J. GILMOUR's reply was that the demonstration was organised by a Communist organisation, the National Unemployed Workers Union; that the main trouble arose when a section of the demonstrators tried to force their way through the police cordon towards the County Hall; and that the disorder was premeditated, as was proved by many of the arrested men being found to have stones, pieces of iron and other missiles in their pockets, and by the significant fact that after the affray thirty-seven police officers and only thirteen civilians were treated for injuries.

Mr. LANSBURY demanded a debate on the matter, and when it was brought up again later on the evening went through the usual motions deploring the rumpus, blaming the police for it and declaring that, capitalistic government being what it was, it was only to be expected. Personally Uncle GEORGE oozes benignity, but his new responsibilities as Leader of the Labour Party no doubt called for an early manifestation of the robuster Socialism proclaimed at Leicester over the protesting head of Labour's other uncle, Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON.

Sir JOHN GILMOUR amplified his claim that Moscow money and Communist organisation were behind these demonstrations and stoutly defended the patience and long-suffering moderation of the police. Other speakers shifted the debate to the larger question of unemployment—how could they stop Communism in Liverpool, Mr. LOGAN asked, when British ships were being manned by coolies and British sailors were left to man the street corners?—and the PRIME MINISTER promised an early statement on the subject of the Means Test. Meanwhile let them say nothing to make things easier for those who were out, not to help the unemployed, but to make a row.

Earlier in the evening the Ottawans and anti-Ottawans had come to further grips. Mr. ATTLEE, that "limb of Limehouse," vehement but vague, charged the PRIME MINISTER with "preferring the 'Londonderry Air' to the 'Red Flag.'" Mr. LAMBERT, for whose agricultural mind tariffs have no horse. On finding that he was expelled from the local chapel for gambling, the farmer protested that he never knew, when he joined the syndicate, that it *would* draw a horse. Sir HERBERT, proscribed by the Cobdenites for taking a ticket in a Tariff Government, now protested that he never expected there would be any tariffs.

Thursday, October 20th.—They say that dog does not bite dog, but for sheer carnage there is no spectacle to compare with that of Liberal biting Liberal. The resumed debate on the Ottawa agreements had hardly begun when Sir JOHN SIMON started burying his fangs in poor Sir HERBERT SAMUEL. It was no mere question of biting. By the time Sir JOHN had finished with him what was left of Sir HERBERT could have been carried out, metaphorically speaking, in a pail. One cut was perhaps unkinder than the rest. Sir HERBERT had complained vehemently of the unconstitutionality of making trade agreements that could not be broken for a term of years. Why, it had been done over and over again, said Sir JOHN. There was an Anglo-French commercial treaty, binding on both sides for ten years, made as long ago as 1860. And who was its proud negotiator? Why, none other than the great Mr. COBDEN, the Father of Free Trade.

Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR hurried to his colleague's macerated side, but it was too late to do any good. Then came the most unkindest cut of all when Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, supposedly a Cobdenite ally, elaborately washed Labour's hands of what he described as the Liberal tribal warfare in which, as he saw it, the Levites—the hosts of the prophet—and the Sit-tights, led by the FOREIGN SECRETARY, raged together while the Amalgamites rotated uneasily about the combatants' flanks.

A long and lucid speech by Mr. BALDWIN, covering every aspect of the Ottawa agreements, concluded the day's proceedings. Even he could not resist one lively thrust at the prostrate and sorely discomfited Sir HERBERT SAMUEL. The late Home Secretary, he said, reminded him of the Don who (like Sir HERBERT) never admitted himself in the wrong. The Don said to a friend, "I met Mrs. So-and-So, your sister, yesterday." "Not my sister; my aunt," replied the friend. "I think," said the Don acidly, "that on reflection you will find she is your sister."



SINGLE CONTROL.

Nurse HENDERSON *(to Nurse* LANSBURY*).* "YOU 'D BETTER HAVE THE OTHER TWIN."

YOU AND ME AND SCIENCE.

GEOLOGY.

PERHAPS you are doing something to a flower-bed—grubbing about and all that. You are annoyed by the presence of a stone and you toss it petulantly away from you. Quite possibly it flies over the fence and falls through a cucumber-frame. A tiny trivial incident which means nothing to you. But stop and think a moment.

If instead of flinging away that stone you had taken a scientific interest in it and had banged it with a coal-hammer until it spilt into pieces, how different would have been the result! You would have discovered the stone to be composed of various substances, all of which mean something. In a word, geology.

Now it is from the science of geology that we learn about the nature of the earth. I do not hesitate to describe the earth as being of great interest to everybody, since, whether people are land-owners or not, the earth, thanks to Sir ISAAC NEWTON'S very excellent law of gravitation, does mean a tremendous lot to them.

For those possessed of just ordinary digging power it will be sufficient to consider for a start what is rather prettily termed the lithosphere, or, in coarse culinary language, the earth's crust. This consists of rock substances and is quite enough for the amateur geologist to tackle between meals.

It is under these rock formations that the history of the earth lies concealed. This being so, I cannot help thinking it a great pity that more people do not spend their week-ends breaking rocks rather than motoring or playing golf. There are fossils too, and it would be difficult to conceive anything more productive of quiet joy than the discovery of a fossil, which, when polished, forms an admirable wedding-present for someone who is not exactly a friend.

In fact, when I think of the evidences of not merely the azoic and paleozoic, but also the mesozoic and coenozoic periods of the earth's history which may be brought to light any moment by a bang of the pick or a whack of the hammer, I feel that dear old Professor Schnappschark is absolutely right and that what geology needs is a slogan. Perhaps the Press could see its way to urge us to break more rocks and make geology the popular science it deserves to be.

For the claims of geology and the need for its greater popularisation do not rest solely upon a cold scientific basis. We must take into consideration its influence upon human character; and I am glad to say that so far my researches have shown that this influence is almost entirely for good.

How so? you ask. Well, without intimidating you with columns of statistics I can assure you that cases of wife-beating among professional geologists are rare. The number of geologists between the ages of twenty-one and ninety who have been arrested for assault and battery, arson, housebreaking and similar offences during the past five years is almost negligible. This, mind you, despite the fact that the geologist often carries in his pocket small hammers and rugged geological specimens and is thus under strong temptation to act upon impulse.

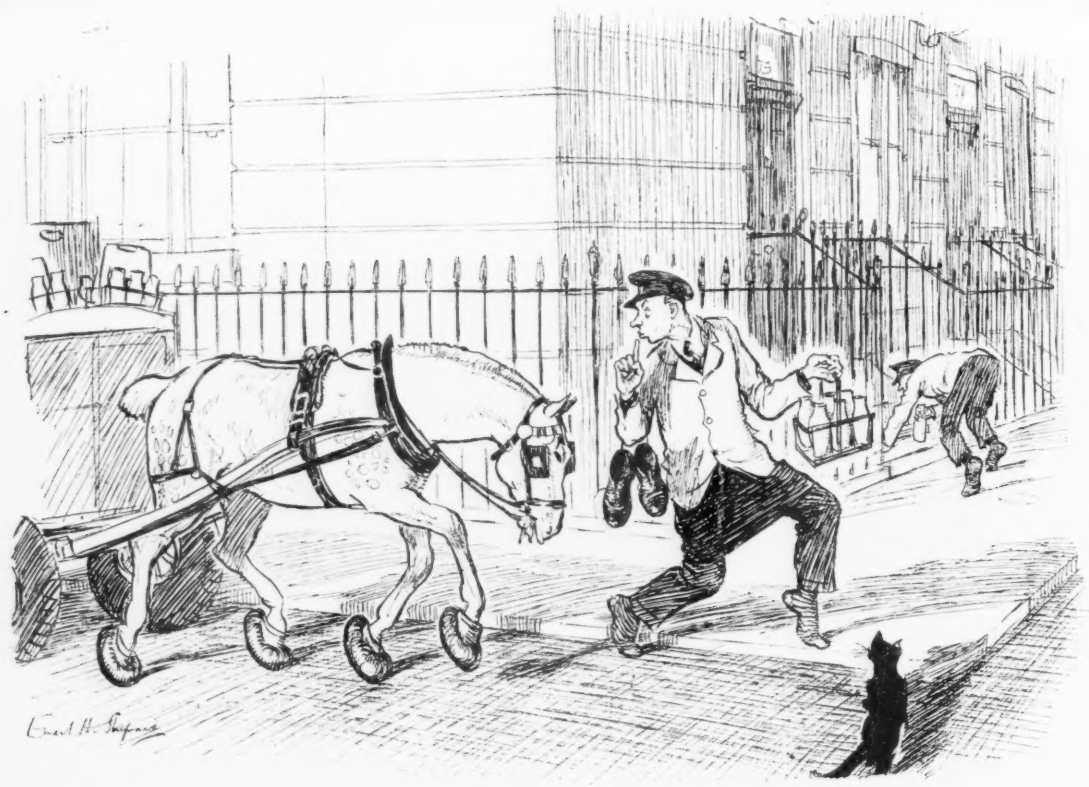
In fact the only lawless exception that I can call to mind is Ebenezer Scrabley, whose privately-published *magnum opus*, *Forty Years in a Chalk Pit*, attained a circulation of nearly two dozen presentation copies. Scrabley happened to be travelling in an otherwise empty railway compartment when, just as the train was leaving the station, the door was opened and a young woman scrambled in. The distinguished geologist, with absent-minded courtesy, at once rose and insisted upon her taking his seat. Unfortunately he carried his mental aberration still further by strap-hanging on the communication-cord.

Putting aside, however, Ebenezer Scrabley, though even *he* could scarcely be accounted a criminal, it does look, does it not? as though geology must have a more purifying influence upon its enthusiasts than is generally understood.

Anyway, there it is, and I can only say that, were any maiden aunt of mine to become betrothed to a geologist, I should be most awfully bucked. D. C.



DESPERADO HOLDS UP A GOVERNMENT OFFICE.



HUSH! HUSH!

Our early morning milk is in future to be delivered in carts fitted with silent tyres.

ETERNAL TRIANGLE.

My life begins to get rather difficult when hibernation sets in. We three . . . somehow we are always there.

I use my study practically the whole year round, but the others don't. At least they don't use the same part of it that I use. The dog scratches the paint off the door and whines until somebody outside lets him in. Then he comes in and says, "I want a walk at once." When I point out that I never take him out for a walk in the morning and that he knows that perfectly well, and that he only has to wait about half-an-hour before going out and doing the shopping, he lies down at the other end of the room with his back to me and his nose pointing to the door. If shopping is late, he gets up and whimpers and eats flies. Of course I can't get any work done, but what of that? I am more or less master of my own destiny; I keep my soul.

As for the cat, it doesn't come here at all in summer-time unless there happens to be a good patch of sunlight it wants to bathe in. When it wants that it scratches the paint off the door and mews until someone outside opens the door and lets it in. If the patch of sunlight dies away it walks about and eats flies. Of course I can't get any work done, but what of that? I can still breathe. I can get up and open the door and turn the dog out to shop and the cat out to mix with cat life, and all is peace until they begin to scratch the paint off the door again and whine and mew for someone to let them in.

Sometimes they both sit there, whining and mewing it together. I always say an Englishman's study is his own if he acts with firmness and puts both hands over his ears.

They don't like each other, the cat and the dog, and only the dog likes me; and the dog thinks I waste more time not going out for walks than anyone else in the house. But who cares? Summer has a thousand lives for them. Summer is more or less immune from molestation by the animal world.

In autumn it is quite different. Autumn lets in the jungle, and the jungle stays. I seem to live surrounded by fauna. There is one place in the room where I particularly want to put my chair when I begin to sl— to work, and that is the precise place where the wolf and the leopard want to lie down together and do a bit of fire-worshipping. Any motion on my part is resented bitterly. If I want a book or a paper, or tobacco or matches, they look up at me with bitter reproach, as if I were blasting their lives. "Here is this fire," they say. "Everything was going perfectly well, and now you've gone and spoilt it all."

The cat gets there first, because it has breakfast first—a light lap of milk and a little something or other that it takes in the kitchen, and I daresay a few birds. It realises, like many of our great business men, that if you want a good morning's sleep you should rise early and get to the office in time.

The dog never seems to understand this ruse; or at any rate he will not break his own custom to counter it. To get to sleep in my study too early would be to miss his sleep during breakfast on the armchair in the dining-room, which follows his ten-hours' sleep in the basket in the hall. He believes in rounding his little life

with quite a lot of sleeps, when winter comes.

But he arrives second at the rendezvous, and when I reach it, a bad third, he enters a formal protest about the cat. Utterly useless, of course, because in any big sleeping competition a cat is bound to win. After fussing around a little he curls up with his back-hair touching the cat's back-hair, although in summer they never go near each other if they can help it, and starts sleeping sulkily, with half one eye open in order to edge in if the cat moves.

Then I timidly take my own place, putting my feet on as few fauna as possible and being very careful not to rustle a newspaper or strike a match too noisily. Every time I get up the dog gets up too, because some time in the day there is going to be a walk, and sleeping on the hearth-rug confuses him, so that after an hour or so he does not feel certain whether it may not be afternoon. On the other hand, if it is still morning, it is just possible that in getting up I may move the cat from the senior sleeping position and allow him to nose in.

The worst crime of all is to move the legs of my chair, which by this time have come to be regarded as a kind of permanent forest lair, in which the creatures of the wild may seek repose. Any sudden action by the fire is resented as much as any sudden action of my own. What is more, it is attributed to me. If a coal falls in the grate, "You did it," says the cat with a sneer; "You did it," says the dog with the air of a martyred saint.

Putting a fresh coal on the fire annoys them even more, in spite of the fact that they profit by it. "Breaking up the happy home again," they murmur, "with your clumsy amusements!" Then they turn round a little and yawn, and stretch and get to business again.

Susceptible as I am to the psychological reactions of others, I begin to wonder as the morning goes on who I am to stand up against all this propaganda. What was warmth made for if not to slumber in? Why scratch with a pen on paper when the only necessary kind of scratching——? Why not be a decent fellow and let other decent fellows be at peace? I begin to doubt, after all, whether it was worth writing whatever it was that I was beginning to—whatever it was that I was—very difficult—very comfortable—not to be disturbed—very comfortable—the three of us—indeed. . . .

EVOE.

Protection for Black Sheep?

"LOWER WORLD WOOL TARIFFS."
Headline in Daily Paper.



"I'VE GOT SUCH A PAIN IN MY HEART, DOCTOR—JUST HERE."
"BUT YOUR HEART ISN'T *THERE*!"
"AH! THEN *THAT*'S WHAT'S THE MATTER—*IT'S MOVED*!"

CHRISTMAS PIE.

FROM Worplesdon in Surrey
(For signposts do not lie)
You run along through Normandy
And come to Christmas Pie.

Along the busy highways
The humming motors fly,
But the little road is quiet
That goes to Christmas Pie.

I wonder if *Jack Horner*
Lived there in years gone by,
And when he grew to name and fame
They called it Christmas Pie?

Oh, fair are Surrey's uplands
Beneath the summer sky,
But soft the bosky valley
That shelters Christmas Pie.

To far and foreign countries
Let others gaily hie;
I'd choose to stay in Surrey
And live at Christmas Pie. R. F.

Pussy's Plate.

"LOST.
From 106 —— Street, a tabby cat has lost front teeth. Answers to name of Peter."
Irish Paper.

With a timid "Yeth"?

AT THE PLAY.

"VERSAILLES" (KINGSWAY).

DR. EMIL LUDWIG'S *Versailles* is not to be judged as a stage play. It is in form a desultory satirical commentary in nine scenes on the events of the fateful months preceding the signing of the Treaty in the June of 1919, and on the characters, attitudes and policies of the chief personalities on the side of the victorious Allies—a medley of invented private conversations and reported (compressed and therefore travestied and one might go as far as to say manipulated) public discussions, with a dash of minor pageantry. It is only fair to acknowledge that, though we cannot be expected to accept these manipulations and the half-truths that emerge as a fair account of the matter, or the portraits as doing justice to the sitters, we can agree that Dr. LUDWIG has, all things considered, displayed a tact which we do not generally attribute to his rather ingenuous countrymen. It was a signal exercise of tact (as well as a shrewd stroke of craftsmanship in the interest of compression and of his satiric intention) to keep his own people out of the picture. The Man of Blood and Iron was indeed shown us in silhouette upon a screen for a few moments (through some unhappy maladjustment he looked more like an Eskimo emerging from his igloo), but no other German.



TABLE-TILTING AT THE FOREIGN MINISTRY IN PARIS.

Wilson	MR. A. BROMLEY DAVENPORT.
Clemenceau	MR. SAM LIVESEY.
Lloyd George	MR. FREDERICK LLOYD.
Balfour	MR. BASIL LODER.
Makino	MR. OTOKICHI IKEDA.

This commendable simplification avoids the worst of the bitterness naturally consequent upon the reviving of such tragic memories and makes the presentation tolerable for audiences in all the countries involved—or at least for audiences as discreet as the members of the Independent Theatre Club who are responsible for this technically private production. Nor need we churlishly suppose that the author was consciously taking the box-office point of view.

As the *Tiger* complained, there was only one enemy but twenty-six Allies, and it is with the after-war between these Allies, the intrigues and counter-intrigues, the irreconcilable national interests, the impossibility of implementing bargains struck under the stark compulsion of desperate necessity, the quarrels of the statesmen with the soldiers and of the statesmen with one another that the author is concerned; with the contrast, maliciously underlined, between the pigmy stature of men however gifted and the immense weight of the burdens thrust upon them; and with the impact of weaknesses of character, vanities, ambitions, restricted vision, personal antagonisms on great events.

We cannot pretend that the author rises to the height of his argument, but he is too good a journalist to be a bore, and I had to look at my watch twice to be sure that it was 11.30, not 10.30, when the final curtain fell.

The restricted resources of the producing society made the more ambitious scenes, supposed to take place in surroundings of some magnificence, seem perhaps a little tawdry, but Mr. KOMISARJEVSKY has the Russian's talent of making light of such difficulties. It was not so much the setting, which was indeed well-designed, as the handling of the crowds of delegates, notables and supernumeraries, without adequate rehearsal, that was at fault.

This mattered less as the chief interest of the piece lay in the more private exchanges between the British and French Premiers and the American President. The author uses skilfully the attributed *bons mots* and malicious epigrams of the period. The uncompromising *Tiger* and the compromising Wizard (referred to by the *Tiger* as "that twister") have no love for or patience with "the Prig Professor," and no love for each other. They respect each other's abilities, emphasising the fact by watching each other's moves with the profoundest distrust. They do indeed meet for a moment in somewhat grudging friendship when discussing their grandchildren in a charming little scene; but this is the most the author will do for them. To the Frenchman (Mr. SAM LIVESEY) the author gives credit for his single-minded patriotism, making scornful allowance for his 1870 mind; to the British Prime Minister (Mr. FREDERICK LLOYD) he gives little but cleverness and a calculating eye. The American is least hardly dealt with; he is presented as a sincere and upright bore.

Mr. LIVESEY'S performance of the mordantly witty, truculent, resolute old man was most interesting and a convincing portrait at least to outsiders dependent on photographs, books and gossip for their impressions. Mr. LLOYD lifted a whimsical eyebrow, cracked a sly joke in a recognisable way, but was denied the material for a balanced study of his distinguished model. Mr. DAVENPORT contrived a quite remarkable facial resemblance to President WILSON, carefully inhibiting certain familiar gestures and poses of his own.

Mr. Balfour (Mr. BASIL LODER)—a character evidently outside the author's range of vision—wandered vaguely about clutching the lapel of his coat—an ineffectual wraith. Many other well-known figures, the Italian and Japanese and Australian Prime Ministers, Maréchal FOCH, Colonel HOUSE, General SMUTS, General MASSEY, General BLISS, FRIDTJOF NANSEN, the President of Poland (a trivial caricature by the author) made more (or less) effective appearances, together with endless delegates, secretaries, stenographers, soldiers. Mr. MICHAEL SHERBROOKE'S *Sir Basil Zaharoff* may or may not have been a good portrait, it was certainly a good piece of SHERBROOKE. *Sir Basil*, having written a cheque for a million pounds for Mr. NANSEN, was at the end busy passing on to his secretary orders thrust upon him by everybody for every kind of lethal weapon—a final stroke of satire to which the author has every right, even if he did not use it very subtly. Subtlety is obviously not his strong suit.

An interesting affair—but an embarrassing precedent. T.

AT THE MUSIC-HALL

GRACIE FIELDS AND OTHERS.
(PALLADIUM.)

NOBODY certainly can complain of not getting full value at this enterprising house with fourteen turns, and seats at tax-included prices from Balcony at 11*d*., grading up through Upper Circle, Grand Circle, Stalls, Imperial Circle, Imperial Fauteuils, to a few Special Imperial Fauteuils at 7/10. From the honorific magnificence of these last, W. K. H. and I had an excellent worm's-eye view of a diverting and diversified performance.

We have no time to lose. Mr. RICHARD CREAN, with baton, fist and expressive thumb, lifts his orchestra rapidly to the ultimate crescendo of the "Pole to Pole" March; we get a hurried glimpse of sixteen healthy and (if I may so put it) strapping MAX RIVERS' Palladium girls tinted to a uniform becoming Hawaiian tan, and before we have settled well into our Special Imperials and lit our cigarettes the WOLTHINGS are apparently bent on breaking their necks for our entertainment on the trapeze. Miss WOLTHING, having been finally dropped by the smiling Messrs. WOLTHING on a looped unravelling rope to within two inches of the stage without having come to pieces, Mr. ROME, a long narrow giant, and Mr. GAUT, a short thick dwarf, perform strange antics with an undercurrent of rude innuendo for the diversion rather of the gallery than of the Imperial Thrones.



MR. OLSEN AND FRIEND.

The Sea-Lion. "THIS IS NOT DONE IN THE BEST SEA-LION CIRCLES, BUT THESE IMITATIONS OF THE ORDINARY ACTIONS OF MEN AND WOMEN SEEM TO AMUSE PEOPLE."

OLSEN'S two Sea Lions almost persuade me to pocket my scruples about performing animals, with such an air of enjoyment, indeed of swagger, do these sleek intelligent beasts balance and juggle with balls, wands, top-hats and champagne-bottles. The elder, or at least the heavier and more highly-skilled of the two, startles us with an authentic acrobatic feat of balancing with his flippers on his trainer's hands; and one speculates forebodingly on what would happen to poor Mr. OLSEN lying full length on the stage if the slippery athlete slipped. But he doesn't. The chagrin which is written all over his expressive whiskered countenance when he makes one small slip in his trick of catching oranges on a fork held in his mouth and hurling them far into the auditorium must be seen to be believed; and one supposes that the strange noises made by the queer pale-faced rough coated beings in front of him are appreciated as a tribute (less tangible than herrings but still gratifying), and hopes they may be some compensation for the loss of the liberties of his native element.

Mr. ROBB WILTON'S fatuous Charge Officer dealing with a self-confessed poisoner amid a welter of papers, in an office run on a system, makes us grin in a friendly way; Miss MARIE MACQUARRIE and her four associates misuse five harps in a very skilful manner, with Mr. WALLY CRISHAM posturing and grimacing with heroic self-abnegation, and Miss HELEN HEWITT (tactlessly at the moment, I thought) singing something about "Ould Ireland"; Mr. WILL HAY, that unlikely schoolmaster (with his two pupils, the sulky youngster and the ancient half-wit), rings no very radical changes on his ancient joke of "Weighley" (pronounced "Why") and "Ware" (mistaken for "where")—but his expressive face is always worth watching; the Palladium girls, having assumed abbreviated skirts of pink raffia, wave thirty-two friendly legs at us for a moment or two; Broadway's Merry Mimic, Mr. BOBBY "UKE" HENSHAW, seems to be defying us not to laugh at his quips and mimicries of motors and motor-horns, of parrots and other noisy fowls, and shows new alarming possibilities in the handling of the ukelele; and then the house rustles in happy expectation of Miss GRACIE FIELDS. Rightly sure of her well-poised self and of an affectionate welcome, radiating that vitality which is as good for the jaded as ultra-violet rays, she promptly confirms our loyal devotion with quips in her native Doric, sings mournfully of her sister's young man who's 103 and dead but won't lie down; impersonates the arch amateur-dramatic soprano with her easily-wounded dignity and exaggerated refinement threatened by difficulty with dentures; then turns to the emotional excesses of "I Hate You," "Lullaby of the Leaves," and "After To-night We Say Good-bye." These made me wonder whether the demands made upon her by her enthusiastic votaries aren't betraying her into exaggerations and over-emphasis which her conscience as an artist must disapprove.

As to the time and rhythms of these musical numbers she positively plays old Harry with them—no wonder she has to have a special conductor of her own to establish liaison between her and the orchestra. And I am by no means sure that that assumed tired voice which was so attractive is not in danger of being really tired by being used without due reserves. And that would be a loss for us not lightly to be borne.

Mr. TEDDY BROWN, a jolly Falstaffian figure, uncannily skilful with xylophone, saxophone and drum, and AUSTEL and ARTHUR, Colonial entertainers—from Australia, I should suppose—nattily attired in riding-kit of an immaculate unpractical white, performing feats of strength with an almost too elaborate appearance of ease, bring the two crowded hours of a sound popular programme to a close. T.

A Spring-Heeled Rubberneck.

"Sir.—In tilting at the windmill, Douglas Harrison has laid bare his Achilles' heel and got it in the neck. But truth is mighty and will prevail, however crudely expressed."
Letter in Hampshire Paper.

Her champion seems to be affected by something like foot-and-mouth disease.

Things we should Never have Dared to Say.

"GENE GERRARD IN LUCKY GIRL.
As Funny as My Wife's Family."
Cinema Advt.

The Power of the Press.

"Births, Marriages and Deaths have been unavoidably held over owing to lack of space."—*Church Paper.*

"Other guests are being received by Court Marshal von Schack."—*Evening Paper.*

Field-Punishment von Hutt (C.B.) will also entertain.

"F. C. H. (Isle of Man).—Spit the agapanthus up in March."—*Gardening Paper.*

It is usual to carry out this operation in a quiet corner of the garden.

EPILOGUE TO ANY FIRST NIGHT.

Enter the Spirit of Comedy.

"THE play is over: let the plaudits ring;
Send down the curtain, and God Save the King!
Call for your cloak, the author, or your car;
Summon reluctant critics from the bar;
Yet for one moment hark the Muse's woe,
And hear an epilogue before you go.

"Ill fares the stage, to hastening ills a prey,
When films accumulate and plays decay.
See how too often high adventure ends:
Empty the pit, the stalls are packed with friends.
Pity the management's untutored mind,
Paper in front and not a soul behind!
See fat financiers on every hand
Weep in the pubs or bellow in the Strand:
'Oh!' I have heard them crying as they stood,
'Now April's here, to be in Hollywood!'
Unkinder still the fates that kill unseen
The massive managers that might have been—
Some village COCHRAN with extensive view
To scour the world from China to Peru.
Pity no less the humble author's lot;
Depression comes apace and stops his rot.
Thus languish many SHAWS, obscure, forlorn;
COWARDS die many deaths before they're born.
Alas! the Muse that once with glory shone
Writes her address now 'Queer Street, Helicon.'

"And meantime right and left the films grow fat;
Look here upon this picture and on that!
What boots it TREE and IRVING to recall
When LLOYD and BEERY are the lords of all?
The frenzied films, with vice and folly crammed,
Triumphant reign—All-Talkie and all damned!
[*She shudders.*

"Unhappy stage! The reason for this woe
Who shall explain, though all profess to know?
Perchance it might be better now and then
If actors were less perfect gentlemen.
I know that someone writes, and some agree,
'Sweet are the uses of a Varsity';
A wiser song more candid critics sing,
'A little college is a dangerous thing.'
Each younger actor in his sloth repines;
He talks of art who never knows his lines,
And to all crafts except his own inclines.
He thinks it better done, with care arrayed,
To sport with Amaryllis in the Slade.
Not thus the mighty of a bygone day;
They stormed a barn; it taught them how to play.

"But strange, however often it is said,
The stage is dying, yet it is not dead.
Muse, contemplate a more prophetic view:
What will they say in 1992?

"'Ill fares the stage,' sad managers will say,
'Now television holds eternal sway!
How blest, how fortunate that bygone age
When Grace and GRANVILLE BARKER ruled the stage!
When not yet WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE seemed to rank
Good as a bard but draughty at the bank!
Their bark of comedy superb would show,
NARES at the helm and GERALD at the prow.
Miss EVANS smiled and spoke the pointed line,
And TEMPEST in a teacup was divine.
Send us another such, kind Heav'n, to save,
Like GIELGUD handsome or like AINLEY brave.'

"Muse, leave thy prophecy; thy lay is o'er;
Lower the curtain and fling wide the door;
And ye who listened, as ye go your way,
Cry out, 'The Play is Dead. Long live the Play!'"
[*She curtseys and Exit.*

MY PARTNER.

A TAILOR'S bill is in the ordinary run of things a dismal missive to receive; but ever since I had lunch at Puget-Théniers, on the Route des Alpes, I have been able, cheered by the memory of the clothier there, to meet the shock with more fortitude.

It was market-day in August, and the little town, which at no time is exactly a gastronomic *relais*, was so given over to cattle, goats and vendors of every kind of merchandise likely to attract the simple, that the hotel was too busy for any kind of refinement, and the only seat I could get was outside among the wasps.

There was, however, this compensation, that I found myself within a few feet of a clothier's stall, with its antidote to Savile Row's monstrous exactions in the shape of a cheap-jack offering trousers at fifteen francs and caps at three. When I say that he offered them I am understating the case. Powerful, young and vigorous, with a great mass of black hair, a ruddy face, white laughing teeth, and the readiest effrontery and wit, he demanded custom rather than solicited it. "My bargains or your life!"

With a great shout of "*Voilà!*" sudden as a burst tyre, he would grab the nearest passer-by and crush a cap on his head, even if he already had a good one, or thrust a pair of trousers into his hands. Now and then he would himself put a pair on over his own, and strut up and down to exhibit their beauty. Advancing upon total strangers, he would measure their legs and waists, sometimes with a tape and sometimes against himself, and dangle the prize before them. At one time, with a wild despairing cry in which the short-sighted folly of an unbuying world was epitomized, he flung three pairs into the air to fall where they would.

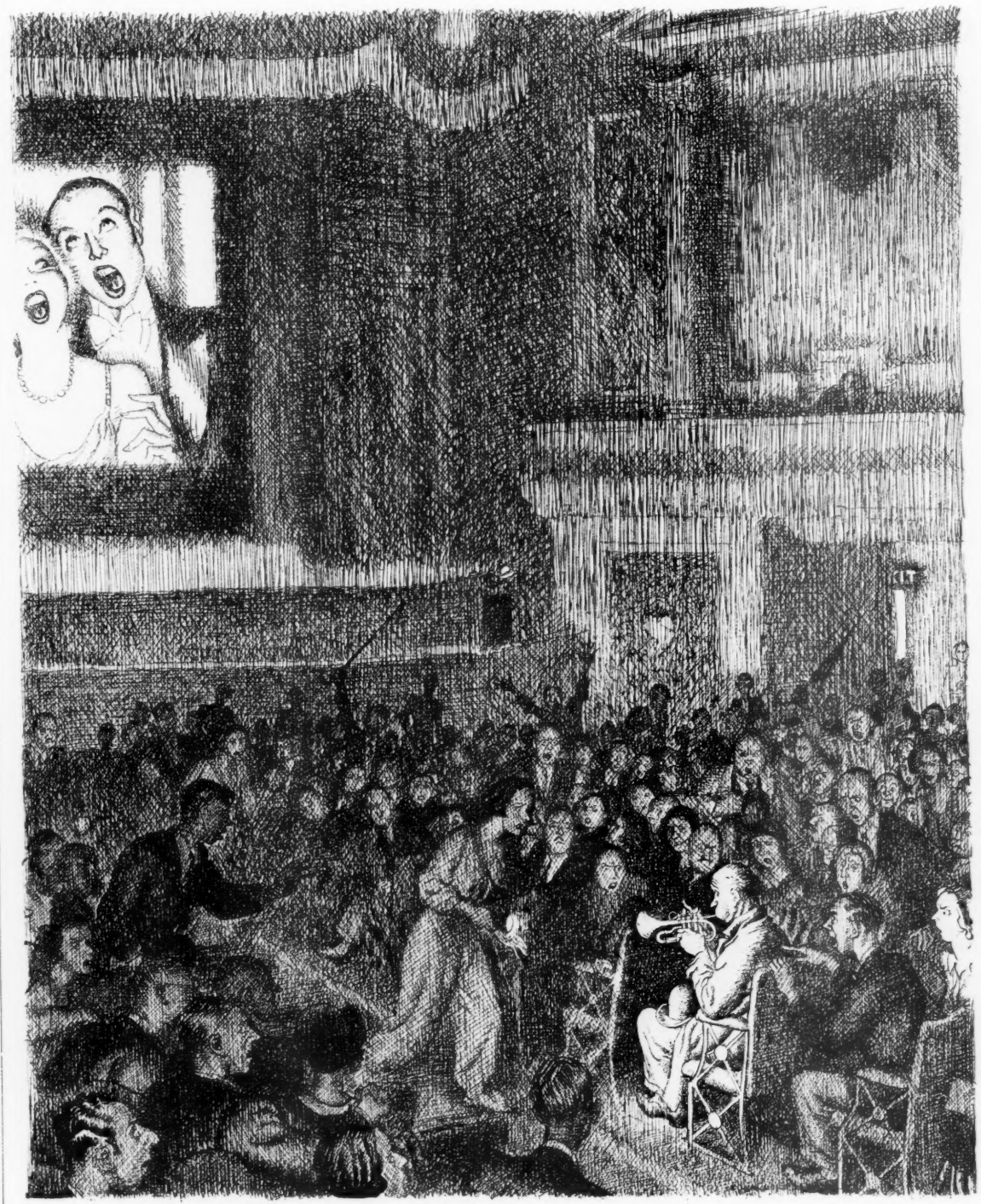
It was after gathering them up again and brushing off the dust that he first addressed me. "*C'est dur!*" he said, and my look of agreement must have been so satisfactory that from that moment I felt that I had been taken into partnership. The pile of trousers that had to be sold, by persuasion or force, was not his; it was ours. Everyone now approaching I looked upon not merely as a Southern peasant but as a customer. I willed them to buy. I willed drovers to pause on their way and boys to drag their mothers towards the fatal stall; and this even after I had, during one of the cheapjack's absences for refreshment, examined the cloth and found that the pattern did not go right through, but was stamped on the external side only. Still, it had a superficial glossiness proper to *Dimanches et Fêtes*, and you know how easy-going the French peasant is when it comes to dress. The fact that there were no coats or waistcoats to go with them was also significant.

But such was the firm's power of badinage and cajolery, they sold. By the time I had finished lunch we had very few pairs left, and the last purchaser was leaving with the comforting assurance shouted after him and long running in his head and mine: "In those trousers you will spend many harmonious hours."

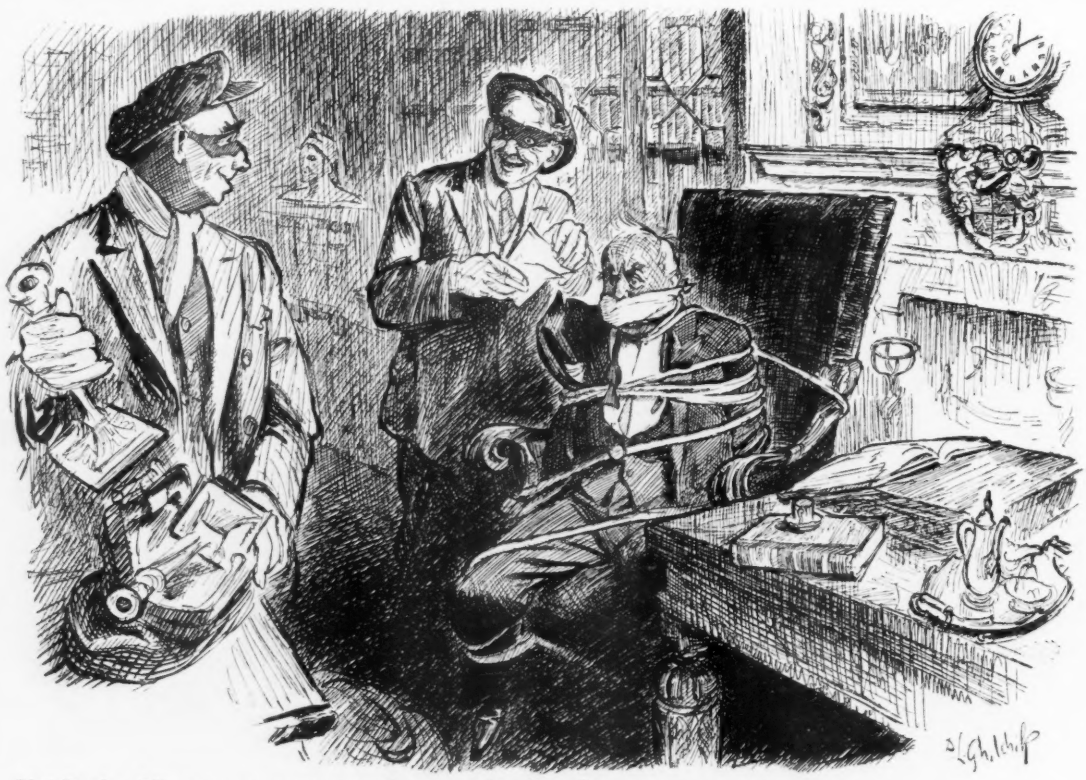
Who ever heard an English tailor say that? E. V. L.

Televisionary Tourists.

"Mr. and Mrs. ——, who have been staying at the —— Hotel, ——, for many months, have been touring through Wales, enjoying the Beauties of Ireland."—*Australian Paper.*



AN ITINERANT MUSICIAN TRIES TO PICK UP THE LATEST THEME-SONG TO ADD TO HIS REPERTOIRE.



First Burglar. "FIFTY QUID THE OLD TOFF'S GOT ON 'IM, BERT."
Second Burglar. "WELL, JUST LEAVE A FIVER ON THE TABLE FOR 'IM. I'M A GREAT UPHOLDER OF THE TEN-PER-CENT TIP."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Bloomsbury Unbends.

As a critic Mrs. VIRGINIA WOOLF delights me by displaying just that solicitude for *The Common Reader* (HOGARTH PRESS, 10/6) which the generality of her creative work ignores. This is not to say that she condescends; rather that she practises a certain self-denial which, as she points out in the present book—*à propos* of DOROTHY WORDSWORTH—is usually part and parcel of the procedure of inspiration. "Rapt but controlled, free yet strictly ordered," DOROTHY'S diary is praised for moving easily from ecstasy on the hills to the baking of bread and the ironing of linen. And her critic's exquisite, discerning and companionable criticism passes (in this second series of studies) with equal grace from Elizabethan Arcadians to Regency rake-hells, from the Parson of Woodforde coursing his greyhounds to Dr. BURNEY'S tea-party. Nothing of her own is too good to be lavished on these twenty-six causeries. There is a memorable essay on the imperious and obsequious DONNE; HARDY is justly handled as the novelist who while he lived "made the art of fiction seem an honourable calling," and "The Niece of an Earl" proves the debt of English comedy to class-distinctions, while suggesting, less legitimately, I feel, that without class-distinctions our novels would become inevitably Russianized. A final lecture on "How Should One Read a Book?" strikes me as rather too careful for the producer of literature and too cavalier with the consumer. But its remarks on the delights of rubbish-reading—an intelligent pig-holing among the refuse-heaps of time—are both sound and entertaining.

Modern Alsatia.

How little the world knows, in spite of the labours of so many gossip-writers, of the lives of its poets! Here, for example, is Mr. EDWARD SHANKS, the talented author of *Queer Street* (MACMILLAN, 10/6). I had no idea that he had been making an intensive study of the modern night-club or becoming intimate with shady financiers, City stock-brokers or managers of millinery establishments. But so it must have been, for how otherwise could he have obtained so wide a knowledge of these exotic subjects? It is several years since Mr. SHANKS published a novel, and I am assured that *Queer Street* is more than twice as long as anything he has done before in this kind. It covers nearly seven hundred pages; yet, strange to say, it did not seem oppressively long after we had once been introduced to the "Bran Pie" and its remarkable *clientèle*. The story of this club and its members makes the story of the book; and the author sees to it that we get to know most of the members very well indeed. A quite amusing lot they are for the most part, and a singularly difficult team to drive, even for so masterful a secretary as *Mr. Horace Griffin* and so able a doorkeeper as *Sergeant Bray*. Mr. SHANKS handles his large gallery of characters very well. Some of them are merely comic, but a few, like the family of *Sir Maurice Blabey*—that eminent financier who too faithfully copies a living model and meets a like fate—have a touch of the pathetic as well. Comic, pathetic or mixed they all

have a welcome touch of life; and, if the morality of the tale is something loose, who expects morality in a story of a night club, any more than in a Restoration comedy?

London's Waste Line.

No Boats on the River (from METHUEN, five bob)
Is a jolly logomachous scrap
Wherein "A. P. H." settles down to the job
Of restoring the Thames to the map—
Restoring it, that is to say, to the place
Which it filled so supremely of yore,
When offering Londoners rides on its face
And easing congestion ashore.

He pictures the river displaying at large
Its pageant of marvellous sights
Which are solely enjoyed by the casual barge
Or police-boats patrolling o' nights;
Any hints that we're wasting a fine thoroughfare,
He tells us, are nipped in the bud
By Bumbledom's legions, all quoting hot air
That was stale at the time of the Flood.

I hope A. P. HERBERT (and J. H. O. BUNGE,
Who assists as his technical mate)
Will not be persuaded to throw up the sponge
Till the scandal is wiped from the slate;
Yet, though I'm all out for him getting his way,
His tactics are such a delight
That *I*'m in no hurry to welcome the day
That heralds the end of the fight.

Divided Allegiance.

It is hard lines for a woman to fall between the two stools of old-worldliness and modernity—unless she is so much herself as to feel perfectly at ease on the ground between. It is particularly hard if she would like to give whole-hearted allegiance to one camp or the other and can't. And it is still worse when both camps are fiercely possessive if they've got you and cruelly contemptuous if they haven't. All these untoward circumstances combine to make the life of the heroine of *Family History* (HOGARTH PRESS, 7/6) an almost unmitigated martyrdom; for by birth, marriage and part-inclination she belongs to the Victorian bourgeoisie, while lending at least one charming ear to the wiles of the neo-Georgian intelligentsia. The high-water-mark of the book occurs, perhaps unfortunately, at the beginning with a delightful study of old *Jarrold* (coal and a peerage) and the widowed daughter-in-law, *Evelyn*, over whom he fusses "like an old bee over a rose." Her son, *Dan*, however, is in revolt, justifiable and unjustifiable, against the aristocratic trappings purchased by the *Jarrold* wealth; and she embarks on a liaison with a Socialist M.P. fifteen years her junior and throws in her lot with the Opposition. The miserable issue—as cruel as that of the *Ugly Duckling's* arrival in the poultry-run—suffers, I feel, from Miss V. SACKVILLE-WEST's curious disinclination to think more clearly than her sufficiently muddle-headed cast. Her device of spelling "that" "thatt," unless it serves as a conjunction, strikes me as not only ugly but otiose.



Stalker (to sportsman, who has rashly remarked that deer-stalking was rather tame compared with some sports he knew). "WE'LL CHUST BE COMIN' TAE A BAD BIT HERE. I'M AFRRAID MAYBE YE'LL BE GETTING YERSELF WET."

The Man Who Saw.

In *Eyewitness* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 25/-) the officer so designated, whom you will remember for the very little news he sent home in the early months of the War, comes forward to make confession. As we had guessed, he seldom spoke the truth, or at any rate the whole truth, and sometimes deceived us for our good; yet now, on learning how many curtain-barrages of successive censorships his

despatches had to penetrate, one is rather grateful that he got anything through at all. In the present volume Major-General Sir ERNEST D. SWINTON proves that he can write good straightforward stuff when he has the chance, and he has much to say that is fascinating to read about the early stages in the development of the Tank Corps. Tanks indeed interest him much more than official journalism, and he is almost as noisy as a Mark V. when emphasising his own priority in bringing them into existence. Where he actually scored, however, was, on his own showing, not so much as an inventor, since others share his claim there and he never personally condescended to "matters of mechanical design," as in his persistence in advocacy and most of all in his clear realisation of the correct tactical use of the tanks in action. Here he was generations ahead of G.H.Q., and the neglect to adopt the methods of his early memorandum until after more than a year of tragic failure was still one more of the cardinal blunders of the War.

A Lash for the Mouldy-Nibbed.

We have suffered too long from the school of novelists whose roots run so deep into the sad soil that their thoughts have grown consequently limited to the inevitability of gloom and reproduction; but at last we are revenged by Miss STELLA GIBBONS, who has arisen to mock with devilish skill at "a certain type of much-read, earthy, passionate novel—the kind of story in which peasants have babies in cowsheds and push each other down wells." A great deal of *Cold Comfort Farm* (LONGMANS, 7/6) is extraordinarily funny, and it is a first novel which marks its authoress as a satirist of definite ability. It would have been too much to expect her to maintain her parody throughout the book at the hot pace at which she begins, and she is to be congratulated that it does not noticeably slacken until after the halfway mark; from there burlesque merges gradually into extravaganza, which, though not always quite convincing, reminds me in its splendid serenity of *Zuleika Dobson*. You will find here all the characters and incidents beloved of the loamy best-sellers, even down to the recurring indiscretions of the hired girl; and the traditional atmosphere of agricultural insanity is guaranteed by the presence of *Aunt Ada Doom*, who once saw something nasty in the woodshed and has never been the same since. This book is much too pleasing to be missed.



Visitor. "MY DEAR FELLOW, THESE ARE DELIGHTFUL! WHAT ARE THEY?"

Modern Artist. "WALL-PAINTINGS FOR A MILLIONAIRE'S COW-HOUSE. HE'S TREMENDOUSLY INTERESTED IN COWS AND WANTS TO GIVE THEM SOMETHING TO LIVE UP TO."

A Man of Honour and Renown.

Nansen (GEOFFRY BLES, 10/6) will appeal especially to students of Arctic exploration, but it will also be welcomed by those who wish to follow FRIDTJOF NANSEN'S wonderfully constructive career during his later years. The first part of this biography deals mainly with NANSEN'S attempt to reach the North Pole, an adventure which, though not actually successful, both set up a new record and aroused the greatest enthusiasm far beyond the boundaries of his native land. Mr. E. E. REYNOLDS gives a graphic account of this determined effort to reach the Pole, and when he passes on to the time when NANSEN, always a patriot, devoted his energies to the salvation of Norway he remains a discreet and illuminating biographer. NANSEN was no politician, but he was a statesman so universally trusted that "the doors of every Chancery in Europe were flung wide open" to him. After the War his work in aiding the repatriation of prisoners and his subsequent endeavours to find food for the starving and to solve the Armenian problems put the crowning touches to a life of superb courage and humanity.

For Golfers All.

As I think my time ill-spent if I do not read Mr. BERNARD DARWIN'S weekly articles in *The Times* and *Country Life*, the greater part of *Out of the Rough* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 6/-) is familiar to me. But Mr. DARWIN'S captivating style and pleasant humour have helped to make what may be called a second round even more delightful than the first. If he is ever at a loss for a subject, and he would be a superman if he were not, very few signs of his troubles can be found; and the "new papers," which he tells us he has "dignified by the name of Character Sketches" respond nobly to the title conferred upon them. Perhaps I am too sympathetic towards Mr. DARWIN'S views of golf to be an entirely impartial critic of his work, but however that may be I can confidently invite golfers, whether tigerish or tame, at once to make or renew acquaintance with these charmingly written essays.

Demoded Desipience.

It must have been a very long time ago that *The Lunatic at Large* introduced to the public a new formula for farce. He was a great success in his season, but he is now definitely demoded. Though not necessarily more amusing, modern farce is even broader and brisker in its effects. So, while reading *The Best Story Ever* (BLACKWOOD, 7/6) I feel that Mr. STORER CLOUSTON has rather ignored the passage of the years. Though his scene is laid in the present day, a Victorian atmosphere broods over the whole. His celebrated hero, *F. Mandell Essington*, has perhaps appeared too often and his spontaneity has inevitably lost its freshness. In this volume he reads aloud a novel which he has written for the delectation of the visitors to his brother's aristocratic guest-house and incidentally with a view to private profit. A deliberately comic butler, a noble suitor, a sweet girl and a newly-rich widow contribute appropriate action and dialogue. But the result is not invariably diverting. I am afraid that what was once a rich vein of humour is worked out.

CHARIVARIA.

THE cat-burglar who robbed the Lord Mayor-elect of London appears to have had no regard for the DICK WHITTINGTON tradition.

***

An automatic caning machine has been offered to the Sydney educational authorities, but it is objected that difficulty would be experienced in convincing a boy that it hurts the machine more than it hurts him.

***

Readings from modern poets were given recently on an Atlantic liner. Heaven help the sailors on a night like that!

***

In making arrangements with railway caterers by which soldiers provided with vouchers may obtain meals at buffets, the War Office has stipulated that a sandwich shall contain an ounce of meat; but it does not appear that any agreement has been reached with regard to the regulation number of currants in a bun.

***

A woman has designed a new necktie for men made of snake-skin. EVE didn't think of that.

***

A Midlands carpenter has complained that his bookmaker gave him a black eye and knocked out two of his teeth. It seems that the carpenter didn't think he had all that to come.

***

We are reminded that when the Romans went in, on a large scale, for edible snail-farming, which is advocated as an industry for this country, they employed slaves to turn back stragglers from their allotted pens. Historians agree that no mercy was shown to a slave who allowed a fugitive snail to outstrip him.

***

The decision of the military authorities to provide the troops with better-fitting boots seems to have been made in defiance of the Napoleonic dictum that an army marches on its stomach.

***

Now that Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN has pointed out that it is not a public service to keep money in the bank we feel happier about our overdraft.

Lord DONEGALL fails to understand why it should be a matter for surprise when a young man who happens to be a peer takes a job of work. They can't all become gossip-writers.

***

The Polish engineer who complains that his brain acts as a wireless receiving set runs a grave risk of being required to take out a licence for it.

***

A fifteen-year-old public schoolboy intimates in a newspaper article that he has discontinued the purely competitive practice of working with the object of doing more than anyone else in the form. Smith minor never believed in it.

***

The number of people capable of writing a novel is stated to be greater to-day than ever before. Yet it amounts to a mere fraction of the number of people who write novels.

***

A music-hall performer claims to be able to stop a motor-car with a rope and his teeth. The motoring novice, however, is advised to use the ordinary brakes.

***

Motor manufacturers are said to be against the practice of allowing 1933 cars to appear on the roads while 1932 has some time to run. Nor do pedestrians like being knocked down by next year's car.

***

Disturbed after entering a jeweller's shop, a burglar got away with only one watch, which was out of order. If he is caught, arrangements will be made to give him the correct time.

***

Russian caviar is growing much dearer. The next best thing is sago on a very foggy day.

***

A bull entered a radio shop in Sussex and knocked over a loud-speaker. Apparently it took exception to the announcement of the Fat Stock Prices with their implied charge of embonpoint.

***

A leading American actress employs her husband as private secretary. This arrangement secures for him the advantage of a full week's notice.

***

A paragraphist mentions that in his garden now the trees are painfully bare while heaps of beautifully tinted leaves lie on the ground. Well, he can't expect to have it both ways.

***

In spite of the fact that many of the "Hunger Marchers" carried mouth-organs and tin-whistles there appears to have been no attempt to set the Means Test to music.

***

In view of the fact that no arrest has been made in connection with the theft of two mantelpieces from the Devonshire Club, it has been suggested that in future burglars should sign the visitors' book.

***

A film-critic declares that even his best friend would not recognise GEORGE ROBEY with his beard. He might try doing it with his eyes.

***

We read of a twelve-year-old girl who accidentally pushed her father into the Serpentine. Children like that ought never to be trusted out with parents.

***

Little credence is attached to the rumour that the matrimonial differences of the Roumanian Royal Family are to be submitted to the arbitration of *The Daily Mail*.



"WHY DIDN'T YOU STOP WHEN YOU SAW MY SIGNAL?" "THERE YOU ARE, AUNTIE. I SAID IT WASN'T A MOTOR-BANDIT!"

A GOOD TIME COMING.

[With affectionate gratitude to that eminent Scottish Revivalist, Sir ROBERT HORNE, for his recent prediction that, after the United States elections are over, American industry will gradually move forward, and that a responsive advance will be signalised in Great Britain.]

WHEN in this noisy Civil War
They 've done their last manœuvre,
And victory smiles on ROOSEVELT or
Alternatively HOOVER,
Slowly but surely things will hum,
To indicate the dawn has come
Of a new Millionairium.

Where beggared guys bewail to-day
Their seed on barren clods sown,
Greenbacks will sprout, and U.S.A.
Resume her title "God's Own";
Where life, just now, is stark and dry,
With nothing wet except the eye,
There will be moisture by-and-by.

And when this forward step she takes,
Showing a marked improvement,
It will be found that Britain makes
A corresponding movement;
For through our lungs the same blood jets,
And bonds that neither side forgets
Unite us (not to mention debts).

And who is he, with faith aflame,
That sketches yon Utopia?
A man he is whose very name
Suggests a cornucopia!
Thank Heaven (and Scotland) he was born
To make our spirits less forlorn,
This HORNE of Plenty, BERTIE HORNE.

O. S.

CONTROLLED POETRY.

(Reflections on the need for poetic licences.)

ONLY those who are in touch with what may be called the literary underworld have any idea of the number of persons, many of them of respectable associations and otherwise normal habits, who are subject to the impulse to express thoughts and feelings in approximately metrical form. With some this inclination is spasmodic and merely imitative; with others (and these are the more serious cases) it is the symptom of a chronic disorder. Certain libraries of this country must by law give room to a copy of every publication, with the result that the disposal of the tens of thousands of booklets of verse which have accumulated since illiteracy was liquidated—to borrow a term from the U.S.S.R.—in this country has become an exceedingly serious complication of the housing problem.

Who writes these verses? Editors, alienists and other specialists concerned with human morbidity are aware that in every town and city there exist coteries for the encouragement of the practice. For the sake of securing an occasional audience for themselves, the initiates are pathetically willing to listen to the inventions of the rest. The normal healthy-minded bridge-player and golfer may go through his whole life without coming across traces of the existence of these clubs, societies or circles, and yet it is always possible that the bowler-hatted, sober-faced individual who sits next them in bus or train belongs to one of them and is an addict to the rhyming habit.

Disregarding the reaction of its indulgence upon the individual, one might feel that the habit did not call for repressive measures or even for regulation were it not that the urge to versify almost always develops into the yearning to print, a yearning to which some periodicals and publishing houses are willing for their own ends to pander.

Since most details of our lives are now State-controlled, it is surely high time that the law stepped in and checked, if it did not prohibit, the publication of verse. Licences might be issued, not too cheaply, to those determined to versify for their own distraction and regardless of the resulting annoyance to their associates. Any poetkin or bardlet who, with only a private composing licence, was convicted of endeavouring either by influence or bribery to publish would be liable to a heavy fine.

An entirely unlicensed individual found guilty of persuading or compelling by force, fraud or duress one of the King's lieges to read or to listen to matter either metrical in form and occasionally rhymed or so amorphous as to be clearly intended for poetry in the modern manner, would be committed to a special institution for discipline, and for some such treatment as a course of reading in *Hansard*, Government Blue Books or EINSTEIN. This institution would be maintained upon the proceeds of the fines referred to above.

Unregistered premises suspected of being used as verse-making clubs would be periodically raided by policemen disguised as, perhaps, Miss EDITH SITWELL. The public would be astounded to learn the type of man who would be found guilty of frequenting poetry circles, discharging free verse without a licence and committing unprovoked balladry.

Further, the product of a licensed versifier would be critically examined from time to time by a representative Board, the penalty for a poem incomprehensible to the majority of its members being the endorsement of his licence and, for a poem he himself could not explain, its cancellation.

In order to be treated as an extenuating circumstance, the plea on the part of one guilty of an infringement of the Poetry Licensing Law that he sang but as the linnet sings would have to be supported by a committee of bird-fanciers.

These drastic proposals are not inspired entirely by professional jealousy or even by a preference for prose, but very largely by anxiety for the future of poetry. Were its production regulated by laws so stern as apparently to aim at its suppression, the work of those who dared to risk all penalties by their outbreaks would probably be of such a quality as to constitute a right to existence or at least to merit a free pardon.

W. K. H.

JORROCKS.

FOR THE OPENING OF THE HUNTING SEASON.

John Jorrocks was a hunting man
Of formidable weight
Who never jumped a gate
And seldom figured in the van
When hounds were running straight.

But well he loved the dappled pack,
And when a fox they 'd find,
Ambitious but resigned,
Aloft on Hartaxerxes' back
He 'd bump along behind.

When *Jorrocks* came from Coram Street
To hunt at Handley Cross
He often took a toss
And often finished on his feet
Instead of on his 'oss.

He never earned the thruster's fame,
But still his heart was right;
He rode with all his might,
And 'untin' was his favourite game
And 'ounds were his delight.

And *Jorrocks* to his love would cling
Though short of wind and fat;
And none—be sure of that—
So joyed in fastenin' the string
Into his 'untin' 'at.

So, when October days are done
And where the red leaves fall
We hear the hunting call,
We pledge the memory of one
The keenest of us all.

W. H. O.

Bog-Snatching in the Free State.

"The bandits carried the bog to a van which was waiting nearby. They are believed to have taken a north-easterly route."
Irish Paper.

"LANGUAGE IN MALTA.
ITALIAN OFFICIAL'S REMARKS."
Australian Paper.

We would rather not repeat them.



OSWALD FOR ENGLAND.

SIR OSWALD MOSLEY. "GENTLEMEN AND FELLOW-PATRIOTS, YOU SEE WHAT THE OTHER DUCE IS GOING TO DO FOR EUROPE? WELL, I MYSELF ENGAGE TO DO THE SAME FOR ENGLAND. YOU MAY PUT YOUR BLACK SHIRTS ON THAT."



THE CUSTOMER IS NEVER WRONG.

Difficult Customer. "I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW YOU CAN KEEP THINGS LIKE THAT—SIMPLY HORRIBLE."
Assistant. "I *QUITE* AGREE, MADAM—*TOO* REPULSIVE."

THE RUINED HOME.

SOME years ago I pointed out (in verse, I think) the tragic future which would face some honest grand old bootlegger, grown grey in the service of the State, if America should ever decide to repeal the Prohibition Laws.

Here would be a man who had built up a big business employing thousands of operatives ruthlessly struck down without any compensation in the pride of his strength and power. And now it seems only too likely that this very tragedy is about to occur.

I do not understand the subtler shades of American political life; but it appears that the present contest between Democrats and Republicans will not be a simple fight between Wets and Drys. Mr. HOOVER has made a gesture of conciliation towards moisture. The interplay of social and economic forces has not rendered him absolutely sopping, like Mr. ROOSEVELT, but certain aspects of his political programme lend colour to the supposition that he is damper than he used to be. He oozes when squeezed.

Americans will pardon me, I hope, if I have made any mistake in the phraseology of Western statecraft, so different from our own.

Anyhow, whatever happens the Volstead Act may be repealed. And what will poor Robin do then? What is to happen to Two-Scar Mike and the stately Two-Scar Mike residence, with its lakes, its garages, its pleasure-grounds, its shooting-galleries, its miles of secret distilleries and parterres? What of that vast rolling-stock of waggons on which the name of Two-Scar Mike is so proudly emblazoned? What of the fleet on the high seas?

But my own tender heart is more lacerated when I think of Two-Scar's wife and family and the man himself sitting in his armchair by the costly imitation electric-fire in his centrally-heated cedar-panelled home. A grizzled man with weather-beaten features, an outdoor man, a man with the clear grey eye of the adventurer—a man who has seen men and cities, and after much toil would wish to spend the evening of his life in comfort and repose. There is but one ear. Sbaglione shot off the other in a Bowery brawl. Three fingers are gone from the left hand. The machine-gun of a rival booze-boss accounted for those in the old Chicago days. But on both the other fingers there are diamond rings. The fine outline of the nose is serrated also by half-a-dozen chips. There is a hole in the left cheek. The Federal police did those.

But the hot passions of Two-Scar's youth are over. He likes nothing better now than a game of ludo in the near-baronial hall. And how hung is not that hall with suits of chain-armour, with sawed-off shot-guns, with relics of a hundred battles by land and sea! Mother is knitting quietly. It is the younger children who are playing ludo with dad. The elder boy is at Harvard. There are two girls in Paris. In the picture-gallery hang most of the masterpieces that the impoverished English aristocracy has swallowed its pride to sell. Rare manuscripts and first editions adorn the library. For Two-Scar Mike has all the instincts of a genuine connoisseur: one does not pay income-tax on pictures and books.

And now the voice of little Boloney

pipes up: "Tell us, Dad, about the time when you took Rod Higgins for his last ride."

And gravely, reverently Two-Scar Mike tells the old, old story again.

Rod Higgins was once his greatest friend, but he broke the solemn gang-law and started high-jacking on his own. He set up an independent black-mail list. He attempted to undercut the prices which Two-Scar, with a full sense of responsibility to the commonwealth, had immutably fixed. It was necessary that Rod Higgins should suffer. But every sort of decency was shown to him when his execution had been decreed. He was taken out in the richest possible car. A beautiful venue was found, and he was perforated as carefully as possible with silver bullets by weeping pals. The funeral oration that Two-Scar Mike delivered over his body was possibly the finest performance of a long rhetorical career. High-grade florists were ransacked for wreaths, and there was no more wonderful scene witnessed in any mortician's parlour than on the days when Rod Higgins lay in state and his fellow-gunmen filed past to do him reverence.

Often as he paces his splendid avenue of cedars or feeds his swans or delivers a senatorial order for champagne, Two-Scar thinks of Rod Higgins, and the tears well into his eyes. Ah, well, life is life and the best of friends must part.

Two-Scar tells the story, bites off the end of another priceless Havana and relapses into reverie.

And such is the sort of home, mark you, that Mr. ROOSEVELT, and possibly Mr. HOOVER, intend to demolish by their ill-judged leaning towards Humidity and away from Drought. The great oaks felled, the pleasure-gardens a wilderness, the masterpieces scattered, the books and manuscripts sold to goodness knows whom. The children? What is to become of them? Is it possible that HOOVER does not care? A self-made man but for a couple of years in his home-town reformatory, Two-Scar has managed to give his family all the advantages of culture and civilisation. He has been accustomed to reflect with pride that, instead of having to face the rough-and-tumble of the booze-racket, nights of care and toil in the open, the whirr of bullets and the detonation of bombs, they will step into polished offices and do their business at the desk and telephone, or live a life of luxury and refinement in cosmopolitan hotels. Not one of them has been taught to shoot for himself. They cannot frame a hold-up. They cannot brew wood-alcohol nor unload a cargo of rum. Are they to be thrown upon the world in penury to beg for their bread? Is there no justice anywhere?

So thinks Two-Scar to-day. It is but another instance of how all our dearest hopes and dreams may become the sport of ambitious politicians who think of nothing but their own personal ends. . . .

Little Boloney begs for a hot-house peach before he is taken away to bed by a smart English nurse in uniform. He does not see the forced gaiety behind Two-Scar's affectionate smile nor the salt drop that trickles across the facial puncture when poppa kisses his pet good-night. . . . Enough! Enough! . . . EVOE.



Very distinguished Visitor. "AND WHAT'S THE PREVIOUS RECORD FOR THE COURSE?"

In a Good Cause.

An Exhibition and Sale of Goods made by War-disabled men will be held at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, from November 8 to 25, open daily from 11 A.M. to 5.30 P.M. Mr. Punch, having the highest assurance of the excellent quality and reasonable prices of the work, recommends this Good Cause to his readers.

"'Polly of the Circus' will be shown next week and unfolds the gripping romance of a trapeze artiste."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

Coming in the near future: *Clara of the Kitchen*, the stirring story of a Cook-General.

PUBLIC TELEPHONE.

I HAVE long come to the conclusion that every room in every house should have an extension of the telephone installed, leaving the parent instrument where it is usually to be found—in the most blatantly exposed position.

Our telephone is in the hall. That is to say that it is all extremely interesting for the passer-by, for the member of the family or pail-laden maid or whoever happens to be "turning-out" the drawing-room two yards away, to learn that I am not prepared to accept the terms offered by *The Sunday Sun* for one thousand words on "Is the Chaperon Returning?" and will only set to work for so much—yes, for so much. Also, the condolence upon your friend's bereavement (which can be heard from two upper bedrooms and the bathroom) is a break in his or her routine for the listener, and almost impossible for the telephoner to execute sympathetically, through acute self-consciousness.

Often it happens that the front-door is being opened to an aunt just when one is reproving the butcher, and here one has to combine the austere with the purely social, as: "You haven't sent the oxtail yet. *Do* come in, so sorry. Then you promise it round in ten minutes? Take a pew in the drawing-room; I'm just coming. *So* glad to see you. It's most annoying."

Minor results of possession of a solo telephone are apt to include the shouted request for "the empties" to be removed, followed by the opening of the drawing-room door, which discloses two mendicant nuns shepherded by one's mother. There is also the fact that all one's friends (and most of one's engagements) are known in the kitchen, and that one has said in the hearing of Alice that one means to stay at home all the afternoon. When the Inevitable Bore rings up it is good fun for Alice to listen to the stream of cordial lies which one emits. For ever after there is a gleam of conspiracy in the eye of Alice when she ushers the Bore into the drawing-room, and again self-consciousness is born, never to die.

For the telephonist who also happens to have committed a book strange and awful ordeals lie in wait. For there is a certain section of the public which rings up novelists if it has liked their work, and not only asks them to parties, but presses for details about the characters of the novel itself. This type of monologue is a sheer delight to any listener, family or domestic, as one's nervous replies carry with them a faint flavour of the insane, the fantastic and the bend sinister. The family loves it all because it guesses what has happened and naturally likes to hear one make a fool of oneself; the domestic loves it because she doesn't guess, and hopes that at last she has caught one's family tree bending.

Thus: "Oh, I invented the governesses. Yes, I had one once. No, she wasn't really mad. Yes, I suppose Mrs. Carne is really my mother. No, my father wasn't a bit like that. I didn't have a father at first, but I thought one ought to have one," and so on.

Later, no doubt, the kitchen resounds to delighted "Coos!" combined with that useful ejaculation, "Go on!"

This, of course, is the telephonist's side of the problem. But there is also the point of view of the unwilling listener. And some day I may submit a two-minute sketch to Mr. C. B. COCHRAN, which will deal with those half-guessed conversations that are apt to be either tedious or tantalising in real life. On the stage, of course, we are never tedious, and much that in our hall is obscure must be made a little plainer, and certainly more highly-flavoured than any conversation Mr. COCHRAN is ever likely to overhear on our line. Also, the item would be rendered in a shrimp-coloured chiffon *negligé* combined with slippers edged with ostrich-tips, and not at all resembling that cretonne overall in which we conduct the matter. As:—

"Hullo.... Yes.... That you, Sylvia? Cheers! How goes? Good. No, I'm quite alone.... No, he's just left.... Oh, the usual chocolates. A bit dullish. Henry loathes him, but most husbands do. Henry says his ties make him cringe. What a blessing the telephone is! Before we had it installed my servants had a heavenly time, but there's nothing exciting in the wastepaper basket now. I've very nearly re-built my reputation. . . . Oh, you met Vera at the bridge-party too? . . . Yes, she does rather, but one doesn't play for high stakes luckily.... Yes, it's in her family. Her father did too. Three months. First Division, I believe. . . . Bless you! I always thought that word exactly described her. My dear, Henry's mother is staying with us an extra week. . . . Quite. I wish she was, but motor-hearses and wreaths are simply ruinous. It's cheaper in the long run to keep 'em alive. . . .

"What? Jack *isn't! Not* to the girl at the Satiety? Good Lord! I should say she was. You can see it in her eyes. . . . She ought to suit Jack very well. . . . Yes, I saw her at the hotel, and she told me she was giving up the chorus, but it took two waiters and the Commissionaire—Oh, to the *wide*, my dear! No, brandy; that's the last stage before cocaine. . . . No, I don't think it's that yet. They begin to tell lies and leave off washing if it's that. . . .

"The *dear* lamb! Mine did yesterday. Four. Angels. All tortoiseshells. No, we think it's the black one that comes over the wall at lunch. . . . Yes, tonight. We're driving there in his new car. What? No, on tick, if I know him! And—oh, damn the Exchange! They're cutting us off. My aunt! She thought 'Damn' was a swear-word. Where do these people *live*? Well, good-bye, old pet. It's been so jolly to hear your voice again." RACHEL.



Auntie. "READ ME THE NEWS, DEAR. TELL ME IF THERE'S ANYTHING MORE ABOUT MR. BRADMAN PLAYING IN THE MEANS TEST."



Fiancé (complacently). "I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GETTING A LOT OF CONGRATULATIONS."
Young Lady. "YES, BUT IT'S A BIT CONFUSING. YOU SEE, I'VE WON THE BOOBY PRIZE IN OUR CLUB SWEEP AS WELL."

THE FAMILY CAR, 1932.

THE briefest inspection is enough to convince the most casual observer that a radical change has come over the Family Car during the last twelve months. He may ask: How? To-day more than ever is it symptomatic of the growing interest which Everyman takes in his car that more and more people are asking that very question. The Family has asked it with varied expletives every day of the year. The answer is that the past year has been one of astonishing progress in every direction—sometimes, it has almost seemed, in two or three directions at once. For example, rapid progress in a backward direction has left its mark on the car in the form of a broken tail-light and a dinted petrol-tank.

The main tendency has been towards flexibility. We note the near-side front wing, which is now so flexible that it must be removed before the car is started lest it should flex right off. The running-board moves easily, both in the sideways and downwards direction—so easily that the wise owner-driver avoids stepping on it as he enters the car. The old system of direct attachment to the body of the car has been replaced by two-point suspension—one rope from the bonnet and one from the spare wheel.

Lightness and simplicity have been secured by the removal of the tools (in the car-park by some unscrupulous person unknown); of the tool-box (by Everyman, as being now superfluous); and of portions of the hood (by cow). Ventilation too has received attention. Even when the hood is up an irregularly-shaped hole in the back window admits a constant flow of fresh cool air. The top of the hood has a sunshine opening; but this designation gives an altogether inadequate idea of its capabilities, for it admits not only sun but also rain and, on occasion, hail. This goes far to remove the reproach that the motorist is out of touch with the changing moods of nature.

A word of praise is due to the new horn, which has been removed from (or, to be strictly accurate, has fallen off) the dashboard and is now carried on the back seat and played by one of the passengers. This not only relieves the driver of one of his multitudinous responsibilities but also makes it possible to relieve the tedium of long journeys by selections from the classics.

An austere note in interior decoration is struck by the absence of upholstery in the back seats. The note struck by the engine now approximates to B flat, but the removal of a rag which stops a leak in a vital tube gives an attractive diminuendo, ending in a few staccato passages and a complete cessation of sound. By this simple device perfect silence and immunity from vibration may be secured at will.

A new departure in engine construction which is of immense significance for the future is the removal of two sparking-plugs (by small boys, as souvenirs). Whatever one may think as to the merits and demerits of the sparking-plug system, there can be no doubt that the removal of two of these must have far-reaching effects.

The gears are described (by Everyman) as being in "helical constant mesh," and anyone who has heard their startling performance will endorse this verdict. The third gear is now silent, having ceased to function as long ago as last February.

For the benefit of the would-be buyer as he reads these words in the comfort of his padded cell, the virtues of the new car may be summed up as follows:—

(1) *Ease of Running.* Due to attrition of brake linings. Now runs so easily that it can only be stopped by getting out and putting a brick against the wheel.

(2) *Safety.* Impossible to start.

(3) *Economy.* Not licensed.

A Rub of the Red.

"She shouted, 'Up the Reds; up the workers!' She also tried to putt a policeman off his horse."—*Edinburgh Paper.*

"—— Fire Brigade attended 63 fires, causing damage estimated at £31,776, in the past 12 months."—*Evening Paper.*

Fire Brigades should be more careful.

PYE JINKS.

[Suggested by the graphic account in *The Times* of the return all-in wrestling match at the Ring, Blackfriars, between JACK PYE of Doncaster and NORMAN the Butcher.]

LET others talk of MILO or chant his praise in rhyme,
The greatest of pancratiasts in Hellas' golden prime,
Who practised, as the *Ency. Brit.* has recently affirmed,
The upright style in wrestling and also rolled and squirmed.

But of all the classic contests of which the poets sing,
None equals the terrific fight at Blackfriars, at the Ring,
When PYE, the pride of Doncaster, a man both strong and stout,
Was matched with "Butcher" NORMAN in an "all-in" wrestling bout.

I know that I can never hope to emulate the fame
Of quite the very humblest PYE who ever bore that name;
I can't be PYE the Laureate, yet I mean to have a shy
At acting in the modest *rôle* of laureate to PYE.

Nomen, we know, is *omen*, yet here it seems to me
Proverbial philosophy proved very much at sea;
For NORMAN, though elated by the precedent of yore,
Was ultimately vanquished; PYE was the Conqueror.

Yet NORMAN'S methods were designed to give his rival fits,
Including (borrowed from Japan) disintegrating splits;
And PYE was rendered dizzy and nearly bit the dust
When NORMAN with "head scissors" assailed his cranial crust.

But all these deadly dodges for head and hands and feet,
Such as the "punch occipital" (unknown in Bouverie Street),
Were utterly unable to subdue the soul or spike
The heavier ordnance carried by the much-enduring Tyke.

Such deeds deserve a banquet—one of the very best,
And at its culminating point I venture to suggest
That four-and-twenty blackbirds should be let loose to sing
The dainty praises of our PYE in presence of the KING.

As for the jingling doggerel bard, he craves no costly meed
Such as befits a poet of the true Pindaric breed,
Content if he be left in peace at Penge or Peckham Rye
To spend the evening of his days evaluating π. C. L. G.

"THE POPLARS" PAGEANT.

THERE are those who point to the interest taken in the Lord Mayor's Show as a proof that our love of pageantry remains unshaken. Such complacency is insidious and must be combated. As my small contribution I intend shortly to stage a pageant dealing with the historic associations of my own residence, "The Poplars."

I have devoted much care to the arrangement of the various tableaux. My researches, I admit, have not been uniformly successful. For instance, all efforts have failed to trace the owner of the initials "F. P." which appear on a plaque near the eastern gate-pillar. On the other hand, amongst some early documents I came upon an account of the time when Great-Aunt Hannah, baffled by the mystery of electric light, retired to rest with her umbrella up. This material, as a matter of policy, I was forced to discard, for Great-Aunt Hannah is still with us.

The order of procession will be as follows:—

(1) Myself, in period dress, bearing TITLE-DEEDS OF THE HOUSE, dated 1909. I shall select my costume from garments which in bygone days have seen actual wear. Many of these fortunately are still available.

(2) Tableau showing grant of the PETITION OF NON-ENTRY, limiting the chatelaine's right of culinary inspection to certain fixed times. Cook will be seen receiving the charter at the hands of my wife, who is in turn stipulating for an amelioration in the standard of the *soufflé*.

(3) THE PAGEANT QUEEN.—This *rôle* has been claimed somewhat arbitrarily by my daughter Sally, to whom I was unwise enough to communicate my plans. The Queen will be accompanied by the House Mascot (fourth in direct line to bear the hereditary title of Fluffkins). I feel that, despite her youth, Sally will sustain the part with due *hauteur*, though it is not without qualms that I hear my wife inquiring for a mislaid ostrich-fan.

(4) THE MISSION OF LORD KNYTWHYTT to "The Poplars" in 1922, with some of the decorations then displayed. This may have to be abandoned owing to physiognomical difficulties presented by the illustrious visitor, although his farewell gift—an election leaflet—has been carefully preserved.

(5) Tableau, THE CEDING OF THE LATCH-KEY. My elder daughter, Lucilla, will bear the key in triumph, followed by a *posse* of aunts and uncles with hands raised in protest. The exact date is open to doubt. Lucilla at first placed it very early, adducing in support the evidence of a young man referred to as Pipples. She modified her views only on learning that the characters are to be dressed in period.

(6) THE INSTALLATION OF THE TELEPHONE, now approaching its decennary. Uncle Hannibal, who attempted to obtain the first number, will reproduce his speech to the operators on that occasion. (For certain reasons the address will not be given in its entirety.)

(7) Tableau representing an EPISODE OF LAST CHRISTMAS when the envoy of the infamous Borough Surveyor was beguiled and outwitted by parlourmaid and tweeny. (The parts will, of course, be taken by the *present* holders of those offices.) The Envoy—under rehearsal by the boot-boy—will be shown at kitchen tea, with Gwladys and Dorothea making play with the mistletoe, while a Demand for Road Charges lies unheeded in his pocket.

(8) The rear will be brought up by a grand tableau, reproducing THE SIEGE OF "THE POPLARS" by townsmen in the winter of '27, with the gallant resistance offered by my son Sigismund and a friend. This is the noted engagement in which snowballs with hard centres were used. It is hoped that several of the original participants, including Scroggins ("The Red") with his carrier-tricycle, may be induced to take their places.

The only matter still to be decided is the route. It is agreed that this should pass the asbestos garage recently erected by home labour, as well as taking in the kennels (though one of these has lapsed into disuse). But I am urged by certain members of the cast to limit myself to the terrain actually covered by the exhibits. When I retort, "Would that be acting generously towards our less enlightened neighbours?" it is hinted that the whole affair is being arranged for my personal gratification. Such the reward of one who sees that in order to be resuscitated our love of pageantry needs but the coming of some strange and stirring spectacle.

The Latest Conversion Scheme.

"Czecho-Slovakia and Hungary have completed a provisional agreement regarding exchange of gods."—*American Paper.*

Our Candid Candidate.

"Mr. —— said his ideal in life had always been one of personal service, and it would continue to be if they did him the honour to return him to the Town Council. There was such a thing as static complacency, leading to a condition ruinous to the community. So far as he was able to bring that about, it would be his purpose to do so."—*Scottish Paper.*

"THE MARRIAGE ARRANGED BETWEEN —— AND —— WILL NOT TAKE PLACE."



LAST MONTH JACK AND I CLICKED. MAYBE IT WAS THE MOONLIGHT, BUT I FELT QUITE WEAK AND FEMININE.



SINCE THEN I 'VE FOUND THAT HE HAS TWICE BEEN IGNORED BY HEAD-WAITERS—



WAS LAST HOME IN A TREASURE-HUNT WITH ONLY A DOOR-KNOB—



HAS NO SPECIAL COCKTAIL OF HIS OWN—



FLINCHES DOWN TO TWENTY-FIVE AT SIGHT OF A COP; AND HAS NEVER EVEN BEEN FINED!



SO I SAID, "MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING TO A GIRL LIKE ME. GOOD-BYE!"

A STATE OF BLISS.

PEOPLE may rave about the blessings of cinemas and libraries in the enlightened penal establishments of Europe, but for real solid comfort give me the Arampur State jail every time.

As Assistant Political Resident in this Native State, I am *ex officio* a Member of the Jail Inspection Board. This Board turns out once a month in bright clothing to make a formal inspection of the jail. The guard is scrutinised in the usual manner and we enter between rows of happy healthy convicts to examine meticulously clean cells. We inspect the pile of mats and sacks made by the inmates. We watch the food being prepared and taste samples to assure ourselves of its quality. It is invariably of the best; I only wish my Goanese could make a curry like that. At length we sign the Visitors' Book and depart. The gate clashes behind us, the guard salutes and the inspection is over. Everything is declared by the Board to be perfectly satisfactory.

The Annual Reports show that for years the jail has been maintained in a condition of perfect and humane discipline, that the staff is adequate and capable, that complaints are rare and that the Superintendent (who is a brother-in-law of the Dewan's) is a man of high efficiency and character. The jail is absolutely inspection-proof.

But there is another life that goes on in the jail, apart from inspections. When I was a newcomer to the State, I was enthusiastic and maladroit enough to pay a surprise visit, rather early one morning. To my disgust I found that the guard had vanished and that the gate stood open. This was unusual, I thought, for a jail, but what was more unusual was that none of the prisoners was making any attempt to escape. I entered the courtyard and observed the convicts in all stages of undress squatting round the central tank and brushing their teeth with the conscientiousness and concentration which mark the Oriental engaged in dental ablutions. I felt that I was intruding upon somebody's private apartment and withdrew, conscious of having committed a *faux pas*.

Since then I have gathered information about the jail from various sources. This information I have collated and am now able to offer you in the form of the present monograph.

Admission to Arampur jail, then, is not a compulsory sequel to a conviction in the courts. It is the reward of earnest endeavour and wire-pulling, of steady scheming and planning with a single eye to the object in view. One could enter the most exclusive club in the world with less loss of tissue, for the waiting list comprises everybody who is not filling a snug job outside.



Constable. "HERE! YOU CAN'T MAKE THAT ROW HERE."
Mendicant. "ROW! WOT D'YER MEAN? I'M A BIRD IMITATOR."
Constable. "OH, YOU ARE, ARE YOU? THEN LET'S SEE YOU HOP IT."

The mortality is low (*vide* Annual Reports) and there are unfortunately not more than a hundred-and-twenty cells so that vacancies seldom occur. Life passes very pleasantly as one lounges in the courtyard and smokes. Now and then, during the heat of the day, one dozes in one's cell and afterwards there is plenty of jolly conversation and anecdote until far into the night. The meals are plentiful and well-served. If one wants variety, one can always borrow a warder's clothes and go into the bazaar. In that case it is better to stay out until morning, for some thoughtless person may have closed the gate. But one soon learns that there is no place like home, and when one is inside it is comforting to turn the key and keep out undesirable visitors. After all, the people inside know each other and are very happy by themselves.

The warders are good fellows, eager to help in bringing cigarettes and so on from the town and really studying their guests' comfort, for they are the most likely candidates for any vacancy which may occur. When a convict is moribund or in spite of his efforts is discharged, the warder is the first to hear of it; he therefore loses no time in securing a conviction in the courts. If he knows the right people he can arrange the witnesses against himself, get himself arrested and secure the committal all within twenty-four hours. The evening after the vacancy occurs the successful warder has changed his clothes and takes his place among the *élite*.

There is, of course, always a chance that a rival may succeed in getting him off with a fine or, later, may contrive for him a remission of part of his sentence or, worse still, a free pardon. But his own connexions will watch this possibility and try to secure a life-sentence with some strong words of condemnation from the judicial authority.

A new warder is appointed and things go on as before. The spirit of *camaraderie* prevails in the institution, and the prisoners are often found to give the warders a hand in the necessary work, such as the cleaning-up for inspection and the arrangement of the mats and sacks which have to be exhibited on these occasions. The former superintendent, they say, was an unreasonable fellow who insisted on new things being made to take the place of those which had been inspected for generations. After several good-natured attempts had been made to meet his wishes, some excellent mats were procured from a jail in British India. These can be depended on to last for years, so long as the stone saucers which protect them from ants are kept filled with water.

The same martinet had confiscated all the opium he found being brought into the jail. Opium was apparently scarce

at the time and he needed all he could get for his own consumption. The prisoners sympathised to some extent with this point of view once they understood that he was working for his own good and not merely interfering with their lives. Still, the confiscation was thought to be in bad taste.

The present incumbent is a model superintendent; he is never seen in the jail except on inspection days, but he does his best to watch the jail's interests among the governing classes. Whenever the P.R. makes any tactful inquiries about the jail the superintendent is sure to send up next day a batch of convict-volunteers to weed the Residency garden.

There was a prominent convict named Ram Lal who lately brought to a happy ending what might have been an unfortunate incident. He had left the jail for a few days, in mufti, to visit his friends in a distant village, and while there was arrested by the police on some trumpery charge of dacoity—as though a native of Arampur would take the risk of being incarcerated elsewhere. However, thinking that he was being taken to some other destination, he induced his captors to partake of some medicated wine, by whose potency they were soon reduced to the semblance of logs. A fellow-prisoner, native of another State, who was being conveyed with the same escort, thanked Ram Lal for his brotherly service and departed, after assuring him that his fears were unfounded and that they were actually on the way to Arampur. Ram Lal at once took pains to repair his hasty action. He poured cold water on the police heads, dragged the men to their feet and led them by a rope in a straight line for home, where he arrived just in time to complete the *cadre* for inspection.

The Board noticed this curious detachment joining the parade, but carefully refrained from remarking upon it until the superintendent should have had time to prepare a convincing explanation. E. P. W.

Our Aloof Politicians.

"LORD SNOWDEN
(Exclusive)."
Daily Paper Placard.

"Lady wishes to recommend very highly Scotch chauffeur."—*Daily Paper.*

Clearly not a Lowlander.

HEAD TO THE NORTH.

[A child's contribution to the recent discussion in the Press on this subject.]

I'D like to dream of Polar bears
With long white legs and short white hairs,
And shining seals with big brown eyes
That look so friendly and so wise,
And lots and lots of lovely ice
Where sliding must be very nice.

So Nannie says she'll turn my bed
Right round that I can have my head
Towards the North, where I've been told
There stands a pole that's very old,
Though what it's for I cannot say,
Unless for bears to climb and play
Upon the top and get a bun,
Which must, I'm sure, be glorious fun.

If I can sleep like this, it seems
I may have all these jolly dreams—
Or that's what Nannie thinks; and I
Don't mind at all which way I lie;
It makes no difference to me
If I see things I want to see.

"Youth (26) desires job with kick in it."
Advt. in Manchester Paper.

Several office-boys are said to be anxious to effect an exchange.



Culprit. "A *MONTH* FOR ASSAULTING A MAN LIKE *THAT*? LOOK AT THE SIZE OF 'IM."
Magistrate. "TWO MONTHS!"

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE WAITER.

ONCE a rich gentleman called Mr. Burb had to go to a country town where he had some business to do, and he went to the Royal Crown Hotel to have lunch, and he was rather hungry after doing his business, so he hoped he would have a good lunch, and he was rather particular what he ate and drank.

Well he went into the dining-room, where there were several tables, but nobody else there. But the table-cloths were clean and the napkins were folded into shapes and stuck in the glasses, and there was a carnation in a vase on each table and it looked all right. And the waiter, who was just putting on his coat as he went in, seemed very pleased to see him and took his hat and umbrella, and said it was a fine day and good for the crops. And Mr. Burb didn't care much about the crops but he asked the waiter whether lunch was ready and whether it was a good one, and the waiter said oh yes, Sir, and it ought to be for what we charge for it. And Mr. Burb said what do you charge for it? And he said five shillings, we begin with or doovers.

Well Mr. Burb knew that he meant *hors d'œuvre*, and he said I don't care about them, bring me a plate of hot soup and a pint of bitter. And the waiter said oh we don't serve anything so vulgar as that here, Sir, may I recommend a small bottle of Meedoc? And Mr. Burb said no, you may not, bring me a bottle of stout.

So the waiter brought him his stout, and went away again for about ten minutes and Mr. Burb got very impatient and ate a lot of bread and drank about half of his stout, and then the waiter came in with the soup. And when he had swallowed a spoonful of it he said is this the water you have been washing the dishes in, take it away and bring me some fish. So the waiter did that, and Mr. Burb ate some more bread and drank stout till he came back again with the fish. And Mr. Burb looked at it and said do you call this fish, it is just a bone and an eye and a bit of mackintosh, take it away and bring me a cut off the joint. And the waiter said we haven't got a joint to-day, Sir, the next course is lamb cutlets and green peas. And Mr. Burb said well for goodness sake hurry up with them and bring me some more bread and another bottle of stout to go on with.

Well the cutlets were quite large as if they had been cut off a grown-up sheep, but Mr. Burb was so hungry by this time that he began on them at once, but he couldn't make his knife cut them and then he exploded with wrath and said I didn't come here for shoe-leather and green bullets to shoot sparrows with, I want something to eat, go and fetch the manager of this hotel.

And the waiter, who was rather simple and had a crumpled shirt-front with a gravy exclamation-mark down it, looked quite shocked and he said you can't eat the manager, Sir, we are not cannibals here. And Mr. Burb couldn't help laughing at that, and he said well never mind the manager, bring me some bread and cheese and butter and a cup of coffee, I can't drink any more stout, it 's not good for me.

So the waiter did that, but Mr. Burb said he had not asked him for American soap and axle-grease and ground-up acorns, and he got up from the table and said bring me my hat and umbrella, and here are two shillings which will pay for the stout, and the bread and a tip for you, and if the manager wants to be paid for the garbage I haven't eaten he can sue me for it. And he put his visiting-card on the table and walked out.



"AND HE PUT HIS VISITING-CARD ON THE TABLE AND WALKED OUT."

Well a little later on Mr. Burb got a letter from the waiter, which was not very well spelt but was quite respectful, saying that he had been sacked from his job at the Royal Crown Hotel for letting Mr. Burb go without paying for his lunch, and could he recommend him for another one? And Mr. Burb had liked the waiter because he had been so willing and simple, and his butler was just leaving him to become a licensed victualler, so he gave the waiter a trial as his butler, and it was quite a success, as he was so willing, and only had to be got out of bringing plates and dishes in on his shoulder with a napkin over his arm, and wearing crumpled shirt-fronts, and saying coming, Sir, whenever Mr. Burb called him. And the other servants liked him, he was so willing, and the cook who had quite expected the other butler to marry her, but he had married the kitchen-maid who was only nineteen instead, took pains about teaching him how to behave and to look forward to being a licensed victualler with a good wife not too young who had saved a bit to settle down with. And she told him that Mr. Burb wouldn't have anything brought into the house that wasn't English and the best, and she said all foreign food was muck and he quite believed her, especially as she was a good cook and he had never eaten such meals in his life.

Well it went on like that for some time, and the waiter was so grateful to Mr. Burb for making him his butler and being kind to him that he couldn't do enough for him. But there was one thing that worried him, after what the cook had told him, and that was that all the meat and things to eat that were brought to the house were English but the wine Mr. Burb drank came from foreign countries, and there wasn't one bottle of English wine in the cellar, which was his department so he didn't tell the cook about it. But he thought it over and over and then he remembered that an aunt of his in the place where he had been brought up made wine out of elderberries and rhubarb, and he wrote to her to send him a bottle of each, and she sent them but said he must pay her a shilling each for them as well as the carriage, and the postage for her letter.

Well he didn't mind doing that as he

was so grateful to Mr. Burb, and wanted to do something to please him, and he decanted both the bottles of wine, and poured out a glass of one of them for Mr. Burb to drink with his soup. And Mr. Burb took a sip of it and then spat it out and went on spitting and said, here give me a glass of claret quick to get this filthy taste out of my mouth.

So then the waiter poured him out a glass of the other wine and he swallowed a great gulp of it, and spat it out all over the tablecloth and groaned and said he had been poisoned. But when he had drunk about a tumblerful of old brandy and felt a little better, he went into it, and when he found out what had happened he roared with laughter and forgave the waiter everything.

And soon afterwards he went to live in Lyons where he said he could always get good cooking, but when he was in England he liked English food if it was properly cooked, and he didn't see why it shouldn't be. And he told the waiter that if he could make up his mind to marry the cook, who was rather too old for him, he would lend them money to start an hotel in England where there would always be good English food. And the waiter said he had been in love with the cook for some time, but he didn't know whether she would take him but he would ask her.

Well she was rather coy about it, but she did take him, and they set up together in an hotel at Folkestone, and got so well known that people used to rush off the boats from Boulogne and go straight there for an English meal. And they said they owed it all to Mr. Burb, and put up an enlarged photograph of him in the hall, which most people thought was a picture of JIM THOMAS, he was so like him except for the spectacles. A. M.



Very Modern (showing friend over new house). "I'M THINKING OUT A DESIGN TO PAINT ON THIS WINDOW. THE VIEW IS SO HIDEOUSLY VICTORIAN."

A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE ARMY.

["10,000 iron gates, all sizes; 100,000 fencing standards, also slates, tiles and large tanks."—*Advt. of Army Supply Depôt.*]

OF old when warriors took the field
Inflamed with angry passions
Or hope to do heroic deeds,
How modest were their simple needs!
A sword, perhaps a spear, a shield,
A pocketful of rations.

Not so the innumerable horde
That in the modern row shares.
Before our paladins can go
And have a wallop at the foe
They need not only spear and sword
But pruning-hooks and ploughshares,
And hatstands and harmoniums,
And periscopes and cables,
And finger-bowls and iron gates,
Tiles (generally loose) and slates
Whereon the Staff may do its sums,
And tar and tanks and tables,

Umbrellas and pantechnicons,
Condensers (for condensing),
Prams, parachutes, speedometers,
Theodolites and dulcimers,
And standards, not of silk or bronze,
But iron, Mark I., fencing.

Nor are their business maxims such
As guide the mere civilian
In putting through a private deal;
When up-to-date Napoleons feel
They *may* require a rabbit-hutch
They order half-a-million.

The giant brains that fill our foes
With awe were never made for
Vulgar and sordid reckonings;
And, anyhow, the bally things
Can very well be sold to those
By whom they first were paid for.

The Green-lipped Monster.

"The railway managements, who have allowed the verdure to grow under their very noses until it has become a mighty forest."
Yorkshire Paper.

"ROBBERS LAY LOW NEAR EUSTON."
Evening Paper.

Mr. Punch is relieved to hear that the talented cartoonist is none the worse for his adventure.

"None but a novice in economics would expect Denmark, or any other country, to buy from us exactly as much as we sell to her."—*Weekly Paper.*

We are happy to be numbered among the novices.



MANNERS AND MODES.

"WELL, MY DEAR, BACK IN TOWN, EH? HAVIN' A GOOD TIME—LOTS GOIN' ON, WHAT?"

"OH, UNCLE, ABSOLUTELY HECTIC! I'VE JUST BEEN TO A 'LECTURE' LUNCHEON, A 'READING-CIRCLE' TEA, AND NOW I'M OFF TO AN 'UPLIFT' COCKTAIL PARTY."

MODES IN HORTICULTURAL DECORATION.

IN the adornment of the modern home is there anything quite so chic as the cactus? Nothing in plant life has so completely captured the fancy of the interior decorator since the aspidistra, associated with crochet and fringe, held sway upon its bamboo tripod in the days of conservatories, camphor and cabriole legs. To-day, except among freaks addicted to Victorian revival, the aspidistra of our forefathers is a faded memory, rather less than the dust upon the attic floor beneath it.

It was ousted from fashion by the gay insouciance of the potted palm, which cast its sheltering elegance over the alleged naughtiness of the nineties with an alluring suggestion of the tropics. Coupled with the name of a lady called *Dolores* it was even immortalised by the bard in this connection, and the wistful expression "palmy days" still conveys to us a sense of white kid gloves and the Hotel Cecil. No hall or drawing-room was complete without the palm, either growing in a pot or in its synthetic state of green-dyed pleated buckram planted in woollen moss. In the latter form it survives in our lesser boarding-houses and tea-rooms to-day.

Reference to interior vegetation in the homes of the nineties is not complete without mentioning the vase of pampas-grass. It added fluffy distinction to the overloaded mantelboard and fussy peril to the occasional table of inadequate base. It is believed that the lack of discrimination of the modern vacuum-cleaner terminated the fashion for pampas by leaving an unhappy effect of bare stalks.

To-day in the home of the modern *élégante* nothing can touch the cactus for aloofness and chic. It stands alone, the epitome of piquant sophistication, a suitable finishing-touch to the bleak expanses of metal in our midst. A complement to the chromium tube and the rubber slab, an oasis in the deserted surface, the cactus marks the passing of sentimentalism and the knick-knack.

Can we not visualise the influence of cacti on future modes of interior decoration? What would be more suitable than a still-life group of gherkins for our pickled table-tops, or the exemplary slimness of the cucumber reclining in our cocktail-bars? And what of the vegetable-marrow with its bold but effective outlines and unexplored depths of stillness? Here the modern hostess must exercise some discrimination. With the advent of raw vegetable diet and the fashion for helping oneself, recourse to the synthetic may be advisable as an utterly devastating effect might be produced by the dinner-table decoration inadvertently becoming part of the menu.

Mind and Metal.

"For removing rust from steel. Rub the rusty part with an opinion and leave the juice on for twenty-four hours, then polish the steel with bath brick and turpentine."
Indian Paper.

We prefer the old-fashioned knife-cleaner as we do not trust our boot-boy's opinions, which are tinged with Communism.



SIDE-TRACKED.

PRIME MINISTER (*peevishly*). "I THOUGHT *I* WAS TO BE THE PREMIER GUY; BUT IT SEEMS I'M *DE TROP*."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, October 24th.—The House "signified its approval in the usual way" when Mr. R. A. BUTLER rose, in his new capacity of Under-Secretary for India, to answer Questions by Sir J. WARDLAW-MILNE and Mr. PARKINSON.

Colonel "JOSH" WEDGWOOD asked Sir JOHN SIMON if His Majesty's Government took the German Government's threat to re-arm seriously. Sir JOHN SIMON endeavoured to indicate that the Government was neither poohpoohing the idea with derisive snorts nor lying awake at nights over it.

He also informed Sir W. DAVISON that all the South and Central American States, except Venezuela, were in arrears on September 30 with their League subscriptions. Why the compatriots of SIMON BOLIVAR maintain this rather arrogant distinction is not known.

Resumed debate on the Ottawa agreements brought from Conservative Members some sharp criticism of the diminishing foreign meat quotas. Sir B. PETO said it was using a pill to cure an earthquake—a somewhat uninstructed metaphor.

Mr. AMERY congratulated Mr. MALCOLM MACDONALD on his spirited defence of the agreements, but thought the restrictions quite inadequate.

On the subject of cod-liver oil, Dr. BURGIN said that the tax was intended to help the oldest self-governing Dominion, Newfoundland, which could easily send us three times as much cod-liver oil as we now import from it. The duty would not raise the price. (A nasty blow, this, to the hopes of Smith *Tertius*.)

The Resolutions were passed and amid cheers Mr. CHAMBERLAIN brought in the Ottawa Agreements Bill.

Tuesday, October 25th.—Parliament is a dull place to this extent, that a subject is debated there on its merits and by experts familiar with the facts about once in a blue moon. Its brighter moments, of which it has many, are supplied by the clash of personalities, not of policies or opinions.

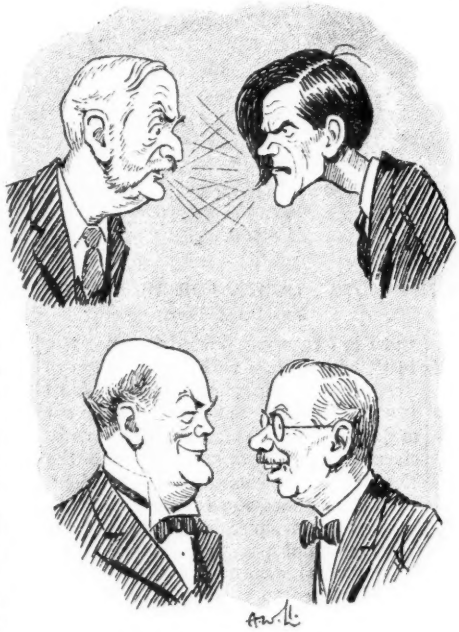
To-day's clash was supplied jointly by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and Sir HERBERT SAMUEL. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is the greatest clasher in modern political history. There is something about Sir HERBERT, on the other hand, that not merely invites but calls loudly for offensive action. Even Sir JOHN SIMON drops his customary "this-hurts-me-more-than-it-does-you" tone and sets about Sir HERBERT with something almost approaching enthusiasm.

It was known that in this Labour Motion of Censure debate Mr. LLOYD



"His father's sword he has girded on."
MR. MALCOLM MACDONALD.

GEORGE was planning to follow Sir HERBERT SAMUEL. Why Sir HERBERT so obligingly preceded the right hon. Member for Carnarvon Boroughs is not so clear.



DISCORD (Lab., Tuesday).
MR. LANSBURY AND MR. MAXTON.

CONCORD (Nat. Govt., Wednesday).
LORD HAILSHAM AND MR. THOMAS.

Perhaps it was a sort of *noblesse oblige* that prompted Sir HERBERT, a very polite man, to oblige Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. Perhaps he felt that the best way to face the Welsh music was to pluck a few strains from his own provocative harp. Whatever the motive behind it, Sir HERBERT's mild offensive in no way mitigated the fury of the counter-attack. The Recluse of Churt. the breeder of fatted calves, as Sir HERBERT called him, that did not always find consumers, was out for blood. The right hon. gentleman, complained the victim, had attacked everybody and everything, so that now there were left no more assailants for him to demolish, unless LLOYD attacked GEORGE and GEORGE attacked LLOYD.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE made it immediately clear that *"Toujours l'attaque"* is still a sound political maxim. Perhaps he also had in mind to show the House that the old dog who refuses to learn any new Liberal tricks has forgotten none of his old ones. With a generosity born (perhaps) of the occasion he acquitted the Conservatives of having failed to make amply clear at the General Election their intention to "protect everything but Free Trade." For Sir HERBERT SAMUEL to pretend that he had been deceived or to discover in the Ottawa agreements some affront to his conscience that had not been delivered by the Abnormal Importations and Import Duties Acts was mere hypocrisy.

The great race to which Sir HERBERT belonged, concluded Mr. LLOYD GEORGE (never so devastating as when he advances with the sword in one hand and the Bible in the other), was of old divided into two sects, the Sadducees and the Pharisees—"the Sadducees taking a broad, tolerant, not to say worldly view of the doctrines of their faith and not believing in the least in the resurrection; the Pharisees narrow, self-righteous, straining at gnats—like your constitutional points—and swallowing huge camels and confessing a working faith in the resurrection."

"There sit the Sadducees," he cried, pointing to the SIMON Liberals, "and there," pointing to Sir HERBERT and his friends and shaking his silver mane like an avenging Liberal prophet, "sit the Pharisees!"

This was the clash, but not the only clash of the evening. Mr. LANSBURY, repenting him of his former mildness, started to tell the House what he and his friends would do when their opportunity

came to proclaim the new whole-hog Socialism (Leicester variety). "You'll never get the chance," muttered Mr. MAXTON darkly. It is clear that the Special Corps of Clydeside Custodians is not going to let the I.L.P. be robbed of its thunders without doing something about it.

Wednesday, October 26th.—The Lords, on the motion of that faithful but all too tedious high priest of the Cobdenite faith, Lord ARNOLD, had its first fling at the Ottawa agreements. It seemed, however, that, while in Lord ARNOLD's view the Dominions had "got awa'" with all the persimmons at Ottawa, the grievance that he was still rankling under (as a popular organ of enlightenment recently put it) was that Lord SNOWDEN had "worked hard for the return of the National Government and helped to destroy Free Trade."

Lord ELIBANK, on the contrary, espied at least £50,000,000 of new trade that was now ours for the asking. Lord BEAVERBROOK rejoiced to find Empire Free Trade heaving into sight, but admitted that the Canadian pig quota puzzled him. One gathered that in the noble Lord's view the British farmer's share of this Imperial animal is henceforth to be the squeal.

Lord PONSONBY gloomily intimated that not tinkering with tariffs but united international endeavour alone could relieve the situation if at all.

In the Commons the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS, replying to Mr. ANSTRUTHER-GRAY, revealed that henceforth, in the interests of thirteen thousand pounds' worth of economy, a new Corps of Custodians would take over some of the duties now performed by the police.

The question remains to be answered: *Quis*, if necessary, *custodiet ipsos custodes?*

Moving the Second Reading of the Ottawa Agreements Bill, the DOMINIONS SECRETARY appeared for the first time in their defence. There had been plain speaking at Ottawa, said Mr. THOMAS, and they had not addressed each other as "comrade"; but otherwise Ottawa was a Pleasant Sunday Afternoon compared with some Labour conferences he had attended. What was the use of the Opposition saying that Ottawa has done nothing for the miners when thousands of tons more steel would be imported to Canada and when Canada for the first nine months of this year had imported more than double the amount of British anthracite coal it imported last year?

Mr. LUNN voiced the Labour opposition to the Bill, and Sir ROBERT HAMILTON and Major LLOYD GEORGE advanced the stock Liberal arguments. Sir PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER explained the benefits secured by the Colonies and Mr. J. MORRIS had the distinction of coming to grips with the clock.

Thursday, October 27th.—In the Lords Lord SANDERSON attacked, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY criticised and Lord IRWIN defended Circular No. 1421, which deals with the question of fees for secondary education. Lord IRWIN pointed out that the vast majority of secondary schools already charged fees, and that the object of the Board of Education was not to deny secondary education to any child that showed the promise of benefiting by it but could not pay fees, but to put a stop to the allotment of secondary school places to the children of relatively well-to-do parents who could comfortably afford to pay for it.

In the Commons the question of a deputation of the "hunger marchers" appearing at the Bar of the House was raised by Mr. MCGOVERN and Mr. MAXTON. The SPEAKER pointed out that the proper procedure was to present a petition from those who wished to appear. As Mr. MCGOVERN had omitted to provide himself with such a petition, that seemed to be the end of the matter. The House nevertheless had Hyde Park somewhat on its mind, and Mr. MACDONALD intimated to Mr. LANSBURY that if there was no hitch in the Ottawa Agreements Bill the hardy perennial debate on Unemployment might be staged.

On the Ottawa Bill Mr. ISAAC FOOT took up the Liberal cudgels. He seemed to take it amiss that *The Times* had described the Liberal opposition to the Bill as "beating the air," and straightway proceeded to beat it some more. He called the proposals some unkind names filched from BURKE and CROMWELL, but his chief objection was taken on the ground that our fault, unlike that of the Dutch, was getting too little and giving too much. Any business-man who continually suffered from this obsession, retorted Mr. RUNCIMAN, would find himself not merely in the Bankruptcy Court but in the lunatic asylum.

Having passed the Second Reading of the Ottawa Agreements Bill the House, in spite of the protests of some Conservatives, who viewed with dark suspicion the idea of a measure hatched under a Socialist hen being reared in the National Government incubator, voted to suspend further proceedings on the London Passenger Transport Bill until the next Session of Parliament.



WHY NOT A QUOTA FOR QUOTATIONS?
MR. ISAAC FOOT.

MR. PUNCH ON TOUR.

THE Collection of original Drawings by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, Sir JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER, and of reproductions of Famous Cartoons, Forecasts and other exhibits from *Punch*, which has been on view at the *Punch* Offices, is being made accessible to our readers in the Provinces. It will be shown at the Atkinson Art Gallery, Southport, November 12 to December 10, at Plymouth, December 24 to January 21, 1933, at Eastbourne, February 5 to April 2, at Hereford, April 19 to May 21, and at Liverpool, May 28 to June 25, 1933.

Invitations to visit the Exhibition at any of the above places will be gladly sent to readers if they will apply to the Secretary, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.



Manager of Travelling Circus. "HI, GUBBINS, HOLD THAT ELEPHANT BACK—YOU 'RE SPOILING THE PROCESSION!"
Gubbins. "IT'S NO USE, GUV'NOR. I CAN'T STOP HIM. HE SMELLS BUNS."

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE COW.

WHAT are your reactions to the cow? Do you regard it in an off-hand manner, preferring to do even this from the other side of a five-barred gate? Do you think twice when it snuffles, shuffle nervously when it breathes, and draw your mackintosh more tightly round you when it approaches? To be blunt, are you afraid of the cow?

It is a pity, because the cow is an amiable animal on the whole and seldom gores without cause. Yes, I know it is equally true that it seldom gores without effect, but this is beside the point. The point is that there is no need to be nervous in the presence of what is really a perfectly harmless piece of domestic fauna.

Your best plan is to acquire a cow of your own and learn all about this much-misunderstood animal. By the new intensive or condensed system it may be kept on half an average-sized croquet-lawn and half-a-slice of oil-cake occasionally. (As you would hate to see the unsuspecting animal hook its hoof in a hoop and trip, the hoops should of course be first hammered in level with the ground.)

The milk which the cow provides in these restricted quarters will, as you may have guessed, be condensed; but so long as you know how to draw off a supply this is not without its advantages. The shedding of tears over spilt milk, for instance—a twofold cause of untidiness in the dairy—is completely abolished. If the pail should be upset at milking-time, it may be righted, complete with contents, at the operator's leisure.

In this matter of decanting the cow, there are one or two rules which the novice should bear in mind. Briefly they are as follow:—In the first place, always hold the pail or can in the left-hand and the cow in the right; secondly, look the cow steadily in the eye while milking it. This may appear rather difficult with a long cow, and it is for this reason that the owner-drover is advised to begin with the Shorthorn or short-chassis model and gradually work his way up to the more cumbersome breeds.

A good breed for the more advanced student is the Jersey or, as it is sometimes called, Pullover cow. It gets its name from its parti-coloured body—part coloured and part not coloured. It is an intelligent companion with a somewhat sophisticated expression, a generous mouth and a deep contralto voice. It lows on a low note. It has a powerful tail with which it lashes itself into a fury when it thinks it has been slighted. "Slighted" in agricultural circles means only slightly milked.

The Jersey is a strong swimmer, and a kindly owner will provide a bathing-pool. No bathing-costume is required, just a pair of drawers or, as they are sometimes called, cowslips.

There is only one other thing you need know before signing the hire-purchase form for fifteen live hundredweight or so of the ruminant, and that is that the cow sometimes indulges in a rather peculiar form of self-expression. When pleased she is apt to show her appreciation by kneeling on the owner and nosing him in an affectionate manner, to the detriment of his self-respect. You may deprecate this action, but the cow only laughs.

THE TOKEN.

BENEATH our London's yellow pall
I trod a roadway grim and mean—
Packed houses and unbroken wall,
With no relenting touch of green.

Yet there a healing vision glowed;
I drank the scent of rustic eves;
Great branches stretched across the road
And all the sky was loud with leaves;

My heart awoke to country lore;
My feet encountered new-turned land,
Because an urchin passed who bore
A conker swinging from his hand.

AT THE PICTURES.

THE GREAT JANNINGS.

I MUST confess to a weakness for American trial-scenes, whether in plays or on the screen, even though, while I am following the strange and devious course of justice, I tremble. The ordinary processes of cross-examination in our own comparatively sheltered courts of law are terrifying enough; but the English witness has at any rate the comparative safety of the witness-box, with its door and railing, and the counsel for the opposition is more or less fixed in his not too contiguous place. But in America the witness sits in an ordinary chair, and the enemy, by which I mean the cross-examiner, is at liberty to shake his fist within an inch of his nose, and does so. I should like to go to America again; but the possibility of being, in the most innocent way, enmeshed in a police inquiry is a serious deterrent. Those minatory pugilistic counsel!

In the film called *The Night of June 13* you see them at their worst. They ramp up and down; they blacken characters by asking utterly unfair questions which, long before the judge has stricken them from the record, have done their fell work; they shout and



COUNSEL AND WITNESS.
(American Style.)
Prosecuting Attorney . ARTHUR HOHL.
Herbert Morrow . . . GENE RAYMOND.

threaten. It is therefore a wonderful moment when the simplest of the witnesses, *Grandpop Strawn*—an ancient tippler with a heart of gold—completely confounds the more offensive of them; and indeed the whole play, with its pathos and misery and misunderstanding, the whole court scene, with an innocent man on trial for his life, may be said to have been built up to this most satisfactory end. A fake, of course, but a very entertaining one, with a skilful blend of distress, excitement and relief.

The old reprobate who brings about the reassuring climax is played by CHARLEY GRAPEWIN, a new name to me; and he is worthy of the large type



THE GREEN EYE.
Elna Curry . . . ADRIANNE ALLEN.
John Curry . . . CLIVE BROOK.

which the programme reserves for CLIVE BROOK as the young husband under a cloud, and for ADRIANNE ALLEN, his neurotic and suspicious wife, for whose collapsible nerves and hair-trigger jealousy her husband does so little. I could never quite understand how anyone could think he murdered her; but his continual attentions, just under her window, to a pretty neighbour were not calculated to maintain the peace or to soothe her fears. However, as I have said, it is all a fake, but, though a fake, made sufficiently real by the performance of ARTHUR HOHL as the prosecuting attorney to make us glad that the Atlantic is so wide and so rough.

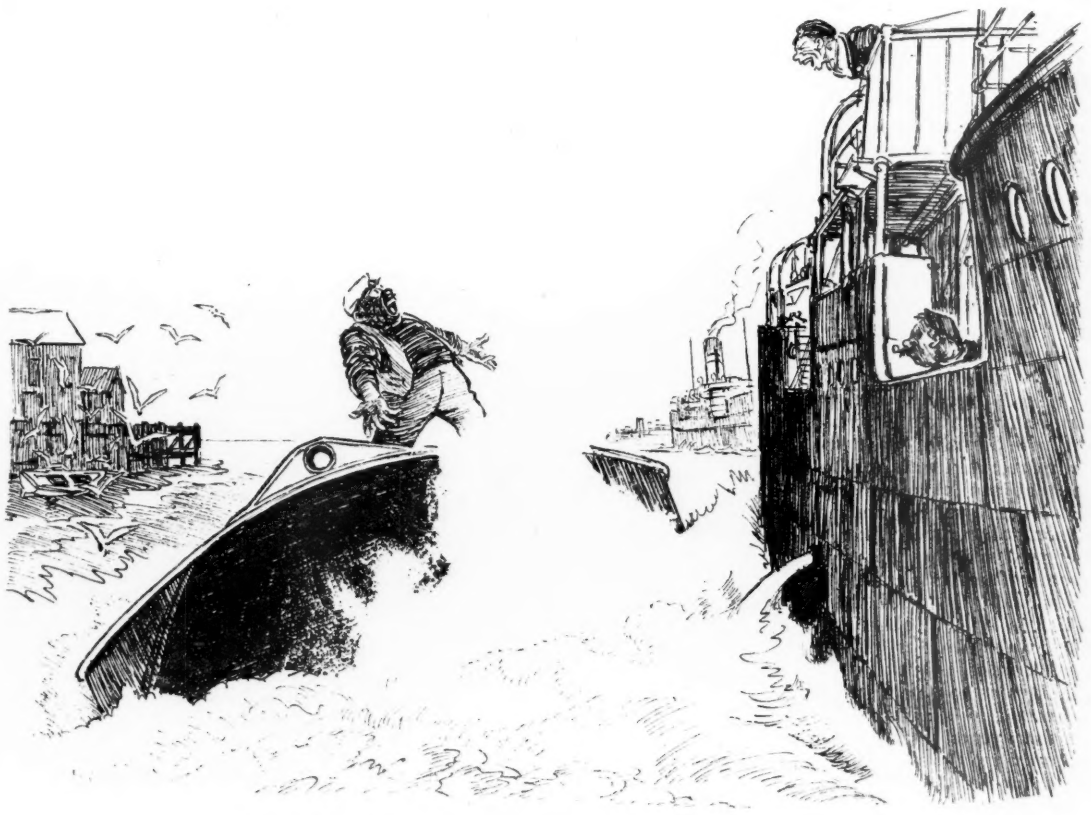
To single out the CLIVE BROOK film as a fake is perhaps a little unfair, since naturally all films deserve that description; but some keep nearer to the facts than others, and now and then they are lifted to a high plane by the faithfulness and sincerity of the acting. Such a one is *The Tempest*, a UFA production at the Marble Arch, with EMIL JANNINGS in the principal part. *The Tempest*, let me quickly say, has nothing to do with the faery isle of *Prospero* and *Miranda*—very far from it, for it is a drama about the thieves and detectives of Berlin; and why another name was not found for its tour in this country I cannot conceive. But there it is, and there are just enough English captions scattered among the German dialogue for everything to be made plain—so that watching it and ignoring the foreign tongue you may think yourself back in the days of the old silent movies in which JANNINGS made his honoured name.

In *The Tempest* he represents an ex-convict, who, as the film opens, is given his liberty and instantly proceeds to employ it in getting again into trouble, both as a cracksman and as a jealous lover. As a cracksman he is not too convincing, largely because subterranean passages between ice-cream shops and the vaults of wealthy banks are difficult for the camera to reproduce; but as a jealous lover he is terrific. How his girl could prefer either of the other two men, a photographer and an ex-Borstal Boy, to her own amusing and charming and generous *Gustav* is a mystery of physical attraction; but such mistakes do occur in real life and, as here, tragedy follows. In the part of *Gustav*, JANNINGS never relaxes: he shows us every emotion and the story grips all the time.



A BURGLAR'S LEGAL PROPERTY.
Gustav Bumke . . . EMIL JANNINGS.
Anna (his wife) . . ANNA STEN.

There are, however, one or two incidents which the captions do not wholly elucidate. So far as I could deduce, *Gustav* was never "wanted" for his murder of the photographer, although scores of people saw him hurl him to destruction. It was for the theft of an ermine coat with which to bring back smiles to the wan face of his inconstant



Bargee. "OI! WHAT ABAHT YOUR WASH?"
Pilot. "WHAT ABOUT YOURS? SHALL I CHUCK YOU A CAKE OF SOAP?"

peevish mistress that he was arrested. Does this mean that in Germany the lives of photographers count for nothing?

As for ANNA STEN, the new star, she is of the school of MARLENE DIETRICH, and indeed now and then looks like her exemplar and speaks in similarly seductive tones. But she is herself too, and very attractive.

E. V. L.

Another Impending Apology.

"The various attractions in each department of the bazaar were as follows:—
ANTIQUES—THE MISSES R——."
Local Paper.

Marine Intelligence.

"A child begotten by a bather aged more than 70 has 50 times better chances of inheriting rich mental talents than one whose father was under 45."—*Canadian Paper.*

The Nereids must have been unbelievably brainy.

"I could only reply that in Ireland, alas! either North or Holland is a minority, but has about seven South, it is otherwise."
Irish Paper.

Perhaps silence would have been more dignified.

A TASTE OF ROMAN CHEER.

"What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"
MACAULAY.

[The approaching return of Guy Fawkes Day recalls, from this time last year, an incident which occurred on Parliament Hill and was described in the Press as "a pitched battle between thousands of revellers who used fireworks as weapons."]

IMMINENT the hour of zero
And the troops are standing by,
Breeched or skirted, each a hero
Sworn to do or die.

Hark! there speaks the valiant Captain,
Reared on rockets' reek and roar,
Pyrotechnically apt in
Strategies of war:—

"Just to learn the lousy scoffers,
Give 'em for their boasts the cure
That a whiff of squib-shot offers
As an overture.

"When we 've tickled up the vandals,
Squarely squibbed 'em, front and rear,
Let them in the form of candles
Taste our Roman cheer!

"After which explosive feelers,
If they still contest the day,
Bring the Corps of Catherine-wheelers
Into the affray;

"Emerald-shower, aërial-bomb them,
Chinese-drop them through and through
Till you've flayed their fleeces from them!
Go ahead! Fall to!"

Thus instructed *viva voce*,
Every warrior, maid or man,
Pausing to salute the O.C.,
Hastened to the van.

How that host of fiery fighters
Met their rivals face to face,
Roundly golden-rained the blighters,
Fire-ballooned their base,

Sloshed and sizzled, smote and smarted
Cannot be herein revealed,
Since before the idiots started
I had left the field. C. B.

"Old German dances on the harpsichord."
Announcement in Radio Paper.

We don't blame him; it irritates us too.

AT THE PLAY.

"ONCE A HUSBAND" (HAYMARKET).

BEFORE giving an account of this unsubstantial but by no means unamusing trifle by MARGOT NEVILLE and BRETT HAY, a word of thanksgiving to THALIA (if the matter comes into her department) for the return of Mr. CYRIL MAUDE to the place where he belongs in a part excellently suited to him, that of a peppery, slightly dyspeptic but still kindly old *Admiral* (who, I pledge myself, shall not be hereinafter referred to as either "breezy" or a "sea-dog," however great the temptation), and in quite excellent form.

He has come to dine with his niece, *Camilla Graham* (Miss FAY COMPTON), thirty-eight, with beautiful eyes marginally decorated with kohl to give that soulful expression which is her chief asset, and, as we soon gather, more than a little spoilt and tiresome. So tiresome indeed that *Gerald*, her husband (Mr. OWEN NARES), has fled to Malaya, obligingly taking with him for purely formal reasons a flat-chested violinist so as to give *Camilla* her freedom if she wants it. It is four years since *Gerald* went away and *Camilla* is only waiting for her *decree nisi* to be made absolute to marry an ingenuous, romantic youth of twenty-five, *Bobbie Fanning* (Mr. ROBERT ANDREWS). The *decree* is due on the morrow, the wedding fixed for two days later.

We have heard that pretty, highly-sophisticated young modern, *Bunny Shaw* (Miss JANE BAXTER), pouring scorn on poor *Bobbie* as a romantic—"affairs," yes, with freedom and a good time; but, as he is actually in love, why, it's not done in the brave new world. The *Admiral* has been heartily rude to him and is fuming at the unpunctuality of *Camilla*, who will ruin his dinner. *Camilla* arrives, unruffled, unapologetic; the party files into the dining-room (the *Admiral* remarking "Oh, damn! pea-soup")—and, as we naturally expected, *Gerald* promptly lets himself into the flat. He has come to see whether he approves the sort of husband *Camilla* has chosen to succeed him.

Camilla, supposing him ignorant of the impending marriage and hoping to conceal the fact, takes flight, dragging a dinnerless *Admiral* with her to his country-house; and we settle down to see the working out of the affair to the end foreshadowed in the title (and in the casting).

The returned husband has decided that *Bobbie* will certainly not do and that the eyes of *Camilla* are still as satisfactory as ever. And we have seen for a moment reflected in them the notion that the returned wanderer is rather a fine figure of a man compared with her new infant squire.

We need not follow the complicated details of *Gerald's* strategy of attack, of *Camilla's* defences. The battle sways this way and that, the *Admiral* throwing himself into the affair on the side of his nephew-in-law with a zeal only equalled by his lack of discretion.



RECONCILIATION.

"To be shaken before being taken" back to his heart.

Camilla Graham . . . . Miss FAY COMPTON.
Gerald Graham . . . . . Mr. OWEN NARES.
Admiral Sir Rupert Ellis . Mr. CYRIL MAUDE.

It is a pleasant sight to see the old man strutting up and down his own quarter-deck bullying his butler (Mr. HENRY CROCKER), defending his precious yew-trees against his formidable neighbour, *Bunny's* mother (Miss MARTITA HUNT), embarking on reminiscences which have to be suddenly broken off as unsuitable for mixed company, indulging in that well-known chuckle varied by the angry barks of an easily-roused temper.

The end comes with a beautifully frank quarrel between *Gerald* and his wife, and the curtain falls on a *Camilla* shaken into a completely dishevelled state by a *Gerald* who has decided on *Petruchio's* methods; while the *Admiral*, rushing to his niece's rescue, points the moral with, "Can't you see that she likes it?"

It is quite possible that with a less perfectly-balanced and less skilful cast this piece might have betrayed a certain thinness of texture. And yet the authors might reasonably claim that they surely had a right to assume the best talent to be available. If we were amused, as we certainly were, it is not quite fair to try to diminish their share in the success. I am prepared to accept this plea and confess that I was led astray by my wish to emphasise that the acting gave that supreme and necessarily rare pleasure which comes from a performance in which no player, whatever his skill or reputation, puts another in the shade. T.

"MIRACLE AT VERDUN" (COMEDY).

First, clearly, Miracle at Swiss Cottage. The audience at the little Embassy Theatre, deeply impressed by Herr HANS CHLUMBERG's dream satire, set bravely to work to raise among themselves sufficient funds to present it on the more accessible stage of the Comedy. The unique testimonial implicit in that spontaneous and robust act of faith—the financing of so ambitious a production with such a long cast must indeed be a formidable business—makes the opinions of critics of little significance by comparison.

What is impressive in this emotional satire is not the argument—for deductions drawn from the reactions of fantastic characters in impossible circumstances can have no validity—but the passionate sincerity of the author and the success with which he imposes upon us, in the more serious moments of his fantasy, the illusion of the "miracle."

That miracle is the sudden rising from the graves of all the War dead and their return to a world which has forgotten and betrayed them, rejects their message of universal charity and drives them back into their cold oblivion. We are shown the strange happening in a small cemetery near Verdun, where side by side the named and, in a common grave, the unrecognisable dead, both French and Germans, are buried.

In a Prologue—the action is dated 1939—a party of personally-conducted tourists of many nations are callously

babbling and angrily bickering in the cemetery—a scene which would have been more effective if the satire had been a little less crude and the racial antagonisms less deeply underlined. One man sits sadly apart.

The noisy tourists at last hurry to their charabancs. The brooding figure nods—and dreams. . . . Before the Unknown Warrior's Tomb in Paris the French Prime Minister and before the Denkmal in Berlin the German Chancellor utter the usual sinister commonplaces—"We want not war but only absolute security against attack, and that, in payment of our debt to you, our glorious dead, we shall by all sacrifices secure. . . ."

In the cemetery the dreaming figure summons the dead from their graves. Life slowly returns to their cold stiff bodies. They first find a fumbling speech, moaningly recall the horrors of their death and long loneliness—the eschatology of the affair is by no means orthodox—stumble heavily to their feet, form into straggling ranks, and shamble off, the German captain in command at the request of the French lieutenant.

Here by way of relief are interpolated three serio-comic interludes—the reception of the news late that night in the bedrooms of the British and French Prime Ministers and the German Chancellor, each displaying his national idiosyncrasies—as seen by the dreamer. . . .

"A Cornfield at a Cross Roads." The ghostly platoon is resting. Their fellowship is closer knit. They still move with difficulty but speak more freely, wistfully reconstructing the scenes of their old occupations. We have hitherto seen these new-risen men only in mysterious half-lights, and a tribute must here be paid to the players whose grim earnestness and carefully-controlled speech and movements still maintain in a remarkable way the spell of the illusion in the crude light of day. The work of Mr. T. G. SAVILLE (*Weber*) and Mr. JAMES DALE (*Morel*) contributed notably to the success of the episode.

The next scene, the eighth of the dream series, shows the return of the cobbler *Morel* to his native village. His business is being carried on by his one-time apprentice, who also has married his widow. The author is here tangling himself in inextricable complications and betraying the inherent weakness of argument by dream. "What is my position?" asks the husband of the dead man's widow. "You're living in sin." "And the children?" "Illegitimate." Thus the rather hysterical *curé* gives judgment. The living cannot fairly be blamed that they resent the return of the dead. And again, when the man *Weber* returns to his little hotel that has passed to another's ownership, his old mother, now a hireling, does indeed welcome him, but the rest are resentful and fear makes them harsh. Even the despised disabled ex-soldier, *Girgenrath*, whom *Weber* has championed with the new charity born of death, slinks away in terror. What did the author wish us to suppose would have been the correct reactions to these disquieting happenings? If the reply, reasonable enough in the abstract, is that this is a dream and cannot be thus commonsensically examined, that cuts away whatever reasoning, whatever appeal is based upon the fantasy, not here alone but elsewhere throughout the play.

The final scene returns to less dangerous because less personal but not more easily negotiable ground, the Conference of the Powers at the Quai d'Orsay. The delegates are met to consider what shall be done. Thirteen million men thrown back into an already over-burdened world—men with a message that accords little with the revived spirit of competitive nationalism. The deputation of the new-risen is expected. Meanwhile passions run high. The Red *Lamparenne* (Mr. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH) hurls insults at capitalism and religion as its lackey; the British, French and Italian Ministers breathe fury against each other—the bored British Minister, in the Chair, vainly trying to pour on the angry waters the oil of a bland stupidity (whether real or cleverly assumed we do not know); a scientific gentleman glibly disposes of the miracle on the old ground that, as we know, miracles don't happen; the suave *Cardinal Archbishop of Paris* (Mr. GEORGE HOWE, who makes a speciality of self-possessed astute ecclesiastics and was admirable) declares that this resurrection cannot be of God; a guileless evangelical nervously seconds him, and a *Chief Rabbi* (Mr. ABRAHAM SOFAER) rises in support, adding a detailed sketch of the procedure of authentic resurrections. . . . This has all been very queer and mad and headlong, as befits the dream.



BRITISH PHLEGM.

Lord Grathford (*Mr. PHILIP DESBOROUGH*) *and his valet* (*Mr. W. LLEWELLYN REES*) RECEIVE THE NEWS OF THE VERDUN MIRACLE WITH TRADITIONAL APATHY.

The representatives of the returned dead slowly file in. They give their message and ask their questions. But the hearts of all are hardened. They are bidden to return whence they so inconsiderately came, and sorrowfully obey. From such a world they might well have gone dancing gaily to pipe and tabor!

At the last the dreaming stranger awakes in his cemetery, bids good-night to the tired custodian. "Much has happened since those days," says the stranger, giving the other, once his enemy, a comradely squeeze, which simple words and gesture I found somehow strangely moving.

A queer, unmanageable, passionate, ingenuous, unreasonable medley. But it held us to the end, largely, I have no doubt, by the sombreness of our own stirred thoughts but also by the conviction and sincerity and dramatic invention of the author. The cast is too long for even summary mention, but Mr. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH'S skill in three parts, the Stranger, *Girgenrath* and the Red Deputy, extorts a special tribute; as also does the imaginative production by ANDRÉ VAN GYSEGHEM.

T.

Converting the Dole.

"A new machine, which will pay out wages in notes and coin."—*Daily Paper.*

THE BRITISH FOG INDUSTRY.

SOME scientists in Soviet Russia have discovered, just in time for the autumn season, a method of manufacturing artificial atmospheric fog.

It is easy to sneer. It is easy to say that since it is manufactured by the Soviets it can't be any good. It is always easy to pooh-pooh other people's weather and to make discouraging remarks about their efforts to augment or extend it. But is it justifiable? Is it kind?

Of course, we in England are proud of our own native fog. We consider, as it is only right that we should consider, that British fog is best. But until we have hit upon a method of exporting it in serviceable quantities we can scarcely complain if other countries make their own, no matter how inferior it may be when they have made it.

The position of the British fog industry is somewhat extraordinary. Thanks to climatic conditions and other natural advantages we are able to produce, and do produce, in a short working season enough fog of a first-rate quality to supply the needs of civilised countries all over the world. The news from Soviet Russia is evidence that we should have no difficulty whatever in booking large orders. People are not going to resort to expensive artificial methods, involving Röntgen tubes and electricity and one thing and another, when they can buy the pure natural product dirt-cheap. *Yet, though we have the goods, enough and to spare, and the markets are waiting for them, we cannot deliver them.* It is a most extraordinary position.

Fortunately there is a gleam of light on the horizon. The depression in the fog industry is lifting. Things are definitely getting brighter. Another British industry, the gas industry, is leading us out of the murk. And not, as you might imagine, by increasing the illumination, but by compressing the gas.

Compression. That is the secret. Before very long, we are told, it will not be necessary to connect ourselves up to a gas-works in order to obtain gas; we shall be able to buy it, in a compressed form, in steel cylinders; we shall be able to carry it about with us and run our cars on it.

Well now, it does not take a scientist to see that if you can compress gas you can compress fog. You can compress anything, no matter how thick it is, so long as you can still breathe it. Let us therefore set up a fog-compressing plant somewhere on the outskirts of London. Let us compress our fog as it occurs and sell it in suitable containers to foreign countries. In this way we shall not only set the British fog industry on its feet and supply other nations with a commodity they don't seem to be able to get hold of, thus bringing about a measure of international amity, but we shall relieve ourselves of the economic, bronchial, gastric and other consequences of over-production.

It is possible too that we may find a market for the stuff at home. There are people living in remote country districts who never see a bit of decent fog. They might like to buy a small quantity of it occasionally and let it off in the back-garden.

A PLEA FOR MORE HELPFUL GOLF-COURSES.

IN these days of rigid economy when so many golfers are dispensing with caddies almost entirely I should like to draw the attention of Green Committees to the fact that they are not marching with the times.

Should a motorist on a road to which he is a stranger wish to know where the bad corners and dangerous cross-roads are situated, notice-boards are there for his greater comfort and safety, while petrol-depôts and hotels along his route are always efficiently pointed out. But this is not the case on a golf-course, where a caddyless stranger is left to find things out for himself, and the experience which he thus gains is generally dearly bought.

Take, for instance, a hidden bunker, a low-lying ditch or a pond. Why should these traps remain unmarked? Surely it would be a gracious act for Green Committees to set up one of our well-known road signals (*see* Fig. 1) near the danger-zone? For if this were done then every golfer, be he a stranger or not, would have only himself to blame if he found trouble.



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

Again, why are dog-leg holes never marked as such? I suggest that nothing could be more picturesque and useful than an elegant canine leg outlined in black on a white board (*see* Fig. 2) and placed near the tee.

Next comes that curse of all links, the cross-hole. Take the Little Delverton-cum-Pulham golf-course as an example, where the third and fifth fairways run through each other at right-angles and where, at the moment, there is no warning sign whatever. (Resultant bag for the current year: one brace of foreign diplomats and a retired Colonial Governor.) Here it seems only sane that some sort of danger-signal (*see* Fig. 3) should be displayed in a prominent position.

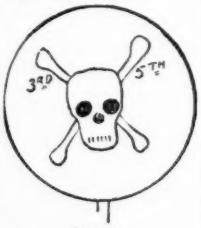


FIG. 3.

Then rabbit-holes on a golf-course are always a burden to the flesh, so why not mark the districts where the burrows are worst with a few signs like this (*see* Fig. 4) and so put the unwary on their guard? While fairways on which cows might possibly stray would also benefit by one or two notice-boards made upon these lines (*see* Fig. 5) and placed on the edge of the rough.

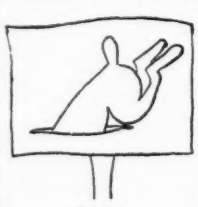


FIG. 4.

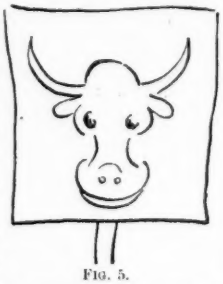


FIG. 5.

Lastly, what about that small body of warriors, amongst whom we must number our old friend, General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., who frequently lose all their balls and their temper when they are still some holes from home? Surely a few sign-posts (*see* Figs. 6 and 7) pointing out the shortest cut across country to the club-house would be very acceptable?—

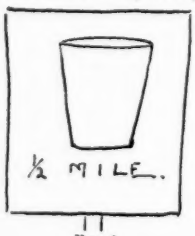


FIG. 6.

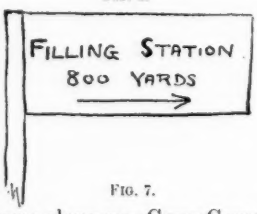


FIG. 7.

So come along, you Green Committeemen, and show a leg (dog's).





MIXED HERBS.

I.

CREEPING JENNY (*Lysimachia nummularia*).
DIRTY DICK (*Chenopodium album*).

CREEPING Jenny and Dirty Dick
Like a covert to poach or a pocket to pick;
A fowl or a pheasant, a groat or a guinea—
It 's all fair game to Dick and Jenny.

Dirty Dick at dusk sets out
To net a salmon or guddle a trout,
While off on her own goes Creeping Jenny
To nobble a bird in Cutbush Spinney.

And if the Squire should stroll their way
They 'll whittle a stick and smile "Good-day"
(But as like as not, when he passes on,
His watch and his money 'll both be gone).

Their bed 's the bracken, their roof 's the sky;
They 're crooked and cunning, they 're shrewd and sly;
Oh, there 's no thief living could teach a trick
To Creeping Jenny or Dirty Dick! JAN.







Client (to Solicitor). "SO I SAID TO THEM, 'I'VE TRIED TO GET A SETTLEMENT BY FAIR MEANS AND FAILED. YOU WILL NOW HEAR FROM MY LAWYER.'"

OUR ECOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A Post-Victorian Revue.

BY way of a sequel to his Victorian peepshow, *As We Were*, Mr. E. F. BENSON now produces the Edwardian-to-Present-Day revue, *As We Are* (LONGMANS, 15/-). His scenario, an excellent one, exhibits an imaginary but inimitably documented noble couple enjoying a mellow pre-War maturity with family, guests, retainers, tenants, country-house, town-house, broad acres and investments *en suite*. These he conducts, chapter by chapter, to post-War dissolution, every strip of narrative being interlarded with a section of comment. Finally, when the flag is flying half-mast over a castle partially gutted of its treasures and a disaffected tenantry is completing the estrangement that an absentee heir has begun, Mr. BENSON devotes three chapters to certain eminent men of his period, to some of the literary aberrations of ours, and a general stock-taking and summary of the sufficiently gloomy outlook. That the book would have gained as a work of art had the matter of these chapters been embodied in the *Buryan* saga, there is no doubt. But this would not have been easy; and personally I would not for worlds have missed Mr. BENSON's plea for our badly-treated Cassels and Speyers, his delightful mock-appreciation of the philanthropic efforts of the Book Society, or his general and particular attack upon our post-War follies of administration. His principal narrative is engrossing, and remarkable for the skill and equity with which a considered indictment or defence of a whole class or generation is summed up and driven home in the highly personalised activities of a mere handful of actors.

For Lovers of "The Hill."

I think, though there are degrees of excellence, that there is no such thing as a *bad* book about fishing or deer-stalking. That is to say, those who read do not fail to find them of interest. Perhaps it is easier to be dull on the trout than on the red deer. For the trout too often attracts the theorist who would make a science of what ought to be a pastime. The stalker, belly down on wet mountain, remains a primitive and does to-day more or less what SCROPE and ST. JOHN did a hundred years ago. Possibly that is why there are infinitely fewer books on the forest than on the river. And here is a welcome one of the former sort. *A Highland Gathering* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 15/-) is, as far as I can remember, the only book on the deer since "AN OLD STALKER'S" *Days on the Hill*. Both authors are foresters—the latter a professional hill-man; the former, Mr. FRANK WALLACE, the "gentleman," to give him the bothy distinction for amateur. *A Highland Gathering* is a collection. It contains nineteen short stories of and essays on the deer-forest and the deer—red deer and roe—which

belong there or thereabouts. The illustrations (by the artist-author) are in colour and black-and-white. They (the former especially) lend the book a dignity. The stories flow like small-talk in a Highland smoking-room—talk that a boy remembers when, maybe, greater things are forgotten. Of the essays I like best "The Power of the Hills," "A Forgotten Fleet" and the affectionate appreciation of the late "JOHNNIE" MILLAIS. I commend this book to any lover of "The Hill."

War and Love.

Lament for Adonis is a book
Of ALLENBY's Command
When war and its high issue shook
Old Jordan's stony land;
A gallant book that Messrs. BENN,
At seven-and-sixpence sell,
And EDWARD THOMPSON's poet pen
Has served his story well.

Remfrey and *Chapman* are soldiers two;
They're in Jerusalem;
They lose their hearts—of course they do,
The youthful hearts of them—
To *Cynthia* and *Valerie*
(Of U.S.A.'s Red Cross),
Who give their own respectively
To square a British loss.

Here War is cruel and Youth 's sublime,
And Death comes over-soon,
But lad and lass may love meantime
And walk in the light of the moon;
And though half-tragedy's here, you 'll find
That Hope may onward look;
And one may read with grateful mind
A brave and gentle book.

A Tarnished Halo.

It seems that an American *divorcée* is only received in what one of my own American hostesses calls "the front families" if she observes the rules of the game and deceives her husband unostentatiously with his own roof-tree as a base, until legal proceedings have solved the marriage. If she makes a bolt with her lover first, she is not only jeopardising her legal status but incurring the reprobation of all good Americans—at least this is what happened to *Halo Tarrant*, whose liaison with a newly-arrived novelist, *Vance Weston*, is the subject of *The Gods Arrive* (APPLETON, 7/6). Frankly I cannot congratulate one of the wisest and wittiest of Transatlantic story-tellers on her latest venture. The crass stupidity of the maternal and (in *Pooh*-language) "captainish" *Halo*, the selfish, weakly pig-headedness of the young cub whose unconvincing genius she seeks to foster, would have cramped any novelist's style. They have undoubtedly cramped Mrs. EDITH WHARTON's. Even her usually delightful *essence de tourisme*—that glamorous distillation of wanderings from Continental colony to colony—takes on the staleness and unprofitability of the ill-assorted couple from whose European adventures it is extracted. The book, of course, has its shining moments, but I see I shall have to wait another year for a suitable shelf-mate for *The Children*.



"HAS DADDY FINISHED DRESSING?"
"I DON'T THINK SO, MUMMY; I HEARD HIM TALKING TO HIS COLLAR."

Fortune's Emperor.

Vacillation, indecision, distrust of intuitive judgment, a tendency to idle threatening and an inability to control his subordinates—these are qualities ascribed by M. JACQUES BAINVILLE to that self-made monarch whom the English to the end of his days would call by no better title than *General Bonaparte*. In his very fascinating *Napoleon* (CAPE, 12/6) the writer is belittling neither the man nor the portent he has become, but is aiming to humanise the one and explain the other, and he succeeds the more easily because, caring little for merely military history, he passes lightly by the marvels of Austerlitz and Jena and Wagram and a hundred other victories. NAPOLEON, says M. BAINVILLE, was only incidentally a soldier, being naturally rather of literary bent, with an instinct for dramatic rightness, a rigid memory and a zest in following his star. The fortune of a thousand chances did the rest, and in the result there arose an Emperor, yet an Emperor conscious uneasily always of the insecurity of his dominion and for ever trying to fit fresh props to his unstable throne. Driving him to all his aggressive wars was the task, laid inexorably

upon him by France-of-the-Revolution, of holding Belgium within the frontiers, and this was a condition to which Europe would by no means consent. Failing to found a dynasty he succeeded more enduringly, but still only with the help of the miraculously favouring occasion, in establishing a legend.

A Good Bridge Party.

To Miss ANN BRIDGE a prize has been awarded by a famous American magazine, and whatever the merits of her competitors one may be quite sure that she deserved it. For the book which gained it for her, *Peking Picnic* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6), is an excellent piece of work, written with charm and constructed with conspicuous care. And that, when so many novelists seem content to forgo the artist's right (if it be not his duty) to control and arrange his material, is a very pleasant virtue to meet. The little group of people, members of the *Corps Diplomatique* and their friends, English, American and a Frenchman, who develop their emotional relations among immemorial Buddhist shrines, and have them quickened by an encounter with brigands which might have ended nastily, are all clearly imagined individuals and not the mere types which they might so easily have been; nor are they the less real because, though clearly imagined, some of them are left a little enigmatical. *Laura Leroy* and *Professor Vinstead* are particularly delicate pieces of portraiture. If there is a fault to find with the book it is that its pace is a thought too deliberate. Miss BRIDGE is rather too prone to disquisition and description (which she does very well), and to reporting at length those analytical conversations which it is so much more fun to take part in than to read. These things do not always help her story along, and that is of sufficient interest to make us impatient of the delays which they entail.



THE PARK-KEEPER'S IDYLL.

Youth at the Helm.

Northern Lights (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 18/-), which gives us "The Official Account of the British Air-Route Expedition, 1930–31," is a record of courage amounting almost to audacity. The expedition was led by H. G. WATKINS, whose death, on August 20th, 1932, while still exploring, has deprived us of one who was "destined to command." Of him Dr. H. R. MILLS has written, "He was little more than a boy in years . . . though with all a man's power of steadfast will and with that inborn instinct of leadership which is the rarest and most valuable gift for an explorer." And all the party that "GINO" WATKINS led were young, and most of them were totally unacquainted with Arctic conditions. The main objects of this adventure in Greenland were to find out whether an Arctic air route between Europe and America was possible and to investigate the meteorological conditions of the Greenland ice cap. All who read Mr. F. SPENCER CHAPMAN'S narrative will agree that the Arctic has never been invaded by a more optimistic and steadfastly determined expeditionary force. Chapters by Mr. J. M. SCOTT, Captain P. M. H. LEMON (whose recent death is so greatly deplored) and Mr. AUGUSTINE COURTAULD add to the value of this "official account," and in a foreword Admiral Sir WILLIAM GOODENOUGH pays touching tribute to the memory of the Expedition's leader. The numerous photographs that accompany the text are of really remarkable beauty.

Considered Opinions.

Headmaster in turn of Clifton and of Rugby, the Rt. Rev. A. A. DAVID, Bishop of Liverpool, is fully qualified to write *Life and the Public Schools* (MACLEHOSE, 10/6). Long years have been spent in the preparation of this book, and with good reason. "A modern headmaster's life," the Bishop writes, "is crammed full of details. . . . Ideals flash upon him, experiments suggest themselves . . . errors and failures are registered, convictions grow. But he longs for a quiet time in which to survey them all and to see his school-life whole. So when in 1921 I passed to other work I resolved that for my own satisfaction I would try gradually to see what it all came to, and after eleven years this is the result." It is a result which is at least instructive. We may agree or disagree with what I will call the psychological experiments which he while a headmaster tried, but all of us will, I think, applaud some of the suggestions that he makes. When, for instance, he urges that boys should be taught to think rather than to remember such things as "verbs possessing queer perfects or aorists," everyone who wasted time over these absurdities will approve. It is true that the "perverse skill" of those who set grammar papers has been curbed, but it has not yet been killed. The latter part of the book is concerned with the religious side of public school life, a perplexing and difficult question which is faced with commendable broadmindedness.

Mr. Punch extends a warm welcome to *And Now All This*, by Messrs. W. C. SELLAR and R. J. YEATMAN (METHUEN, 5/-), parts of which have already appeared in his pages. The authors of *1066 And All That* have again had the invaluable assistance of Mr. JOHN REYNOLDS in the preparation of their second "utterly consoling" work.

Connubial Candour.

"While being ushered to our seats I am sorry to say that my wife narrowly escaped being hit by a missile, which eventually turned out to be a sausage."—*Cambridge Paper.*

In view of the recent agitation for more fresh air in the Houses of Parliament, Mr. Punch wishes to draw the attention of the authorities to the following extract from a "prospectively calculated Chronology of Remarkable Events" in his issue of Jan. 7, 1854:—"1933. Ventilation of the House of Commons effected"; and to point out that less than fifteen months now remain for the carrying out of this important reform if his prophecy is to be fulfilled.

CHARIVARIA.

A SPORTS-WRITER complains that the public have a choice of so many forms of entertainment on the same day that they are apt to be undecided and in the end do nothing. It is rather unfortunate that the Boat-Race next year will clash with the celebration of the First of April.

* * *

Famous singers, we are told, rarely have a sense of humour. The world still waits for a Charlie Chaliapin.

* * *

The police report that they have been unable to trace the man who threw a jemmy through a jeweller's shop-window in Holborn three weeks ago. Smash-and-grab raiders must expect to lose their tools if they do not inscribe them with their names and addresses.

* * *

"England Wants a Hockey Centre-Forward," says a headline. So *that's* what England wants.

* * *

In a breach of promise case a girl said she was proposed to while walking across a field in the pouring rain. She should have said, "This is so sodden!"

* * *

Lions have long been bred in Dublin for export, one of the most notable being Mr. G. B. SHAW.

* * *

Mr. C. HAMBLEN THOMAS, at the Institute of Hygiene, said that an agile brain is usually associated with a well-developed nose. Mr. Punch, after referring to his mirror, emphatically agrees.

* * *

A writer declares that few poets look like poets nowadays. And not very many write like them either.

* * *

The reason given by the Soviet authorities for reviving the bourgeois practice of issuing uniform to postmen is that it is impossible to distinguish them from bandits. They don't explain their rejection of the alternative plan of putting the bandits into uniform.

* * *

Press photography, we are told, is throughout a question of speed. Few celebrities are too quick for the camera.

* * *

The calculation of a medical officer that in five hundred years, at the present rate of increase, mankind will hardly have standing-room is received with indifference by theatrical managers.

* * *

The present "Father of the Zoo" is stated to be a vulture. Not, as may have been supposed, a Fellow.

* * *

Mr. ELY CULBERTSON states that the new bridge laws were written by gentlemen for gentlemen. There is a wave of indignation in card-sharping circles against this example of class-distinction.

* * *

A beauty-specialist offers advice on the subject of rough hands. The safest course is to avoid provoking those who possess them.



Wife. "COME QUICKLY! ONE OF THE ELEPHANTS FROM THE CIRCUS HAS GOT INTO OUR GARDEN AND DRUNK THE LILY-POND."

"October, 1932," says *The Manchester Guardian*, "has been remarkable in Manchester for its persistent rain." Why "remarkable"?

* * *

Owing to a breakdown in the printing department of a newspaper the evening editions were an hour late. It is particularly exasperating for the racing enthusiast when he can't get his lunch edition by breakfast-time.

* * *

A correspondent in a contemporary says he smokes one-hundred-and-forty cigarettes a week but they never burn his tongue. Has he tried putting the lighted ends in his mouth?

* * *

We have just heard of a jazz-band musician whose doctor ordered him to go away in search of peace and quiet. It is rumoured that he has succeeded in getting a job as a riveter in a boiler-works.

A missionary who is going out to the South Sea Islands is a strict vegetarian. One of his first endeavours will be to induce his cannibals to adopt a meatless diet.

* * *

"What can one do on these dark and dreary November evenings?" asks a correspondent in a weekly paper. A good idea of course is to switch on the light.

* * *

A daily paper announces that the retiring politician has disappeared. No suggestion of a search or a reward is made.

* * *

The worst hour for street accidents is between six and seven P.M. Pedestrians are requested not to have their street accidents during the rush hour.

* * *

With reference to the rebuke he gave in the House of Commons to certain of the unemployed marchers for their unconstitutional methods, some of Mr. MCGOVERN'S old Clyde-side supporters are now accusing him of Parliamentary behaviour.

* * *

Writing on the War, a French novelist asks if history will repeat itself. There is no necessity for this; we all heard it the first time.

* * *

A suggestion in a trade journal that newspaper insurances should be modified has led to a rumour that fatal accidents to newspaper readers are to be abolished next year.

* * *

In America society leaders often employ people to remove uninvited guests. These men work on a definite wage basis, not according to output.

* * *

A man accused of bigamy pleaded that he had quite forgotten he was married. Some men would give anything for a memory like that.

* * *

A Mrs. ANNE LEIGHTON has just celebrated her hundred-and-third birthday. It is said that she can even remember when things were what they used to be.

An Impending Apology.

"JACK HULBERT'S FOLLIES BROADCAST."
Daily Paper.

VALETE.

IT is not in the tradition of Mr. Punch to advertise his personnel; but the peculiar intimacy which exists between him and his readers may serve as my excuse for saying a few words of farewell on this day when I am to preside for the last time over the deliberations of his Round Table.

Editors come and, though they may linger for a long time, Editors go; but Mr. Punch must live for ever. And it would have been impossible for me to do even my small share in helping to keep him evergreen if it had not been for the support and understanding sympathy that I have received from the Directorate, and the forbearance and loyalty shown to me by my colleagues of the Staff and Mr. Punch's other faithful servants. Not least among these I count my fellow-workers in the office and in the printing department, with whom my relations, thanks to their patience, have been of the happiest. For all this kindness that has surrounded me I give true thanks from a very full heart.

I must have made many unknown enemies outside. That is the price of editorship, with its heart-breaking armoury of rejection-forms and, in the case of a critical paper like *Punch*, the obligation it lays upon an Editor to encourage the correction and even the ridicule of better men than himself. For any hurt that I may have done I beg a generous pardon.

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> "So that it matters not at all
> If we whose office is the care
> Of your bright honour and your shining bays—
> If we grow old and go our ways,
> For you will still be there
> With other service ever at your call."

O. S.

PEACE WITH HONOUR.

Colonel Culverin is my next-door neighbour. He retired from the Poona Carabineers about the time shakos were going out, and soon afterwards published *A Handbook of Fortification*. I know this because his first act on moving in was to present me with a copy.

There, but for Jerry, our acquaintance might have ended. Jerry, who holds strong views on rambling rights, saw in a change of tenancy no reason to forgo his nightly ratting expedition. He therefore ambled through the larger of his well-constructed hedge-tunnels leading into the neighbouring garden.

Inside ten seconds he returned by the other, snarling over his shoulder. When my new neighbour, who had been unsuccessful with his malacca, peered ferociously after him I felt bound to apologise for the transgression.

"Not-at-all," said the Colonel. "Trifle hasty. Own fault; see it now. Must have these consolidated."

I suggested that a little discouragement applied to Jerry's coat might save him the trouble.

"Don't press for that. Reprimand perhaps. Prevention better."

Jerry may have been sensible of this lenity; anyhow he tried next day to repeat the trespass. His advance was barred by a fragment of wire-netting stretched between two twigs. Pushing his nose under the obstruction, he made of his body what is known in building circles as an inverted arch, buckled the netting and uprooted one of the twigs. The Colonel, debouching hastily from a French-window, was in time to see his tail flash through the aperture.

My neighbour rallied his forces, called for spade and tape-measure and began to throw up a line of earthworks. Jerry patrolled warily with his head at an appraising angle. When the crest rose high enough to block the gaps the Colonel withdrew (probably for a rum-issue). Jerry attacked at once, scrabbling furiously until his sap had reached the counterscarp. He gave his battle-cry—a series of inharmonious yelps—and trotted twice round the enemy geranium-beds before retiring in good order on his base.

The Colonel replied firmly by erecting a system of ravelins, with bastions and caponiers on the Continental plan. He also surmounted the ramparts with a stout faussebraye, providing a revetment of stones commandeered from his wife's rockery. The whole was protected by an outer stockade of pea-sticks well bound with wire.

Once again he had underestimated the resourcefulness of Jerry's nose. Under cover of dusk the marauder worked steadily at a weak strand until, by advancing one foot at a time, he was able to pass the first defence. Skirting the central redoubt and avoiding the epaulement at the southern (or garden-wall end), he reconnoitred and discovered a loose stone. This he toppled over with his snout, squirmed through the resulting breach and scratched at the French-window before bearing off the stone as trophy.

The Colonel next filled in his fosse, felled a sapling suspected of affording access and with its branches constructed a formidable abattis. Jerry's retort was to creep between the house-wall and the end stake and expand himself until this was demolished.

Exchanges became brisk. The Colonel devised a cunning cheval-de-frise of meat-skewers. Jerry dragged the core out and snapped the points with his teeth. A gabion, formed from a wicker clothes-basket, was soon undermined and its ballast of leaf-mould scattered across the lawn. The crownwork of hurdles imported from the paddock held out until reduced by determined gnawing. The Colonel had just taken to experimenting with sand-bags (improvised from hot-water-bottle jackets) when a particularly daring foray, in the course of which Jerry raided a supply-dump intended for the next-door cat, made him resolve at all costs to bring hostilities to a close.

He sought an alliance with the local ironmonger. Two days later a lorry drew up laden with what appeared to be a dismembered wire-mattress. This presently took shape as a close-woven steel fence over six feet high. Jerry, as he surveyed the erection, kept his colours wagging; but there was defeat in the upturned white of his eye.

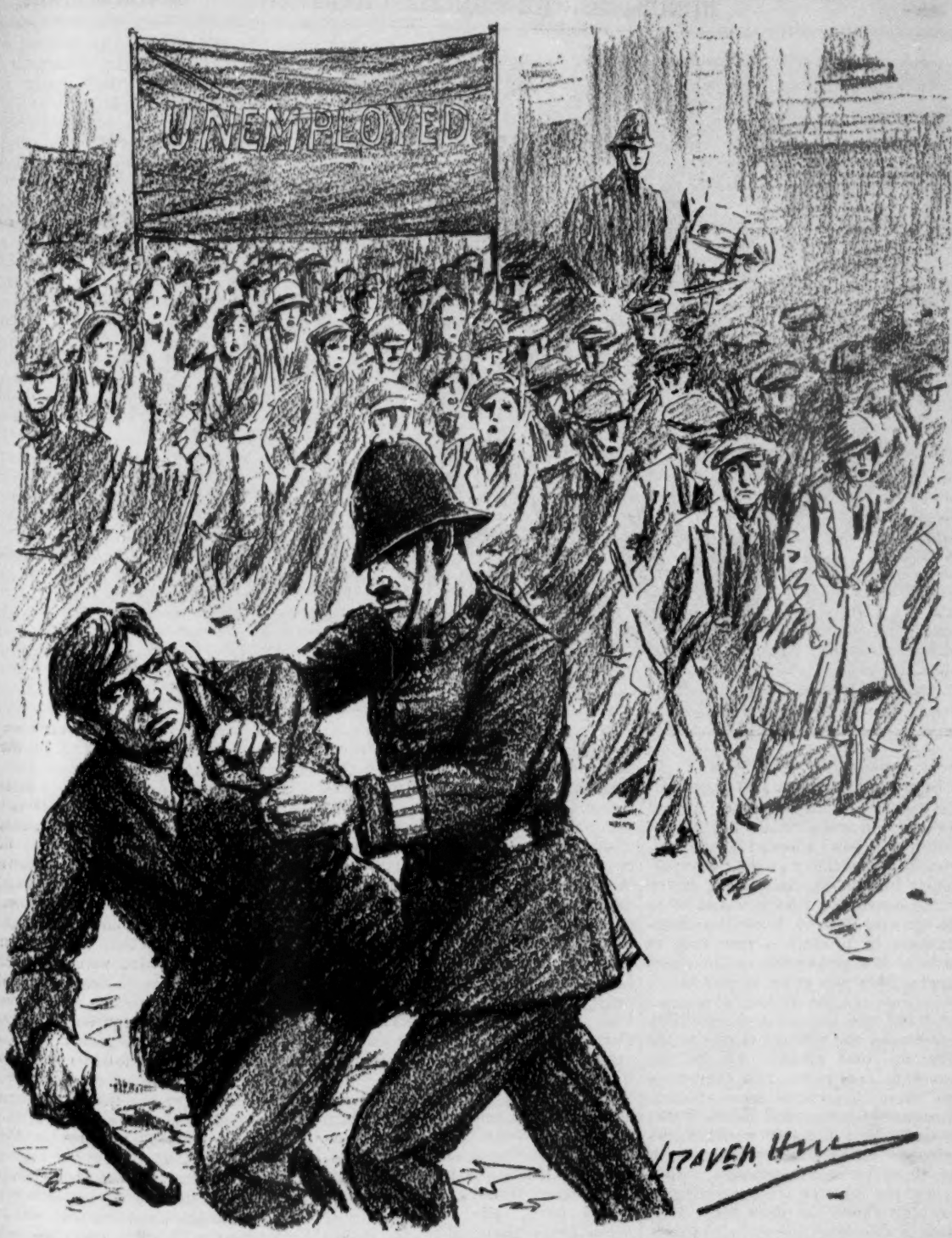
"Well," I remarked, "he won't pass *that* in a hurry."

"He won't," said the Colonel soberly. Then he cleared his throat. "Brave fellow! Fortunes of war. Almost sorry."

In the night he crept out with a pair of wire-cutters and made a hole exactly the size of the original one.

"Manchester never had a civic entity till 1838, but the manor was of medieval origin, and its court beef records came into the possession of the corporation when they bought the manorial rights from the then Sir Oswald Mosley in 1846."—*Daily Paper.*

It is to be hoped that the Lancashire hot-pot records have also been preserved.



MASTER OF THE SITUATION.

CONSTABLE (*to agitator*). "WE'VE NOTHING AGAINST THE GENUINE ARTICLE, BUT WE'VE HAD ENOUGH OF *YOU*."

[With Mr. Punch's compliments to the Police on their behaviour in the recent disturbances.]

VALETE.

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"Don't press for that. Reprimand perhaps. Prevention better."

Jerry may have been sensible of this lenity; anyhow he tried next day to repeat the trespass. His advance was barred by a fragment of wire-netting stretched between two twigs. Pushing his nose under the obstruction, he made of his body what is known in building circles as an inverted arch, buckled the netting and uprooted one of the twigs. The Colonel, debouching hastily from a French-window, was in time to see his tail flash through the aperture.

My neighbour rallied his forces, called for spade and tape-measure and began to throw up a line of earthworks. Jerry patrolled warily with his head at an appraising angle. When the crest rose high enough to block the gaps the Colonel withdrew (probably for a rum-issue). Jerry attacked at once, scrabbling furiously until his sap had reached the counterscarp. He gave his battle-cry—a series of inharmonious yelps—and trotted twice round the enemy geranium-beds before retiring in good order on his base.

The Colonel replied firmly by erecting a system of ravelins, with bastions and caponiers on the Continental plan. He also surmounted the ramparts with a stout faussebraye, providing a revetment of stones commandeered from his wife's rockery. The whole was protected by an outer stockade of pea-sticks well bound with wire.

Once again he had underestimated the resourcefulness of Jerry's nose. Under cover of dusk the marauder worked steadily at a weak strand until, by advancing one foot at a time, he was able to pass the first defence. Skirting the central redoubt and avoiding the epaulement at the southern (or garden-wall end), he reconnoitred and discovered a loose stone. This he toppled over with his snout, squirmed through the resulting breach and scratched at the French-window before bearing off the stone as trophy.

The Colonel next filled in his fosse, felled a sapling suspected of affording access and with its branches constructed a formidable abattis. Jerry's retort was to creep between the house-wall and the end stake and expand himself until this was demolished.

Exchanges became brisk. The Colonel devised a cunning cheval-de-frise of meat-skewers. Jerry dragged the core out and snapped the points with his teeth. A gabion, formed from a wicker clothes-basket, was soon undermined and its ballast of leaf-mould scattered across the lawn. The crownwork of hurdles imported from the paddock held out until reduced by determined gnawing. The Colonel had just taken to experimenting with sand-bags (improvised from hot-water-bottle jackets) when a particularly daring foray, in the course of which Jerry raided a supply-dump intended for the next-door cat, made him resolve at all costs to bring hostilities to a close.

He sought an alliance with the local ironmonger. Two days later a lorry drew up laden with what appeared to be a dismembered wire-mattress. This presently took shape as a close-woven steel fence over six feet high. Jerry, as he surveyed the erection, kept his colours wagging; but there was defeat in the upturned white of his eye.

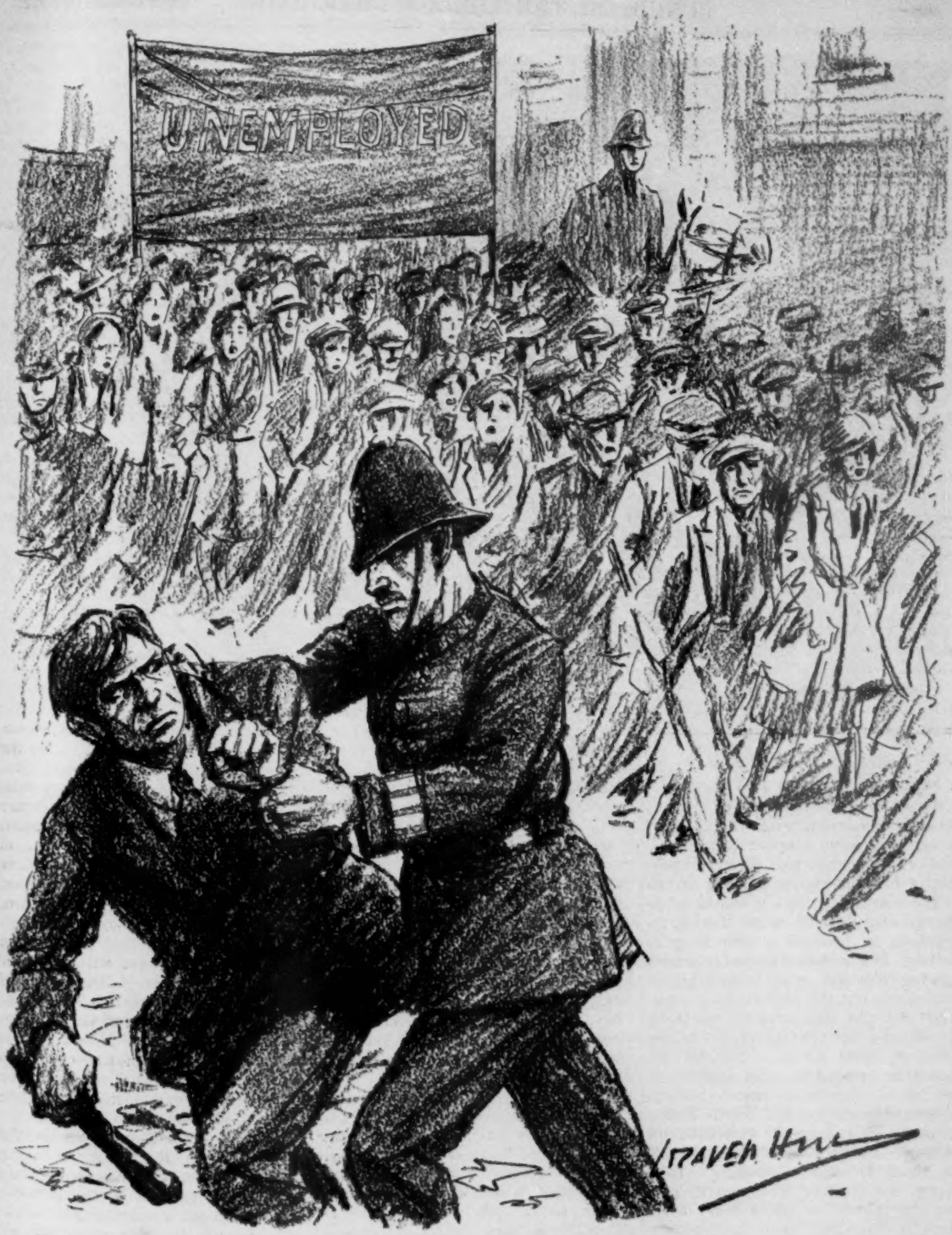
"Well," I remarked, "he won't pass *that* in a hurry."

"He won't," said the Colonel soberly. Then he cleared his throat. "Brave fellow! Fortunes of war. Almost sorry."

In the night he crept out with a pair of wire-cutters and made a hole exactly the size of the original one.

"Manchester never had a civic entity till 1838, but the manor was of medieval origin, and its court beef records came into the possession of the corporation when they bought the manorial rights from the then Sir Oswald Mosley in 1846."—*Daily Paper.*

It is to be hoped that the Lancashire hot-pot records have also been preserved.



MASTER OF THE SITUATION.

CONSTABLE (*to agitator*). "WE'VE NOTHING AGAINST THE GENUINE ARTICLE, BUT WE'VE HAD ENOUGH OF *YOU*."

[With Mr. Punch's compliments to the Police on their behaviour in the recent disturbances.]



The Girl. "BUT THIS IS THE *RUMBA*."
The Man. "I DARE SAY IT IS; BUT FOX-TROTTING IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME."

THE FATAL MERE.

A STUDY OF SINISTER ENVIRONMENT.

AFTER a careful survey of current fictional and lyrical works by eminent writers who have adopted certain districts of this country as their own particular hunting-grounds, I am driven to the conclusion that it would be to the general benefit were the cartographers to produce a new map of Britain. It would be coloured in shades ranging from pale green to dark brown to indicate not the altitude above sea-level but the comparative mortality rate among the peasant classes of the different rural areas. To the life assurance companies who operate in the more depressed areas—Sussex, Wessex, Shropshire and North Wales, to name only four—it would be invaluable. At present my heart bleeds for those luckless companies. How happy the director who, referring to the map above his office desk, could place a damning finger on the deep chocolate expanse of Shropshire:—"Salop did you say the man comes from? An extra fifteen per cent per annum on all policies issued there, Jenkins."

Indeed I have grown so keen on the idea that at some labour I have prepared a set of statistics which show that twenty-three per cent of Britain's farm-labourers perish by violent means before attaining their majority and that only two per cent reach the age of seventy. At least half of them perish in abnormal circumstances. Sometimes they are found sliced to the chine by a mattock; at others they are strangled with a halter or hanged to the highest tree in the apple-orchard. This last mode is especially prevalent around Ludlow and in the Sussex Weald, but is rarely met with on Dartmoor, in the Peak District or in the Yorkshire Dales, where a spirit of almost indecent optimism, with frequent lapses of ill-timed revelry, appears to exist.

One cannot help thinking that rustic minds are frequently blighted from early youth by the nature and nomenclature of the landscape and the geological character of the soil around their homes. Would Ezra Jukes, in the Sussex novel called *The Parson of Bilsey Brake*, have stabbed the sexton with an awl if Bilsey Brake had been plain Furze Wood? Would he have found it obligatory to smother his betrothed in a hayrick had it just been called The Plantation?

Likewise Saul Turvey, of Herse Hill, Dorset; his innermost being was overshadowed from birth, we read, by the depressing adjacency of Glomer Den, which was really a rather pretty little valley near the mill. It was in Glomer Den that he realised, at the matutinal age of twelve, that nothing but ill could come to him and his; it was there that he was apprehended by the local constabulary for shooting his aged aunt.

Let us return to Ludlow. Incidentally it would seem that no one can return to Ludlow save with a proper regard for the Folly of Being and the Futility of Man. It was in a book about Ludlow that I discovered Cain Groole, of Groole Mere, Salop. Now a mere is simply an expanse of water entirely surrounded by land, but this mere seems to have exercised the same malign influence as does the clay upon the unfortunate lads and maids in the poems of Mr. A. E. HOUSMAN.

Had it been called a pool, Cain would never have dealt his father a fatal tap on the waistcoat with a bill-hook on page 27. Nor, one supposes, would he have dropped poppy-seeds into the tea-cup of his invalid mother in Chapter VIII. But the name was responsible for these and many other untimely ends, including the spectacular demise of Cain himself in the mere on page 300.

The following excerpt, dealing with a somewhat similar event in actual life, is taken from *The Much Wenlock Weekly Informer*; it may show how deeply imbued were the minds of the jury with the Hopelessness of Effort and the Brittleness of Things:—

"Jasper Goolish deposed that he had known deceased from early infancy. Deceased's uncle had been murdered while courting and his elder brother had been hanged in Shrewsbury Gaol. 'He was joyless from early youth,' said witness, 'and he told me he thought it was due to the wild onions which grow around Groole Mere.'

"The foreman of the jury then suggested that mention of the Mere precluded the necessity of calling further evidence.

"'I quite agree,' said Mr. Coroner Grimble, 'and I will conclude this inquiry by reading some verses which were found in deceased's back trousers-pocket.'

"In a broken voice the Coroner then read the following:—

'It is the First of April,
And I would fain be gay,
But cold the lads are sleeping
Beneath the churchyard clay.

As clay my heart is heavy
As I lie on the sod
For lads who died on Wenlock
And lads who died in quod.

The heavy skies are weeping;
The Mere is full of bale;
The maids who were my lovers
Are hanged in Ludlow Gaol.

Like horses with the staggers
My feet are driven here;
The Mere has dragged them hither—
The lads can drag the Mere.

Wild onions on the Mere-side
Will always bring a tear;
So fill with them my bier-side
And fill yourselves with beer.'

"Sobbing uncontrollably, Mr. Grimble then intimated that there would be a ten-minutes' adjournment in order that the unfortunate lad's wishes might be complied with.

"After half-an-hour's retirement the jury returned a unanimous verdict of 'Death from Natural Causes.'"

How to Make Things Hum.

"WANTED, HOME for Self and Bees; would do garden."—*Lincolnshire Paper.*

Forgotten Wrongs of Ireland.

Mr. Punch wishes to draw the attention of Mr. DE VALERA to the following extract from the *Mabinogion*:—"Then came the Irish and fought with them. And when he had put them to flight, Arthur with his men went forward to the ship carrying away the cauldron full of Irish money." Mr. DE VALERA seems to have overlooked this outrage.



"WELL, BOY, THIS IS WHERE SKILL ENDS AN' LUCK BEGINS."

INDETERMINACY.

THEY met; 'twas in a city street;
Fate had ordained that they should meet,
Had fixed the hour and meeting-place,
The point in time, the point in space.

For this the stars since time began
Had interweaved their cosmic plan,
Platonic cycles changed their gear
And pointsmen kept the traffic clear.

For this the dragons of the prime
Embraced each other in their slime;
Troy was, the Aryan may have been,
And fog delayed the nine-fifteen.

They met, as vessels meet at sea,
Brought by the winds of destiny
From shores afar; and then, alas!
They simply passed as vessels pass.

They brushed each other in the press;
They did not know, they did not guess;
His thoughts were on the Long, Long Trail,
Her eyes were on "OUR WINTER SALE."

(Somewhen in space-time, so they say,
Something in time-space went agley;
A rash electron side-slipped, chance
Busted a quantum of romance.)

He lit his pipe (the flood-tide goes)
While she was powdering her nose.
She hailed a bus, he caught a train.
Fate napped. They never met again.

"Mitchell bowled oq-breaks round the wicket with three short legs, one deep square leg, and with mid-on close in, the effect being four short legs."—*Evening Paper.*

Very oqward!



Enthusiastic Sportsman. "FORRARD ON! GOING OVER THE BEST OF THE COUNTRY!"
Diana (her first experience of Midland ridge and furrow). "I HOPE IT ISN'T ALL THIS PERMANENT WAVE."

A FORBIDDEN PASTIME.

BY THE OLD EPICURE.

THE Mayor of St. Jean de Liversay (the papers tell me) has taken a strong line in the province of which he is governor. He has issued a decree forbidding strangers to hunt the snail because of the damage they do to growing crops.

To stay-at-homes in England, where snail-hunting is not a recognised field-sport, the prohibition may sound queer. Not so in France, where the Great White Burgundian snail has been hunted from time immemorial with the appropriate honours of the chase, and has given rise to many a well-known term of venery. A fast and very cunning snail, it often gives a fine run to *MM. les chasseurs*, and long ago the Romans introduced the pastime into England as is proved by the number of fossilised shells found on the Sussex downs; and a tile recently discovered by a member of the Sussex Archæological Society, which bears the significant inscription: "*Equitabant ad cochleam*" ("They rode after the snail").

Of the succulence of the Great Burgundian mollusc, when caught, there can be no two opinions.

"But the rich garlicky taste of an *escargot* cooked in his shell is by far the best if one can brazenly face the outraged dismay of one's friends and family afterwards," writes my friend, AMBROSE HEATH, in his recently published *Good Food*. What is not so generally known is that there exists a whole literature of snail-hunting on the further side of the Channel, comprising many a fine hunting-song shouted to the accompaniment of beakers of good red wine when the long day's chase is over.

I wish that I could remember the words of a few of them more clearly, for many a time have I joined the hunters in singing them in the good old time before I became too stiff to bestride the saddle. There is one, I remember, that goes something like this:—

"Savez-vous Jean Peau avec son habit si gai?
Savez-vous Jean Peau quand le jour commençait?
Savez-vous Jean Peau, loin loin d'ici,
Ses chiens et sa corne dans le matin?
Car le son de sa corne de mon lit m'apporta
Et le cri de ses chiens qu'il souvent mena,
Son 'Ohé,' son 'Aha' doivent éveiller les morts
Ou l'escargot dormant dans le matin!"

Alas! that I can give you no more than a rough, a feeble idea of the thing. It does not really bear transplantation, though people who have heard M. HERRIOT singing it in the garden at Chequers have told me that the effect was astonishing.

Other ditties of which I half recall a few fragmentary lines are these:—

"L'escargot se traîne sous la porte du curé
Et les chiens coulent tout ensemble après lui!"

which is sung in Picardy with the haunting refrain—

"À la chasse nous partirons!
À la chasse nous partirons!"

repeated almost infinitely; and the still more archaic

"La chasse s'enlève!
La chasse s'enlève!
Le jour est presqu'au commencement!"

which ends so delightfully

"Le Roi Soleil se met en suite
Pour chercher l'escargot!"



Aunt Sophia. "FROM WHAT I GATHER, MY DEAR, THE GOVERNMENT'S ISSUED THIS NEW LOAN TO MEET THE INCREASED BONUS FOR GRAND SLAM."

Then again there is:—

" Les poissons si plaisants
Ne chante-pas au présent
Ni ragoût de faisants
Ni noisettes de veau;
Les soins ne ramasse!
Du tout débarrasse!
Et en avant la chasse,
La chasse d'escargot! "

as familiar to gatherings of gourmets at Dijon as to the simple peasants of Haute Sauterne.

No one who has ever seen a snail-hunt a-foot before the dew is off the *épinards* and the *points d'asperge* can ever forget the thrill—the whimpering hounds, the huntsman with his great slughorn, the Master, very often the *maire* himself, mounted on a Flemish thoroughbred, and the eager excited field, some in pink and some in grey. It is a pity, though perhaps it cannot be helped, that strangers should now be debarred at St. Jean de Liversay from taking a share in the sport. But we have our memories, we who have enjoyed it. We can always sit, or stand with one foot on the table, a wine-glass in the right hand and one of those tempting luscious morsels in the left and sing the old songs agin:—

"Savez-vous Jean Peau avec son habit si gai?
Savez-vous Jean Peau quand le jour commençait?
* * * * *
Son 'Ohé,' son 'Aha' doivent éveiller les morts
Ou l'escargot dormant dans le matin!"

EVOE.

THE SENTRY.

A SENTRY when on sentry-go
Should move correctly to and fro—
You never, never, never know
Who may be there to see;
A casual gait, a cap awry
May catch some crusty Colonel's eye,
And that means trouble by-and-by
For Private Atkins, T.

He should not bandy on his beat
Strong words with strangers in the street
Who stop to photograph his feet
Or estimate his girth;
He must maintain in either case
An equally impassive face,
Reserving for some meeter place
His rancour or his mirth.

He must be ready night and day
The proper compliments to pay,
For Generals have a nasty way
Of walking up and down
Hoping to find a sentry who
Is not quite certain what to do
Confronted with a close-up view
Of crossed swords and a crown.

No sentry of the better type
Will prod pedestrians with his "hype"
Or puff in public at his pipe
Or light a large cigar;
Nor will he wander from his post
To meet the lady he loves most
Or commune with the courtly host
Of a convenient bar.

He may not whistle, dance or sing,
Or do a little yodelling
Or any other pleasant thing
To pass the time away;
Still, he can always contemplate
The beauty of the barrack-gate,
And that alone is adequate
Diversion for the day.

The Needle Game.

" Wide-spreading Lawns, large enough for two sets of Tennis or Crochet."
Sale Catalogue.

THE LATEST CRISIS.

THE danger to mushrooms from the extensive and growing use of artificial manures is now beginning to be realised. Supplies this season have been definitely short and unless strong measures are taken this favourite fungus is likely to become extinct and thus another of our national glories will disappear.

It is not too much to say that the mushroom is the symbol of our national life. In fact some students have suggested that the Tudor Rose, as featured in old panelling, is really a mushroom viewed from the under-side. Anyhow, the mushroom permeates our daily existence.

Small wonder then that the prospect of the mushroom's extinction has aroused foreboding in the most torpid minds. Public persons and bodies have lost no time in upbraiding others for the lamentable paucity of the mushroom. The farmer is blamed for applying artificial manures, though natural are unobtainable. The cattle are taken to task for being remiss in defæcation. The Chileans are accused of wilfully exporting their nitrate (under orders from Moscow) with the view of driving the mushroom out of the market in favour of their own manioc.

Here are a few of the many references made during the past week to the Mushroom Crisis. There is little doubt but that the mushroom is in everybody's mouth:—

The PRIME MINISTER, in an after-dinner speech, declared that Truth and Justice must in the end prevail. He even went so far as to assert that Might was not always Right. He would never be a party to any scheme which was not upheld by the pillars of Conscience and supported by the buttress of Right Thinking.

He did not actually announce that he was speaking on the Mushroom question, but that, as well as any other, may well have been his subject. On this understanding he was heartily applauded.

Mr. GEORGE LANSBURY said that under the Capitalist system no gift of Nature was free to the Poplarite in the country except the blackberry and the mushroom. The wicked landlords had long ago ruined the blackberry supply by trimming their hedges, and they, he had no doubt, were also at the back of this sordid scheme to starve the masses by removing their last free food.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE said that at Churt he had grown mushrooms in the cellars and under the roof. His opponents were evidently growing them under their hats. (Laughter.) He believed that the whole agitation was dishonest and, like the manure, artificial. The Movement, he had no hesitation in declaring, was a mere mushroom growth. (Cheers and general delight.)

Lord BEAVERBROOK said that a reader of *The Daily Express* had sent him by post a mushroom bearing on its summit the sign of the Crusader, obviously copied from the front page. He looked on this as a token that Nature had at last come round to his way of thinking. The sketch had clearly been achieved by some bird or insect. In either of these cases it was evident that the Crusade was making strides, at least in the animal world.

Sir ARBUTHNOT LANE told an interviewer that this carelessness with regard to mushrooms was just what one would expect from a congested and sclerotic public. You found people making insufficient use of a food which was well-nigh perfect, containing as it did thirty per cent water and sixty per cent roughage and entirely free from any trace whatever of animal toxins. It would be quite useless in future for the nation to appeal to him for further supplies of Vitamin E once they had wantonly cast aside this masterpiece of Nature.

Mr. CLOUGH WILLIAMS-ELLIS said that the mushroom should be preserved, if for no other reason, as an architectural exhibit, for it combined the Doric pillar with the reed-roof construction of the Early Egyptians. While he was on the subject he would add that the modern bungalow had no architectural history and was unrelievedly disgusting.

E. P. W.

A NEW HOPE.

[A tendency has been observed of late on the part of juries to award heavier damages in breach of promise cases.]

THE breach of promise market 's on the rise;
The crime is treated with increasing rigour,
And juries, as I gather, sympathise
With the bereaved at quite a pretty figure.

Things, too, are less one-sided than they were;
There was a case, comparatively recent,
When a young man ran in his faithless fair
And found the damages extremely decent.

I note these facts to give a gentle hint
To Delia, my betrothed, it having struck me
That she has lately shown a nasty glint
As of a maiden who intends to chuck me.

No new experience, I grant, for me;
But hitherto, from pride it may be partly,
Partly, perhaps, because I hardly knew
How I could get back at the culprits smartly,

I have not winced, I have not cried aloud,
But been, I think, an interesting study
As an example of a "head unbowed"
Though (if you 'll pardon the expression) "bloody."

But not so now. To judge by what I 've heard,
If she expects to lead me down the garden
And give me what 's politely called the bird,
I 'm sorry, but I have to beg her pardon.

I shall approach a jury. I shall show
What she has done to one who loved her madly;
And, if my counsel gets them on the go,
With any luck, I shouldn't do so badly.

Then fly, my song, and in my lady's ear
Whisper your message for her own protection,
Lest she imagines, as I rather fear,
That she can monkey with my young affection.

DUM-DUM.

REMEMBRANCE DAY.

Mr. Punch is asked to say that there is no truth in the rumour that, in consequence of the fire at their Poppy warehouse last May, some of the emblems which are being issued by the British Legion for Armistice Day have been made outside their factory and by female labour. Actually they will all have been made by the three hundred-and-fifty badly-disabled ex-servicemen engaged at the Legion's factory who have been working long hours each day to make good the loss of the twenty-one million poppies destroyed in the fire.

Feathered Nightmares of the Deep.

"'People saw in the movement a real big octopus which would put its wing around them and swallow them up,' said a well-known public representative at a meeting this week."—*Local Paper.*

The Wind in the Pillows.

". . . we shall, I am convinced, find many more subscribers, who will see to it that the Churchwardens sleep at night, unharassed by overdraughts."—*Church Magazine.*



The Squire. "'AND SAMSON WENT AND CAUGHT THREE HUNDRED FOXES AND TOOK FIREBRANDS AND TURNED TAIL TO TAIL'—ER, THAT IS TO SAY 'BRUSH TO BRUSH.'"

"INSULTING QUESTIONS."

"ONE sad but rather comical thing," said my poor friend Poker, "is this. The very people who are now bleating the loudest about the meanness of the State in imposing a Means Test are those who want everything to be managed by the State. They want this because the State, not aiming at horrid private profit, is a nice humane employer, unlike the brutal and soulless capitalist. This argument has often given me a hearty laugh.

"At the end of the last War I had earned by war-service a 'gratuity' of about one-hundred-and-fifty pounds. I went rather eagerly to the Admiralty to receive this sum, the idea of which was to 'set me up in private life.' And the dear old humane State handed me an account something like this:—

	£	s.	d.
To so many days' service at so much	150	0	0
Less amount overpaid in error	126	8	4
	£23	11	8

And the paymaster coolly handed me not £150 but £23 11*s.* 8*d.* wherewith to 'set myself up in private life.'

"What the old slut of a State had done was this. While I was on active service they paid an 'allotment' out of my pay of so much a month to my wife. But being, it seems, incapable of subtraction, the State had *failed to deduct these sums from my own pay.* So I had received these sums in effect twice over. I knew nothing about it; nor, it appeared, did the State. For this was the first I had heard of it. But the mistake was theirs, not mine.

"However, we can all make mistakes, and a mistake made by the State (which was admittedly busy just then)

did not surprise or shock me. The real point is this: I had received this money innocently through an error of their Lordships of the Admiralty in small monthly instalments extending over a long period. And there is no private firm so brutal or inhuman that in the same circumstances would not have permitted me to *pay it back* by small monthly instalments. I made this obvious suggestion to their Lordships. They wouldn't hear of it. I pointed out that the 'gratuity' was intended to launch their dear warrior into some profession or business. They said, 'Quite, dear warrior. You've got twenty-three pounds. Start business with that.' And they pushed me out into Parliament Street.

"May their Lordships have stomach-trouble!

"But of course they were quite right. The State can't afford to behave like a Christian. If it does it goes bankrupt. And therefore the less everybody has to do with the old skin-flint the better for everybody. And the one cheering feature of this affair is that millions of citizens are beginning to learn this ancient lesson for the first time. People who resent the behaviour of the blood-sucking State over the Means Test won't be quite so keen on being the servants of the State in a nationalised industry—see what I mean?

"As for 'insulting questions'—that makes me laugh rather thinly too. The chief question resented seems to be 'Is that really all the money you have?' Well, as a poor old income-tax payer I heartily sympathise. It *is* an infuriating question, especially when it's asked every three days for six weeks and in fifty different ways; as for, example:—

(1) Do you live with your wife?
(2) Do your children really go to school?
(3) What is this item of £3 9*s.* 7*d.*?
(4) How many houses do you own?
(5) What do you mean by expenses?
(6) Well, where are the bills?
(7) Have you any Four Per Cents?
(8) Any housekeeper or elderly relatives?
(9) What do you do?
(10) How did you get that 4*s.* 9*d.*?
(11) Has your wife got secret earnings?
(12) Is that child still fifteen?
(13) What were you doing three years ago?
(14) Where?
(15) How comes it that you earn less money now than then?
(16) Are you quite sure?
(17) Nothing else?
(18) Quite sure?
(19) What is your rent?
(20) Who is your secretary?
(21) Is she the same as your housekeeper?



Prospective Mistress. "YOU SEEM VERY YOUNG. HAVE YOU HAD MUCH EXPERIENCE?"
Applicant. "WELL, NO, NOT REALLY. PICTURES TWICE A WEEK, PERHAPS; BUT YOU CAN'T HARDLY CALL THAT EXPERIENCE."

(22) Where is the 'study'?
(23) But don't the children play games there too?
(24) When did you sell your rubber-share?
(25) Who bought it?
(26) Are you insured?

"This kind of cross-examination has become 'common form' to us poor mutts; but I don't wonder that it has come as a shock to many who thought that the only point of the State was to pay out money and ask no questions. But I'm absolutely with them. The Means Test should be quite abolished—and the income-tax too.

"Ha!" laughed Poker in a jaundiced way, "I once bearded the State in its filthy den at Somerset House. I had appealed to the Inspector and to the local Commissioners in vain, so I went to see one of the Chief Inspectors of Taxes at that address. In the hall of the building hung a notice of some forthcoming amateur theatricals; and I observed with interest that the Tax Inspectors' and Inland Revenue Accountants' Amateur Dramatic Society (or some such body) was about to perform a one-act play of mine. And when I was saying 'How-de-do' to the Chief Inspector a little later I mentioned this in a genial way as a sort of opening to the conversation.

"Well, I had my official argument and got very little satisfaction; but we settled up. I went home and prepared to borrow money (as usual) in order to pay the agreed tax. (I notice, by the way, that nobody, not even Mr. WAL HANNINGTON, seems to care two hoots about *my* little 'savings.') But, blow me! the next day I had a letter from the Inspector:—

"'What were the profits and gains accruing to you in the year so-and-so from the amateur performances of your plays?'

"Pretty hot, wasn't it? The rat!

"Well, I dug about and found that some small sum—about twenty pounds—had accrued. I'd forgotten all about that 'source of income.' Some societies one asks nothing from because they're poor, and some perform your work for nothing without even going through the formality of asking your leave. But that sort of consideration does not occur to the jolly old humane State. I had to pay—and quite right too, I suppose. But next time I shall write back—

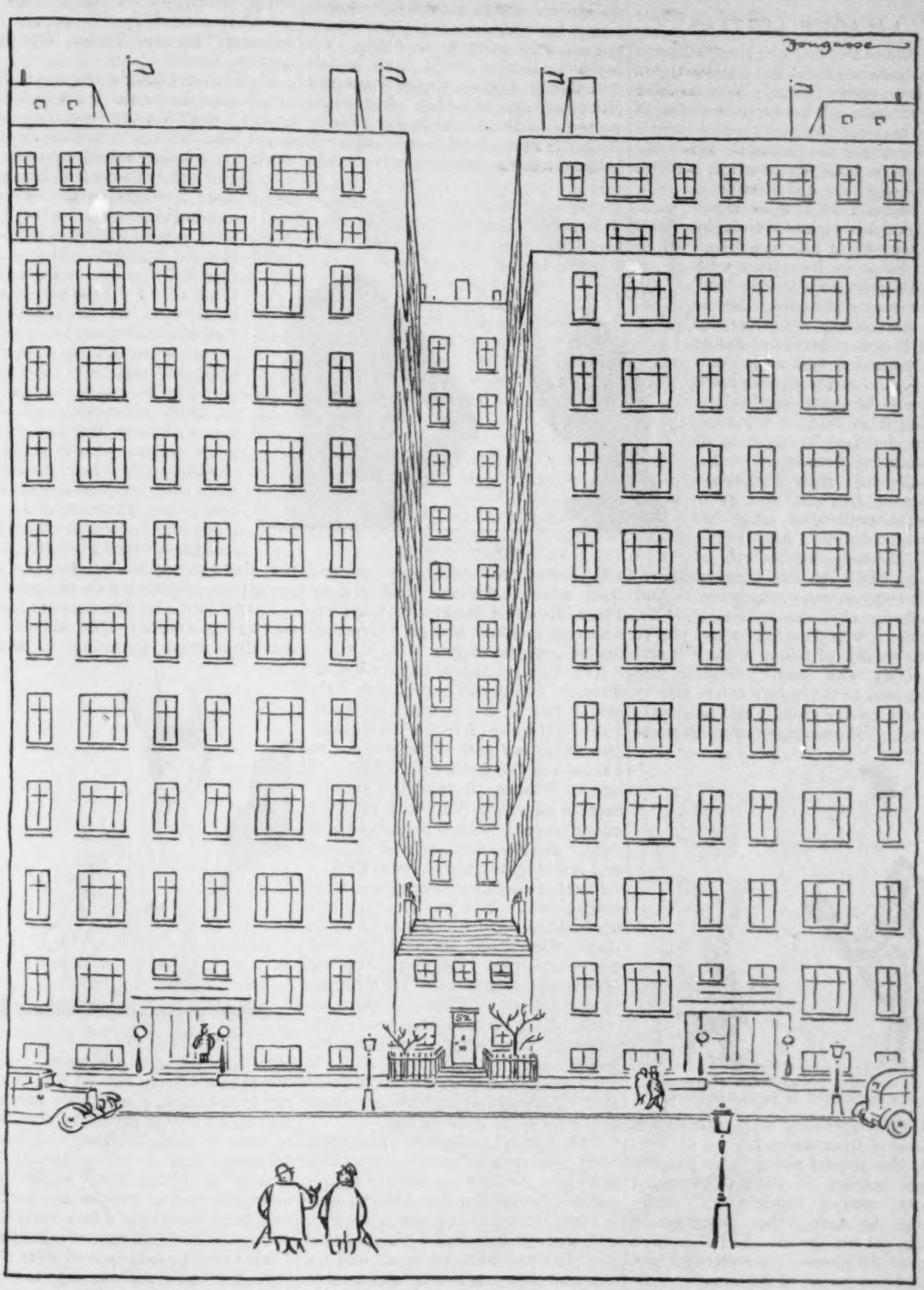
"'DEAR OLD THING,—No "insulting questions," I *beg*.'" A. P. H.

Engine-Trouble for the League.

"The company intends to exploit commercially a new type of international combustion engine."—*Sunday Paper.*

"TIPPERS' GIFT.
TO HOIST SUPERINTENDENT AT NEWPORT.
Headlines in Welsh Paper.

We understand they left a small petard under the plate.



"NO, I REFUSED TO BE BOUGHT OUT; YOU SEE, I WAS FOND OF THE PLACE AND ITS SURROUNDINGS."

LALAGE'S LETTERS.

DARLING DODO,—The Hughie Morrysons dined last night and Anjie sent you her love, before I forget. Various other people came in afterwards, and one of them happened to mention that there 'd been a case in the papers the other day about a woman—in America, needless to say—getting a divorce from her husband because he *would* put out his cigarette-ends by dropping them into his coffee-cup. Someone inevitably said, "And a jolly good reason too," and someone else said, "Not so bad as reading the paper out loud to you at breakfast before you've had a look at it yourself." And in the end we made it a sort of game, each person taking it in turn to say what he or she thought ought to be grounds for divorce.

Anjie said, with a sideways glance at Hughie, "Not going to wash until after lunch has been announced." And Hughie said, carefully *not* looking at Anjie, "Putting the gramophone-records away in the wrong holes." And somebody else said, "Saying 'No, darling, it was *Tuesday*,' when you're in the middle of telling a story"; and somebody else said, "Sending the books back to the library before you've finished reading them"; and somebody else said, "Borrowing your tooth-paste and then squeezing it in the middle instead of from the end."



"BORROWING YOUR TOOTH-PASTE AND THEN SQUEEZING IT IN THE MIDDLE."

At this point I noticed that people's voices seemed to be getting rather snooty, and I thought I'd better change to some other game before things got too serious. So in despair I suggested "Famous Characters," where two of you go out of the room and decide to be two famous people, and then come back and have a conversation with each other, and the rest have to guess who you're meant to be. It's funny how difficult it is—lots of the guesses were quite, quite wrong. For instance, Hughie and I came in and pretended to be GANDHI and FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, and they all thought we were ABRAHAM and MARIE STOPES. And after Phryne and Reggie had taken endless trouble being GRETA GARBO and MUSSOLINI, everybody guessed they were CLEOPATRA and HENRY FORD. However, the evening was quite a success, and Mrs. Mulberry surpassed herself over the *soufflé*.



"STINKIN' MORNIN'."

The Victor Glibleys have asked us down for a week-end next month. They said, "That is, if you won't be bored. I'm afraid we're all frightfully Stinkin' Mornin' in our part of the world, and I know you two don't hunt." But, as I said to William afterwards, if they're capable of *saying* that sort of thing about themselves, it'll probably be all right. Besides, William *used* to hunt and is still quite good at horse shop.

I met Syringa Mundesley this morning in Harlands'. She was looking quite heavenly as usual, but was in an awful state. "My dear," she said, "*do* give me your advice. *The Daily Pest* has offered me ten guineas if I'll write an article for their Woman's Page on 'How I Keep Slim. By the lovely Mrs. "Toddy" Mundesley'—you know the sort of tripe."

I said, "Well, I should do it like a shot. Nobody has any feelings about that kind of thing nowadays."

"Oh, I didn't mean *that*," she wailed; "but, you see, as I spend my whole life trying to get a little *fatter*, I simply haven't the faintest idea what to say."

I said I'd try to help her, so we went into the café and had a huge meal of chocolate and whipped cream and hot *croissant* rolls and butter, and tried to think of all the ways of getting thin that we'd ever heard people talk about. We decided that the principal one was never, never, never to indulge in chocolate and whipped cream and hot *croissant* rolls and butter, especially between meals!

No, I haven't bought any new clothes at all since last time I wrote, but I expect I shall have to soon, because I gave a lot of old ones to Ba Beverley last week. She's feeling so broke, poor lamb, and luckily we are both the same size. Needless to say, when I met her out at lunch a few days later in one of my own frocks, I thought it looked split new and frightfully smart, and couldn't think why I'd imagined it was nearly worn out. It's always the way with one's given-away clo'es.

Hats seem to have gone mad again, but amusingly. The maddest I've seen so far is one like an Early Edwardian motoring tam-o' shanter, flat and round and stiff; you wear it perfectly straight on your head (incidentally a thing one's quite forgotten how to do). There are also some intriguing, but hot, little fur Cossack caps, which I hope to goodness don't mean that the fashions are going to go all-Russian on us again.

Funny how the dressmakers adopt one foreign country after another to get ideas from, according to which place is in the news. If there's a civil war in Spain we're flooded with shawls and high combs; if somebody goes and digs up a tomb in Egypt we burst into an orgy of sandally shoes and scarab brooches; and it was certainly the trouble in China that made those mandarin caps so popular last year. I only hope there won't be a revolution among the Red Indians or the Eskimos; I don't feel I could *bear* to wear dyed eagle-feathers in my hair or go to bed in reindeer pyjamas.



"GOING TO BED IN REINDEER PYJAMAS."

Write soon; and love to Richard, from your LALAGE. JAN.

THE NINTH.

ON this day of municipal excitement all over the country chains of office are being relinquished and assumed, men who have been worshipful for twelve months cease to be worshipful any more, and men who have never been worshipful yet are beginning a year's worshipfulness. In other words it is Mayors' Day—the day not only of Lord Mayors but of ordinary Mayors; and as such it reminds me of the best partridge I ever ate.

But how? you ask. What can the connection be?

Patience.

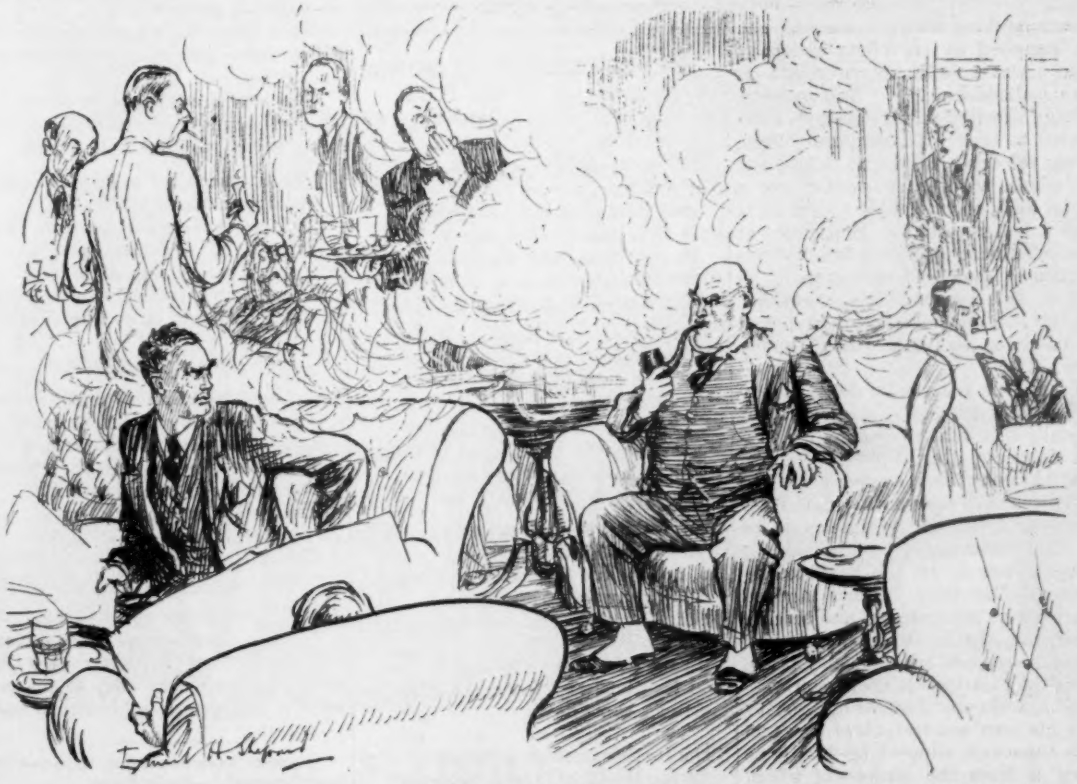
On a mellow afternoon in the early autumn I was riding through the Department of the Seine and Eure, where there are many wide plateaus of grass and roots and stubble, and therefore where there is much game; and as it was a Sunday (a day on which in England guns remain in the rack) there were many *chasseurs* to be seen, and as it was in France these *chasseurs* were not drawn exclusively from the leisured classes but were, many of them, labourers. For one of the many differences between France and England is that in France there is free shooting for all. Another difference is that in France the season opens not on any fixed date but when, in the consensus of game-keeping opinion, the time is ripe. It was because the long-awaited day had dawned very recently that so many sportsmen were prowling up and down the fields with their dogs scouting ahead; every dog reminding me of a joke in one of WILLIAM BLACK's novels, read half-a-century ago, where it is conjectured by a non-botanical bright young thing that a poinsettia is a cross between a pointer and a setter, and not a flower at all.

Whatever these inquiring creatures' ancestry, it was almost universally mixed; nor were they as well-trained as our English gun-dogs are; but they were perhaps for that reason the more interesting to watch. But on that afternoon I should have stopped to watch anything, because it would be a sin to move on. It was one of those perfect days of which France has a monopoly, with a hundred-and-eighty degrees of windless misty sky, and the communal apples shining red beside the road, and fragrant pungencies rising from the sweet and bitter earth: essential September. All, in fact, that was lacking was a partridge for dinner, the first partridge of the year.

But why should that be lacking when I was so near the famous hôtellerie of Monsieur Menessier? It is true that I should be back in Paris by eight; but these high open fields ought not to be left yet: there would be no more days such as this for many a moon. I would forget Paris and her noisy restlessness. I would complete this September symphony here in the country. So, slowly, through a serene haze that grew every moment more golden, we made our way to the little town where Monsieur Menessier, in his white overall and very high white cap, is to be seen in his kitchen presiding over a dazzling battery of copper vessels. His most renowned creation is the omelette of the *curé*, as invented by BRILLAT SAVARIN—a seductive blend of eggs and tunny-fish—but there is nothing he cannot cook.

And when I said, "Monsieur Menessier, I have come for a partridge at the cream," his great smiling rubicund face clouded.

A partridge, no. The last had been eaten at lunch. If only he had known! And there was no poulterer there. He



THE GENERAL REGISTERS HIS PROTEST AGAINST THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CIGARETTE.



INFORMATIVE BIDDING.

"SIX HEARTS——DOUBLE——SIX SPADES——DOUBLE——RE-DOUBLE——DAMN——RE-DAMN."

was supplied by travelling salesmen. Besides, was it not Sunday evening? He was desolated but . . . And so forth.

There are few minor disasters more difficult to bear with composure than, having set one's mind and palate and the whole alimentary system on a special dish to be unable to get it. I hope I behaved like a gentleman as Monsieur Menessier outlined the various substitutes that he could prepare. I hope so. But these are trying occasions, and the bad quarter-of-an-hour before the omelette was more than usually long.

If it is true that to be defrauded of an expected delicacy is a calamity, it is equally true that to be supplied with that delicacy after it has been pronounced impossible is a superlative joy, and it was such an emotion that I experienced; for when the time came for the chicken or haricot of mutton or whatever was to be the next course, Monsieur Menessier himself arrived beaming with contentment and bearing a casserole, the lid of which he lifted with a gesture of triumph and pride. It was the partridge at the cream!

And how do you think he had got it?

On his own not too active legs and in his capacious slippers he had gone to beg it from the larder—of whom do you guess? Of his worship the Mayor. E. V. L.

THE CURIOUS PART-SONG.

A PHANTASY OF THE B.B.C.

AT the hour of the News and the Weather
(Or so it appeared to me)
The announcers sang together,
And they sang right merrilie;
And their voices, all uplifted
In clear sweet carolling,
Came round me as soon as I shifted
The button that works the thing.

"Missing from her home in Balham,"
They sang, "and dressed in green,
Elizabeth Jane McCallum,
Wall-eyed and seventeen.
She was last seen cycling blindly
On the Great West Road to Chard;
Will anyone who saw her kindly
Report it to Scotland Yard?

"Ho, ho! for the current crisis
In the Polish Corridor;
Ho, ho! for the Fat Stock Prices!"
They sang to me once more;
"There's a deep and a trough-shaped hollow
In the atmosphere to-day,
And the General News will follow
After a short delay.

* * * * *

"The further outlook is cloudy;
In the House of Commons again;
The Labour Members were rowdy
Because of the wind and the rain;
They have passed some measure or other,
But why should they be so riled
When Elizabeth McCallum's mother
Is waiting to hear from her child?

"'Missing from her home in Geneva
A large-sized fat stock cow
Which answers to the name of Eva,
Is probably in Iceland now;
She was wearing a pink pullover
When SUTCLIFFE went to the crease,'
Runs a message from the Mayor of Dover
To the Metropolitan Police.

"She has made him a full confession
That somebody meant to throw
A large wedge-shaped depression
Right into the Lord Mayor's Show";
It was thus the announcers lifted
Their clear sweet carolling
As soon as I went and shifted
The button that starts the thing.

EVOE.

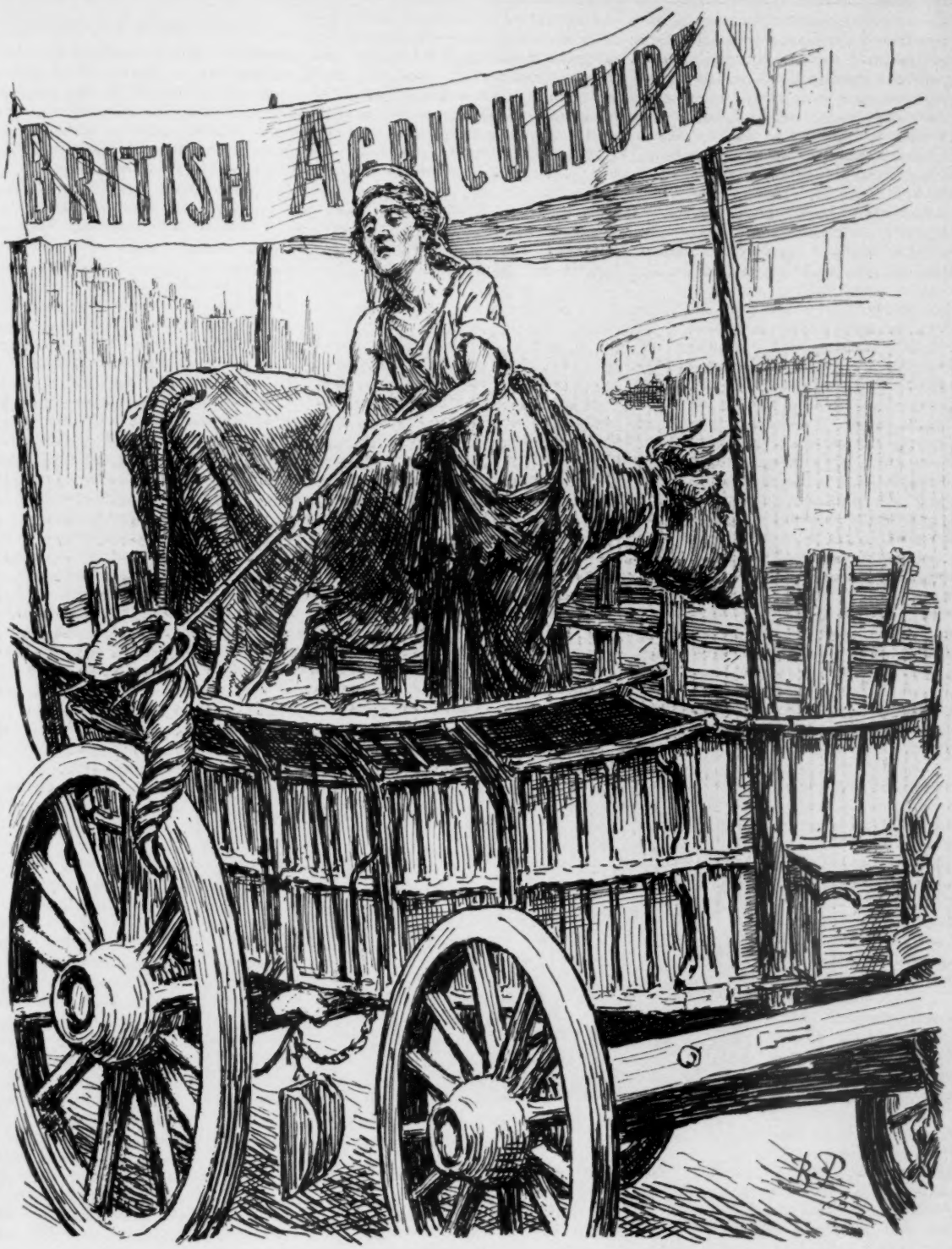
"TO-DAY IN THE GARDEN.

OCT. 31.—Pinch sweet peas, schizanthuses, and clarkias when 4in. high."—*Daily Paper.*

It's not always very easy to get away with a full-grown schizanthus under your arm.

"Bandits have now taken to motor-cycle combinations!"—*Daily Paper.*

Even these hard-working fellows are feeling the draught.



THE SKELETON AT THE FEAST.

A TABLEAU OMITTED FROM TO-DAY'S LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, October 31st.—Mr. GLOSSOP, who sits for Penistone, is no relation to the young lady of Glossop who stepped on a somnolent wossop, but the result was somewhat the same when he asked the wide-awake MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE for the number of live-stock officers, whether additional or replacements, who had been appointed in the last three years. The answer was one, a replacement.

Were practical agriculturists appointed to these offices? asked Mr. GLOSSOP. Such matters were taken into account, replied Major ELLIOT coldly. He warmed up a bit when Mr. LEWIS asked him what he was going to do about the South American coypu. Major ELLIOT indicated that he had his eye on the coypu. Let us hope he gets busy before the creature, which is believed to have been brought to this country in a bunch of bananas, joins up with the musk-rat in the congenial business of making the West of England look like a waffle.

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD informed Lieut.-Colonel Sir VIVIAN HENDERSON that there would be no Grand Opera subsidy for the year 1933. Any help Grand Opera got would have to come from the B.B.C. The House seemed to approve the decision, possibly because Grand Opera is not, strictly speaking, a British industry. Mr. ORMSBY-GORE resisted the proposal of Mr. ANSTRUTHER-GRAY that the new Corps of Custodians should be furnished with hard helmets. Presumably they will follow the usual procedure in the Palace of Westminster and have hard or, at any rate, thick heads.

After a statement by the HOME SECRETARY about the doings of the unemployed marchers to London and the resultant Communist disturbances, Mr. MCGOVERN made a personal explanation—sympathetically received by the House—the gist of which was that he had offered to help the marchers to present their petition to Parliament but that their Communist leaders, Messrs. HANNINGTON and MCSHANE, would have none of him.

The Ottawa Agreements again occupied public business. The tax on linseed came in for some strenuous criticism from Sir FRANK SANDERSON, Sir BASIL PETO and other Protectionists on the ground that it was a necessary raw material which the Dominions alone could not supply in adequate quantities. Mr. THOMAS declined Mr. ATTLEE's invitation to exclude the Irish Free State from the operation of the provisions under which after November 15th it will be subject to the same general duties as foreign countries. The Government was ready and willing to make an agreement with the Irish Free State, but believed in and insisted upon the sanctity of contracts.



HUMBLE PIE.
MR. J. MCGOVERN.



A SATELLITE FOR THE SOVIET BEAR.
LORD MARLEY.

Tuesday, November 1st.—After a brief but bright debate on the use of semi-automatic signalling from motor-cars, Lord MOUNT TEMPLE moved for a cessation of commercial credits to the Soviets until the Soviets liquidated their debts to this country. He saw no good in trade with Russia anyway, and still less in clauses requiring Moscow to abstain from Communist propaganda in this country. The Conservative Ministers in the Government had come all over Socialist where Russia was concerned. What had the Conservative Government done in 1927? Sternly sent the Russian Ambassador packing. What had the present Government done? Sent a representative of the Foreign Office to meet the new Russian Ambassador at Victoria Station!

At him Lord MARLEY, uttering ursine growls. Against the thousand million pounds Lord MOUNT TEMPLE said Russia owed this country must be set the misery and loss of life caused to Russia by the hundreds of millions spent by this country to support anti-Russian revolutionary movements. As for trade with Russia, it was better to do it ourselves than to finance Germany, as our bankers had done, so that *she* could give the Soviets credits and get the Soviet orders.

Lord TEMPLEMORE for the Government explained tactfully that they shared Lord MOUNT TEMPLE's sentiments but preferred Lord MARLEY's logic. They saw nothing to be gained by tying together the questions of old Russian debts and new Russian trade, nor would they deliberately do anything that might put a single worker in this country out of employment.

Lord LONDONDERRY deplored the suggestion that we should take the "big stick" to Russia. Soviet Government, for good or ill, was the Russians' affair and they must go through with it. We could best assist their development by doing business with them.

The Commons dozed fitfully in Committee through further amendments of the Ottawa Agreements Bill, and merely cocked a torpid eye at the Strangers' Gallery while an intrusive Communist was being ejected. It woke up, however, when Mr. RICHARD EVANS, a Welsh Liberal, raised the question of the plight of the live-stock farmer, and Mr. AMERY and other Government supporters pointed out in no uncertain terms that something must be done, and done soon, to save him from bankruptcy.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN tried, as Ministers will in such circumstances, to be conciliatory without being precise; but he reckoned without Earl WINTERTON, who declined to be soothed (he had, it appeared, been withheld from the House by a too zealous police force) and demanded that the CHANCELLOR be specific.

Wednesday, November 2nd.—The Lords, with Lord PONSONBY as the Spirit of the Revels, debated the Lytton Report. He was not, said the noble Lord, one of those who spent their time laughing at the League of Nations.

The Upper Chamber is not exactly accustomed to the idea of Lord PONSONBY laughing at anything, and must have been agreeably surprised to learn that in his opinion the Great Powers joined together at Geneva could solve the Manchurian Question.

It was left to Lord LOTHIAN on this occasion to play Jeremiah and forebode with gloomy eloquence what would happen if the "canker of Manchuria" were not cut out within the next few years. Lord LYTTON himself intervened in the debate rather, it seemed, in the *rôle* of one who wished to be saved from the partisanship of his friends. The Report, he insisted, was an investigation, not a judicial finding. Anyway he hoped they would all sympathise with Sir JOHN SIMON in his forthcoming task at Geneva. Lord HAILSHAM, for the Government, joined in the congratulations showered on the Lytton Commission and explained that Britain would go to Geneva not with the idea of springing something on the League but in hope of joining with the other nations in finding a solution to the Manchurian question.

The Commons, having learned, in Private Business, that there is no immediate danger of Waterloo Bridge collapsing, and that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners had already paid out £5,500 on account of the Stiffkey case but had not yet had the actual bill of costs, completed the Committee Stage of the Ottawa Agreements Bill.

Thursday, November 3rd.—Their Lordships in their hours of waiting for the Ottawa Agreements Bill continued to be hard to please. To-day's source of dissatisfaction was British agriculture, Lord CRANWORTH desiring to know what the Government proposed to do to save it from ruin. Farmers, he declared, could no longer afford to pay labourers a living wage, and the high rate of interest at which they had to borrow was due to the fact that much of the money would never be repaid.



THE MANCHURIAN BALANCING FEAT.
LORD LYTTON.

Lord RADNOR echoed Lord CRANWORTH'S sentiments, and was careful to refrain from censuring the Government. Not so Lord BEAVERBROOK, who was careful to censure it with all his might. Lord ASTOR helpfully urged the undesirability of panic. Lord DE LA WARR, for the Government, hoped that the World Meat Conference would help and that they were going to do something about the Bacon Report. Lord CRANWORTH, ignoring Lord BEAVERBROOK'S urgent request to do otherwise, withdrew his motion, though expressing himself keenly disappointed with the Government's reply. Then Lord ILCHESTER nipped in with a few unkind words about the muskrat and the nutria, to which Lord DE LA WARR replied that the Government had no evidence that the latter animal was destructive. Lord ILCHESTER, with the air of one who intimates that no foreign rodent is going to put it across *him*, said he would raise the matter again.



The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. "POOR OLD SAMUEL! HE TRIED TO ALTER THE LAWS OF THE MEDES AND PERSIANS!"

In the Commons Mr. HALL CAINE was curtly informed by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER that he was greatly mistaken if he thought that the national finances had been restored to a point where the Government could do with half instead of three-quarters of the income-tax on January 1st. The CHANCELLOR also announced that as Christmas Day fell on a Sunday it was proposed to make December 27th a Bank Holiday.

After a bit of a wrangle between Mr. LANSBURY and the PRIME MINISTER about whether (and, if so, how) the unemployment figures for the current month had managed to leak out in advance of publication by the Ministry of Labour, the House set about polishing off the Ottawa Agreements Bill. Sir HERBERT SAMUEL seized the occasion to have a last fearful fling at the Protectionists and all their works and was duly twitted by Sir ROBERT HORNE with managing always to make the prickings of his conscience coincide with his political necessities. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN stoutly defended the Agreements, and other Liberals rushed to the attack.

The Government's final word fell to Mr. MALCOLM MACDONALD, Under-Secretary for the Dominions, who acquitted himself more than well. The Bill, he declared, was going to "contribute to the prosperity of our people wherever they are on the earth and rescue the whole world from the troubles of these days."

Thus encouraged the House passed the Third Reading of the Bill by the useful majority of 348.



Tourist. "THAT'S HADRIAN'S WALL."
Wife. "IS IT? THAT REMINDS ME, BERT—YOU *must* PUT A COAT OF CREOSOTE ON THE FENCE WHEN WE GET HOME!"

TO NOVEMBER.

AN APPRECIATION OVERDUE.

["I do not think anyone has ventured to speak well of November except GEORGE MEREDITH, and his commendation was carefully confined to the tints of trees."
Sunday Paper.]

I WEEP with you, November,
Unhymned by men of letters
Whose fancy flows in praise of those
They deem to be your betters;
It shames the nation's laureates when
A minor bard is left to pen
Particulars in which we men
Should own ourselves your debtors.

They give us odes to April,
And she is false and fickle;
Her sunny smiles are merely wiles
Our appetites to tickle;
No specious tales do you unfold
Of azure skies and blooms of gold,
But steadily with mist and cold
Combine a pluvial trickle.

And then, compared with others,
You have such restful features;
After the blaze of summer days
How gratefully I greet yours;
When long my jaded eye has scanned
Congested street and crowded strand,
You never fail to ease it and
Befog my fellow-creatures.

And are you not the nation's
Extravagance-repressor?
Your life includes no interludes
To spur the window-dresser;
You have no festive times in store
For harassed fathers—which is more
Than can with truth be said of your
Immediate successor.

Yet, spite of all, no poem
Of eulogistic flavour
Addressed to you it hitherto
Has been your luck to savour;
I grieve that bards should thus disdain
Your thirty days of fog and rain—
A span whose brevity, again,
Is greatly in your favour. C. B.

A Well-Fortified Champion.

"The tallest and heaviest square tower in our architectural records crowns the hill of Lindrum where Remigius 'built his temple on high' in 1092. Lincoln has been supreme ever since."—*Sunday Paper.*

LINDRUM'S recent millenary exhibition proves that he is in no danger of cracking up, or breaking down.

THE DRACULA ASH-TRAY SCHEME.

WHEN Sally proposed herself to tea with me, saying mysteriously that she wanted to talk to me about something very important, I went and had a good look at my pass-book; for I know from experience that Sally's visits are liable to end in disbursement on my side and grateful niecely embraces on hers. Not that Sally begs in the ordinary sense: but she has Schemes. Some of them, such as the making-sweets-at-home-and-selling-them-to-your-friends one, are good schemes and last for quite a long time; others, such as the travelling sandwich-bar, are not so good and have a shorter life. All of them, it appears, involve some capital outlay: and I am the only uncle she has got.

This time, as it happened, my pass-book was in a particularly gloomy and unaffording mood. The beauty of its neat orderly columns was completely marred by the pencilled tail-piece, "*Dr.* £15 . 12 . 0"; and when I shut it its glazed white covers glared at me soullessly, like the eyes of a dead fish. My only hope was that Sally's "some-



ALIENISTS VISIT A HAT-FACTORY IN THE HOPE OF DISPELLING A POPULAR FALLACY.

thing very important" might refer to marriage this time instead of money. In that case she would be able to tell all her future schemes to her husband and my responsibility would cease.

When she arrived, however, she threw her arms round my neck and cried, "Darling, I *do* hope you're feeling broke!"

"I am," I said with emphasis—"hideously. But why?"

"Because," said Sally, her eyes shining, "I've got the most marvellous scheme for making your fortune."

"*Mine* this time?"

"Oh, and mine too, incidentally. But you'll probably make far more out of it than I because you've got so many more friends than I have."

"Pathos doesn't become you," I said. "Let's hear your scheme."

"Well, it isn't my own exactly. In fact you may have started doing it already. No, you can't have, though, or else you wouldn't still be feeling broke."

"Is it as infallible as all that?"

"Absolutely. You simply can't *help* making money."

"Well?"

"Well, have you heard of the Dracula Ash-tray Scheme?"

"Heavens!" I groaned. "*Et tu*, Sally?"

"What do you mean?"

"Have I *heard* of it?" I stormed, walking up and down the room like a man in a melodrama. "Have I *heard* of it? Do you know that you're the thirteenth person who has asked me to buy one of those things?"

"Well, then," she said with swift and brilliant logic, "you *must* buy one this time, otherwise you'll be unlucky."

"I will not buy one, and that's flat. I don't often put my foot down, but—"

"Angel," said Sally, "I don't think the other twelve people can have explained the thing to you properly, because you don't seem to understand. Look here"—she pulled a small round object out of her hand-bag and planked it down on the tea-table—"*that* is a Dracula ash-tray."

I looked at it curiously, for I had never before let anybody get so far as actually showing me one. It was made of dried milk, coagulated gum-resin or another of those synthetic products whose substance defies the careless housemaid and whose trade-name sickens the etymological purist. Its decoration was that distressing medley of hues, of blobs and flecks and wreathéd swirls which is known, I believe, as "jazz."

"You see," Sally went on, "you pay a pound for this."

"A pound? Why, it must be worth every penny of one-and-eleven-three."

"Yes, but wait. I give you the ash-tray, you send the pound to the Dracula people, they send you some more ash-trays and you sell them to your friends. When you've sold four (you'll be my fourth, by the way) the Dracula people send you ten bob, and you also get ten bob for *each* of the first three that *each* of your descendants sells—"

"I haven't got any descendants."

"Don't be silly, angel. Your descendants are the people you sell them to and the people *they* sell them to and the people *they* sell them to, and so on. So you see, if none of your links fail you can make anything up to twenty thousand pounds."

"Bah-hah!" I said cynically.

"But you *can*," Sally insisted. "What's more, people do. The Duchess of Dunstable has already made two thousand and General Burdle has made seven-hundred-and-fifty and Mrs. Malcolm Pennycook is drawing fourteen pounds a week out of it and——"

"Do you actually know any of these people?"

"No," Sally admitted; "but I know a girl who knows a man who's made two-pound-ten."

"Now look here," I said, "I'm not denying that a certain number of people who got in on this thing right at the beginning may have made quite a lot. But you can't make money out of thin air. Somebody's got to pay. If the Dracula people themselves make money out of this, as they obviously

must, and if the Duchess of Dunstable and General Burdle and Mrs. Malcolm Pennycook and the man-who-knows-a-girl-you-know all make money, who pays?"

"I don't know," she confessed.

"Well, I'll tell you who pays. You. And I. And all our 'descendants.'"

"But we *don't*—not if we all work hard and sell enough ash-trays."

"Well, you and I may not actually lose money," I conceded, "but can't you see that each succeeding person has less chance of making any, because there are fewer people left in the world for him to sell ash-trays to? It's like selling a friend an oil-well which you know is steadily running dry."

"But, darling, the population of the world is about two thousand million or something. There must be lots and lots of people left who haven't bought a Dracula yet."

"There are lots and lots of people in the world who don't *use* ash-trays," I remarked, descending to Sally's own brand of logic. "Savages, for instance."

"They could learn. The onward march of civilisation and all that."

"And then there are the people who think smoking's wicked or simply don't care about it."

"The Dracula ash-tray," said Sally, with a parrot-like glibness that could only have been acquired from a leaflet, "can also be used as a dainty container for pins, paper-clips, bon-bons or salted almonds."

I gave it up. "My dear," I said, "it comes down to a matter of principle. I object to letting my friends in for a scheme in which their chances of success are diminishing every day and are in inverse ratio to——"

"Angel, you *know* I never understand about inverse ratios. The point is: Are you going to be a lamb and buy a Dracula?"

"I am not," I said; "but I tell you what I will do: I'll give you the ten bob which selling me the fourth ash-tray would have got you from the Dracula people. It's a small price to pay for a clear conscience—to say nothing of the trouble it'll save me."

"Thank you," said Sally, "I call that handsome," and she slipped the ten-shilling note and the ash-tray into her hand-bag. "By the way," she said, "Dracula's a funny name. What does it mean?"

"Blood-sucking vampire," I replied with relish. JAN.

"TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY.

Lost, 25th, Woolworth's, ——, Purse with upper teeth."—*West-Country Paper.*

There's many a slip 'twixt the purse and the lip.



His Lordship (to butler under notice). "HAVE YOU SHOWN YOUR SUCCESSOR OVER THE CELLAR?"

Butler. "YES, MY LORD. SHALL I PUT HIM TO BED OR PHONE FOR A TAXI?"

THE RAKE'S REGRESS.

[Comrade KRYLENKO has recently issued a decree proclaiming property in Russia as "sacred and inviolable."]

WHEN Soviet Russia's reign began,
With stubborn back against the wall she
Acted according to her plan;
Nothing was sacred, God nor man—
Barring, of course, the Bolshie.

Then, filled with a consuming fear
Lest she was versus one too many,
She wooed the Unions over here
Till it became as daylight clear
That they weren't having any.

Later, to obvious facts resigned,
At which too long she'd railed and ranted,
To Capital with chastened mind
She lent her ear, and seemed inclined
To take our Faith for granted.

And, since of Property, too, we learn,
To-day she tells a different story,
For full salvation she may yearn,
And in due time the Bolshie turn
To a God-fearing Tory. A. K.

"MR. WELLS IN £100,000 SUIT."
Daily Paper.

We can't afford to dress like that.

AT THE PLAY.

"NEVER COME BACK" (PHŒNIX).

IT was a strange and, for the most part, shockingly ill-mannered crowd that, drawn by the magnet of the pre-luncheon cocktail, drifted on to the terrace of *Mr. John Mortimer's* villa at Cannes—one of those elaborately austere contraptions compounded apparently of gas-piping and mammoth slabs of concrete. Besides the host (Mr. JAMES CAREW), a quiet friendly American, there is *Lord Trench* (Mr. ATHOLE STEWART), an old bear; the *Duke of Bristol* (Mr. VICTOR BOGETTI deputising for Mr. BRIAN GILMOUR), a sleek cad; *Sir John Moynton* (Mr. EVELYN ROBERTS), a chronic alcoholic; *Lord Redwood* (Mr. P. KYNASTON REEVES), with a passion for discovering fatal diseases in his friends; there is *Lady Trench* (Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS), who has suddenly gone young and giddy under the influence of a "daffodil"; *Lady Redwood* (Miss VIOLA TREE), her gauche and over-candid daughter; *Lady Moynton* (Miss NORA SWINBURNE), the *Duke's* mistress, about to be paid off; the abysmal American snob, *Mrs. Linkley* (Miss MARGARET MOFFAT); her pretty daughter, *Mary* (Miss ADRIANNE ALLEN), and the easy-mannered, sensitive, popular, accomplished *Smith* (Mr. RAYMOND MASSEY).

Mrs. Linkley is remorselessly driving her daughter into the arms of the *Duke*. *Mary*, however, is reluctant to be a duchess, or at any rate the duchess of that particular *Duke*. Her heart indeed is, we suspect, given to *Smith*, and anon is formally offered by her to that mysterious young man and rejected with a most elaborate assumption of indifference, almost of hostility.

Smith is our very old friend the romantic crook and an unusually attractive specimen of the type. We have seen him deftly removing the *Duke's* pocket-book and handing the proceeds to his friend *Mortimer*, together with other casual spoils of a Cannes spring morning. It is not part of Mr. LONSDALE's method of handling crime to mystify his audiences. With the key of the situation thrust into our hands it is for us to watch the mystification caused by suspicion of the unsuspecting characters, contrived with an ingenuity of invention, an honest acceptance of the rules of the game at its most rigid and a neatness of execution which are extremely diverting.

A few months later the same oddly-assorted company is assembled in *Mrs. Linkley's* expensive English country house. *Mary*, now formally affianced to her *Duke*, is not liking it; *Mrs. Linkley*, triumphant, is throwing her weight about, displaying with pride her jewels, including a famous £60,000 diamond necklace. Later it is missing. Suspicion clearly points to *Smith*; though we know better. The smart well-educated detective, *Rolls* (Mr. FRANK ALLENBY), argues that two such intelligent men as *Smith* and *Mortimer* wouldn't be in such a house with such a dull crowd of snobs and imbeciles except with criminal intent—a sound if somewhat arbitrary deduction but, as to the specific theft in question, wrong. The experienced among us quickly guess the real culprit and the whole business might have been perfunctorily wound up on well-established lines. But in *Rolls* Mr. LONSDALE has sprung on us a new type—a philosopher and psychologist, a sportsman who can appreciate good technique when he sees it and take a serious professional disappointment with good temper—one of those bright young men who are slipping into the police service in these days of fundamental social changes.

I must record that neither criminal nor detective is as astute as the author tries to bluff us into thinking they are. But the bluff is ingenious—and plausible so long as we have not time to analyse it. Need I add that the simple American maid is at long last enfolded in the arms of her rescued (and converted) crook? Clearly not.

The hard bright piece makes no demands on the distinguished cast. Mr. RAYMOND MASSEY's part alone called for any subtlety in the handling, and subtlety comes easily to him. Production by Mr. ATHOLE STEWART and decoration by Mr. LAWRENCE IRVING and sundry dressmakers—admirable. T.



SUSPECTED AT SIGHT.

The Detective. "JUST PLAIN *SMITH*, WITHOUT EVEN A *SIR* TO IT? WHY, YOU 'RE BOUND TO BE A CROOK!"

Smith . . . . . MR. RAYMOND MASSEY.
Lord Trench . . . MR. ATHOLE STEWART.
Rolls . . . . . MR. FRANK ALLENBY.

"FOR SERVICES RENDERED" (GLOBE).

I do not envy anyone who could fail to be deeply moved by this sensitively-felt and significantly-expressed tragedy. It displays that angry bitterness which informs all Mr. MAUGHAM's serious work. It has no smooth consolations to offer, little to mitigate that sense of the intolerable constriction of human bondage which rides the author like a nightmare. Yet here, in a degree unusual with him, there is pity and understanding to soften the bitterness, a perhaps grudging recognition of fineness and courage as well as of weakness and baseness. There is also a quality of universality which makes the play something more than a grim realistic study of an individual obscure family in an insignificant country town. The serious student of the theatre will admire the technical skill with which the theme and characters are outlined in the quiet First Act; the masterly elimination throughout of all that does not directly develop the main intention; and the exact calculation of the positively stunning moments of primary and secondary crisis.

The play, though actually short, gives the impression of being a long one, not because of any moments of tedium or misdirection, but because of the packed significance of every incident, almost of every phrase. I should suppose that in the title, *For Services Rendered*, there is a double suggestion—the poor repayment that we make, or that the harsh competitive circumstances of life make, not only to our once acclaimed heroes when the glamour of their deeds has grown dim, but also to those who have sacrificed themselves when the first generous impulses of pity and service have faded and the sense of duty accomplished is not sufficient to compensate for the loss of freedom and the frustration of natural instincts.

The play is, as I have hinted, too close-knit to make a brief *précis* of the argument intelligible. A brief indication of the main characters and general situation must serve.

Leonard Ardsley (Mr. C. V. FRANCE), solicitor, narrow legal mind, worthy, completely insensitive, still ready to give a son to another war; *Charlotte* (Miss LOUISE HAMPTON), devoted wife and understanding mother; *Sydney* (Mr. CEDRIC HARDWICKE), their son, blinded in the War, sardonic observer and bitter commentator, who with deliberate calculation exploits the sympathy of others to make his lot more bearable and accepts service without gratitude or consideration, his defensive armour being an elaborate self-centredness; their two unmarried daughters, *Eva* (Miss FLORA ROBSON) and *Lois* (Miss MARJORIE MARS)—*Eva*, who lost her *fiancé* in the War, and has for fifteen years been the slave of her brother's exacting whims, morbidly sensitive, unattractive, sex-starved and therefore sex-preoccupied, her self-control obviously steadily breaking down; *Lois*, a hard little modern of twenty-six, pretty, ardent if as yet unawakened; their sister *Ethel* (Miss DIANA HAMILTON), married during the War to a local small farmer, a coarse-grained, heavy-drinking, lustful, genial lout, *Howard Bartlett* (Mr. W. CRONIN-WILSON). *Ethel* accepts the harsh law that one must lie on the hard bed one has made, and with quiet heroism is loyal to her man, conscious that he too, missing a mate more suited to his nature, has suffered by the misalliance; *Howard* is proud to recall in his cups the splendid time he had as an officer and a gentleman, when unlimited rations of women and whisky more than made up for the discomforts and dangers of the trenches—a dam-sight better life that than trying to scratch a living out of the land.

Of the friends of the family we have *Collie Stratton* (Mr. RALPH RICHARDSON), Commander R.N. and D.S.O., axed for economy's sake and now garage-proprietor, his business precariously balanced on the very edge of bankruptcy; and the *Cedars*, *Wilfrid* (Mr. S. J. WARMINGTON) and his suspicious, stupid and neglected *Gwen* (Miss MARDA VANNE)—*Wilfrid* pursuing little red-headed *Lois* with the abject eagerness of the ageing sensualist, rich enough to be able to buy tolerance for his grey hairs and unromantic figure, and *Gwen*, striking blindly and foolishly in the attempt to hold her already lost man.

The tragedy moves forward relentlessly—to *Collie's* pitiful end; to the breakdown of the controls in poor starved *Eva*, who has persuaded herself that he will love her, and to the upsetting of her reason when she learns his fate; to the final surrender of *Lois*, fiercely contemptuous of herself and her lover, in fear of the loneliness and agony of the repressed and unwanted. Her mother, with but a few months to live, summoning her fine courage to meet death and "that grey shadow which is all that you clever men have left me of God," feels herself unable in her new detachment to interfere with her younger daughter's choice to take her own way.

There were awkward moments, to which perhaps certain remediable defects of production contributed. For one I think we must hold the author responsible. It was unwise after the painful hysterical outburst of *Eva* (played with a frightening yet artistically controlled abandonment by Miss FLORA ROBSON) to repeat this always hazardous effect with *Gwen*. Not all Miss MARDA VANNE's skill and tact could make us accept it. The guffaws of the insensitive made themselves heard and broke the spell. The breach was but temporary, but it was a flaw that stood out by reason of the fineness of the general texture.

Of Miss ROBSON's fine performance it is difficult to speak in measured terms. It was, I dare to say, superb. It was crowned by a poignant moment near the end, when the distraught girl, dressed in her best, came down to announce to the family her engagement to a dead man who had been, as all knew, entirely indifferent to her. I cannot pass over the extremely skilful handling of an unsympathetic part by Mr. S. J. WARMINGTON, who made us aware (with warrant in his author's text) of something sensitive and not altogether ignoble in his passion for the disdainful *Lois*. Mr. CEDRIC HARDWICKE gave us the detached bitterness of the blind *Sydney* with a hundred skilful touches to emphasise, without over-emphasising, his condition both of mind and body. Mr. W. CRONIN-WILSON might so easily have over-played his *Howard Bartlett*—and didn't. And I thought the difficult passage in Mr. RICHARDSON's part, where *Collie* in dismay learns of *Eva's* formidable passion for him—this on the top of his own harassing preoccupations—was admirably done. Miss LOUISE HAMPTON did her easier task faultlessly, and Miss DIANA HAMILTON her difficult overshadowed part with a real distinction. It was, in fact, a memorable evening. T.



MOTHER AND FATHER WONDERING WHY THEIR FAMILY SHOULD BE SO MUCH MORE TROUBLESOME THAN OTHER PEOPLE'S.

Charlotte Ardsley . . Miss LOUISE HAMPTON.
Leonard Ardsley . . Mr. C. V. FRANCE.



THE LASS THAT LOVED AN UNRESPONSIVE SAILOR.

Collie Stratton, R.N. . . Mr. RALPH RICHARDSON.
Eva . . . . . Miss FLORA ROBSON.

Stands Scotland where she did?

"The Celtic tracery on the brass work was designed by Ritchie, that peerless craftsman and designer of Iona, from the stones and crosses on that lonely island of the sea from which Columbus set out on his great adventure that brought light and truth to Scotland."—*Indian Weekly Paper.*

"To-day's conference broke up at about 5.45 p.m. Mr. de Valera came out with Mr. de Valera, shook hands with him and bade him good-bye.

'Are you meeting again to-morrow?' a correspondent asked."—*Canadian Paper.*

You simply can't surprise these newspaper men.

UNCLE DIEHARD PROTESTS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—May I use one of your corners to utter the plea that Non-Stop programmes should be made a little more suitable for mixed parties? Most of us like now and then to fill up an hour at a variety show, but not all of us are in love with the *double entente*, which, though no doubt expected and welcomed by the dubious smart set at midnight cabarets, is a blot on places of amusement meant for family use. One ought not to be forced to blush there.

No doubt the questionable is the lazy comedian's easier way; but why should not managers insist on harder work? The principal offenders are the *compères* who now link the turns together with familiar patter, and the back-chat partners who are taking the place of the comic singers of the past. Few songs are now sung, but there is an almost ceaseless exchange of grimy quips and badinage, all more suitable to a saloon-bar than a music-hall.

The LORD CHAMBERLAIN, I understand, has nothing to do with variety, and therefore if any action is taken it must be taken by the police. But I am not suggesting that the coarseness of which I complain is matter for any Court of Law. It is not criminal; it is merely deplorable and socially detrimental in its lowering of taste. And it is increasing to an extent which to any serious Englishman proud of his race must be alarming. The thin (or thick) end of the wedge.

Whether I am more saddened by the grossness of the performers or by the delight with which it is received, I cannot say. But, although audiences seem to be cynically indifferent to the danger of such indiscriminate vulgarising of a houseful of people, many of them quite young, I am convinced that they would not stay away if the programmes were cleaned up. They laugh because they have paid their money to laugh and there is a superficial indication that the performer is funny. But this is not to exonerate either the managers, who are indifferent or take shelter behind the theory that it is their duty to give the public what the public wants, or the performers themselves, who find it less trouble to be vulgar than to be genuinely amusing.

In fact a very unfortunate spirit of *laissez faire* is at the back of it. Rather than go to the pains of building up a creation such as the conscientious artists used to do—DAN LENO, LITTLE TICH, HERBERT CAMPBELL, VESTA TILLEY, T. E. DUNVILLE, MARK SHERIDAN and too many others to name—the tendency of the moment is to rely on ancient japes and double meanings.

The fashion no doubt will change. The comic song will return and these slovenly seamy jesters will disappear. But what I want you, Sir, to do is to accelerate that moment. With your record of ninety prosperous years of fun dissociated from vulgarity of any kind, you are peculiarly in a position to support my contention that laughter is not dependent on what is dirty and degrading.

I am, Yours faithfully,
UNCLE DIEHARD.

OUR INSTITUTE.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

WELL, Fellow-Workers, here we are at our Autumn Rally, and I think we can look back on a cheery, useful and hearty season's work, don't you? From the very first meeting we started off splendidly with two co-operative hammocks made out of old bootlaces, and we also had a most interesting lecture on What to do about Earwigs. The demonstration we were to have had at the May meeting on Making Candelabra from Corks had to be cancelled as we had a report from a neighbouring Institute that procuring the corks encouraged bad habits in members' husbands. But Miss Blodge very nobly came to our rescue and gave us that thrilling lesson in How to Grow Mushrooms in an Old Bowler Hat. I got some splendid results with my husband's—so good that he insisted on giving it up to me altogether and never wearing it again.

Then we mustn't forget all those jolly competitions we had in June; Guessing the Vicar's Weight, Modelling the PRIME MINISTER in Soap, and the Best Use Made of an Old Banana. How we laughed when Mrs. Widdy dressed hers up as a doll! and what a good doll it made too, though perhaps a bit more sallow than we like our kiddies to be, eh, Fellow Members?

And, talking of kiddies, I'm afraid that next year we shall have to be more strict about them; Mrs. Scotcher's little boy—and a dear little boy Gordon is, Mrs. Scotcher; don't think I'm saying anything against him—but he *did* rather disturb that excellent demonstration on Cutting Down Father's Trousers by continually interrupting the lecturer with "Oh yeah!" I fear in future we must stick to our rule of only admitting genuine tots.

In July, as you'll all remember, came our Great Federation Rally, when we were lucky enough—and I think we may say plucky enough—to carry off the County Rabbit Shield, the Busy Banner and Lady Rootlebury's Fresh Egg Cup. Our choir too were to be congratulated. They studied both the Competition pieces, and, though at the performance, through a misunderstanding, the sopranos sang "Young Lochinvar" while the seconds rendered "The Wreck of the Hesperus" we won the prize in spite of it and everyone said it all went off splendidly.

August, of course, was quite an orgy of Outings and Group Hikes, and we had an amusing competition for the Most Useful Thing Picked Up on a Walk, which Mrs. Honeyman won with a dried haddock found on the Great North Road. Then came Bacon Week, and we all produced our Hospital Pigs—all, that is, except Mrs. Weeks, whose pig died of colic the day before. But she was able to bring a new member instead, which was better still.

In September we got to work again with a will, and we're proud to claim that we've turned out four co-operative seaweed rugs and two dozen delightful tea-strainers made from old socks. We've had lectures on British Israel and What to do with Grannie when she's Bedridden; a bright talk on Refuse, and thrilling demonstrations on Rinsing, Ink-making and Trussing, How to Make Slippers out of Old Felt Hats, and a most helpful talk on the Making of Hats out of Old Felt Slippers.

Well, Friends, I think that 's a season to be proud of, don't you? and that with luck we shall stand a chance of being anyway runners-up for the Excelsior Urn next year. Now we shall have tea and a Yodelling Competition, and afterwards listen to Miss Snodgrass, who has come all the way from Chalfont St. Giles to give us a demonstration—and I'm sure it will be most interesting and useful, Miss Snodgrass—on How to Remove Gravy Stains from Tennis Balls.

Sorrows of a Falling Death-Rate.

"LET DOWN BY CUSTOMERS.
UNDERTAKER'S FAILURE."
Headlines in Local Paper.

Girlishness in Gaiters.

"The Vicar handed over to the Bishop a bookcase containing Scott's novels as a memento of the occasion.

'This is so sudden,' said the Bishop as he received the gift."—*Local Paper.*

The Odour of Antiquity.

"The Council, he added, hoped to go forward with a large sewerage scheme to beautify the area round the baths. There was romance attached to the 'Wishing Gate' and the Old Roman Road and something of that atmosphere they would like to reproduce."—*Lancashire Paper.*

It sounds as if they wanted a whiff of the Cloaca Maxima.



"RUINED, ALBERT? AND SHALL WE HAVE TO LEAVE OUR LITTLE NEST?"



"OH, ALFIE, *do* SIT UP STRITE AND EAT *nice*, LIKE DAD!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Prejudice and Passion.

THAT the sapping of creeds has meant the sapping of tragedy there is no doubt, for the finest of tragic issues is the clash of two incompatible faiths. But the tragedy of conflicting traditions and prejudices is with us still, a poignant business and perhaps even less satisfactory to the onlookers than to the principals. No one is fitter to suggest its heroic and pathetic futilities than Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY; and the supreme value of *Flowering Wilderness* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) lies in the fact that he and the pick of his cast recognise the futility as undermining the heroism and pathos. *Dinny Cherrell*, delightful daughter of a "Service" family, loses her heart to *Wilfrid Desert*, free-lance younger son of an eccentric nobleman. *Wilfrid* was best man and *Dinny* bridesmaid at *Fleur Forsyte's* wedding, so their passion, a headlong one, involves all the remaining scions of the *Mont*, *Forsyte*, *Cherrell* and *Tasburgh* circle. To these, sufficiently put out by their charming relation's attachment to a poet, come rumours of *Desert's* unforgivable aberration in the Sudan, where he is said to have renounced Christianity and turned Moslem at the menace of the sheikh's pistol. None of the *Cherrell* set is profoundly orthodox; even *Hilary*, the parson, uses dogma as a mere stalking-horse for humanitarianism. But they unite to disparage the ill-starred alliance, and a whole battery of scruples and misgivings on the embittered and detached *Wilfrid's* part comes ironically to their assistance. The issue, a memorable one, is the crown of an unusually eloquent, well-proportioned and single-minded novel.

A Fighting Architect.

Born at the close of 1856, Sir REGINALD BLOMFIELD, R.A., came of clerical stock on both sides, his mother having been the second daughter of that CHARLES JAMES BLOMFIELD who was Bishop of London from 1828 to 1856 and retired with a pension of £6,000 a year and Fulham Palace as a residence. The family history he has himself told in *A Suffolk Family*, so we need not pursue it further here; but it was a great-uncle, Rector of Stevenage and Canon of Chester, who started the notion of turning the derelict buildings of the old East India College at Haileybury into a public school, thereby providing a place of education for the author of *Memoirs of an Architect* (MACMILLAN, 10/6). Haileybury, when he went there in 1869, was, in his own words, rather a "rough-and-tumble sort of place," but no doubt it assisted to inspire a certain love of fighting which has brought Sir REGINALD to the fore in his profession. He began his school career somewhat slackly, but finished it in a blaze of glory, his father having written to say that if his reports did not improve he would be taken away and end his days as a clerk in a post-office. This terrible prospect produced a sudden change, and young BLOMFIELD finished up second in the school, head of his house and winner of a leaving exhibition and a scholarship at Exeter, Oxford, besides being in the school cricket and Rugby football teams. To my mind the school and college days form the most interesting part of these reminiscences. But Sir REGINALD has lived a full life, and he writes of it here with zest and

with the practised hand of a scholar and a fine literary craftsman. And I can imagine that none of his many distinctions gives him greater pleasure than the Honorary Fellowship of his old college.

Angling from all Angles.

When PATRICK R. CHALMERS remarks
of the Thames
And its fish that there cannot be said
Anything that is new,
I suspect it is true
For its lore is all stored in his head;
But out of this mine of delectable gems,
Familiar to him though they be,
He can haul not a few
That should captivate you
And a heap that are novel to me.

And whether your skill equals his with
the hook,
Be it trout, barbel, pike, bream or
chub,
And supposing you 've grown
To regard as your own
A seat in his favourite pub,
At the Tail of the Weir (PHILIP ALLAN) 's
a book
Which I still would advise you to get,
For the smilable tone
Of its telling alone
Is a bargain at 12/6 net.

A Castle House-Party.

A *Constant Nymph* theme turned inside out strikes me as the staple of *A Long Time Ago* (HEINEMANN, 7/6). Instead of a horde of *Sangers* impinged on by one *Florence* you have a phalanx of bourgeois Anglo-Saxons set by the ears over one German singer. *Elissa Koebel* flees to an Irish cabin to recover her voice. A patriarchal contingent of allied families from North Oxford and similar strongholds of respectability decides to spend its summer in a neighbouring castle. Their meeting is revived, twenty years after, in *Elissa's* memoirs, a selection from which preludes the story and proves how sound is the instinct of a grown-up child of the castle house-party in keeping the book out of her mother's hands. For *Ellen Napier*, most charming of the three English hostesses, had her husband, *Dick*, the doctor, seduced by the omnivorous *Elissa*—and never knew it. Everyone else did, however, and this is the intriguing though perhaps hardly sufficient theme of Miss MARGARET KENNEDY'S new book. I say "hardly sufficient," because the novel has only one situation and three characters who count. The situation is the lure of two polar types of womanhood for the invertebrate and rather boring *Dick*. The three characters are *Elissa*, *Ellen* and *Muffy*, the castle household's delightful Nannie; for *Ellen's* relatives (though numerous and, from the reputational point of view, costly) are unimportant. *Ellen* herself remains a magnificent sketch; and the description of her Tabor-ascent of the Haunted Glen is as memorable a record of ecstasy as I could wish to encounter.



Employer. "LOOK AT THIS LETTER FROM MESSRS. SMITH, BEAUTIFULLY TYPED."
Typist. "UM—AND THE GRAMMAR 'S EXCELLENT TOO."

Sword and Pen.

In *Through the Menin Gate* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 6/-) there is presented a certain Lieutenant MOTTRAM who is contentedly wearing a woolly sleeping-cap and a blood-and-muck-smeared raincoat, with sandbags bound round his shins. He is leaning on the branch of a tree he uses for testing the depth of the water he has to wade through, and he has come in from a front-line trench to report to senior officers of the old Regular Army, who, even while crouching in a filthy dug-out under persistent shell-fire, cannot quite understand this deplorable subaltern's rig, which contrasts somewhat sharply with their established conceptions, but nevertheless represents reality in a horrible impersonal War

that has become an affair of machines and mud. Mr. R. H. MOTTRAM, demobbed, occasions me somewhat similar difficulty by the sharpness of his contrasts when he contrives to retain his own characteristic quality of exquisite pessimism-laden delicacy while detailing brutally, grossly and even gleefully his particular part of the least subdued or beautiful chapter of human history. The greater and better part of this volume is occupied with his individual record—and an uncommonly competent officer he must have been; but whether it is personal or not it is war from beginning to end. Of the short chapters I like best "The Blinkin' Black," but perhaps that is because Mr. MOTTRAM here allows himself a cheerful conclusion after I had fairly resigned myself to tragedy.

Intoxicating Absurdity.

If a book may be compared with wine, then *Lady Richard in the Larder* (HEATH CRANTON, 7/6) is like champagne of so heady a quality that, while he is sampling it, the most seasoned reader will find himself exuberant—in perfect mood to appreciate the bubbles of wit and to enjoy the company of an enchanting lady, a quack psycho-analyst, a dieting Marchioness, several villains, a Bolshevist paying-guest and some men-about-town. Chief among the latter is the impecunious and debonair *Lord Richard*, who, after having lost one job because of his violent taste in handkerchiefs, is induced, not inappropriately, to seek the only cure for a common cold. This remedy, a plant said to grow in remote islands, is only rooted in the imagination of *Lord Michael Mustard*, who, as an admirer of *Lady Richard*, arranges the expedition in order to get rid of her husband. So it comes about that happenings at home are even more thrilling than those abroad, though *Richard* has some odd adventures before he finds his lady in the larder. It would not be fair to Mrs. CONSTANCE MILES to give away more details of her neat plot, but it is only fair to the reader to beg him, if he needs excuse for laughter, enjoys wit and absurdity and would be intoxicated by a spirit of genial madness, not to delay his pleasure.



Guest. "BY JOVE, THAT'S A WHOPPER! DID YOU CATCH IT YOURSELF?"
Host. "WELL, NOT EXACTLY; BUT IT'S A VERY FAITHFUL REPRODUCTION I HAD MADE FROM MY OWN DESCRIPTION OF ONE THAT JUST GOT AWAY."

The Princess and the Swineherd.

Judged by the standard of an age in which the "Shall us?—Let's!" formula is pretty generally accepted as the correct preliminary to matrimony, the young love whose course is described by Miss "ELIZABETH STEWARD" in her novel, *The Unlikely Wooing* (MILLS AND BOON, 7/6), might well seem to merit the epithet she has chosen. The theme—the conflicting claims of love and pride of birth—is in a sense one of the oldest in the world, as old as the day when the first princess was wooed by the first swineherd; but Miss STEWARD has contrived to give it a fresh and pleasant turn. Her little lame heroine, despite her deplorable ignorance of what we are accustomed to call the Facts of Life, is a human and appealing figure, and her lover atones for his lack of the correct amount of inches for a novelist's hero of the stereotyped order by the sterling quality of his mental and moral make-up. A welcome sense of humour and a sane and shrewd philosophy of life expressed in a fluent and natural style combine to make this a story which may for once fairly be described as wholesome without any underlying suggestion of the other aspect of NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S diet.

The Heyday of the Circus.

One disappointment and only one awaited me in *Hold Yer Hosses* (LANE, 12/6), and it arrived on page 135, when Mr. BOB SHERWOOD said, "It is not my intention to include in this work any part of my own career as an acrobatic clown, that having already been printed in my autobiography." The soundness of this reason cannot be gainsaid, but as I adore clowns I could quite easily have forgiven him if he had indulged in a little repetition. "Uncle" BOB SHERWOOD, notwithstanding his abstention, has given us a book that is both rich in reminiscences of circus life and noteworthy for its kindly outlook. Modern inventions may have deprived the circus of some of its romance, but during the years when BOB SHERWOOD was performing so brilliantly both in America and Europe for Mr. BARNUM, travelling shows had lost none of their glamour. "The greatest genius who ever conducted an amusement enterprise in America" is Mr. SHERWOOD'S description of P. T. BARNUM, and those of us who read of P. T.'s uncanny skill in luring the public to his entertainments will agree with this verdict. To me the most engaging chapter in a delightful volume is "Retrospect," in which Mr. SHERWOOD, with every right, suggests a new beatitude, "Blessed are the aged who grow old gracefully."

Tales of Devon.

The formula of several of the twelve stories collected in *They Could Do No Other* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6) is familiar enough, but those of us who through the years have learned to regard Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS' Devonshire natives as our friends will not be troubled on that account. His many loyal admirers are fully aware that his art in such tales as these lies chiefly in the telling, and it has never been more pleasantly evident than in this volume. To "The Reed Rond" I award the first place among the dozen, for in his description of an old woman, beloved but impeding, Mr. PHILLPOTTS writes with perfect understanding of one of the world's most poignant and inevitable tragedies. But all of these yarns are easy to read and the majority of them are amusing.

Mr. Punch extends a warm welcome to *The Birdikin Family*, by ARCHIBALD MARSHALL (DENT, 6/-); all the stories and many of Mr. GEORGE MORROW'S drawings have already appeared in his pages.

CHARIVARIA.

WE gather from the Press that everything would be quite all right in the Irish Free State if only the people had the courage of Mr. DE VALERA'S convictions.

***

The theory is advanced in a recently-published work that the Hebrews originally migrated from America. It is not known who led them back to New York.

***

A newspaper reader asserts that the clean-shaven men of to-day lack the authority given by whiskers. Does Signor MUSSOLINI realise this?

***

The complaint of makers of golf-clubs that they are faced with ruin owing to the duty on imported woods is calculated to have the effect of putting politicians off their game.

***

Which reminds us that the introduction of all-night golf by powerful flood-lighting on a course near San Francisco should be a boon to those players who can't get round in a day.

***

The Zoo walrus is dead, and the Zoo carpenter is reported to be inconsolable.

***

Housewifery is said to be coming into fashion; but it is noted that many women still defy the risk of being considered *démodées*.

***

We read that a single human hair will support a weight of four ounces. It is still, however, more practical to use string.

***

An American speaker described the advocacy of the "Wets" as a "weasel-worded elongation of attenuated innuendos." If the Presidential election has done nothing else it has made one man say that.

***

A couple who first met at a bridge-party last year are to marry. But then there are risks in every game.

***

On one German railway every millionth passenger is given a prize of ten shillings. On our own tube railways of course they would take away his strap and give him a seat.

***

Señor TOMASO, the Argentine Minister of Agriculture, may head a trade mission to London. There is no tariff against foreign TOMASOES.

***

It is said that until the recent introduction of the telephone in the Belgian Congo, explorers had high hopes of the savage tribes eventually becoming docile.

***

A beauty-specialist points out that foreheads are now being worn higher. Even, in the case of a few great men, above the hair.

***

Special cloths for cleaning grease from the hands are on sale. These should be very useful for garage mechanics when there are no steering-wheels to wipe their hands on.

***

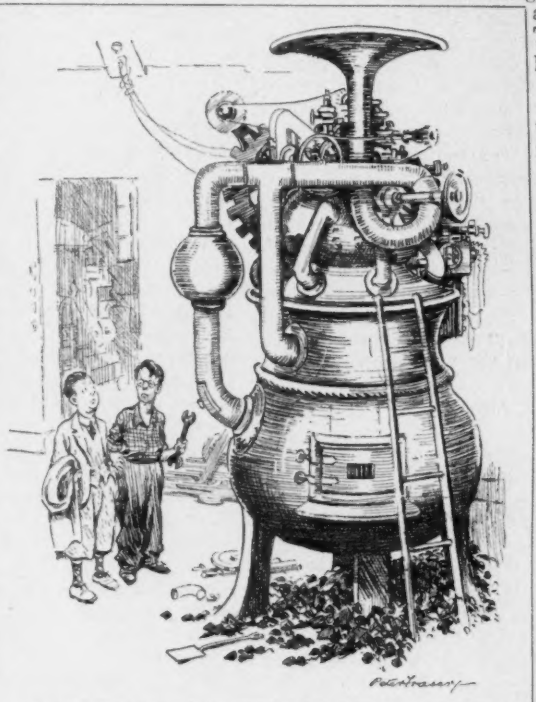
A critic thinks that Mr. H. G. WELLS might be asked to write a film-plot for Hollywood. It seems a very good idea. The one they are now using is getting a trifle dull.

***

Baby turtles are said to be popular as pets. The interest of watching the little creatures grow up should especially appeal to aldermen.

***

Greyhound-racing, they say, will never be as popular as horse-racing until there is some way of telling a dog that he needn't try too hard.



Prolific Inventor. "AND NOW WE COME TO ANOTHER LITTLE INVENTION OF MINE. I CAN'T QUITE REMEMBER AT THE MOMENT WHAT IT WAS INTENDED FOR."

Fencing is growing in popularity among M.P.'s, says a writer. Hedging of course is their favourite hobby.

***

"What is a pedestrian?" was a question recently asked in a London court. A pedestrian is a man who has a small car and a large family.

***

A bank cashier who recently absconded with over five hundred pounds was six feet three inches in height. So long.

***

The march of hereditary Peers to Downing Street to present a petition against the proposed Merit Test has been indefinitely postponed.

***

Wheat in Canada is cheaper than sawdust. Also it makes much better bread.

***

There are estimated to be forty thousand practising poets in the United States. These round figures give rise to the suspicion that a poet or so has been overlooked.

***

An expert says that if you are caught in the traffic you should remain still. Give the ambulance-men a chance.

***

The man arrested for tearing buttons off people's clothes has been returned to his laundry.

***

AT FIRST NIGHTS: It's never too late to arrive at the theatre.

***

Oddly enough, when we send it by ship it is a cargo and when it goes by car it is a shipment.

***

A newspaper report states that a barrister chased a London solicitor in a car at fifty miles an hour after a motoring incident. A quick run and a brief.

***

A burglar sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment at London Sessions had left his birth-certificate behind in a house he had burgled. He now supports the Anti-Litter Movement.

Truth Will Out.

"INNINGS VICTORY.
AUSTRALIANS FAIL TO WITHSTAND VERITY."
West-Country Paper.

"THE VAGARIES OF VIOLAS."
Gardening Paper.

Twelfth Night contains the best example.

"O. S."

FAREWELLS can never be without their sadness, but the pain of severance is largely assuaged when a departing chief, honoured and beloved, retires from office after long years of devoted service while he is still happily able to enjoy his well-earned rest and turn his leisure to fruitful account.

It is not Mr. Punch's habit to blow his own trumpet, but he cannot refrain from sounding a grateful fanfare in honour of one who has served him with conspicuous ability and a single mind, as contributor and Editor, for thirty-five years. To the outer world "O. S." is known through the pages of *Punch* by his resourceful felicity as a social commentator and satirist and by his unfailing power of rising to the full height of the occasion in dignified ceremonial verse. But only those who have worked with and under him know all that he has done to raise the literary standard of the paper by his own example and by the infinite pains he took to encourage the outside contributor. He never failed to recognise talent or to assist it in the struggle for expression by criticism at once faithful and stimulating. His most drastic revisions were seldom resented. Not a few of those who acted on them acknowledged him as their best and only teacher. He has helped many lame dogs over stiles; he has avoided publicity, shunned the limelight, and has seldom been concerned to defend himself even when ignorantly and unfairly attacked. Throughout his career he has been governed by a firm adherence to the rule that the business of an editor is to edit, and in the fulfilment of his aim has never spared himself time or trouble. His capacity for continuous and concentrated work has been the marvel and envy of his assistants.

But his greatest service still remains to be recorded. In the opening weeks of the Great War Mr. Punch thought seriously of putting up his shutters. How could he carry on in a shattered and mourning world? That he did carry on was due to the temper of the men in the trenches, to their contributions and messages, and to his conviction that it was not only a privilege but a duty to minister to mirth even at a time when one hastened to laugh for fear of being obliged to weep. In the achievement of this task "O. S." set a splendid and unwavering example of fortitude and cheerfulness. When the time, long distant, we all hope, comes to write his epitaph, none better could be devised than the words: "He edited *Punch* in the Great War."

PUNCH.

THE PRESENT SITUATION IN GERMANY.

IT is time that the situation in Germany was made clear to the Man in the Street.

I have stopped several of these and attempted to offer a complete *Erklärung* of the present political position, but they showed scant interest. I tried to point out to one of them that a fusion between the Agrarian party and the German Nationals would be decidedly *Kolossal*, and that the alienation of the Potsdam Lager-Brewers from the Sud-Deutscher Schnitzel-Growers could only result in a disorderly *Waffenstillstand*. He was not even amused.

It seems impossible to get at the men in the street direct. You have to address them, it appears, through the wide open spaces of the Press, and trust to luck that what you write will not be noticed by the men *out of* the street.

The Situation in Germany is, I admit, complex. This is due to a certain Herr FREUD, not a politician, who developed the German Complex. When this fact has been fully grasped an entirely different complexion is placed upon the situation.

The German complex, or *Germanischcomplexismusaktiengesellschaft*, is due to the fact that Germany has lost her Centre. It can be readily understood that a country without her centre is like Ireland without injustices. Unless her centre, when found, can be blocked up, or at least reinforced, Germany is going to have a very uncomfortable time.

As to the actual state of the political parties, there are several important points to be noticed.

In the first place, if we give credence to popular statements:—

(1) Hitlerism is on the decline.

(2) The tide is turning in favour of Hitlerism.

Another theory, namely, that Hitlerism stands just where it did, cannot be taken too seriously.

There is little doubt too that should VON PAPEN poll sufficiently few votes at the next election he will eventually become dictator. In the view of MUSSOLINI, LENIN and GEORGE BERNARD SHAW this procedure is entirely orthodox.

The only other question fit to be discussed is: "Is Germany Going Red?"

No one knows.

According to the *Neuer Sudbavarischer und Mittel-Osterreichischer Zeitung*, "Germany will only go Red or do anything else when France disarms." This view is not upheld by the *Frankfurter Wurst*, which states:—

"Whatever Germany does or does not do, her position in Europe, critical as it is, will be affected in exactly the same proportion."

To this latter view one is definitely inclined to incline.

In conclusion some slight exposition of the German electoral system is needed.

In order to gain complete power over their opponents a German party must poll at least 15⅞% of the total votes obtained by half the aggregate of all its adversaries. This of course does not include the resulting minority, if any, unless polled after and above the sum-total of votes obtained. Anyway it's something like that.

Now in July, the Nazis, under Herr HITLER, when combined with the Catholic party, the Banarians, the Münchner Biertrinkers and the Danzig Hussars, could have commanded an absolute majority. So the Iron Duke, I mean Professor HINDENBURG, issued a decree, or *Tagesordnung*, absolving everybody, including himself, from governmentary power.

Now that ADOLF has obtained less votes the position is far more serious. No one has any power, and therefore no one can be absolved, nothing can be resolved, and the Government cannot be dissolved.

The situation at present simply revolves.

The Importance of Being Earnest.

"MAKE SPECIAL NOTE OF THIS.

Delete 'or' and after 'dihydrocodeinone' insert 'or acetyldihydrocodeinone (acedione).'"—*P. O. Handbook.*

"121 Fine Old Chiming Grandfather Clock with metal dial in mahogany case with dead beat movement."—*Sale Catalogue.*

The old gentleman sounds sadly run down.

"Animals are not superstitious," says an authority. But we have yet to hear of the mouse who will brave a cross-eyed cat under a ladder on a Friday.

"Cascades of paper poured down from the 'Diamond Horseshoe' on to the Governor of New York, standing on the stage, his own portrait flanked by those of the great Republican Presidents, Abraham, Lincoln, and Theodore Roosevelt."—*Hampshire Paper.*

Somehow we hadn't considered SARAH as the lady of the White House.



TROUBLE ASTERN.

Mr. DE VALERA *(to the World).* "ONLY OVER MY FALLEN BODY SHALL THE SAXON TYRANT PREVAIL."



Master-Crook. "NOW THEN, MINGLE WITH THE GUESTS AND LOOK LIKE ONE OF THEM."
Dupe. "WHICH ONE?"

FALLEN RIFLES.

I RAN into a quantity of yawning people on the Thames Embankment, just standing or sitting about in the road and yawning. Yawning aldermen and yawning coachmen, yawning military cadets standing at ease, yawning flunkeys, yawning horses and even yawning spectators. I never saw so many yawns in a London street before. They told me that all these dejected creatures were returning to the City from a luncheon at the Law Courts. Hard on the lawyers, I thought, who are generally in very good form at lunch-time. But then it leaked out that this Pageant of Incipient Sleep was the ebb of the Lord Mayor's Show. "Came the yawn," I said, and side-stepped the drowsy procession into the Underground.

But the morbid little scene turned my mind to the days of my youth, when *I* was part of the civic orgy myself. Yes, in the year 1914 *I* marched through London in the Lord Mayor's Show with rifle (*and* bayonet) perched rather precariously on the left shoulder.

And a bonny spectacle I was, with my "H.M.S. *Crystal Palace*" cap perched jauntily on my head and my clean blue jean collar, my "silk" and lanyard, my bell-bottomed trousers and little brown gaiters. Gad, lad, there was no yawning that day—not at least on the crowded pavements. How they cheered me! "Go it, Jack!" they all cried, and the girls waved and the band played "All the Nice Girls Love a Sailor"; and gaily we marched along in step, some in step with the band in front and some in step with the band behind. And when we halted for the lunch-interval men sidled up and gave me cigarettes and whispered, "I say, Jack, is that right they've sunk the *Queen Elizabeth*?"

A brave day, but a wearing one. Our unit was one of those which enjoy the doubtful privilege of marching through the City of London with fixed bayonets. Not even the City Fathers, I suppose, were afraid of *our* bayonets. I was ready to surrender the privilege and the bayonet long before we reached the Law Courts. Two or three hours of marking-time round the Metropolis, marching, halting, shuffling, marking-time, with all that timber and metal on the shoulder, is no joke; and I don't wonder the poor boys yawned last Wednesday with no girls to cry to them, "Go it, Jack—you'll frighten the KAISER!" Yes, they said that; they said I should frighten the KAISER. And, by gad, I did! He fled, you will recall, to Holland.

But that was not the only time I marched about the Capital with lethal weapons in my hand. That same winter there was the funeral of Lord ROBERTS, and a very fine and moving affair it was. But some of us sailors were brought up at short notice from the Crystal Palace to represent His Majesty's Navy in the procession; and that was somewhat alarming. Many of us had had peace-time volunteer training and knew about rifles; but many of us (I hope I am not offending under the Official Secrets Act) had only met the weapon for the first time a week or two earlier; and we knew our rifle-drill—well, not too well.

But to execute the complex movements of funeral drill correctly—reversing arms, resting on your arms

reversed and so forth—you should know your ordinary drill very well and be thoroughly at home with the weapon. I was a pretty smart Jack, I must confess, but I was about as much at home with a rifle as I am with a billiard-cue or yo-yo, and when we were informed that we were to do funeral drill in public the following morning some of us recruits did not hesitate to express the opinion that the arrangement was not well-conceived.

However, orders are orders. Very early the next morning, which was cold and frosty, we were chivied out of our hammocks; and we put in an hour's intensive funeral-drill before breakfast. After a lightning breakfast we were despatched by train to London; and presently, to my intense dismay, I found myself lining Northumberland Avenue.

Next to us, but astern of us (since we represented the Senior Service), were some units from *the Brigade of Guards*. We were to lead the procession.

There we stood for, I think, about an hour; and it was one of the most anxious hours of my life. I see the picture vividly. Northumberland Avenue cleared of all traffic, sprinkled with gravel; a hushed and reverent crowd on the pavements; the morning sharp and misty; the rifles very cold; and next to us the far-famed Guards.

There we stood, we poor recruits, rather cold and very frightened, wondering whether we should disgrace ourselves, going over in our minds or muttering to each other such details of funeral-drill as any of us remembered clearly.

And suddenly there happened an appalling thing. *One of the Guards dropped his rifle.* And a corporal—yes, I saw this with my own eyes—a corporal and a file of men approached the unfortunate and marched him away. They marched him away, before the hushed crowd, up the empty Avenue; and I can see the little group now, disappearing into the haze towards Trafalgar Square. I have often wondered what happened to that poor fellow, and whether he has lived it down.

You can imagine how much comfort and reassurance this little incident brought to the heart of a recruit already sufficiently impressed with the solemnity of the occasion and his own unfitness to be an active part of it. I can tell you, we trembled.

And a little after that the procession moved off; the solemn bands began to play; we clutched our rifles desperately, did what we could about the funeral movements and marched away very slowly just ahead of the Guards.

What an ordeal! I *knew* that I should drop my rifle or knock my own cap off or do some other hideous thing, probably on Ludgate Hill, and disgrace my unit before a vast crowd, just ahead of the Guards. When we did the really tricky bit of drill I was quite prepared to see the recruits' rifles fluttering to the ground as thick as the leaves in autumn. But I swore that I for one would *not* drop my rifle; and I wish to say that I did *not* drop my rifle, not even on Ludgate Hill, where more of the Guards were paraded, magnificent and alarming; not even when I caught the eye of old Wogs (complete with sword), whom I had last seen throwing furniture into a bonfire at Oxford. Indeed I believe that our unit did creditably enough—certainly we finished the long march without losing a rifle.

I mention all this, Boys and Girls, to show you what the human spirit is capable of and to show you that war is not all honour and glory.

Also, the next time you meet a lot of people yawning about the streets of London with rifles and uniforms you will be able to put yourself in their place and think of them a little more kindly, won't you, dears? A. P. H.



Golfer. "TIDDLERS?"
Angler. "NO FEAR, GOLF-BALLS!"

THE OPEN ROAD.

"LET us go," I said, "to Batchworth."

"Or Filton?" suggested my wife. Phyllis is like that.

"Batchworth!" I repeated firmly.

We set out for Filton.

There was a hint of frost in the air and the sun was shining vigorously. A wonderful day—a day to inspire poets; a day among days; in short, a day for the Open Road.

"A Sunny Morn, an Open Road, and Thou
Beside me singing in the limousine,
And Filtonwards is Paradise enow,"

I chanted.

"Only it's not a limousine and I'm not singing," Phyllis pointed out. I sighed. Against my wife's passion for accuracy mere poetic licence stood no chance at all. Suddenly Phyllis clutched my arm and pointed ahead along the road.

"Hullo! What's that fellow getting so excited about?" I muttered, bringing the car to a standstill.

A red-faced man, wearing, among other things, a red muffler, was waving a red flag two feet from my radiator.

"I wave this flag," said the red-faced man, "because there is a trifling obstruction hereabouts. It was nice of you to stop. I thought at first that you hadn't noticed me—we all make our little mistakes at times, don't we? Ah! I see the road is clear now. Won't you move on?"

That at any rate was the general idea lying behind his remarks.

Cautiously we crawled past two hundred yards of chaos.

Once more the Open Road.

I settled back and pressed the accelerator.

"This is undoubtedly the life," I cried as we rounded a pretty little bend. Then very quickly I applied all the brakes I had.

"Didn't you see the warning, dear?" inquired Phyllis.

"Oh, I *saw* it all right," I lied airily. "All the same it is an extraordinary thing that whenever I come anywhere near a level-crossing the infernal thing shuts up."

"The last one was open, dear; don't you remember?" said Phyllis.

In silence I reached for my cigarette-case. Phyllis resents hyperbole.

"One of the advantages of the Batchworth road," I remarked at length, "is that there are no level-crossings."

The point, however, was not taken.

Not more than three minutes later a solitary tank-engine fussed by. After a while it came back, having apparently taken the wrong turning. I caught a glimpse of the driver; he did not look upset. We waited anxiously, half expecting it would return. That was all for the present, however, and an old man hobbled slowly down from a signal-box and opened one of the gates. Later he opened the other and we passed across.

"We are all right now for a bit," I said as I opened out. "The next village is five miles off."

Wide, straight and magnificently empty it lay ahead of us—the Open Road.

"What-ho!" I cried exultantly.

"Let her rip!" urged Phyllis, catching something of my boyish enthusiasm.

I let her rip.

Suddenly the road narrowed. Phyllis shut her eyes.

"Didn't you see the warn——" she began when immediate disaster had been averted.

"Yes," I snapped, truthfully this time, "I did. But I did *not* expect that two-thirds of the traffic of the county would choose just this particular bit of tarmac to play on."

We followed the swaying stern of a steam-waggon for a quarter of a mile or so, overtook it and slid gently into place behind a pantechnicon. The pantechnicon stopped abruptly. So did we—only still more abruptly. Behind us a long line of cars appeared mysteriously out of the blue and stopped also.

"Batchworth must be looking delightful to-day," I murmured, leisurely filling a pipe. "Do you remember that lunch they gave us there once—at "The Swan," wasn't it?"

Phyllis changed the subject hastily. "I suppose the road is up again," she said.

"That," I replied cuttingly, "is not impossible."

By-and-by the driver of the pantechnicon climbed down and restarted his engine. On we went.

Five miles to Filton, and—the Open Road. Hope stirred in my breast. We should make it yet. I felt like a hero in a film. The miles flew by.

"This sort of thing is too good to last," I grunted.

It was. The road suddenly swarmed with sheep. In the distance were cows. Battalions of them.

Somehow or other we circumnavigated the sheep. We also passed the cows. Beyond the cows there was a corner. Beyond the corner were two policemen.

"Your licence, Sir, if you please," said one of them, peering in at the window.

While he was examining my papers the cows came by—then the sheep.

We went on.

"Is this Filton?" Phyllis asked in a disappointed tone.

"It is," I replied curtly. "Don't you like it?"

"It's rather crowded," she answered.

"It is," I said.

"Next time we'll go by Batchworth, shall we?"

"Next time," I retorted darkly, "we will go by train."



"MY DEAR, IT'S SIMPLY POURING—YOU'D BETTER STAY TO DINNER."
"OH, THANK YOU, MY DARLING; BUT I DON'T THINK IT'S AS BAD AS THAT."



Leader. "NOW, CHAPS, THE FIFTH'S OVER; THE NEXT THING'S CAROL-SINGIN'—AND DON'T FERGIT TO GIT RID O' THE MARKS ON YER FICES BY THEN."

SHIP MODELS.

II.—*Ex Voto*: BRETON CHURCH MODEL.

Once on a day a Paimpol man
Promised a ship to the good Sainte Anne . . .

Name of a name! How the great seas roared,
Tossing their manes as they crashed aboard!
So large the ocean, the ship so small,
There seemed no hope she could live at all;
So in his need did the Paimpol man
Promise a ship to the good Sainte Anne.

Ah, such a ship! No thing of botches
A man might make in a couple of watches,
But his own ship, see you, the staunch *goélette*,
Named for Saint Yves, with all sail set,
Her hull to scale and her rigging to plan—
A credit to him and to good Sainte Anne.

And the gale went down and the peril was past,
And ship and seaman came home at last;
And when "Pardon" dawned in the spring of the year,
Barefoot, bareheaded, in fisherman's gear,
True to his word came the Paimpol man
Bringing a ship to the good Sainte Anne.

* * * * *

What was the end of him? Who shall tell
Whether his fishing fared ill or well?
Whether he sleeps among churchyard graves
Or far from home in the restless waves,
Fathoms deep where the cold seas roll
From Rockall Bank to the rim of the Pole?
Whether she mouldered at last away
On a peaceful beach in some Breton bay,
Where the fishermen's bairns would climb and hide
The long day through round her weed-hung side,
Or pounded to chips in a flurry of foam
On St. Gildas Isle within hail of home?
But here is the ship that a Paimpol man
Vowed on a day to the good Sainte Anne. C. F. S.

Oxford Goes Red.

"UNIVERSITY NEWS.
OXFORD.

In Congregation on Tuesday next several revolutionary statues will be promulgated."—*Daily Paper.*

"Trousers are being made shorter."—*Daily Paper.*

To meet the pocket?

"Recently the skipper of a North Sea vessel found a turtle-dove in the engine-room."—*Daily Paper.*

That would be the chief engineer.

It was pointed out in the House of Commons recently that it is almost impossible to hear the speeches of some M.P.'s. It is feared that something might be done about it.

SCORING OFF KINKER.

Mr. TOLBITTLE AND THE SWAN OF LICHFIELD.

It would rejoice you to hear Augustus Tolbittle quoting Dr. JOHNSON. Augustus is the mildest of men, but he becomes a lion when the great lexicographer is behind him.

Take, for example, his famous rebuke of Mrs. Hannerton-Tallboy for her distracting chatter at bridge. "Ah, ah!" he remarked playfully; "what does the great lexicographer say? 'The absence of concentration in the fair sex, Sir, can not only stultify its own efforts but those of others as well.'" And we had a quiet evening afterwards.

Or the occasion when he helped himself to a second glass of careful Mr. Plashet's choice Amontillado. "'The fragrant juices of the grape, Sir,'" observed Mr. Tolbittle, "'not only invite but applaud their moderate use.' Such is the opinion of the Swan of Lichfield." And he coolly reached for the decanter and refilled his glass.

And his famous quotation to charming Mrs. Blythely on the occasion of her birthday. "Fortunate is that society, Sir, which has its own Cleopatra, whose continual youth is a source of renewal to those privileged to know her."

You perceive then that Tolbittle, with the Doctor behind him, is a man to be reckoned with, and if you could also see his Pickwickian countenance shining with delight as he brings forth his tremendous quotations you would realise how happy he is in his modest fame. Judge, therefore, of my surprise when he visited me this afternoon wearing the aspect of a punctured balloon.

"My dear Tolbittle," I cried, "what on earth is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing much," he answered miserably. "Have you ever played golf with Kinker?"

"I have," I answered grimly, "but not often. He is too—er—uncertain of the number of strokes he has played."

"Exactly," answered Tolbittle fervently. "I had to—to pull him up this morning. Will you read this?"

The note he handed me was from Kinker. It was marked "URGENT—BY HAND."

"This morning," he wrote, "you annoyed me extremely by a remark alleged to have been made by Dr. JOHNSON—'Arithmetic, Sir, can be a damned disconcerting thing.' I don't know what you intend to convey by this, but I *do* demand to know on what occasion the Doctor made the remark. I have searched *Boswell* and can find no trace of it, and my private opinion is he never made it at all. In that case your observation requires an apology. An immediate reply is expected."

I smiled. "What is the difficulty?" I asked; "you can give him chapter and verse, I suppose?"

Tolbittle coughed. "Oddly enough," he answered, "I can't just spot it."

"Possibly," I said, "you will find it near the remark you quoted to Plamp the other day when he revoked twice in one rubber: 'Let us beware, Sir, how we permit accident to become habit.'"

Tolbittle stared at me horror-stricken. "You—you know?" he gasped.

"Of course."

He crumpled utterly. "I—I hardly know what——"

"But," I interrupted, digging him suddenly in the ribs, "I don't suppose anyone else does."

"You mean——?"

"I mean," I said solemnly, "that if you even begin to stop quoting the Doctor I *will* give you away. After all, he *might* have said such things."

He heaved one of the profoundest sighs of relief I have ever heard. "Do I gather——?" he began.

"You gather, my dear Tolbittle, that I wouldn't miss your devastating quotations for worlds; I love them."

His form visibly expanded. "You really are very kind," he murmured. "Do you know, I don't think I could—ah—carry on without the Doctor. I came to you of course because of the fellow's demand for an apology."

"We'll compose a suitable reply between us, shall we?" I said.

"MY DEAR KINKER" (we wrote),—"Many thanks for your note and for bringing to my notice the fact that I slightly misquoted. The remark of course is *not* to be found in *Boswell*. JOHNSON, I believe, was having tea with Mrs. THRALE and was passing his cup for the fifteenth time. 'Thirteen cups, I believe?' observed the great man casually. 'Fifteen,' corrected Mrs. THRALE. The Doctor laughed. 'Arithmetic, madam,' he observed, 'can be a deucedly disconcerting thing.' Quite a pleasant little joke, you see. If ever you are at the British Museum you may care to look through Mrs. THRALE's extremely voluminous correspondence.

"When can we have a return match?

Yours sincerely,
AUGUSTUS TOLBITTLE."

"That ought to settle him," cried Tolbittle gaily.

"Yes," I smiled; "as the lexicographer observed: 'There are occasions, Sir, when the substance known as soft soap——'"

Mr. Tolbittle winked. C. M.

A PLEA FOR THE MONGREL.

(Suggested by a brief letter in "The Times" in praise of one of that species.)

LET fanciers grow ecstatic
O'er hounds of noble birth
And ferret out emphatic
Proofs of their innate worth;
Though lofty be their station
And proud their canine tree,
I proffer for laudation
The cur of low degree.

He may be an intrusion
For haughty tykes to shun;
His form an obvious fusion
Of several dogs in one;
But where's the pal so steady
When human friendships fail?
And who, I ask, so ready
To wag a welcome tail?

Devoid of high-born graces,
If naturally bluff,
Of "side" he shows no traces
And few can prove so tough;
Dowered with a hide of leather,
Heedless of chill or wet,
You rarely wonder whether
He ought to see the vet.

And who will not cry "*Pax!*" on
Facing his point of view—
"Dane—Norman—Anglo-Saxon?
'Mongrel' indeed, sez you."
Since we to this as well owe
What virtues we've combined,
The feeling that is fellow
Should make us wondrous kind.

A. K.

A New Version of the Reel.

"The result of the ballet on the question whether the strike in the spinning section of the cotton industry should be continued was announced here this afternoon. . . ."
Sunday Paper.

The Nigger Vogue.

"The bride went away in a black gentleman's suiting costume, with hat and shoes to match."—*Hampshire Paper.*

Showing that it's not only dance-music we borrow from the negroes.

"The 'New Morality' which Mr. Newsome challenged, said the Bishop was a recrudescence of ancient paganism."
North-Country Paper.

If we were the Bishop we should resent this description.

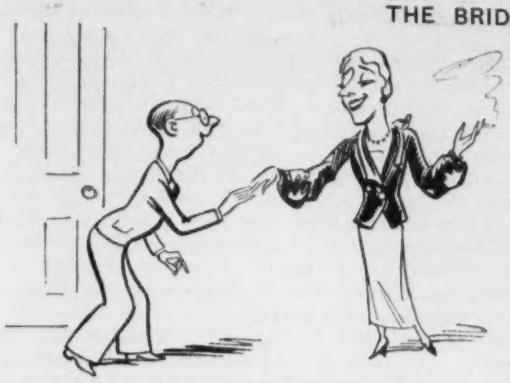
"Young Lady or Maid wanted; light duties only . . . sleep in part time night suit."
Advt. in Weekly Paper.

We deprecate the introduction of the short night-shift.

". . . and not long ago the Dent Blanche, another Savoy peak, was climbed by the north wall without a guide."—*Daily Paper.*

And apparently without consulting an atlas.

THE BRIDGE PARTY.



"HOW KIND OF YOU TO INVITE ME!"



THE LUCK OF THE DRAW.



"WHY THE HELL DIDN'T YOU TRUMP TRICK 5?"



"HEAVENS, MAN! COULDN'T YOU LEAD YOUR KNAVE?"



"WHY THE DEVIL DID YOU WANT TO FINESSE THAT HEART?"



"THAT'S IT—MAKE ME GO TO BED WITH THE ACE OF CLUBS!"



FAREWELL TO TWO-POUNDS-EIGHTEEN-AND-SIX.



"GOOD-BYE, AND THANKS AWFULLY; SUCH AN ENJOYABLE AFTERNOON!"

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

RICHARD'S RIOT ACT.

IT will be remembered that some months ago a certain part of our far-flung Empire indulged in an additional fling of its own in the shape of a small revolution or riot. As Richard's part in the proceedings never found its way into the papers it is fitting that it should be set down here as an imperishable example to future members of the governing classes.

Richard is some sort of an Assistant-Deputy-Commissioner at a place which had better be nameless, and once a fortnight he has to go to a sub-office at a village ten miles away, where he hoists the Union Jack and administers oaths—a job for which he has shown a distinct aptitude from early youth. On these occasions he takes Mrs. Richard and his little daughter to bear him company and it was on one of them that the trouble occurred.

The sixteen male residents of the village, "inflamed with the cheap native whisky, or *glug*" (so Richard wrote at the time, having probably seen the term in the papers in connection with some other place), arranged themselves in a picturesque group outside the office and said "*Hai!*" with the well-trained precision of a stage-crowd. This they continued to do at half-minute intervals, brandishing crude weapons the while. Richard, thinking that this must be some congratulatory demonstration on the completion of his two years' service and wanting to stop the noise, came out on to the verandah and bowed. At this gesture the assembly stroked three "*Hai's*" to the minute and advanced several yards. Richard administered an oath and went in again. The populace then began to spit at the Union Jack, but as the pole was sixty feet high and the wind unfavourable they desisted after one or two sighting shots.

It was then that Richard, watching from a window, realised that he was the centre of a revolution; that he was standing, as it were, where *Elgin* stood. The first thing that the directions told him to do in the event of more than twelve people refusing to disperse was to read the Riot Act. He counted the crowd and found that the numbers were more than sufficient.

Every good sub-office has its Riot Act and no good sub-office has the slightest idea where it is. Richard and his wife turned out every drawer in the place. Then he remembered that he was bound, as far as he remembered the rules, to tell the crowd to disperse before resorting to the severe measure of reading the Act. He therefore opened the window and said "Go away." This was answered by an outburst of "*Hai's*" with descant by the women of the village, who had come to fetch their husbands in to lunch.

This female element stirred Richard to action. He seized the most impressive document he could find (it was the chart of directions supplied with the fire-extinguisher) and, walking out to the revolution, he spoke thus (I am indebted for the detailed reproduction of his speech to Mrs. Richard, who says that it is as accurate as she can make it):—

"Oyez! Oyez!"

The effect of this opening was somewhat marred by his mispronunciation of Norman-French, which called forth an untimely "Oh, yeah?" from his daughter. This, however, was the only opposition he encountered. He went from strength to strength, and wherever words failed him he read out some of the instructions from the chart.

"Ladies and gentlemen. Hence, home, you idle creatures, get you home! And—er—men may come and men may go, but it is a far, far better thing that I do now than I have ever done. What I mean to say is—well, remove cap over nozzle and strike knob smartly on floor. If fumes are present, it is a far, far better thing, as I said before, to protect mouth and nostrils with damp cloth. If sand is available, come unto these yellow sands and there take hands. Given under our hand this day; and if you haven't gone in an hour's time I am allowed to fire a volley over your heads before proceeding to other measures. See conditions on the back of this ticket."

Within five minutes the revolution had gone in to lunch. After lunch the village carpenter, who had wielded a saw in the forefront of the great unrest, came as usual to solicit unnecessary jobs. As it happened there was something for him to do this time. One of the window-frames had gone wrong and it had been stuffed with a large wad of paper the previous fortnight. Richard removed this, and the carpenter, after shattering two panes to make the thing really worth while, got on with the job.

It seems hardly necessary to add that the improvised wedge turned out to be the Riot Act.



"ARRANGED THEMSELVES IN A PICTURESQUE GROUP AND SAID 'HAI!'"

"334. 'What Does the League Cost?' . 3d."
Advt. of Pamphlet.

Great Britain is sure to pay twopence of this.

"The international rose following yesterday's games in Wall Street."—*N.Y. Paper.*

He was lucky not to be laid out permanently.

"RECORD WIRELESS JAM COMING."
Poster of Daily Paper.

The stoneless variety has already made a smoother thing of life.

"The bride and bridegroom, who are honeymooning in different parts of Rhodesia, left by car for Gwelo."—*Rhodesian Paper.*

Sloppy of them to start together.

"Advertiser, 22, desires post dairymaid; able drive car; could start immediately."
Advt. in Farming Paper.

Not in our car she couldn't.

In Paris one can now obtain a policeman by pressing a button. Presumably the Coppers are returned by pressing Button B.

SHORT EXERCISE IN HERALDRY.

[Those who don't understand the language of heraldry should read this poem carefully. Also those who have never observed an Army mule. It brings the two things together with a vividness never before approached in verse.]

LAST evening near an Army camp I wandered,
Where statant and regardant stood some mules;
The day was moribund, for as I pondered
The sun was altering from or to gules,
Emblazoning an upright vested Sergeant;
Azur his eye was but his hair was argent.

His skin was tenne but paling into ochre,
Like one who 's sojourned largely in the East;
Advance he did and, making as if to stroke her,
Imposed his hand upon the biggest beast;
His mien was proper and his bend was dexter,
But something in his manner must have vexed her,

For not a further moment was she statant,
But with no little measure of success
Planted a hind-hoof, salient and combatant,
Right at the nombril of the Sergeant's fess;
And he to earth fell with a lusty bang
And, biffing his boko, charged it gutty sang.

No longer did the mule remain attendant,
But with her fellows to a meadow vert
She sprang, and left the Sergeant, larmes dependent,
Prone on the floor and not a little hurt.
He was erased; I helped him to the stable;
Purpure his words were and his looks were sable.

The New Navigation.

"If there were any sense of humour (which is the same thing as commonsense) in high diplomacy, the four Powers would meet on the delightful lakeside at Locarno, charter the same boat that bore the famous party exactly seven years ago, and sail together to Geneva to finish the business."—*Sunday Paper.*

It would need a lot more than a common sense of humour to sail from Italy to Switzerland over the Alps.

"There is nothing to beat a good cigar for the nerves. At the Battle of Saarbrucken the Brunswick Hussars galloped into action behind good strong Havana cigars. They staggered the enemy!"
Indian Cigar-Manufacturer's Advt.

We have often been staggered like this but the smoke was generally on foot.



Farmer. "'ERE! D' YE THINK I PUT UP NEW BARBED WIRE FOR YOU PEOPLE TO FANDANGLE YERSELVES ON?"

SIMPLE STORIES.

WILD OATS.

Mr. Bedellion was a very nice clergyman, with a nice wife and four nice children, and they lived in a nice Vicarage in the country, and Mr. Bedellion had some money of his own besides what he had earned by being a clergyman, and Mrs. Bedellion had some too, so they were quite well off and could afford to educate their children well, and everybody said they were a model family and it would be a good thing if all clergymen's families were like them.

Well when Nelson Bedellion the eldest son was old enough he went to Oxford because Mr. Bedellion had been there himself, and he wanted him to be a clergyman, but he didn't care about that so he said he could be a barrister if he liked, but the chief thing was for him to work hard at Oxford, and he said he would. But he didn't work at all hard and he was always asking for some more money as he said books and things like that cost so much more than when Mr. Bedellion was at Oxford that he couldn't possibly live on what he allowed him. And then one day he came home and said he had been sent down from Oxford for putting treacle on the handle of the Vice-Chancellor's front-door, and he thought the best thing he could do would be to go to Canada. So Mr. Bedellion gave him some money and he went to Canada and set up a motor-shop, but he didn't do well with that and wrote home for some more money and set up as a photographer, and then he was a cow-boy and then a Professor of Economics, and then a bar-tender and then a newspaper editor, and then a billiard-marker, but when Mr. Bedellion couldn't send him any more money because he couldn't afford to be left off writing, and the last thing they heard of him was that he was playing the trombone in a circus band. But Mrs. Bedellion said he was sure to make his fortune when he had finished sowing his wild oats.



"AND THEN HE WAS A COWBOY."

Well by that time Mr. Bedellion had had a lot of trouble with Cynthia, who was so pretty and so well-behaved that he quite thought she would marry somebody nice like a country gentleman or another clergyman with some money of his own when she grew up, but when she grew up she said she must go on the stage, and Mr. Bedellion was rather disappointed but he said he didn't mind that if she acted SHAKESPEARE, and he paid for her to go to a School of Dramatic Art. But she didn't stay there long but went on tour with three of her friends and they called themselves "The Four Naughty Girls," and Mr. Bedellion didn't at all like it, but Mrs. Bedellion said that she was sure Cynthia would settle down when she had sown her wild oats.

Well Lonsdale Bedellion, the second son, was going into the Army, and Mr. Bedellion paid for him to go to Sandhurst, and he didn't spend so much money there as Nelson had spent at Oxford, and he said he was getting on quite well, and Mr. Bedellion thought he was until he read in the newspaper one morning that he had knocked into an ironmonger while he was driving a motor-car when drunk, and the ironmonger hadn't been killed but the motor-car which wasn't Lonsdale's had been smashed, and they wanted to know at Sandhurst where he was, because he hadn't come back there after the accident. And Mr. Bedellion couldn't tell them where he was because he didn't know, and when he had paid for the motor-car and compensated the ironmonger for being knocked into he felt as if he didn't much want to. But Mrs. Bedellion said there had never been any harm in Lonsdale, and they would hear from him again when he had sown his wild oats.

So then the only child of Mr. Bedellion's left that he could pin his hopes to was Mirabelle, and she wasn't quite so pretty as Cynthia, but she had done so well at school and was so good at home that he thought she would make up for all the rest. But she said there wasn't enough for her to do at home and she wanted to pay her own way, because by this time Mr. Bedellion hadn't got nearly so much money as before, the other three had cost him such a lot. And he didn't like Mirabelle going away, but when a lady in London asked her to be her secretary he said he supposed she must, and she came home for week-ends sometimes and was very interesting about politics, and the only thing Mr. Bedellion didn't quite like was the sort of politics she was interesting about.

Well that went on for about a year and then one day Mr. Bedellion had to go to London and bail Mirabelle out of the police-court for being in a Communist riot. And she got off that time because she was so young, but she did it again and the next time she was sent to prison for some months. And everybody told Mr. Bedellion that it didn't count being sent to prison for that, it was not like shop-lifting, and Mrs. Bedellion said that Mirabelle was only sowing her wild oats, but he couldn't help feeling unhappy about it all, and wondering whether there had been anything wrong in the way he had brought up his children. And he took it so much to heart that he went to bed from Monday till Saturday, and after he had taken his services on Sunday he went to bed again and was very miserable. But Mrs. Bedellion went on with her embroidery and her gardening and her chickens and taking the dogs for walks, and said it would turn out all right.

And it *did* turn out all right, because on the second Saturday afternoon who should walk in but Cynthia! And she brought with her a very nice young man called Sir John Brick, who had driven her in his motor-car all the way from Yorkshire, and said she was going to marry him if Mr. Bedellion approved. And he did approve because Sir John Brick was quite rich and a country gentleman in Yorkshire, and Cynthia said she was tired of being one of "The Four Naughty Girls" and was going in for hunting.

So that was all right and Mr. Bedellion didn't take to bed again on the next Monday, but began to wonder how he was going to afford to have a nice wedding for Cynthia, as he was so poor now. But that very week he got a letter from Nelson from Canada, who said he had made so much money in a land boom that he was going to stick to land booming and work hard at it. And he said he was sorry he had cost Mr. Bedellion so much money and sent him a thousand pounds to make up for it.

And the next thing that happened was that Lonsdale got commended for something very brave he had done as a Tommy in India and was made an officer, and he wrote home and said he regretted his past and hadn't wanted to come home until he had done something to make up for it, but now he could and should be glad to. And as they didn't want to have Cynthia's wedding until Mirabelle had come out of prison, so that she could be a bridesmaid at it, there was time for Nelson and Lonsdale both to come home and for all the family to be collected under one roof.

And at first it didn't seem to have done Mirabelle much good going to prison, because she was as much a Communist as ever, though she didn't say much about it at home, and looked sweet as a bridesmaid, though rather thin. But soon after she had gone back to London she fell in love with the editor of an important Conservative newspaper and married him and was very happy, and after they had been married about a year the only thing she objected to in him was that he didn't put it half strong enough in his newspaper against the Russians.

So Mr. Bedellion felt that he hadn't brought his children up so badly after all, and Mrs. Bedellion said they had only been sowing their wild oats and she had never been able to see anything to fuss about. A. M.

HAT.

[A new hat for men is announced. Details have been kept secret, but it embodies among other features a brim of great curliness.]

THERE is a hat of secret trim
  Coming to town
With something novel in curly brim
  And new in crown,
And brave young men when they gaze thereat
  Will say "What a perfectly gorgeous hat;
I 'll be at charges for one like that;"
  No doubt in brown.

Bond Street, Mount Street, and all that part
  Where fashions run
Will flaunt this cream of the hatter's art
  In rain and sun;
O pride in every hat-lit face,
O super-felted and easy grace,
You 'll make old London a brighter place
  Before you 've done.

Mine is a cover of former mode
  And aged now;
Years have elapsed since first it rode
  The poet's brow:
Tastes have risen and fashions set
Above that model, and will do yet,
And it will jolly well have to get
  Along somehow.
The young men, proud in their new-flung hats
  Will turn to scoff
And point the finger and murmur "That 's
  What I call 'off';"
And I shall shrivel beneath their scorn,
And yet admire as I pass forlorn,
Wishing that I myself were born
  A real toff. DUM-DUM.



ARDENT MOTORIST ABOUT TO TURN IN HIS SLEEP.

New City Fathers.

"She is a daughter of the recently held Extraordinary General Meeting."
Hong Kong Paper.

"Your garden. What a pitiful sight if it is filled with common shrubs and a shabby tangle of rampant growing inferior herbaceous plants. Expert eyes shudder, but politely remain mum."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*
Expert lips curl, but politely refrain from blinking.



Hostess. "VERY NICE OF YOU TO HAVE LOOKED IN, GENERAL; I HOPE YOU DON'T FEEL VERY MUCH OUT OF YOUR ELEMENT?"

General. "NOT AT ALL, DEAR LADY, NOT AT ALL. I'M A REG'LAR OLD WOMAN SO FAR AS TEA IS CONCERNED."

PENELOPE'S PONY.

"Wanted, a very small pony for a very young child."—*Advt. in Madras Paper.*

BUT all the ponies we tried
Were much too big and frisky,
And we said, "It's far too risky;
If the creature bolted or shied
And Penelope had a fall
It would be the dickens and all;
The darling's still too small."
So Penelope cried.

And the kindly gods of Hind
Said, "This is perfectly stupid,"
And they ordered the Hindu Cupid
Black-haired and dusky-skinned,
"Go, rummage about outside
For the tat* with the golden hide
Little Krishna used to ride;
And go like the wind!"

Cupid was off in a crack,
And he found behind the gables
Of the silver-and-ivory stables
The baby Krishna's hack,
And he grabbed the dear little thing
And he tucked it under his wing
And quick as a bee can sting
Young Cupid was back.

To Penelope's bungalow,
In the guise of a dark magician,
He came with the gods' commission,
And the sweetest pony to show;
Just the height of Penelope's chair,
With goldeny chestnut hair
And as fat as a little bear,
And we cried, "What-ho!"

But the wizard doffed his hat
That was red as the garden cannas,
And he said, "Rupees and annas
Won't buy this trim little tat;
But if Missy will step this way
And certify all O.K.
And slip me a smile for pay—
Why, that'll be that."

We said, "She's a *very* young child
And conjurers make her frightened."
But the face of the wizard brightened
And his eyes grew wondrous mild;
And Penelope shrieked with glee,
And the pony was taken to tea;
But the wizard—vanished was he
When Penelope smiled. H. B.

* Pony.

"A match will be held in the near future against the Salisbury Plain Ladies' Fencing Club."—*Local Paper.*

Still with these masks over the face no one would guess it.

MR. PUNCH AT HOME.

A COLLECTION of Prints depicting humorous situations between Doctor and Patient, which was specially prepared in connection with the visit to the *Punch* Offices of the delegates to the recent Centenary Meeting of the British Medical Association, will be exhibited at the new *Punch* Offices, Bouverie Street, E.C.4, from Monday, November 28, till Friday, December 9. An opportunity will be afforded to visitors to inspect the *Punch* Dining-Room, with the famous Table.

Invitations will be sent to all subscribers direct through the *Punch* Office, and to the members of the Medical Profession, residing in London and the Home Counties. Invitation cards will be gladly sent to other readers of *Punch* on application to the Secretary, *Punch* Office, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

". . . If anyone is inclined to think that Tasmanians take life too seriously, let them turn to an article on fishing, in which tribute is paid to the Great Tout in the lake."
Australian Paper.

We should continue to pay him tribute so long as he stays in the lake.



CUP-BEARER TO THE GODS.

GANYMEDE ROOSEVELT IS BORNE ALOFT BY THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 7th.—Mr. HUDSON informed Mr. REMER that discussions about the employment of foreign artists for the forthcoming Christmas circus programmes were still taking place. It is satisfactory to know that the matter is engaging the Government's attention. The Briton may have to look abroad for his bread, but his circuses should be his own.

Unemployment figures provided by the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labour and revealing a drop of over 100,000 during the month of September, robbed the Opposition of some of their thunder when the House turned to a second instalment of its debate on Unemployment. Little that is practical and nothing that is new emerges from these oratorical endurance tests, and the PRIME MINISTER, who opened to-day's proceedings, had little to answer and nothing to reveal. He declared that the debate was very profitable, and spoke of the "common pool of suggestions," but it is none the less a pool to which the Government was led unwillingly and from which it has no intention of drinking.

Mr. MACDONALD led off by explaining that the report published in the papers that morning that the Government was going to help the new Cunarders to be built had no foundation. People who spread reports like that, he added, ought to have something done about them. It must have occurred to him, however, that in such a case there are not likely to be shouts in Fleet Street unless there have been whispers in Whitehall.

Continuing, the PRIME MINISTER said that their best course was to stimulate trade so that the demand for labour would be a natural demand. He therefore placed great hope upon the World Economic Conference. The Conference must get busy quickly, however, and the British Government would be no party to delays.

Turning to the land, Mr. MACDONALD told the farmers that they must use their own opportunities and their own initiative for their own improvement. The Government was working steadily, faithfully and consistently. The winter would be a hard one, and he urged everybody to give kindly personal help where help was needed.

Mr. ARTHUR GREENWOOD complained, not unjustifiably, that the PRIME MINISTER might have been more specific. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE declared, as he has done before, that trade recovery was going to be at the best a long job, and unless in the meanwhile they could get a million unemployed on to the soil or into ancillary occupations they would never get out of the unemployment morass.



DEVOTEES OF THE MOTORING MOLOCH.
LORDS HOWE AND MOUNT TEMPLE AS SEEN THROUGH THE MIRROR OF LORD BUCKMASTER'S MIND.

Mr. LAMBERT eloquently pleaded the cause of the harassed livestock farmer to whom the Ottawa Agreements had brought no advantage whatever; and this brought the embattled agricultural Members into the wordy fray in a solid phalanx of minatory protest.



ON THE WARPATH.
LORD SNELL.

When they had finished Major ELLIOT, with cornucopia-like gestures, outlined the manifold disasters that over-production and the slump in prices had brought upon the livestock farmer, and explained how the Government, by the immediate setting up of meat quotas, imposed on foreign meat and reached by voluntary agreement in the case of the Dominions, proposed to meet the situation.

"You ask for action. Here it is," he perorated dramatically. And there, sure enough, it was, at long last and better late than never.

Tuesday, November 8th.—Though not to be compared as a *laudator curriculi acti* with Lord CECIL, whose attitude towards the motor-car positively smacks of the ox-cart and the ambling jennet, Lord BUCKMASTER sufficiently typifies the sturdy British spirit that demands the advantages of a high-speed mechanised civilisation and vehemently denounces its risks. His elucidation of the handicaps suffered by the railways in their competition with road transport was lucid, but when he passed on to the question of road-accidents he became, as Lord HOWE subsequently pointed out, class-prejudiced. Motorists, he lamented, had usurped dominion of the roads and "we" (meaning the pedestrians) were now nothing more than their subjects.

Lord MOUNT TEMPLE took up the cudgels for motor transport. The railways, he claimed, were more concerned with maintaining their monopoly than with cutting their losses, and they not only caused the Salter Conference to be called but dominated its deliberations.

As for road-accidents, these were decreasing and would continue to do so without any drastic revision of the existing law. Lord PLYMOUTH, for the Government, insisted that it was doing everything that could humanly be done, or at any rate was on the eve of doing it, to make a world fit for pedestrians, railways, motorists and road transport companies to live in with just and profitable harmony.

The resumed debate on Unemployment in the Commons was begun by Sir ROBERT HORNE, and there were some linked moments long drawn out when it looked as if the right hon. Member for Hillhead would usher it out as well as in. Sir ROBERT began with a vigorous appeal to the Government to help the Cunard Company to get its two giant liners into the water and restore supremacy to the British Mercantile Marine—an advocacy that merely left the case for Government action more overwhelming and the cause for Government inaction more mysterious than it was before.

Then, after touching at length on some other things the Government might do to stimulate employment, Sir ROBERT leaped lightly into the saddle of his favourite hobby-horse, Bimetallism, and rode it round the ring until Members—those at any rate who had heard it all before—stifled decorous yawns.

After Mr. MCGOVERN had explained how little he thought of all parties concerned, though rather less of the Labour Party than of the rest, and Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS had charged the Government once more with doing nothing to help unemployment and doing it very badly, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER dealt at length with all the proposals that in his opinion would do no particular good. If there was any profit in anything why was it not going on now? The Government had done all it could, but there was going to be simply bags of unemployment this year, next year and for many years to come. It was not a question of temporary work for temporary unemployed but of giving the unemployed happy and tolerable lives and keeping up their self-respect and fitness for work.

A new and enlightened view of the subject, but not followed up, unfortunately, by any detailed or practical proposals for, as they say in America, "normalising" unemployment.

Wednesday, November 9th.—The Second Reading of the Ottawa Bill found the Lords for once able to add little in praise or blame to what had already been said in another place. Lord SNOWDEN, on the other hand, wielded single-handed and with his customary vigour the joint lightnings manipulated elsewhere by whole platoons of Liberal and Laborious Cobdenites.

Lord HAILSHAM defended and Lord STRACHIE led the attack on the Agreements, but neither he nor Lord SNELL, who can pluck minnows from the argumentative brook but will never hold a whopper like Lord HAILSHAM, spilled a real earful.

The Commons in public business discussed the Means Test. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that it tried to discuss the Means Test but was in fact precluded by the ruling of Sir DENNIS HERBERT that on the Money Resolution before the House it could only discuss the Means Test in relation to disability pensions, savings and other forms of property or sources of income referred to in the Resolution.

The ruling put a considerable crimp in Mr. GREENWOOD'S expansive oratory but had not the full deflatory effect that was presently achieved by Mr. BUCHANAN. Mr. GREENWOOD had declared in an unguarded moment that he had "never agreed to any unemployed



HIT BY HIS OWN BOOMERANG.
MR. GREENWOOD.

worker going to the Poor Law." "It is not true," interjected Mr. BUCHANAN truculently. "You drove the seasonal workers on to the Poor Law." Mr.



A BIRD OF GOOD OMEN.
SIR JOHN SIMON.

GREENWOOD, looking discomfited, continued his speech, but was not to get off so lightly. He was, he declared, against any Means Test as "administered by the kind of people who were administering it to-day."

"The point," put in Mr. MCGOVERN ruthlessly, "is, is he against any Means Test at all?" The CHAIRMAN intervened to point out that that matter, according to his ruling, could not be discussed.

"I do not wish to go beyond your ruling, Sir," cried the harassed Member for Wakefield in thankful tones, while the House loudly applauded such prompt and exemplary obedience to the Chair.

Thursday, November 10th.—Whether the affairs of the nation shall be triturated in a lot of short speeches or a few long ones is a question of no small importance to back-benchers eager to have a run for their constituents' money. Was the CHAIRMAN aware, asked Mr. SMITHERS, rising on a point of order, that in the recent Unemployment Debate eighteen Ministers and ex-Ministers had monopolised 1,430 out of 2,224 inches of *Hansard*? The SPEAKER, naming no names, but letting his eye roam lightly towards the place where Sir ROBERT HORNE sits, said that he had not calculated the thing in inches, but he had done so in minutes. His own views on the desirability of cutting the cackle were well known. Beyond expressing them he had no powers.

Thereupon the House fell to debating Disarmament and incidentally to demonstrating that the fewer and more comprehensive the speeches are the more profitable is the debate. For Disarmament debates *are* profitable because even though no new ideas are propounded they give responsible statesmen an opportunity of speaking not merely to their fellow-politicians but to the world.

Long as they were, the speeches on this occasion boiled down to very little. That of Mr. ATLEE, who moved the Opposition motion, indicated that the League's name would be mud if it did not promptly order Japan out of Manchuria. Sir JOHN SIMON'S speech, carefully thought out and admirably phrased, declared in effect that Great Britain would go to Geneva full of conciliatory helpfulness, especially in the matter of granting Germany equality of disarmament. Quite so, said Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, but he for his part would welcome a more specific and impressive enunciation of the will to peace from Germany.

What a pity, said Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND, who moved an Amendment, that the whole House could not unite on a single motion! How could they, retorted Mr. LANSBURY, when the FOREIGN SECRETARY'S speech had made no useful contribution to dis-



Motorist. "NOW, THERE'S THE KIND OF PEDESTRIAN THAT MAKES DRIVING A REAL PLEASURE!"

armament?—by which he meant total disarmament, for no other kind was any good.

Mr. BALDWIN, tempering humanism with biology, pointed out that defensive fighting was one of the two sustaining instincts of the human race. Disarmament would not stop war; only removing the causes of war would do that. The greatest of these was fear, and the world had had no disseminator of fear that compared with the menace of aerial bombardment. There could be no question of abolishing flying—the world had never parted with one of its cherished inventions—and wherever there was an aeroplane there was a potential bomber. It was up to the youth of the world to find a way out of the difficulty or there would soon be another war. When that came and wiped out European civilisation altogether let them not try to lay the blame on the old men.

On this slightly depressing note and crawling, as *Private Mulvaney* would say, with "invidjus apprehension," the House passed into the Lobbies.

Big Business.

"Gown Traveller wanted by large gown manufacturers; only men that can produce large figures need apply."
Advt. in Newcastle Paper.

Unfortunately all travellers are not *Gullivers* in Brobdingnag.

REVERIE IN A CLUB.

IT is very warm in here . . . this is a very comfortable chair. . . . I wonder if anyone knows that I am a new member and that I never belonged to a club before? . . . I seem to be doing the same things as all the other women . . . reading and dozing . . . chiefly dozing. . . just like a man's club, only they seem to doze all the time . . . it's because it's so warm. . . . I wonder what would happen if I opened a window? . . . I'll try when I've been a member a year. . . . I shouldn't dare sooner. . . .

"*Miss Pet-ter-son!*"

What a darling little boy! . . . with the sweetest button of a nose. . . . Someone ought to tell him not to speak through it, though . . . he'll spoil its shape. . . .

"*Mis-sis-Lau-der-dale!*"

Mrs. Lauderdale. . . . What a nuisance the woman is! . . . just as I was getting off. . . . I have a feeling that that stout woman over there reading *The Nineteenth Century* is Mrs. Lauderdale . . . she looks exactly like Mrs. Lauderdale. . . . Can I go up to her and say, "I suppose you're quite sure you're not Mrs. Lauderdale?"

I wonder if Miss Petterson, or Patterson, has been found yet? . . .

Now which is Miss Petterson? . . . She doesn't seem to be here either. . . . Is it really Petterson or is it Patterson? . . . I thought club boys always had rows of small brass buttons down their fronts . . . these have only the ordinary necessary number of buttons . . . It's all wrong. . . . I'll ask about it when I've been a member a . . .

"*Miss-Blake!*"

There's that sweet little boy again. He can't be more than ten . . . and yet he must be fourteen. . . . I wish I might ask him to come here and talk to me. . . . He looks as if he'd like talking about fairies . . . but he probably prefers talking about Chelsea . . . football, not art . . . and racing. . . . I really must try to finish reading this article. . . . How badly they stamp the club's name on these magazines! . . . I wonder if my little boy does it? . . . There he is again . . . I wonder what his name is? . . . I think George . . . he couldn't be Alfred or Herbert with a nose like that. . . .

"*Miss-Blake!*"

Miss Blake . . . Miss Blake . . . Good heavens, I'm Miss Blake! . . . Yes . . . Yes . . . do you want me? . . . A gentleman waiting to see me? Why on earth didn't I . . . he must have been here half-an-hour . . . . Horrible! . . . But I mustn't hurry. . . . They never hurry in clubs. . . .

A. W. B.

AT THE PICTURES.

A DOLOMITE LEGEND.

IT is odd that everywhere but in Germany the production of films should be so exclusively a masculine business. But that women can enter the lists too and be exceedingly capable the *Mädchen in Uniform* of LEONTINE SAGAN proved, and further proof will be found at the Rialto in the strange and haunting story, *The Blue Light*, which LENI RIEFENSTAHL not only performs in but created and directs. The film has kinship with *The White Hell of Pitz Palu*, in which she also acted, but it has more of mystery and romance. Never can mountain scenery have been so exquisitely photographed or the sense of fate and foreboding have been so overwhelming; while there is the least possible dependence upon speech and captions.

Of the story I shall say no more than that the blue light is caused by the beams of the full moon falling upon an outcrop of crystal quartz on an almost unscalable peak, and that such is the lure of this suggestion of treasure that the villagers, unsettled by the lunar rays, go to their death in a passion of cupidity. All save one—a fey girl named *Junta*, who is, so to speak, in league with the foe, and is most persuasively played by Fräulein RIEFENSTAHL. *The Blue Light*, the cast of which is chiefly composed of local rustics, fortified by a very critical sheep-dog and some highly-intelligent goats, is most eminently a film to see. And to hear too, for the accompanying music is unusually worth while.

There are Alps also in *Tell Me Tonight* at the Tivoli, but they are associated not with doom and disaster but with comedy. The photography is again very good, and I recall a magnolia of extraordinary beauty quivering in the breeze.

Such effects are, however, details gratuitously thrown in, for the play is entirely about an Italian tenor of genius and the adventurer who impersonates him: old, old stage stuff but made palatable by the gaiety of JAN KIEPURA as the popular idol and SONNIE HALE (who must before long be thinking of finding a maturer Christian name) as the cheerful crook. There is also a very pretty girl, *Mathilde*, played by MAGDA SCHNEIDER, and her father, a Swiss mayor of whirlwind vitality, played by EDMUND GWENN, who, I regret to say, when his daughter's looks are the subject of compliment, remarks that she takes after him. With what suspense I waited in the hope that this venerable comment would not follow! But no; out it came for the ten-millionth time, and out came the audience's punctual laughter.

In spite of this I can recommend the entertainment very heartily, for it has spirit and fun and a plot, and Mr. KIEPURA is kind enough to let no opportunity of using his really excellent voice pass by. He even sings to us when he ought by rights to be helping the charming *Mathilde* out of a motor-accident.

To return to the grim and sombre, there is now a talkie version of *Payment Deferred*, which, a terrifying play when acted at the St. James's Theatre, is perhaps even more gruesome as a film, with CHARLES LAUGHTON's massive countenance, guilty or fearful and larger than life, continually being isolated on the screen. Producers will have to use this face very economically or we may all be fleeing into the street.

Of the power of the actor there is no doubt, but he must not be kept solely for turpitude. Let it be remembered that he once played *Mr. Pickwick*.

The pictorial form of *Payment Deferred* follows the play very closely; so closely in fact that some of the advantages of cinema representation are thrown away. It would, for instance, do no harm to the tragic irony of the dénouement if the wretched wife were actually seen mixing the poison and drinking it.

But the end is not satisfactory anyway. Mr. LAUGHTON is well supported, but the intensity of LOUISE HAMPTON in the stage play is noticeably lacking.

E. V. L.



RUSTIC REVELRY.
(But not after dark in the Dolomites.)



IN COUNCIL.
The Mayor . . EDMUND GWENN.
His Wife. . . ATHENE SEYLER.



FOR DISPOSAL.
EMBRYO MURDERER GETS HIS BIG IDEA.
William Marble . . CHARLES LAUGHTON.
James Medland . . RAY MILLAND.



Gentleman (to lady minding the shop). "HAVE YOU ANY SMALL VICES?"

FICTION AND FACT.

I'VE a grudge against the novelists (objectionable tribe)
Who anatomise the features of the people they describe;
They make me so self-conscious that I fancy I can see
An omnibus collection of disfigurements in *me*.

All kinds of things they notice that excite my nervous fears:
Flat finger-ends, erratic veins and horrid pointed ears
And disconcerting symptoms of approaching middle-age—
I say "Like me," and tremble till I hardly see the page.

Then there's pronunciation—with, I fancy, lips that curl
They represent a fellow saying "gairl" instead of "girl";
And I have an inward feeling, which I won't conceal from you,
That in moments of abstraction that's how I pronounce it too.

But when I see the catalogues the publishers prepare,
With portraits of the authors, I can get my own back there:
For, if they're really like them, then, compared with such as they,
I'm a regular Adonis, and I don't care what they say.

"The five millionth wireless licence was sold at the G.P.O., London, yesterday."—*Sunday Paper.*

Odd, with so much stamping about.

AT THE PLAY.

"PHILOMEL" (AMBASSADORS).

THE author of *Philomel*, a new comedy with interpolated music by Dr. MARTIN SHAW and lyrics by CLIFFORD BAX, is evidently a romantic, an escapist as we now phrase it, and the world of reality is not so pleasant a place that we need be ungrateful to one who offers to lead us out of it for an hour or two. I was therefore a little puzzled to find myself plunged into a fit of gloom, slowly deepening to a sullen resentment, as this fairy-tale of the elderly, depressed, philosophising musician and the complaisant nightingale unfolded itself. Harsh words, like sham-profundity and pretentiousness, rise to the mind. Let me modify them by confessing that one must help the romancer to lead one through the narrow gate of plausible make-believe, and if some incurable obstinacy or coldness of heart or morbid action of the glands prevents the first motion of goodwill, then the author must labour in vain.

Roger Harkness (Mr. ARTHUR WONTNER), a brave figure in the high-waisted long-tailed coat of English directoire and the curled whiskers of a Napoleonic marshal, is a man of means and taste, a collector and a composer, with a handsome ardent pupil, *Arnold Rowe* (Mr. GRIFFITH JONES). The young man has gone modernist upon him—that recurring phenomenon so keenly resented by the ineffective traditionalist. (Was it mere fancy that detected a certain malice in the excerpts invented for the composer by Dr. SHAW?) The pupil dismissed in anger, the musician muses sadly on art and life. A soft trill is heard without, and down the garden-path steals a comely maid (Miss PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY). She has climbed the garden-wall in the most unlikely and becoming gown. Each likes the look of the other, and we don't blame them. The lady will sing? She will. And does very prettily. The gentleman will play? Certainly. They are soon on terms. *Stella* is renamed *Philomel*. There is a gleam in the elderly gentleman's eye. The old wound of his wife's desertion twenty years ago still hurts him, it would appear. He allows himself gently to speak of it—an ancient useful gambit. The maid (if we are not in error on a technical point) is more than sympathetic. She accepts a courteous invitation to supper that evening and is given the key of the garden-gate. And, having supped on sillery and sandwiches, declares herself ready to administer any consolation that seems to the musician called for in the romantic circumstances. The curtain falls on a surprised and gratified musician.



Stella Floyd (Miss PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY), entering from over the garden wall. "PRETTY GOOD CLIMBING, WASN'T IT, IN THIS DRESS?"

Next morning there is much mystification and a little sniggering about the number of cups and eggs conveyed into *Roger's* bedroom—the local bore, *Professor Venables* (Mr. ROBERT ATKINS), the young musician (Mr. GRIFFITH JONES), who has also fallen in love with the nightingale, and *Roger's* man and maid (Mr. W. E. C. JENKINS and Miss HÉLÈNE RAYE) taking their share in this. But there is no lady in *Roger's* bedroom. She had, however, administered her consolations and discreetly departed overnight, as we learn when the musician—an epicure anxious not to spoil a perfect experience by repetition—bends over her hand with the most admirable gesture of gratitude and renunciation and offers her to the young composer—an arrangement which *Stella-Philomel*, after she has recovered from her stupefaction, accepts with that readiness to be obliging which seemed the dominant note of her character.

I am not musician enough to presume to criticise Dr. SHAW's music. I fancied that when inventing it for his composers he was indulging in a sly musical joke. There were grace and variety in his melody and a certain agreeable puckishness in the treatment of the more trivial moments of the strange piece. Miss PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY sang her nightingale airs with a sweetness and flexibility which did not make her pleasant nickname an absurdity, though I think the fog had a little hardened her highest notes. I missed many of Mr. CLIFFORD BAX's words—the singers, with the exception of Mr. W. E. C. JENKINS, adopting a romantic lack of precision of utterance—but am prepared to swear they were excellent. As were the decorations by Miss MOLLY MCARTHUR and Mr. RICHARD SOUTHERN. T.



NATURAL HISTORY, ROSES AND WINE.
William Venables . . . MR. ROBERT ATKINS.
Roger Harkness . . . . MR. ARTHUR WONTNER.

"WILD VIOLETS" (DRURY LANE).

Stage engineering is a good enough servant but a bad master. Producers are apt to be so fascinated by the expensive toys now at their command that they may easily be more concerned to show their scenes moving back and forth and round and round (and round) than critically to examine and develop their material. And this preoccupation with machinery has, I feel, much to do with a certain general ineffectiveness in this Drury Lane musical comedy operetta produced by HASSARD SHORT. The mechanick exercises of Mr. SHORT'S *Waltzes from Vienna* were, if slightly excessive, at least subordinated to the telling of a pleasant romantic story. In this new venture of his we feel that the switch that can do so much and at such great expense and to such little dramatic purpose is the tyrant in control.

Perhaps the best thing for us to do is to set ourselves in a becomingly childish mood to take this business as a moving peep-show and frankly enjoy Mr. AUBREY HAMMOND'S undoubtedly pleasant Swiss exteriors and interiors—woods and hills, kitchens and dormitories, skating-rinks and balconies—and Miss DORIS ZINKEISEN'S gay and malicious parodies of the garments, inner and outer, of the beauties of thirty years ago; to admire the good looks, demure sophistication and girlish high spirits of the young ladies in the Château Violette, the finishing school so queerly conducted by *Madame Hoffman* (Miss JEAN CADELL), and the gallant pursuit of the thirty-four not-too-wild violets by the thirty-four picturesque and reasonably well-behaved students of the neighbouring university.

The music by ROBERT STOLZ is certainly not below the standard of these affairs, and "A Girl Has Got My Heart," "Don't Say Goodbye" and "You, Just You" will wake the echoes in many a bathroom—easy-running melodies fixed in the memory by artful repetition. I imagine that the book by BRUNO HARDT-WARDEN has suffered some change for the worse in translation. A flat jest barked by Mr. MORTON SELTEN about "*chapeau*" and "*château*" may just conceivably have graced the original, but another, dropped with a dull thud by the same actor, about "Panhard" and "pant hard" betrays an English origin. Mr. SELTEN as the grandfather of a violet had little else to do but ogle her companions, and, though no one can ogle quite so significantly, it is not enough.

The genuine comedy of Miss CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD owed little to her text, much to her own happily-invented grotesqueries and her bizarre athletic feats. The chief comedian, Mr. JERRY VERNO, seemed to have no material at all, and it was sad to see Miss JEAN CADELL with so little. The two principal students, Mr. JOHN GARRICK and Mr. ESMOND KNIGHT, sang well and went through their high-spirited antics in a natural and diverting manner. Miss ADÈLE DIXON romped through her part with a hard brightness, and Miss RITA COOPER faced the nervous ordeal of deputising for the indisposed Miss HARRIET BENNETT with credit.

There was general delight, expressed more openly, if possibly not more deeply felt, by the ladies of the audience, in the strange mysteries revealed by the modest enough disrobing of the young ladies in their dormitory (the ALBERTINA RASCH Girls improved the opportunity of this scene by a graceful dance); and a general sigh of awed delight when the pretty night scene of the Château Violette, from which hero and heroine were eloping, receded slowly into the distance—obviously a more complex and wonderful process than the mere receding of the elopers from the Château. T.



FINISHING TOUCHES AT A FINISHING SCHOOL.

Madame Hoffman . . . . Miss JEAN CADELL
Hans . . . . . Mr. JERRY VERNO.
Augusta . . . . . Miss CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD.

"SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY" (APOLLO).

This is emphatically not a play for the study. The jokes and situations invented by Mr. BENN LEVY which made us chuckle so comfortably overnight do not seem of remarkable quality or conspicuous originality when recollected in tranquillity. But that is nothing against the author. He knows how to put together the kind of irresponsible nonsense which capable actors under a skilled producer can weave into a diverting frivolous entertainment. And here he is his own producer and has assembled and skilfully drilled an entirely satisfactory cast. He has also contrived to present the disreputable doings of the less worthy of his four characters with a lightness of touch which robs them of serious offence—all things considered.

Henry (Mr. RONALD SQUIRE) is *Henry Dewlip* of Dewlip's Motors. He gives very much less attention to his business than to his hobby, which is secretaries and friends' wives.

His old friend and schoolfellow, *George Jelliwell* (Mr. NIGEL BRUCE), is Caribona Carburettors. *Mrs. George* (Miss ISABEL JEANS) has the best figure (as well as the dullest husband) in London. *Henry* thinks that it would be only friendly if he and *Mrs. George* explained to *George* that they were deceiving him. *George*, partly from native inability to understand anything, partly because of preoccupation with the pretty young woman, *Ivy Smith* (Miss JOAN BARRY), whom he has just failed to run over, ignores the friendly warning. *Miss Smith* turns out to be *Henry's* new secretary, an austere moralist soulfully anxious to help men to do the decent thing. We rather gather that her austerity and virginal aloofness are recognised by her as having commercial value as a bait. *Henry* promptly deserts *Mrs. George* for *Miss Smith*, who sets about reforming him. He sells his roulette-board and cocktail-bar, takes to cold water, work and celibacy. The *régime* does not agree with him. He becomes morose and dispirited. His relapse is foreordained. He is not designed for ascetic feats or long pursuits of the reluctant. Roulette, whisky and the best figure in London reassert their sway. The prim ethical *Ivy* is dealt by the author to the oafish moron, *George*. (I omit certain revelations about that young woman to avoid spoiling Mr. LEVY'S effect of surprise.)

The course of false love not running as smoothly for *Henry* as for most of the suave libertines impersonated by Mr. RONALD SQUIRE, he has opportunity for a wider range of effects. His mastery of the expressive grimace had the fullest play. And anyone who may have a lingering affection for that most ignoble of all headgear, the bowler-hat, had best come to see our *Henry* in it—a most gross diverting vision, a comedy in itself, complete with moral.

I have never seen Mr. NIGEL BRUCE

fail to enrich a part, but I cannot recall among his many brilliant performances anything quite so good as this. Never for a moment did he let a gleam of intelligence into *George Jelliwell's* fish-like eye or slip into an easy or graceful gesture. You could see what had driven *Mrs. George* into *Henry's* arms, what had brought Caribona Carburettors in three short months to bankruptcy. The gold of a minx's hair, of a stiff whisky in a tumbler brings the sodden countenance to life for a brief moment. And *George* too wears a bowler-hat; but with no effect of incongruity. This is the man for whom it is a fitting crown.

Mrs. George's cold furies of jealousy and less cold appetites were cleverly conveyed by Miss ISABEL JEANS, and Miss JOAN BARRY gave us all the flavour of a well-invented part—the pseudo-ethical minx, cold, provocative, calculating. This piece won't raise the tone of the Town, but I don't think it can do any serious harm. Nobody could possibly envy *Henry* or *George* or *George's* wanton spouse. T.

Mr. Punch commends to his readers the efforts made by the friends of the Victoria Hospital for Children, Tite Street, S.W.3, which is greatly in need of money, to promote the success of the Midnight Matinée for which the PRINCE OF WALES has fixed Thursday, December 8th, at the Capitol Theatre. The programme includes the first performance of the new GAUMONT film, *The Midshipmaid*, with JESSIE MATTHEWS, A. W. BASKCOMB and FRED KERR, and a variety entertainment provided by Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS. It is requested that those desirous to attend should write to the Hospital for tickets as early as possible. The performance will begin at 11.30 P.M.

THE DOG-BITE.

MISFORTUNES even in Egypt seldom come singly, but Ahmed is noted for them in his village, as another man might be for avarice or cunning. So when to the ill-luck of an addiction to cocaine he adds that of being bitten by a mad dog, it causes the satisfaction proper to events which happen in accordance with general expectation. "Ahmed has been bitten," say the villagers, as one might say of a shower, "Ah, it *looked* like rain."

The only persons besides Ahmed who are displeased by the occurrence are the District Health Officer and the village policeman—the former because Ahmed will have to be sent to Cairo for treatment, and the latter because he will have to be arrested first. Ahmed, who has foreseen the unwelcome benevolence of the authorities, increases the policeman's displeasure by hiding himself, and when he is eventually discovered among the cotton-sticks on a neighbour's roof, the policeman's patience has worn very thin. He strikes Ahmed on the face, rebukes him most sternly for attempting to resist the law, and leads him before the Health Officer.

The Health Officer also strikes Ahmed on the face, as custom demands, and enlarges upon his ineptitude in being bitten and thus causing trouble and expense to the Government. He then sends him under escort to Cairo, where he is treated at the hospital. In due course Ahmed returns to his village and finds that not only has he been cured of his bite, but that a miracle has happened. He no longer craves for cocaine. As the local vendor of drugs charges an exorbitant price for his wares Ahmed's opinion of mad dogs goes up, and he urges his fellow-addicts to seek one out. They, however, argue that mad dogs are not available every day, and that the Health Officer will no doubt be equally satisfied with the bite of an ordinary dog. They accordingly display themselves invitingly to the village dogs and talk cheerfully of the journey to Cairo.

But the village dogs are suspicious of these unwonted attentions. They withdraw uneasily into corners and cannot be induced to take advantage of their opportunities. The addicts are in despair. They revile the dogs and loudly lament their inability to be bitten. Their lamentations reach the ear of the village barber, who is a man of resource. He observes their distress with a calculating eye and mounts the jaws of a dead dog upon a pair of tongs. He then confers secretly with the addicts and bites them with the tongs for an agreed price. The addicts go joyfully to Cairo and the fame of the barber spreads to neighbouring villages.

At length the Health Officer becomes seriously displeased. Not only has he become fatigued by the despatch of so many victims to Cairo, but he has received an official letter commenting unfavourably upon the increase in cases of dog-bite in his district. He sends for the policeman. "How does it come about," he says wrathfully, "that the countryside is infested with mad dogs while you sit in the café?"

The policeman is indignant. "Do I not," he says, "patrol the district both by day and by night without taking rest? There is, *wullahy*, no mad dog!"

But the Health Officer will not listen to argument. Where there are bites, he maintains, there are mad dogs, and where there are mad dogs there are stupid and idle policemen, unworthy of their positions. The policeman goes to his friend the barber, and after they have talked of this and that he confides to him the unjust conclusions of the Health Officer. The barber sees that further artificial biting is likely to be unprofitable and even dangerous. He strokes his beard and expresses his opinion that there is more in the matter than meets the eye. Then, after casting about in his mind for a suitable method of freeing himself from any blame, he says that he himself, out of his great affection for the policeman, will study the phenomenon, intimating that in the meantime the policeman should remain inactive lest suspicion be prematurely aroused. The policeman, whose brain is unfitted for the solution of mysteries, agrees to leave the case in the barber's hands, and holds out the promise of an adequate reward if his efforts are attended with success.

The barber now bethinks him of Ahmed, among whose misfortunes is included a foolish faith in the good intentions of his fellows. He seeks Ahmed out and, addressing him as an equal, begins to say, as if for the sake of making conversation, that the administering of dog-bites is arduous work for an old man and to lament that he has no sons of his own. Ahmed is delighted to have the confidence of the barber in a matter so intimate as paternity, but his mind is limited to the comprehension of direct statements. So the barber goes on to say that, after much thought directed towards the choice of a successor in the business, he has been unable to find a young man more worthy, both by the moderation of his conduct and the virtue of his character, than Ahmed himself. Ahmed at first cannot believe his ears, but when the barber actually presents him with the tongs and his blessing he becomes almost mad with joy. He rushes out into the street and proclaims so vociferously that it is he and he only who now possesses the magic which can send a man to Cairo, that it is scarcely necessary for the barber to point him out to the policeman.

His arrest causes no surprise. "Ahmed is in prison," say the villagers, as one might say of a fine day, "Ah, it *looked* as if the sun would shine."

"NARROW GUY'S REVERSE."
Sunday Paper.

He ought to get through without crashing.





MIXED HERBS.

II.

BLOOMING SALLY (*Epilobium angustifolium*).
BOUNCING BET (*Saponaria officinalis*).

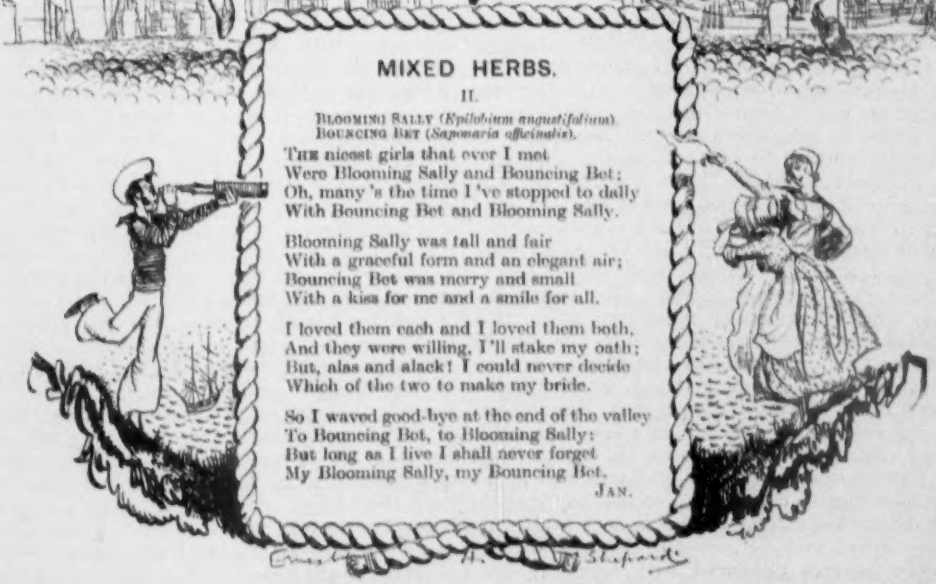
THE nicest girls that ever I met
Were Blooming Sally and Bouncing Bet;
Oh, many 's the time I 've stopped to dally
With Bouncing Bet and Blooming Sally.

Blooming Sally was tall and fair
With a graceful form and an elegant air;
Bouncing Bet was merry and small
With a kiss for me and a smile for all.

I loved them each and I loved them both,
And they were willing, I'll stake my oath;
But, alas and alack! I could never decide
Which of the two to make my bride.

So I waved good-bye at the end of the valley
To Bouncing Bet, to Blooming Sally;
But long as I live I shall never forget
My Blooming Sally, my Bouncing Bet.

JAN.





Lady. "REALLY, HAROLD, IS THERE *no* WAY OF GETTING THAT HUGE SHIP ALONG BUT BY MAKING THOSE WRETCHED MEN DRAG IT?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Seen After Waiting.

THE statesman who was never a "back-bencher" and never quite a politician is portrayed at just a little more than full length in the *Life of Lord Oxford and Asquith* (HUTCHINSON, 36/-). Shyness, sensitiveness, delicacy and emotional warmth, together with complete fixity of purpose and a certain arrogance in self-effacement that demanded the first place while scorning to ensue it—these are qualities that Mr. J. A. SPENDER and Mr. CYRIL ASQUITH ascribe to the central figure of the stormiest years of recent English history; and if in matters controversial and perhaps over-burdened with discussion they will admit no two opinions, yet there will, I think, be comparatively few to-day to challenge their main conclusions, while their admiration for the man himself has become common ground. It is on the personal side that this record, with its humours, its oddities and its profoundly revealing love-letters, is most attractive. Here we see ASQUITH, though scorning horses as he scorned music, medicine, propaganda, humbug and fresh air, yet able, thanks to his uncannily automatic memory, to recite at a moment's notice the names of all the Derby winners since ADAM; ASQUITH relegated to the lower table at bridge to expiate his fantastically reckless bidding, or ASQUITH absorbing himself in such heartening literature as *Archie and the Sausage-Chappie* when he needed relief—concrete reinforced with laughter—from the infinitely laborious task of reconciling North Pole and South in the name of national unity, or of assessing the claims of opposing schools of military thought in the pursuit of final victory.

Art under Tsar and Soviet.

One of the chief arguments against democracy is that it makes very little provision for the really sound workman, still less for the creative genius. Both these invaluable citizens like to be let alone to do their own work in their own way, under reasonably tranquil conditions; and for the most part they don't care twopence what party rules as long as these conditions are assured. In this regard the analytical memoirs of CHALIAPIN—which complement the slighter pictures already published of his earlier life—have an interest far wider than their artistic scope, great though this is. When you have been "Soloist to His Majesty" the TSAR and "Premier Singer to the Soviet People" and have been cajoled and damned by both sides, your knowledge of political parties is ample but not appreciative; and M. CHALIAPIN's regretful indictment of art under the Bolsheviks is not prompted by any particular tenderness for his shattered Imperial harness. In fact the saddest aspect of the matter for a singer who sprang from the people is that the people themselves have been reft of their own sources of art. His picture of the urban proletariat herded to a BEETHOVEN recital when it would much prefer something risky on an accordion is perhaps the saddest in the book. For the rest, *Man and Mask* (GOLLANCZ, 18/-) is not only a record of CHALIAPIN's Russia but of the development of his art, of old friends such as RACHMANINOV and GORKI, and of the causes—chiefly puffery and want of leisure—of modern artistic decadence.

With Spear and Bow.

Following the pipes of Pan
Heard beneath a Baltic pine,
Sacha Siemel, Latvian,
Hies him to the Argentine;
There he pays his youthful vows,
Loves and leaves, as rovers will,
Elsa (with a lawful spouse)
Hastens northward to Brazil.

There a *Robin Hood* career
Is *Sacha's;* trusting in his star,
He scorns saltpetre, takes a spear,
Slays the painted jaguar,
Drops the puma in her spring
With an arrow and a bow,
And of hunters is the king
Where the breathless greenwoods grow.

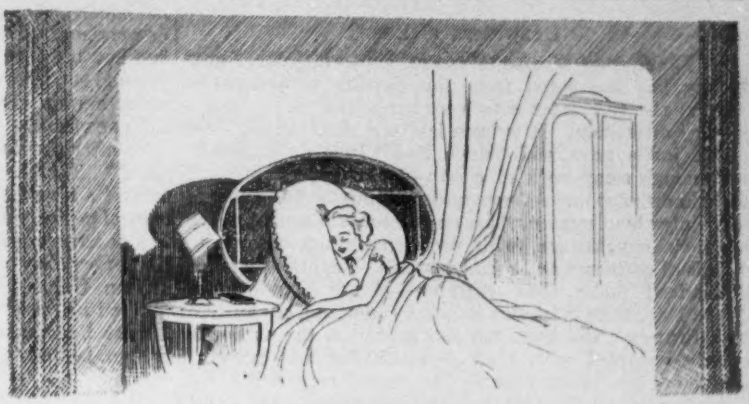
GOLLANCZ issue *Tiger-Man*
At ten-and-six; the author, he
Is Mr. DUGUID (JULIAN),
Writes a friend's biography
Here and, so he says, as though
He a novel would indite;
And, as both, it gave, I know,
To one reader real delight.

From Idyll to Melodrama.

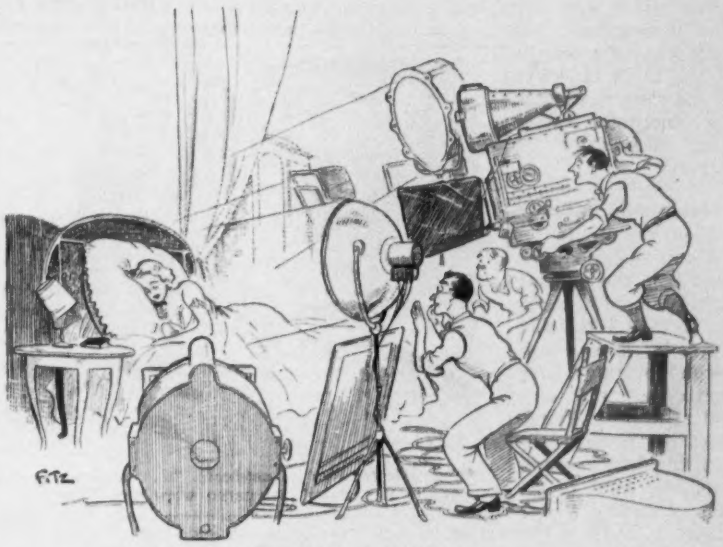
I hardly feel that Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK's new novel fulfils its promise, starting as it does with an original idyllic theme and hardening into melodrama. The courtship of *Ada Craven*, a North-Country parlourmaid domiciled in Putney, by the second son of a North-Country county family may seem at first sight a thought bizarre. But *Quentin Seaford*, motor salesman, casually relegated scion of a stock that has lavished all its solicitude on its heir, is by no means an impossible figure; and the lure of the yeoman's daughter, who instinctively understands and sympathises with his nostalgia for North-Country ways, strikes me as not only likely but inevitable. Given the promising prelude of their attachment and a sufficiently racy handling of the ups and downs of their early wedded days at Kingston, it is disappointing to find convention enter with *Quentin's* visit to Yorkshire to break the news of his marriage. Here he is pursued, before that revelation takes place, by *Clotilda Marr*, a wealthy and sexually acquisitive hussy; and henceforth the duel between *Maid and Minx* (COLLINS, 7/6) for the possession of the hero—a duel whose excitement is heightened by legitimate and illegitimate War-complications—engrosses the narrator rather, I think, to the exclusion of more remunerative material. *Ada's* efforts to rear *Quentin's* family as it should be reared in the absence of her divorced partner, command, it is true, a certain respect. But there is nothing in these, nor in their gratefully pleasant dénouement, to equal the setting and incidents of the Putney and Kingston days.

A Romance of Two Worlds.

Miss NAOMI ROYDE SMITH's latest novel, *The Bridge* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6), is full of loveliness and wisdom. She has taken for subject a person who, having the habits of one society and the natural instincts of another, sets tolerance in place of the usual revolt. Her heroine, *Andra*, the youngest member of a complacent county family, is married from the school-room into the rectory, where her husband treats her with the gentle affection of a father. Years afterwards, leaving her rose-garden and casually performed parochial duties, she goes to the South of France to visit her married step-son, who is an artist. There she tolerates a new society, with all its extravagant gestures of freedom, in very much the same way as she had accepted the narrower laws of home. Certain of her old habits remain; she does not, for instance, bathe on Sunday, but she is neither disturbed by the loud voicing of facts that were never whispered in the village nor aware that there is any need for self-adjustment. Then events (too complicated for short explanation) make it necessary for *Andra* to stand, as it were, on the bridge dividing opposite worlds and to consider her judgment. Miss ROYDE SMITH's solution of the problem may, for all its gentleness, disturb the conventional-minded, but I fancy it will be difficult for any reader not to admire the beautiful prose and workmanship of her novel, and not to be enchanted by her presentation of *Andra*.



WE OFTEN THINK HOW SWEET AND PEACEFUL SOME OF THESE CINEMA-ACTRESSES —



LOOK ON THE SCREEN.

Daughters of Eve.

Of *The Elegant Woman* (HARRAP, 18/-) which Mr. JAMES LAVER has translated from the German of GERTRUDE ARETZ, the translator says very truly that it is "not a history of fashion. It is both less and much more." He might justly have said "Much less." It is an entertaining enough scrap-book of gossip—gossip indeed implying wide knowledge and interspersed with intelligent comment—mainly about women whose elegance was at least equalled by their naughtiness, with occasional condescension to details of costumes and social customs. Reputable women do indeed make their entrance—MARIE ANTOINETTE, JULIE RÉCAMIER (virtuous in queer company), our austere Mrs. SIDDONS, the EMPRESS EUGÉNIE; but the author is mainly occupied with their less edifying and presumably more interesting sisters. The survey ranges from LA POMPADOUR and the DUBARRY to LOLA MONTEZ and CORA PEARL, a more tactful and generalised epilogue dealing with the *fin-de-siècle* woman and the modern Eve. Extravagance rather than elegance is perhaps the dominant note. The illustrations, following the author's preoccupation with what she accepts as the main objective of the elegant woman, are anecdotal rather than technically informing.

Metropolis Afloat.

That we are in for a VICKI boom is evident from the growing fashion amongst novelists to take a big slice out of the human ant-hill and, putting a large number of the ants under a magnifying-glass, to present the resulting data in a new cinematic kind of fiction. *Luxury Liner* (CASSELL, 7/6) is of this school, though it is almost too good to be treated as a derivative. In it Miss GINA KAUS has cut a section across an Atlantic giant and in a series of clever studies presents a moving picture of the life in a floating town, from drawing-rooms to tenement cabins. Against this background is set the story of *Dr. Thomas Wohlmut's* pursuit of his wife, who has effectually exploded him from his provincial groove by bolting with her American lover. At the moment of sailing *Wohlmut* obtains the post of ship's doctor in their liner, but the urgency of the chase melts rather surprisingly in the unaccustomed atmosphere of the s.s. *Columbia*; for in the first-class *Wohlmut* finds himself dazzled and attracted by a new world of cynicism and metallic gaiety, while the poverty and suffering down below appeal to him professionally. Miss KAUS has a keen sense of character and of dramatic situation, and she has devised a delightful end for a novel which cries out to be intelligently filmed.

Fifty Years of Public Service.

Sir CHARLES MALLET, in *Herbert Gladstone* (HUTCHINSON, 18/-), has succeeded in accomplishing a difficult task. When HERBERT GLADSTONE in 1880, at the age of twenty-six, resigned his history tutorship at Oxford and entered politics, he, as his father's private secretary, stepped at once into the forefront of political history. His position was not an easy one, and it is illuminating to find that some twelve years later he wondered, when writing to his mother, whether she realised how much he was still needed as a "buffer." No more devoted son than HERBERT GLADSTONE ever lived, and his services were lovingly and ungrudgingly given; but Sir CHARLES frankly states that "his best work in politics was done after the death of Mr. GLADSTONE left him to stand alone." Then he went on to build up what has truly been called "a record of honourable and unselfish work." His natural modesty and dislike of the limelight may from time to time have impeded his career, but whether as Chief Whip, Home Secretary or the first Governor-General of the South African Union his qualities were fully recognised and admired by those who worked with or under him. He was a most honourable gentleman and, as Lord CECIL has written, he had "a genius for being loved."



Constable (writing in notebook). ". . . AND MY SUSPICIONS WERE THAT SOMEBODY HAD BEEN TAMPERING WITH THE ROOM."

A Book of Good Cheer.

Fully conscious that it is a serious responsibility to recommend a cookery-book, I recommend with confidence *Good Food* (FABER AND FABER, 7/6), by AMBROSE HEATH. The dishes are interesting yet not extravagant, nor do they call for elaborate apparatus; the calendar grouping is practical and convenient; ingredients and process are clearly specified. Many countries have been drawn upon for characteristic contributions, and I should judge from internal evidence that they have all been savoured by the author and quite likely are in his effective repertory as amateur cook. Armed with this book one can put up a fight against the entrenched British School of good plain water-cooking! Mr. HEATH imports a certain gaiety into his text, and Mr. EDWARD BAWDEN'S witty decorations reinforce the point that good food, though a serious, is (or should be) a jolly subject. Brides' mothers should give this to their daughters as an insurance against marital infelicity—if they think the grooms worthy.

In Search of a Home.

The liveliness that made *Stalky's Reminiscences* so pleasant to read has by no means forsaken Major-General L. C. DUNSTERVILLE in *Stalky Settles Down* (JARROLD, 7/6). The previous book ended with "STALKY" bidding farewell to the Army in India on January 1, 1920, and now he carries on during the succeeding years while he was trying to find a permanent home. No one who is acquainted with him, if only from his lectures and writings, would expect this settlement to be easily reached, and before the house of his dreams was found in Somerset Mrs. DUNSTERVILLE and he had spent a decade and more in travelling far and wide. With his widespread interests and keen observation of the humorous side of life, "STALKY" is always an entertaining companion; and although the concluding words of this volume are, "And now, at last, comes the longed-for withdrawal and abstraction," I remain hopeful that he will remember to keep his pen unsheathed, and will again employ it to our delight.

CHARIVARIA.

A GOSSIP-WRITER regrets that the blinds of West-End clubs are drawn at lighting-up time. Clearly this practice increases the difficulty of saying "Looking in at the 'Bisons' last evening . . ."

* * *

Mr. JAMES AGATE recalls that after learning the art of weaving in his father's cotton-mill he spent years trying to sell calico to grey-faced loons in Manchester warehouses. He doesn't, however, state the proportion of loons to a weaver.

* * *

The soul-shaking story which is to run through a projected film of the Post Office has not been selected; but we understand that it will not turn upon the passionate crisis created by the non-delivery of a letter.

* * *

A novelist who recently attended a meet of hounds was surprised not to notice a falling-off in the number of riders. But surely it is long after the meet that the falling-off occurs.

* * *

A spiritualistic medium declares that in the next world even QUEEN VICTORIA is not known by her title. She must be amused.

* * *

A legal expert points out in an article on the duties of the public that a small man with no knowledge of boxing who saw two sixteen-stone navvies fighting would be foolish to attempt to separate them. On the other hand, he should repress an inclination to egg them on.

* * *

Paris shopkeepers have been asked by a women's society to refrain from selling toys of a military character. They are said to be unwilling to comply unless a similar sacrifice is guaranteed by the shopkeepers of Berlin.

* * *

Oranges are grown in the open on an estate in Ulster. This would hardly be tolerated in the Free State.

* * *

In view of the reinterment of CHOPIN hopes are expressed that the new grave will be wide enough for amateur pianists to make him turn in it.

* * *

It is claimed that a new type of saxophone can be learned by a child in two lessons. And the trouble is, it will.

London policemen are to have new uniforms, with epaulettes. The effect of this move on motor-bandits remains to be seen.

* * *

In spite of the recent uncertainty whether Miss GRETA GARBO was or was not in London, it was noted that the life of the Metropolis went on much as usual.

* * *

"Fight To Lend Money" is a daily paper headline. Our own friends exhibit no truculence.

* * *

A gossip-writer reports that he actually saw a woman busily engaged in opening a tin of sardines during the rush-hour on the Underground. The little things must have been vastly amused to see the people packed like passengers.

* * *

"There is no difficulty in this world that cannot be overcome," says the Thames magistrate. Has he ever tried to put the tooth-paste back into the tube?

* * *

Experiments are being made to lighten the British infantryman's equipment. One helpful suggestion is to increase the perforations in the army biscuit.

* * *

"One sees sandals worn in the most unexpected places," says a gossip-writer. We still adhere to the opinion that the feet are the only place for them.

* * *

While waiting to be medically treated after an accident a carter is alleged to have given a workmate a black eye. Everyone of course has his own idea of what to do till the doctor comes.

* * *

His Majesty, BAO DAI, the Emperor of Annam, has formed an up-to-date jazz band. Supporters of disarmament sincerely hope it will only be used in self-defence.

* * *

Glass that it is almost impossible to break has been invented. It would be an excellent idea to manufacture valuable antique glassware out of this.

* * *

A Yorkshireman who returned to this country last week after thirty years in Central Asia had never seen a motor-car. There is now some talk of holding the Motor Show again for his benefit.

* * *

At a recent concert a musician played fifteen different orchestral instruments. We hear that the people who lived next door to him don't now.

* * *

A play has been produced in America with only three actors in the cast. We remember seeing some plays with three less than that.

* * *

A Berlin faster claims to have gone forty-four days without food. It is our opinion that he should either have given his order to another waiter or tried a different restaurant.

* * *

It now appears that the errand-boy who was seen moving continuously for over half-a-minute at four miles an hour was standing on a moving staircase.

* * *

"What is the difference between a rich woman drinking a cocktail and a poor woman drinking gin?" asks a writer. Vermouth and a cherry.

* * *

"It costs more to feed a greyhound than a film-star," says a writer. Still, one does get a run for one's money.



"IF YOU FIND DIFFICULTY IN RESTRAINING THE GLUTTONY OF YOUR WRETCHED GOAT, PERHAPS IN FUTURE YOU WILL TRY TETHERING IT FURTHER FROM MY HEDGE."

The Romance of the Rail.

"The tender of the light engine was wedged in the loving-room."—*Daily Paper.*

"THIS WEEK'S NEWS REELS."
Daily Paper.

Yes, it is often staggering.

A GREAT FINANCIAL OVERTURE.

Pettigrew is probably the only person in England who wishes to pay off the American Debt out of his own pocket.

No. Not exactly that. Pettigrew is probably the only person in England who wishes to pay off his share of the interest of the American Debt by private treaty. He feels that the Moratorium is a slur on his financial probity. The thing has become a regular obsession with him.

"Suppose there are forty-five million people in this country," he said, "of whom I am one. Suppose, again, that the interest on the Debt is twenty-eight million pounds. What is forty-five into twenty-eight?"

"I don't know," I said.

"Work it out," he told me.

"It comes to nought, and twenty-eight forty-fifths over," I said after a few minutes' calculation.

"Do it by decimals," he said.

I did so and discovered that Pettigrew owed the American nation ·62 of a pound.

"Is there any reason," he asked, "why I should not pay America that £·62?"

"Not the slightest," I said, "if it makes you feel happier and Mr. ROOSEVELT is willing to take it. Have you got it on you now?"

Pettigrew pointed out that £·62 was a sum which hardly anybody in England would miss during the course of a year. It could be saved on tobacco easily. It could be saved by not going to the cinema, in a few weeks. It could be saved by not betting on horses or dogs——"

"Or still more easily," I said, "by backing a winner."

"Anyway," Pettigrew declared, "I intend to make the proposal. I want to be like the Village Blacksmith of whom LONGFELLOW wrote:

> 'He looks the whole world in the face,
> For he owes not any man.'

Think of being able to meet every American who comes over here on equal terms, without that horrible feeling of uneasiness that a debtor feels when he is talking to a creditor. I daresay thousands and thousands of people would like to follow my example. We might found a sort of club. . . ."

I told him I was willing to join. I said that there might be difficulties, because I believed that the money had to be paid in gold, and even then it seemed to ruin American trade; but Pettigrew said that this was nonsense, and he was certain that the White House would see eye to eye with us if the proposal was formally put to it.

"All right," I said. "If you like to become treasurer of the society and place the whole thing on a business footing I will let you have my cheque for £·62 immediately. Unless of course," I added, "you think that Mr. ROOSEVELT would rather take my £·62 in kind? I have an old shell-nozzle turned into a paper-weight that probably cost about as much as that when it was made."

EVOE.

FAR ABOVE RUBIES.

I READ in journals and newspapers a good deal about the telephone. Among my acquaintances there breathes no man with soul so dead that he cannot up and speak vividly and at length concerning the telephone. Nor can I help knowing quite a bit about my own telephone, since the POSTMASTER-GENERAL is constantly writing to tell me how wonderful my telephone is and to draw my attention to some hitherto unsuspected or unguarded aspect of its utility.

There is, however, one thing which no one has yet told me about the telephone, and that is why it should be priceless. Priceless in the actual and not the facetious sense of the word.

I may *have* a telephone; I may stick gadgets (officially approved ones, that is) on it; I may cover it with a thing like a tea-cosy; I may have it disguised to look like almost anything I please; I may even speak of it as *my* telephone, but I cannot actually possess it or, so far as I can see, ever hope to possess it.

Even under the oft-satirised hire-purchase system there does at least come, if one lives long enough, a proud glad day when one can stand beside one's house, car, gas-cooker or wireless-set (or what remains of any one of these) and say in ringing tones, "At last this darned thing is really and truly mine!" But never, it seems, in respect of the telephone may these joyous words be spoken. The price of a telephone, like that of wisdom, is above rubies. Other rare national treasures may find their way in time to the sordid market-place, but our English telephone is almost sacred. Money cannot purchase it. It can only be rented. Why?

I calculate that if Providence permits me to go on telephoning at intervals until I reach the age of sixty, my telephone rent will, at present rates, have amounted to at least two hundred pounds. Even for that respectable sum I shall have been granted no more than the privilege of leaving my work or getting out of my bath to listen to what other people have to say to *me* or, more likely, to someone of whom I have no knowledge and in whom I take no interest. For telephoning without first being telephoned to I shall probably have paid at least as much again in call charges. Four hundred pounds, and nothing to what some poor wretches with busier telephones will have to pay over the same period. Still, I will concentrate on that first two hundred pounds.

There I shall be, lined of face and pathetically grey-haired, or even more pathetically bald, having paid two hundred pounds for a thing which I may neither sell nor give away. They might at least allow me to bequeath it. It would be something to be able to dictate to my solicitor such words as: "To ——, my favourite telephone, on condition that she keeps it in comfort so long as she, or it, exists," or "To ——, my confounded telephone, curse him." If I can cut off one of my children with a shilling, why not with a telephone, a far more suitable thing with which to cut anyone off? And there is a further consideration. I daresay there are many deeply sentimental men who would like to have their telephone buried with them. Well, why shouldn't they?

I respectfully suggest that the next time the POSTMASTER-GENERAL sends out his little packet to remind subscribers of the joys and comforts of telephoning he should add: "And now why go on paying rent? Why not have your telephone for your very own to do as you like with? What about a cash deal with us? Or, if you prefer to take it in an easier way, the longer you have the telephone the less annual rent you pay, until it becomes YOURS."

Or words to that effect.

D. C.

The Thoughtlessness of Youth.

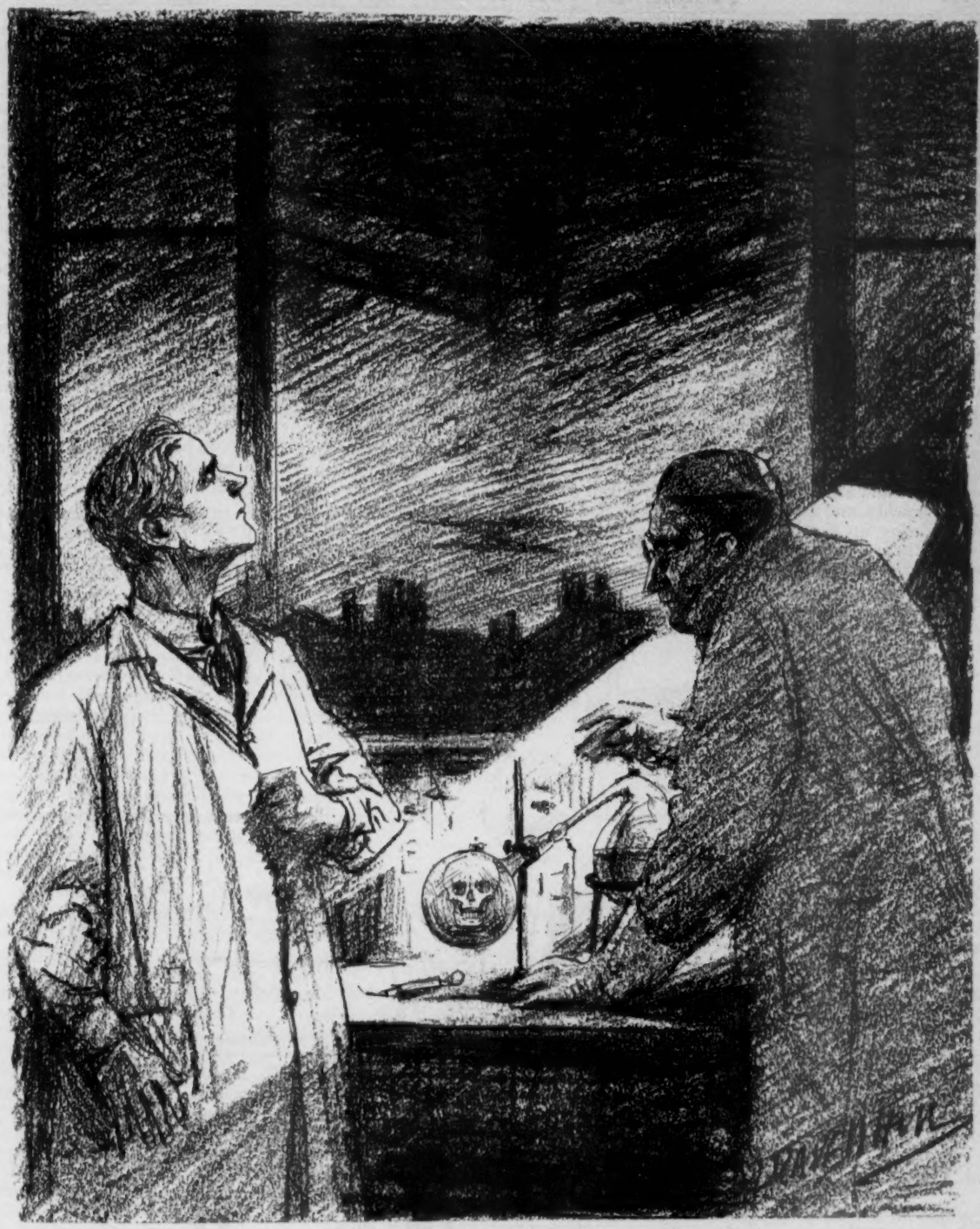
"On the whole I think the best way with spiritualism is to strike the happy medium."—*Schoolgirl's Essay.*

"WELSHMAN FINDS SULPHUR IN PALESTINE."
Headline in Provincial Paper.

When we were very young we often found it in treacle.

"SOME USEFUL WRINKLES ABOUT IRONING."
Rhodesian Paper.

The best are none.



THE PROBLEM.

"YOU REALISE WHAT THIS MEANS. IT IS YOU AND YOUR YOUNG COMPANIONS WHO WILL USE IT. WHAT ARE WE TO DO?"

"The young men . . . are the men who fly in the air. . . . The instrument is in their hands. . . . It is for them to decide."—*Mr. BALDWIN, in the House of Commons, November 10th.*

IN DEFENCE OF THE LEVEL.

WHY GET PUFFED?

THE fact that Europe contains far too many mountains seems to have escaped general observation owing largely, I believe, to the gup which has been circulated about them by poets and travel-agencies. But if for a moment you consider the real difficulty of going abroad for a country holiday without discovering one of these unsightly masses of rock just behind your hotel, you may incline to agree with me.

For, when he discovers a mountain just behind his hotel, what is the result, in the case of the average Englishman? At first, nothing. Full of gratitude that there is a lift which saves him the fatigue of walking upstairs, he smiles pretty cynically at the party from the next table who have dressed up like boy-scouts and are overheard ordering *paquet* lunches, and whom he sees later disappearing up that villainous little path at the back of the village, with its sinister little notice saying "*Au sommet de la Dent Fausse, 4 heures.*"

For a week or so he is fairly immune, while he makes a few elementary excursions and recovers from the depredations of the English climate. During this period he laughs tolerantly at those who have already grappled with the Dent Fausse and who corner him to speak unctuously of the view from the summit or to explain why their time was a minute quicker than that of anybody else.

Then quite suddenly his fortitude cracks up. He sickens of being asked if he has climbed the wretched thing, someone happens to mention that in the restaurant at the top there is a fried ham of unearthly quality, and somehow, as it doesn't seem quite so vast as it did, for the first time he wonders if . . . perhaps . . . and before he comes to he has filled a heavy rucksack with woollen goods and inedible sandwiches and has disappeared, like the others, on the same villainous little path. Soon after, struggling up a rock-strewn track of 1 in 2½ which seems to drive interminably through a dense and oddly smelly forest, utterly exhausted, he is far too much of a coward to turn back.

At least I am. But I have climbed my last mountain now, and I say it defiantly. Never again shall any muscular moron hypnotise me into so forgetting the perpendicular horrors of my past that I agree to surmount even the smallest crag. Never again shall I set foot to the shortest of *sentiers rapides*.

When I say "climbed" I make no reference to those inexplicable creatures who, lashed together, enjoy clambering about the roof of the world for the mere fun of not falling off. I mean rather the kind of semi-social and more than semi-vertical manœuvre for which we English are not by nature constructed, into which thousands of our countrymen have been bullied this last summer, and into which thousands will again be bullied in a few weeks' time if they have not the good sense to select a ski-ing resort which is civilised by a funicular.



"HAVE YOU AGREED ON YOUR VERDICT?"
"NO, ME LORD; WE STARTED WITH A DISPUTE AS TO WHO WON THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE IN 1920, AND AFTER THAT WE COULDN'T AGREE ABOUT ANYTHING."

Bullied is exactly the word; by the evil and insidious power which mountains possess to lure to their summits simple-minded human beings in order that they may witness dank dawns and foggy sunsets, or more often an impenetrable wall of wet cloud; and by those loud-lunged and contemptible hypocrites who, having secretly loathed every inch of its jagged face, go on demanding, "Haven't you been up the *Wurstberg yet*?"

We English are not chamois, by gad! Let me beg my compatriots to resist this intimidation with all their strength. The following painful extracts from my own diary may give them courage:—

(1) "Set out from our hotel at midnight with eleven others to see dawn from the *Tante Noire*. Led by short-sighted Polish doctor, who quickly lost both path and only electric torch. American girl lost shoe in mud. Endless ascent through wet bushes, apparently brambles. '*Encore une demi-heure*,' enunciated at intervals by Polish doctor in guttural voice, failed to inspire. Hysterical Japanese gentleman stumbled into sleeping cow and lost head. Lost rucksack of hot rum-and-milk through German professor skidding on steep slope. Finally lost sunrise by five minutes. Have contracted heavy cold."

(2) "Whole party put skins on skis and went up to the *Blitzen Hütte*. Girl in front took off five jumpers and coat and then felt faint. My offer to carry cast-off clothing readily accepted, but also by girl behind, who thought I was talking to her. After two hours as a mobile cloak-room skis felt like tree-trunks. . . ."

(3) "Inveigled into climbing the *Blottarone* by three over-developed men with low gears. An Italian actually admitted it was hot this morning. Took five hours. Had three nice stops of two minutes, and at summit found yellow cloud-burst and my cousin Percy, with whom have not spoken since I punched his nose at Newmarket ten years ago. Swear oath remain rest of life on flat. . . ."

There's climbing for you, in I hope a sufficiently dissuasive nutshell. As you may have guessed, my *Blottarone* experience is of very recent date. I write while I am still aglow with its poignance, that some perhaps may follow my example and resolve to take such exercise as is absolutely necessary only on a horizontal plane.

Holland seems a safe sort of place.

ERIC.

Our Naïve Reporters.

"CRASH OF CROCKERY.
Quaint Custom At New Home Of Bride."
Liverpool Paper.



"SEEN ANYTHING OF THE HOUNDS, SIR?"
"NO; BUT NOW YOU MENTION IT I DID HEAR SOMEONE PLAYING THE BUGLE."

SAVE US FROM OUR FACES.

BORROWING a phrase of wider ambit
When employed by ZOLA for his gambit,
"I accuse" no grave judicial errors
But the latest of our modern terrors—
Viz., the devastating exhibitions
And unnecessary repetitions
Which monopolise all vacant spaces
With the plague of too familiar faces—
Faces in protracted contiguity;
Faces registering sheer vacuity;
Monstrous cardboard faces which afflict us
With their diabolic grinning *rictus*;
Dummy faces smirking at our drapers';
Faces on the hoardings, in the papers;
While, like serpents latent in the herbage,
Publishers de-decorate their blurbage
Not with modern RAEBURNS or with KNELLERS
But repulsive photos of best-sellers.

Sated with this portraiture uproarious
Of the notable and the notorious,
'Tis in vain we fly to the Sahara
Or the lonely crest of Glaramara.

Nowhere can one venture with impunity
In the hope of finding an immunity
From the pryings of the snapshot-monger
Catering for the nation's limelight-hunger.

C. L. G.

"SURNAMES FOR TURKS.
BILL TO MAKE THEM COMPULSORY."
Daily Paper.

Bill who? BILL KEMAL?



Old Buster. "WHERE'S MY SECOND HORSE?"
Sportsman (who knows him). "IT'S HIS SECOND FLASK HE'S AFTER."

SAMOVAR.

AN EXERCISE IN VERS LIBRE

I DO not know why Ronald Gillanders wears plus-fours;
Sometimes I speak to him about them.
I say, "Your plus-fours they do not suit your calf;"
But he never replies.

Last week I thought in my mind, "This must not go on."
I thought, "If this goes on it will spoil his career."
I would ask him why he wore plus-fours.

This week I asked Ronald Gillanders—
I asked, "Why do you wear those plus-fours?"
He said, "Because it is only decent."
He is an ass.

This weather depresses me.
It reminds me of things.
And that is depressing too.
It is a cold spell.
I asked Ronald Gillanders—I said, "What does it spell?"
He said, "It spells bed for me, old son."
I do not understand him.

This morning when I got up I thought, "What is a plumber? Everyone seems to be saying plumber nowadays."
Plumber than what?
There are no plumbers mentioned in the Bible.
I wonder why. I will ask Ronald Gillanders;
But he is in bed because of the cold spell.
I wonder, do plumbers wear plus-fours?

My Cousin Jobinska is in bed also.
She does not wear plus-fours, but she is my cousin.
Perhaps she knows what a plumber is.
Her father is a plumber.
She, alas! is deaf.

To-morrow Ronald Gillanders will get up;
I expect he will wear his plus-fours.
That is not a cheerful thought.
It is a horrible thought.
(They are horrible plus-fours.)

I cannot bear to see them to-morrow.

To-morrow is St. Albert's Day.

I shall go to the kinema perhaps. It is so sad.

Amorous Artisannes.

"'We have some 250 women engineers with us,' said the secretary of the Women's Engineering Society. 'They embrace workers in wireless, garages, ships and electrical engineering.'"—*Jersey Paper.*

"Magistrate C. H. Beevor-Potts has growing in his garden a second crop of raspberries. The latter have a fine flavor."
Canadian Paper.

There is no reason to believe that the former is not a man of taste.

TALKIE TALKERS.

IN this country, thanks to the public spirit of our citizens, we have a society for the prevention of almost everything, the protection of almost everything and the promotion of almost everything. But, so far as I am aware, there is still no Society for the Extinction of Cinema Gabblers.

I do not want to extinguish the people who gabble *on* the screen; God made them, so let them pass for men and women. Perhaps they are doing their best. Who knows?

But the gabblers in the seats should definitely have their tongues amputated.

"Darling——" says Greta Gooch, gazing longingly into the eyes of the tall and handsome hero who has left all for one glance of her flashing eyes.

"I told Mrs. Jones I'd push her face in if she said that again," breaks in the lady who is sitting on my right, addressing a neighbour who cannot be more than five seats away. "Our fence is *our* fence, come what may, and she can keep her dirty linen up by some other method. Our Alfred . . ."

"Thees ees the eend!" says Greta Gooch, still struggling gamely.

"If them pies were fresh," mutters the lady on my left, in a hoarse whisper, "I'll eat my Sunday hat. Two days old and going green at the edges. But Mr. Spofton swore blind . . ."

This, of course, is a cinema in the East End. But the West, except for a *soupçon* less of drama in the dialogue, is much the same.

"Eet is the massage of Fete," says Greta Gooch. "Lake a flewer thet ees feeded . . ."

"Don't you believe it, dear! She *may* have bought it in Bond Street, but I saw the *identical* gown advertised in *The Daily Post* . . ."

"Goot-baye . . fer effer," says Greta Gooch, passing out into the night.

". . . I'm not a bit surprised. Though what *he* can see in her I don't know. Before she had her face lifted . . ."

THE PARTY.

A POEM OF DISAPPOINTMENT.

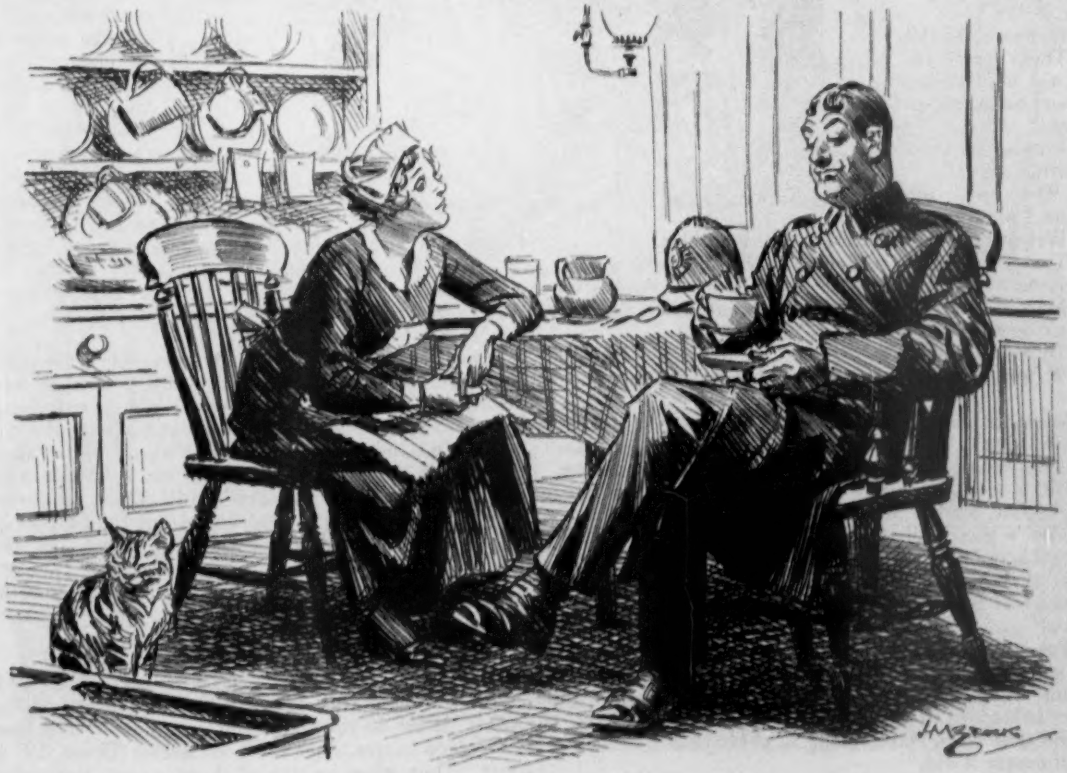
NOT one was witty; gaiety was rare;
They sprawled in heaps with cushions on the floor;
While someone vamped the latest jazz-time air
Till he grew tired, as we did long before.

And in the corner where the drinks were found
The wines were sour, the bubbly very flat;
And you were lucky if in hunting round
You got your own and not another's hat.

There the pale sandwich very under-hammed,
And the sad sausage wilted with anæmia;
And there they sat, the dirty and the damned,
Wrecked on the dull shore of a dead Bohemia.

Smith Mi does it again.

"A man that is ampidextrous is one that lets his right hand know what his left hand doeth."



"WHAT WAS THE FINEST DEED YOU EVER SAW?"
"AS TO THAT, MY LIPS IS SEALED, SEEIN' AS 'OW I DONE IT MYSELF."

"ALONG O' THE HON-OURABLE 'ORACE."

A TALE OF THE R.N.

Able-Seaman Sullivan sat on a mess-stool and regarded the contused big-toe of his right foot.

"Me own blinkin' fault," he murmured; "I ought to know at my time o' life in the Service that when they pipes 'Clear Lower Deck Everybody Aft,' a pore sailor must either get on to the Q.D. a'ead of the bullocks or wait till the 'erd 'as passed by."

"Did I 'ear you referrin' to our Royal Marines, Spike?" asked a messmate.

"You did," replied Spike Sullivan.

"Ah!" said the messmate sententiously, "a fine corps. And that's right what they 'as writ on their lids: '*Per Mary per Tee-ram.*'"

"Per'aps; but that don't mend my flamin' foot, what feels like the guts of a canteen banger."

"You want to take a run up to the sick bay with that."

"Wot, me? Not much! I don't 'old with these modern conveniences what you keeps in these 'ere big ships."

"Done most of yer service in destroyers, 'ave yer?"

"That's right; and that *is* service, I tell you. 'Appiest time I ever 'ad was along o' the hon-ourable 'Orace up in Scotland afore the War."

"Oo was 'e, then?"

"'Owd' yer mean, 'Oo was 'e'? Skipper of our destroyer, o' course."

"I mean, oo was 'is father, like?"

"'Ow the 'ell should I know?"

"Well, what made 'im into a hon-ourable?"

"The *Navy List*, yer fat'ead. But if you'd 'eard the lovely flow 'e 'ad when 'e slung orf at anyone you wouldn't 'ave been in no doubt but what 'e was the son of a dook or some such."

"'Ot stuff, was 'e?"

"'E was a proper gentleman, batchy on shootin', 'e was."

"What, gunnery?"

"No, don't talk so wet. Gunnery! Gunnery ain't shootin'. I means proper shootin' with dawgs. You know."

"Oh, I see; you means a bit o' sport. But 'ow did 'e wangle that, workin' with a flotilla?"

"'Cos 'e was 'ardly ever with the flotilla. 'E was that keen on 'avin' a smart ship, or so 'e made the Commodore think, that 'e was always gettin' permission to proceed independent to 'work up ship's company.'"

"Ah!"

"Yes, an' the way we used to work up was to drop an 'ook orf some likely-looking moor an' land a party in the mornin' watch with the two dawgs in a whaler an' 'ave a proper battoo."

"But didn't the place belong to nobody?"

"Of course it did."

"Well, then——"

"Look 'ere—am I spinnin' this 'ere yarn or are you?"

"Beg pardon."

"Granted. Well, we usually 'adn't been shootin' for more'n 'arf-an-hour when up would come one o' them bare-kneed bagpipers an' shove us in the Laird's report an' march us all up to 'is blinkin' castle. Up we'd go proper crestfallen an' carryin' the birds we'd shot, like floral tributes at a funeral. The Scotty would fall us in outside the castle an' go an' fetch the Laird. Out would come the Laird fair foamin', but afore 'e could actually frame any words the hon-ourable 'Orace would weigh in.

"'My dear Sir,' 'e'd say, 'I must apologize for trespassin' on your land. I need 'ardly say as I 'ad no idea that the shootin' 'ere was preserved. I'm the Captain of that destroyer lying orf shore there. After months of bein' shut up in that there tin-box on the 'igh seas the temptation to take a walk ashore with a gun and give some of my men a stretch of their legs was too strong. It was wrong of me. I can only repeat my apology and——' 'an 'ere 'e would take 'is property five-pound-note out of 'is pocket—the one 'e kept for this stunt all round the coast. 'I wouldn't hinsult you, Sir,' 'e'd proceed, 'by hofferin' to pay for the few birds I've 'it'—an' at that bit we'd all 'old up the birds so as nothin' should be 'id, an' look proper sorry—'but I'd like you, Sir, to accept this five-pound-note an' give it to any local charity in which you may be particularly hinterested.' Well, I never knew that to fail.



"CARRYIN' THE BIRDS WE'D SHOT, LIKE FLORAL TRIBUTES AT A FUNERAL."

"My dear Captain,' the Laird would reply, 'don't say another word about it,' an' 'e'd wave the Skipper's fiver back into 'is pocket. 'I'm proud,' 'e'd say, 'to be able to entertain the Royal Navy,' 'e'd say. An' then 'e'd take the hon-ourable 'Orace in to breakfast and pass us blokes round to the kitchen."

"My word, that was cool!"

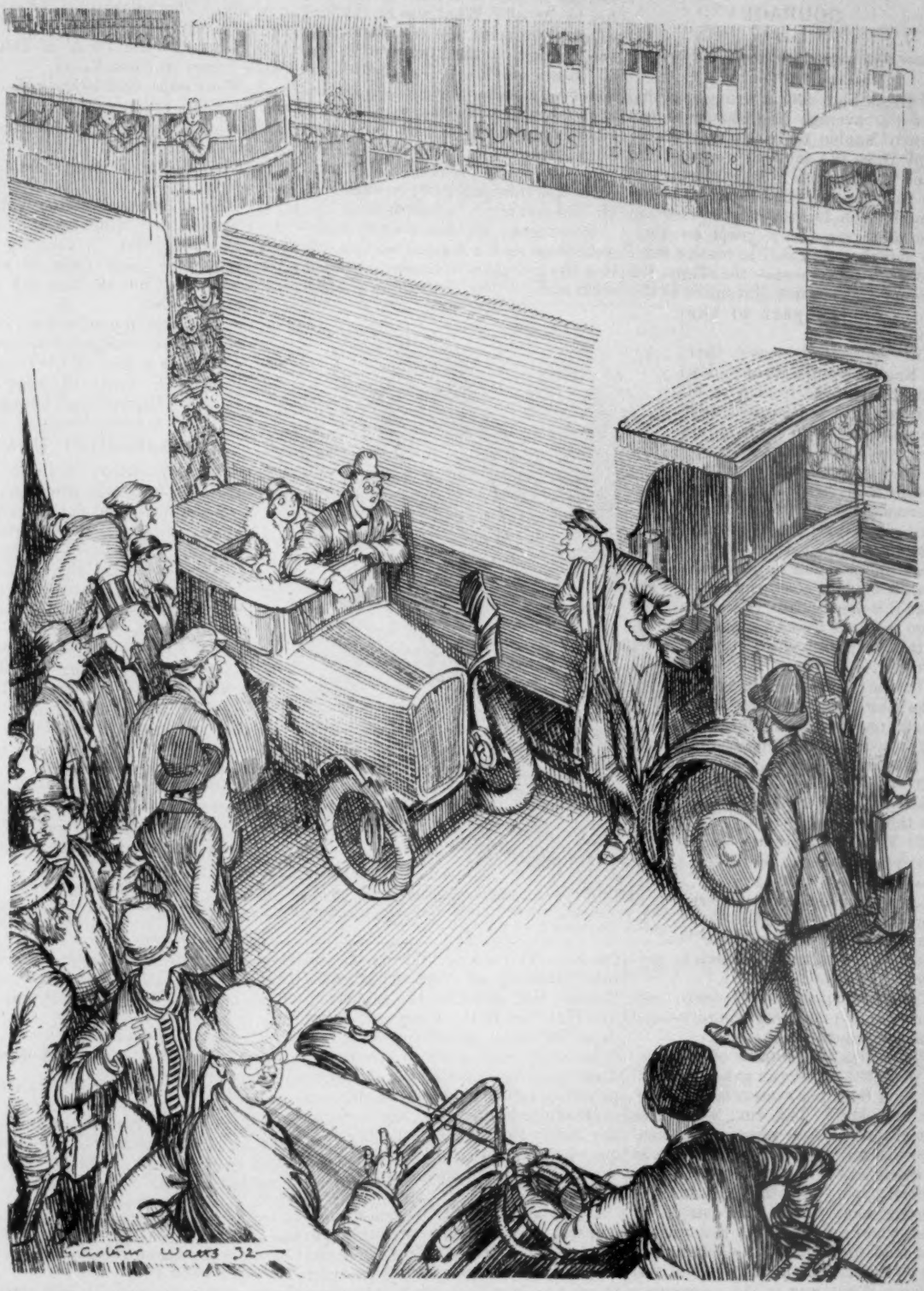
"Cool? Not 'arf. 'E didn't give a raspberry for nobody. Not even the Commodore. What d' yer think I see 'im done once? We'd been in the North Sea doin' exercises, an' 'e was fair put out because 'e 'ad an invitation to shoot next day an' 'e thought 'e'd miss it. It wasn't till it 'ad gorn two bells in the last dog-watch that the Commodore made 'Negative exercises. The flotilla will return to harbour.' As soon as the signal is reported to 'im the Skipper puts 'is 'elm over, rings down 'Full Speed A'ead,' an' bungs orf."

"What d' yer mean? 'E pushed off independent without askin' permission?'

"That's right."

"Coo! What did the Comm. do?"

"Well, as soon as 'e spotted as we wasn't reformin' into our division but was just sugarin' orf, 'e whacks in a signal: 'What do you think you are doin'?' 'I'll answer that in doo course,' says the hon-ourable 'Orace, an' does a grin. Then, when we was 'ull down 'e turns to the signalman and says, 'Make in reply to the Commodore's signal: "ROUGHLY THIRTY KNOTS."'"



The Lorry-Driver. "AND TELL ME—DO YOU FIND YOU *LIKE* LONDON?"

COURAGE!

OR,

A NEW METHOD OF APPROACHING ENGLISH MUSIC.

I THINK I am not far wrong in saying that the average Englishman is frequently unable to derive any enjoyment from the musical works of the home composers. Whether or not in the past this has been the fault of the compositions, I cannot say; but certain it is that for many years an English symphony seemed to resolve itself into three movements—the *allegro*, the *andante*, and a quick movement to the doors on the part of the audience.

One gathers, however, that the English composers of to-day know their music from A to Z, or from A to G Sharp at any rate; and the inability to enjoy their works, which I fear exists on the part of many of my readers, must spring simply from ignorance as to the correct spirit in which these works should be approached.

Let me give you an example of some modern composition to make this point clear. There are three methods that I can use to do this on paper, and they are as follow:—

(1) The Staff Notation, which looks like lumps of something caught on the telegraph-wires and is a devil of a nuisance to the printer.

(2) The Tonic Sol-Fa System, which is—well, not quite, do you think?—and

(3) The Tumty-tumty-tum-tum System, invented by myself. This is by far the best.

Let us take then some modern English composition. The "Toccata and Fugue in Asia Minor" (also by myself), will do as well as anything. Here we are:—

Tum pause; tum-TUM pause; tum tumty-tumty; tumpity-tumpity—and so on for about twenty pages.

Well, what do you think of the opening passage? You can't get any idea of the tune from my system of notation, you complain? Tut, tut! what does that matter? Any musical commentator will tell you that a tune is not at all essential to a composition of the modern type. The thing to do is to imagine what was in the composer's mind when he wrote it. See what a vast field for thought this offers you! Have another look at the Toccata and Fugue. What was in the composer's mind when he changed from the "tum" to the "tumty"? Was it high tide in the Sea of Azof or a beach-girl getting her blouse off? What was he thinking of when he made the transition from the "tumty" to the "tumpity"? Was it "Roses of Picardy" or football on Saturday? You see the idea? Looked at or listened to in this way, modern English music can be quite intriguing. Sometimes when listening to a new piece you will wonder what the composer was thinking about to write it at all, and you mayn't be far wrong.

If you really fail to derive any enjoyment from such a musical analysis the best thing to do is to become a caustic critic and get your pleasure in a different way. This is easy. When next you take advantage of a free ticket to the Queen's Hall and hear the Prelude in Toc H, or one of the Everyman Suites in A Flat, keep snapping your fingers impatiently and making gestures of dissent, taking care that the man next to you is watching. When the piece is over, say to him: "The harp theme in the tumty-tum-tumpity passage was quite out of drawing. What Sir Henry Wood-Wind is thinking about I really don't know."

If you do enough of this sort of thing you will soon be having invitations to tea and music at Lady Tremolo's, and think how nice that will be! In order to pay your way here, it is best to affect a "Death, Where is Thy Sting?" expression and criticise everything, except perhaps the tea, in shattering epigrams. The following is the sort of thing I mean:—

Q. What do you think of Butterball's Frenzy in Ultra-Violet?

A. Sheer tripe, dear lady, hooked on the ledger-lines of music.

Q. What do you think of Tunnicliffe's Sea Poem in B?

A. Sir, it has neither point nor counterpoint.

Q. What do you think of the Toccata and Fugue in Asia Minor?

A. Damned awful.

You may be quite right in some cases, of course, but that's a risk you have to run.

Anyhow, if you have any difficulty after reading these notes, drop me a line. Mark the top left-hand corner of your envelope "Urgent," just for a lark.



Film Expert. "SORRY, OLD BOY, YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IT AGAIN, THERE'S ONE TOO MANY BUTTONS ON YOUR UNIFORM."

MR. PUNCH AT HOME.

A COLLECTION of Prints depicting humorous situations between Doctor and Patient, which was specially prepared in connection with the visit to the *Punch* Offices of the delegates to the recent Centenary Meeting of the British Medical Association, will be exhibited at the new *Punch* Offices, Bouverie Street, E.C.4, from Monday, November 28, till Friday, December 9. An opportunity will be afforded to visitors to inspect the *Punch* Dining-Room, with the famous Table.

Invitations will be gladly sent to readers of *Punch* on application to the Secretary, *Punch* Office, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Tuneful Titivation.

"Lady must sell lovely Spinet, converted into dressing-table; bargain."—*Daily Paper.*

Some people are not content with singing in their baths, but must play CORELLI while they curl their hair.

Abandoned Nags.

"GREAT CLEARANCE SALE OF 45 HORSES WITHOUT RESERVE."
Advt. in Irish Paper.

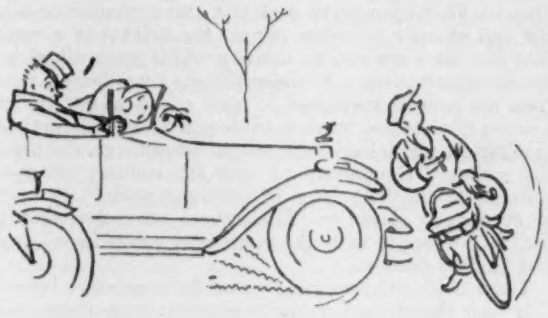
A playwright says he often sits at his desk for hours without putting a single word on paper. We want more playwrights like this.

"The official announcement of the new lawns for contract bridge is to be made on Monday instead of on Tuesday as originally planned."—*Daily Paper.*

Even so, those responsible will scarcely escape the reproach of having let the grass grow under their feet.



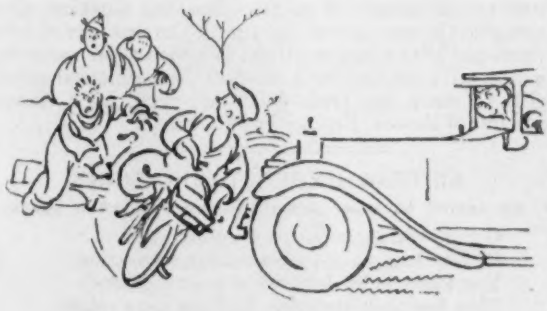
NO DOUBT IT WOULD BE MORE CONVENIENT IF ERRAND-BOYS WOULD SIGNAL WHEN THEY INTEND TO DASH ACROSS THE ROAD—



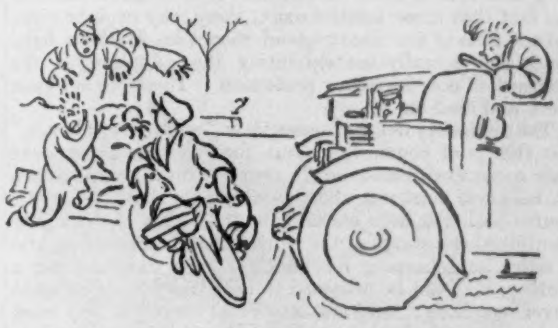
BUT THEN—



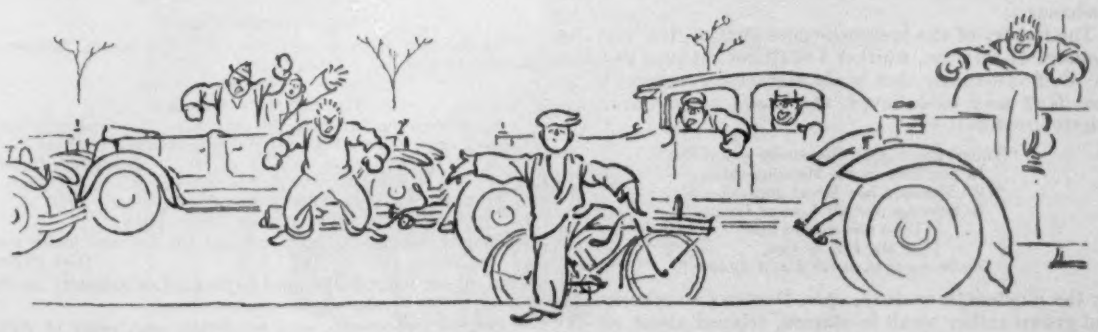
OF COURSE—



THEY NEVER KNOW—



IF THEY 'LL BE ABLE TO—



UNTIL THEY 'VE DONE IT.

ON MORRIDGE (NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE).

BELOW the slopes of Morridge by many a water-course
People grow oats for porridge or else to feed a horse,
But on the Morridge moorland, beset with chunks of stone,
They find it very poor land and leave it quite alone.

So you may lie on heather and smoke a glorious pipe,
Investigating whether the bilberries are ripe
Or wondering who poaches the grouse that chack aloud,
Or pointing out the Roches or Axe Edge or Hen Cloud.

Some parts no doubt are juicy, but you shall move above
The untrodden ways of Lucy beside the springs of Dove,
Where Manifold uprises and trickles fair and cool;
And there before your eyes is the silent Mermaid Pool.

The moorland wind that passes over the moorland track
Tosses the cotton-grasses and moves the waters black;
You will not hear her stir, maid far from her kindred sea,
But still there is a mermaid—or so they said to me.

Fair as are Ocean's daughters, bent on her looking-glass,
At midnight from the waters, if you should chance to pass,
She calls on you to greet her, combing her dripping crown,
And if you go to meet her she ups and drags you down.

My song shall find no stricture as meet for the marine;
The inn that bears her picture in Staffordshire is seen,
A place of food and forage, of Burton clear and cool,
The "Mermaid Inn" on Morridge, hard by the Mermaid Pool.

VERGES.

THE GOOD HOUSEWIFE.

IN spite of the unpleasant title, do not, dear reader, fling this article aside in disgust. It is no good blinking the fact that these females exist; there may even be some gallant girls of our hardy island race who in these hard times are actually contemplating the adoption of the despised if not degrading profession. Therefore set your teeth and read on.

The dictionary defines housewife as "mistress of a house," but this is of course ridiculous, for everyone knows that only a married female solely occupied in domestic duties on behalf of husband and/or children is so labelled. Of course with the help of the gallant English girls already mentioned the status of the worker may be improved, and a sister housekeeping for another, or a daughter for a mother, may not be ashamed to bear the title. One must never lose hope. And one important economic fact must be borne in mind: the employment is definitely closed to men, who, although they may be seen nowadays engaged in various household tasks, have never become house-husbands.

The history of the housewife goes back to the very beginnings of the race, whither I shall not attempt to follow it. Suffice it to say that in the eighteenth century, if the poet GAY may be believed, she was a somewhat blood-thirsty creature:—

"Thus when a good Housewife sees a Rat
In her Trap in the Morning taken,
With Pleasure her Heart goes pit-a-pat,
In Revenge for her Loss of Bacon.
Then she throws him
To the Dog or Cat,
To be worried, crush'd and shaken."

By the nineteenth century, upon DICKENS's authority, she had grown rather small in stature, tripped about all day jingling a basket of keys and seemed to relish being addressed as "little woman."

But for several centuries she has been a paragon of all the virtues. She is an early riser, a good organiser, cheerful, thrifty and neat. She can be seen depicted in all her glory in countless newspapers and on thousands of hoardings. She wears a sensible frock, rather short for the present fashion, low-heeled shoes, semi-waved hair and either a slightly forbidding expression or a smile of revolting complacency. Underneath her portrait is some such caption as: EVERY GOOD HOUSEWIFE *KNOWS* THAT BLIMP'S BLOATERS ARE BEST. Or she may be shown in the act of informing her admiring spouse that with the help of Flop she did the week's washing in ten minutes. Truthfulness, apparently, is not part of her make-up. But she is very knowing; in fact she spends her time in knowing. She has no hobbies, no intellectual or physical pleasures or failings of any other kind. Intending aspirants for the post, however, need not be disheartened by this exacting specification, for there are compensations. Carbohydrates and proteins fill the housewife with joy, and a vitamin or so, if she can identify it, raises her to the heights of ecstasy. And she has a mysterious activity which must afford her strange gratification. Occasionally she tears herself away from her jams and whatnot to meet others of her kind at a secret rendezvous, whence are issued to the Press those manifestoes which have such untold influence on the life of the nation. "Housewives all over the country are complaining of the high price of carraway-seeds," we read; or even more abruptly: "Housewives are determined to put up no longer with the disgraceful ramp in raspings and kindred products."

These clandestine meetings must be impressive indeed. Tier upon tier of short-frocked competent early-risers, each a solid mass of virtue, each bungfull of knowledge of the superlative values of Sap's Salt and Mug's Mustard, each on speaking terms with at least one vitamin—the mind reels at the thought of so much dazzling feminine allure assembled in one place at one time. The prospect of being privileged after a long novitiate to attend these gatherings will go far, I am convinced, towards persuading our gallant girls to enter the profession. Although, as a lifelong admirer of the sex, I rather hope it won't.

SISTERS UNDER THEIR SKINS.

ON SEEING SO MANY WOMEN WEARING LEATHER COATS.

O Eve, you show but poor appreciation
Of your long-sought hard-won emancipation;
You follow rules despotic as your mothers':
They had their tyrannies and you have others.

For independence you profess a passion,
Yet now, as ever, you're hide-bound by fashion.

W. K. H.

Big Blow for Parker.

"As the first noses were turned on to the flames, further explosions took place."—*Daily Paper.*

The Wireless Savoury.

"Apart from the food specially sent them, they had been fed on chickens, eggs, Chinese brown sugar, pancakes and marconi."
Devonshire Paper.

"SKIBBEREEN FIRE.
OUTBREAK IN THE TOWN HALL.
Willing hands got to work and had the fire soon under way."
Irish Paper.

If only more town-halls could be treated as honestly as this!

"Surgical instruments, etc., practically new, cause of death."
Advt. in Montreal Paper.

Physicians contend that they are frequently that.

THE PHYSICIST AND THE CLAIMS MANAGER.

A FABLE.

A PHYSICIST, on coming Back to Earth from the Contemplation of the Nature of Time and Space, was not Very long before he Observed that his house was Burnt to the Ground.

Now when he reported this Occurrence to the Claims Manager of his Assurance Company the latter replied: "In View of what you Say, it seems a Pity that you did Not pay your Renewal Premium, and that Therefore you were Not covered at the Time."

"From the Loose way you Speak of Time," replied the Physicist with evident Distaste, "I infer that you are Unaware that Time in itself and Space in itself are Mere shadows, and only a kind of Union of the two preserves an Independent existence. Indeed, what is Popularly regarded as the Onward flow of Time, which is the Essence of the Cause-Effect relation, is Simply something added quite Arbitrarily to the Laws of Nature to Account for our Sense-Experience Series."

"I am Afraid I cannot enter into That," rejoined the Claims Manager evasively, "as we do not Attend to Time and Space in this Department. But I can tell you Quite Definitely that when your Brick or Stone Built, Slated or Tiled Private Dwelling-House, known as 'Calculus Cottage,' was Burnt down, this Assurance Company was Not on the Risk, since the Renewal Premium had not been Paid on the Due-date, and the Days of Grace had Expired."

This reply Increased the Physicist's Irritation, and he came at the Claims Manager again: "I cannot Conceive how your Department can Function if you do not Appreciate that Fundamentally there is No more reason to suppose that Time flows Onwards than that it stands Still or flows Backwards. Events have a Four-Dimensional Order, and Enlightened Opinion is Solid in Stigmatising the Steady Flow of Time and the Cause-Effect relation as Wholly Illusory. That Being so, by No manner of means can Days of Grace be said to have Expired."

At this point the Claims Manager relented Graciously, saying: "It would be Unbecoming of a Leading Assurance Company to make Difficulties about a little matter of Dimensions. I will agree that according to your Conception the Days of Grace cannot have Expired if you will agree that by the same Token the fire at your House cannot Yet have Occurred."

Moral: Big Business clings Pertinaciously to the Old-Fashioned Time-Concept of a One-Dimensional Continuum in which the Objective Event is made to Correspond with the Subjective Experience.

L'Entente Sporting.

"The Seniors' and Frenchmen's athletic sports were concluded at Oxford."—*Daily Paper.*

"PREHISTORIC MAN.

. . . The speaker will be Mr. ——, of ——, and his subject 'Pre-Jones, of Pudsey.'"—*Local Paper.*

The hall should be well filled by the Pleistocene-Smiths.



Super Scot. "SO YE 'RE AN ABERDONIAN, ARE YE? FROM ALL I HEAR THEY 'RE A THRIFTLESS LOT IN ABERDEEN."



"WHY, THOMSON, WHAT A SHOW OF CUCUMBERS!"
"YES, ME LADY, YER CUCUMBERS HAVE BEEN WONDERFUL PROFLIGATE THIS YEAR."

NO MORE BLUE.

Blue eyes are said to be disappearing. They are unable to stand the modern glare.

'Tis bruited, I suppose,
By somebody who knows,
To add to England's woes
Which now are many,
That, though still seen about,
Blue eyes are going out,
And soon, beyond a doubt,
There won't be any.

Nature, with kindly care,
Finding they cannot stare
Into our growing glare,
Has bade them vanish;
Brown will be all the go;
Grey, too, will have a show,
And even black, as though
The girls were Spanish.

This will be sad and bad
To some; the ardent lad
Will jump around, as mad
As any hatter;
Poets will surely rue
Those absent eyes of blue;
One wonders what they'll do
For lack of matter.

For me, though far from blind
To charms of any kind,
Blue eyes are not, I find,
The sort I care for;
They fill me with a just
And merited distrust;
Moreover, if I must,
I'll tell you wherefore.

There were no less than three
Girls who were dear to me;
Blue-eyed and fair to see
Were all the three; oh,
The treasures that I flung
Before them; I was young,
And ah, how badly stung
By that same trio.

Time would have healed the sore,
But then came Number Four,
And—can you marvel?—o'er
My scared heart stealing
Came grief, dismay, regret,
And horror; even yet
Are moments when I get
That injured feeling.

And I make bold to say,
Though strong on brown and grey,
(Not black) that if to-day
The girl who's blue-eyed
Is doomed to pass from sight,
No matter; serve her right;
For all I care, she might
As well be skew-eyed.

DUM-DUM.

TICKETS, PLEASE!

Mr. Punch draws the attention of his readers to the Charing Cross Hospital, which is making a special appeal for funds on the occasion of its centenary. In this connection a "Banquet of Humour" is being organised by the Hospital at the Grosvenor House Hotel on December 14th. The dinner is for men only, and will be followed by a humorous story-telling competition, for which valuable prizes will be awarded. Lord LONSDALE, Major IAN HAY BEITH and Mr. TOM WEBSTER have promised to act as a committee of judges.

Tickets for this dinner are 25/- each, and may be obtained from the House Governor of Charing Cross Hospital and Mr. EDWARD DUVEEN, "Gangmoor," Hampstead Heath, N.W.

Brief Ecstasy.

"Gush's Transport, Ltd."—*Motor Paper.*



GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

UNCLE SAM. "NOW WHAT SHALL I GIVE YOU TWO YOUNG LADIES THAT WILL HELP US ALL TO BE HAPPIER?"

MISS BRITANNIA / MLLE. LA FRANCE } "PLEASE, UNCLE, COULD WE HAVE ONE OF THOSE LOVELY MORATORIUMS, LIKE LAST YEAR?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 14th.—The Lords, from whom the last Monday of the Session always wrings feats of perfervid industry, got briskly through the Committee stage of the Ottawa Bill. Declining Lord ELIBANK'S Amendment to that effect, Lord HAILSHAM refused to extend the Canadian grain preference to Canadian grain railed for storage to ice-free American ports and consigned to Great Britain from there. Though the fact was not pointed out to Lord HAILSHAM at the moment, this decision conflicts sharply with Mr. BENNETT'S view of what was agreed upon at Ottawa.

Lords STRACHIE, LOVAT and ERNLE failed to get adopted an Amendment making it obligatory upon, and not in the discretion of, the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE to order the destruction of Canadian cattle landed in this country that are capable of breeding but not suitable for the purpose.

Ottawa disposed of *pro tem.*, their Lordships, at the instance of Lord HALSBURY, discussed Disarmament, in particular reference to possible schemes for the international control of aviation. Lord HALSBURY agreed with most of what Mr. BALDWIN had recently said in another place about bombing from the air, but insisted that Parliament should have a real say in the adoption or otherwise of any disarmament projects hatched at Geneva or elsewhere. Lord CECIL pointed out that Parliament could insist on approving an international agreement before ratifying it, but could not insist on approving beforehand all the proposals which our delegates might decide to make to an international conference.

Lord HAILSHAM diplomatically agreed with everybody—with Lord HALSBURY that the assent of Parliament was necessary to any international bargain that was made, with Lord CECIL that it could not insist on passing judgment on what the Government was going to do before it had done it.

In the Commons the PRIME MINISTER, who, in spite of fatigue, continues bravely to submit himself to the additional strain of answering Questions addressed to the absent FOREIGN SECRETARY, informed Mr. RHYS DAVIES that the British note terminating the Anglo-Russian Trade Agreement had not been replied to by the Soviet Government, which, however, had been informed through the Russian Ambassador that this country desired increased trade with Russia "on proper terms." What were proper terms? queried Mr. DAVIES. Mr. MACDONALD'S reply was to the effect that



Lord SALISBURY. "THIS KITE SEEMS ALL RIGHT—EXCEPT THAT IT WON'T GO UP."

the Soviet Government knew quite well what they were.

A hint of what they were was conveyed in the answer to a question by Captain RAMSAY. The PRIME MINISTER informed him that the British Ambassador in Moscow had been asked for and had sent a report on the alleged instructions sent by the Communist International to the Communist Parties of Great Britain and India ordering them to stir up the usual mess of trouble along the usual lines. There had been no time yet to consider the report.

Mr. COLVILLE, Parliamentary Secretary to the Overseas Trade Department, agreed with Mr. CHORLTON that Greek currency restrictions were operating unfairly against British creditors. "If the Greek Government will not relax these restrictions," asked Sir A. POWNALL brightly, "cannot we restrict their currants?" As is usual when the Back Benches get off a really sound idea, there was no reply.

Mr. COLVILLE also regretted to inform Mr. HALL CAINE that, owing to the need for economy, this country would not be able to participate in the forthcoming international exhibition at Chicago. There will therefore be no immediate opportunity of demonstrating to the Chicago citizens that British car bandits are best.

In moving the Second Reading of the Transitional Payments (Determination of Need) Bill, Sir H. BETTERTON advanced the rather curious argument that abandonment of the Means Test was in effect to abandon contributory insurance and an admission that unemployment insurance as a system had broken down. Mr. D. GRENFELL moved the Labour Amendment calling for the abolition of the Means Test—a demand which in its unqualified entirety the Parliamentary Labour Party is not, apparently, prepared officially to support. It was a Back-Bench Amendment, supported by the moderate eloquence of Mr. TINKER and the equally unconvincing dialectic of Messrs. WALLHEAD and BEVAN. Sir E. HILTON YOUNG'S reply for the Government was accordingly more in the nature of an explanation of the Bill for the benefit of Conservative critics than a defence of it against the wholesale condemnation of it by the Opposition and the more cautious "disappointment" of Mr. DINGLE FOOT and his friends. Mr. PARKINSON declared it would be all right for the Government to abolish the Means Test if it really substituted a Need Test in its place.



"*HAVE* THE LEOPARDS . . . ?"
The Two Leopards (to each other). "HULLO!"
MR. RUNCIMAN AND MR. KIRKWOOD.

Tuesday, November 15th.—In the Lords the Ottawa Bill was read a Third time amid loud Ministerial cheers, and immediately thereafter a Commission gave the Royal Assent to the Bill.

In the Commons Mr. E. BROWN, Secretary to the Mines Department, came under a sharp cross-

fire of Questions from Mrs. WARD of Cannock and Miss WARD of Wallsend, who vie with one another in their concern for the mining industry.

In Public Business the House proceeded to put the Means Test Bill through all its remaining stages. The PRIME MINISTER'S motion to suspend Standing Orders to enable this to be done provoked the usual mild protest, but Mr. LANSBURY cheerfully admitted that the Opposition, having said all it had to say against the Means Test, was not prepared to obstruct its passage.

Mr. KIRKWOOD, continuing the Second Reading debate, said that Labour had supported the Means Test because they thought it would prevent money going to the wrong people. They now opposed it because it was being brutally administered. Conservatives charged the Labour Party with inconsistency, but what about the Liberal Free Traders? What, in particular, about Mr. RUNCIMAN, who had turned Protectionist? Mr. PIKE said that many people were refused benefit because they did not know how to present their case to the persons administering the Test. He himself had secured increased allowances in 116 out of 134 cases on facts not originally placed by the claimants before the Committees. Mr. HICKS declared that since the Means Test had been instituted the Englishman's home was no longer his castle. It was the camping-ground of Bumble.

Mr. HUDSON, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labour, in reply, declared that the "idea that the unemployed were the reserves of industry and should be given full maintenance was hostile to our present social system"—a statement difficult to reconcile with the Government's oft-repeated declaration that its will to assist the unemployed is limited solely by the taxpayers' inability to find the cash.

On the Committee stage of the Bill the House chiefly occupied itself with a robust but unsuccessful effort to amend the clause which provides that the same rules shall apply to the granting of outdoor relief as to transitional benefit. This clause effects a big change in the Poor Law Relief administration and a bigger one still in Scottish Poor Law Relief. The clans rallied to the support of the Amendment, but Sir HILTON YOUNG'S argumentative blade, like that of the doughty *Fitz-James*, was both sword and shield, and the clause remained intact.

The Third Reading of the Bill gave Mr. BUCHANAN and others a last opportunity to re-execrate the Means Test and all its works, notwithstanding which the House proceeded to pass the Bill by the substantial majority of 211.

Wednesday, November 16th.—The Lords set a brisk pace for their last legislative gallop of the Session, passing the Means Test Bill through all its stages in a little over two hours. Lord ROCHESTER explained the objects and scope of the Bill and Lord MARLEY voiced the Labour opposition to any sort of means test, with whom Lord KINNOULL, an earnest young Peer with no official Party connection but a strong belief in the duty of the State to provide a decent living (with or without work) for all. Lord LOVAT expressed the Scots' objection to being included in the Bill, and Lord BERTIE OF THAME, always the stickler for orthographic propriety, complained of the Bill's "sketchy draughtsmanship."



Sir H. BATTERTON. "ANYHOW, I'VE GOT ONE FEATHER IN MY CAP."
Lord HAILSHAM. "AND I GUESS I'VE GOT A WHOLE HATFUL."

The Commons had a busy day polishing off the legislative odds and ends, and so thoroughly did they do their job that the Corps of Custodians, instead of finding the place strewn with massacred innocents, will find everything neat and tidy.

Fox-hunting Members uttered a sigh—or was it a "Yoicks!"?—of relief when Major ELLIOT assured Mr. PRICE that foxes were not susceptible to foot-and-mouth (he should have said "pad-and-mask") disease; and Sir SAMUEL HOARE explained that Burma's unexpected anti-separation vote was probably due to the mistaken belief that if Burma joined the Indian Federation she could leave it at any time. Mr. MABANE asked the Parliamentary Secretary to the MINISTER OF LABOUR if he did not think it highly unpatriotic to employ German domestic servants when British women were available. He got no reply, the question being obviously too hypothetical to call for one.

In Public Business Mr. DUFF COOPER withdrew *pro tem.* the Visiting Forces (British Commonwealth) Bill as he thought there was likely to be some controversy about it; and Mr. COVE raised a brisk disputation about Secondary Education and Circular 1421. Mr. RAMSBOTHAM assured the House that the Government had no intention of depriving any child of secondary school education that proved worthy of it. Secondary education for all would in the end mean secondary education for none and would merely turn the whole country into a vast educational soup-kitchen in which few would get proper rations and fewer still be able to digest all they got.

Thursday, November 17th.—The House met at 11 A.M., and after a few Questions of no particular interest had been asked, the approaching feet of BLACK ROD were heard. The historic summons ("Dilly, Dally, Dilly, Dally, come and be prorogued") having been delivered, the faithful Commons made their way to the Lords, where, in the KING'S name, the LORD CHANCELLOR read the Prorogation Speech. Returning to their own place, they all shook hands with the SPEAKER and went their way murmuring, "See you on Tuesday."

The Old Lady Shows Her Mettle.

"With typical speed, the Bank of England have not despatched the allotments of the new 2 per cent. bonds to applicants."
Daily Paper.

"MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.
. . . What is rarer, is the combination under one hat of courage and intelligence . . ."—*Sunday Paper.*

We agree, but what a hat!

"The author's dream, of course, is to sit back and talk beautiful prose to a beautiful typist with a beautiful cigar going."
Sunday Paper.

Few typists' beauty would survive the cigar.



"ZAT VOS A LEETLE SAMPLE OF ZE ROMA ANTICA."

A LITERARY SCANDAL.

To the Editor of "Punch."

SIR,—Why is it we seldom, if ever, come across a book openly dedicated to an uncle or an aunt? I say "openly" because it is possible that some such relative may lurk here and there behind the cryptic initials which an author sometimes employs to screen from the public the object of his acknowledgment. I doubt it, though; and anyway, in these frank and fearless days to conceal an uncle or an aunt strikes me as unnecessarily timid.

I would not, Sir, go so far as to describe myself as an uncle-and-aunt addict, but they are fellow-creatures, and I contend that it is derogatory to the lofty status of English literature that our authors should meanly make profitable literary use of their or other peoples' uncles and aunts and then as it were toss them aside and callously dedicate the book to a mere friend or publisher.

I would point out that, with the exception of stark novels of the soil (in which the uncles and aunts, like everyone else in the book, are mostly too awful for words), our fiction, and especially our comic fiction, owes much of its entertaining quality to such characters as the uncle and the aunt. This alone should call for open and unabashed recognition and dedicatory gratitude.

To take, if I may, a flagrant example from modern literature, it has pained me not to have discovered in all the books comprising *The Forsyte Saga* one single candid and undisguised dedication to Uncle Somebody or Aunt So-and-So. Yet here, if anywhere, uncles and aunts may fairly be said, if not actually to riot, at least to teem in a pretty solid mass; indeed it is difficult to see how, without them, the work could have attained to anything like its ample and distinguished proportions. Strange, because in all other respects Mr. GALSWORTHY has earned the reputation of being a humane, just and courageous sentimentalist. What is the matter with him? What, Sir, let us even more indignantly ask, is the matter with our literature?

Can it be that an author stands to lose professional caste by publicly admitting possession of or interest in an uncle or aunt? Is there some esoteric form of literary snobbery that shrinks from displaying affection for Uncle George or Aunt Emily? If so, surely the Book Society can take steps by holding a meeting or approaching somebody or doing something like that.

Meanwhile I do not fear to say that I should eagerly peruse and endeavour conscientiously to recommend almost any book—even an Outline of Something-or Other—dedicated "To Dear Uncle George." I should do so, Sir, because of my respect for the author who was not ashamed of the world knowing that he possessed an uncle of that name or of implying that he was indebted to the old boy for inspiration or an occasional loan or something equally essential to the production of literature.

In the assurance that I shall have the moral support of all uncle- and aunt-lovers among your readers,

I remain, Sir,

Yours, D. C.

Another Libel on South American Finance.

"Last year Mr. Guedalla took out a University deputation to Buenos Aires, which did excellent work in forging cultural bonds to supplement commercial relationships . . ."—*Sunday Paper.*

Bigger Thinks in Canada.

"Described in financial quarters as the most important event in Canada since the beginning of the depression, the Bennett Government has apparently decided to launch upon a policy of mind inflation."

Manchester Paper.



TENSE MOMENT AT A MEETING OF PHILATELISTS: DISCOVERY OF A SPURIOUS BLUE MAURITIUS.

OBEYING ORDERS.

OUR THIRD OFFICIAL TONGUE.

Jones is bound to be a General one day. At present he is just an ordinary junior sub, but his masterly solution of the language problem in our South African Defence Force has focussed upon him the eagle and appraising eye of the Staff, and you know what that means.

I must tell you about Jones. Before the "dual language circular" appeared on the Orderly Room board, Jones was simply Jones—at most Lieut. Percival Melton Jones. When our Colonel explained Jones to other Colonels he used to tell them that NAPOLEON always kept a "dumb-bell" on his staff merely to read his dispatches, on the ground that if *he* understood them clearly anyone in the world could. In the light of later experience, however, it is clear that the old man underestimated Jones.

The circular on the Orderly Room board ran:—

> "Officers, N.C.O.'s and men of the Active Citizen Forces are reminded that the terms of the Union Defence Act in regard to the use of both official languages are to be observed fully."

It meant in brief that citizen soldiers were to be instructed in the arts of war in the language selected by them. It seemed easy, but the problem was complicated by the fact that our regiment was composed of fairly equal numbers of English- and Afrikaans-speaking men. Ours is an accommodating country. We have two of everything here—two languages, two capitals, and even the radio time-signals are given twice—once in English and once in Afrikaans. It was not for us to falter, therefore, in the field of military instruction.

The Colonel bought a book which gave a translation in Afrikaans of English orders, and spent an hour a day with his dog drilling an imaginary battalion and learning to snort in Afrikaans.

There were practical difficulties, however. Were the men to be mixed in the troops and squadrons? If so, was it necessary for us to give cautionary and executive orders of command in both languages? And which language was to be used first? The Colonel thought that a tactful alternation of both languages would do. If the cautionary word of command were given in English first, followed by the Afrikaans, then the executive word of command would be given first in Afrikaans. Jones respectfully pointed out to the Colonel that on the command(s) "'Shun—*Aandag!*" there would be a painful absence of unanimity of motion, quite unlike the Guards' performance of the same order. The Colonel glared at him and said he wasn't talking about the Guards but about the tactful accommodation of all ranks to the requirements of the situation.

The Adjutant pressed the point. Was the language circular to apply in all circumstances, including states of emergency and actual field operations against the foes of the Union?

The Colonel decided to write to Defence Headquarters for a ruling.

The reply came a week later, which was surprisingly rapid considering that Pretoria is fully thirty-five miles away.

"In cases of emergency or uncertainty as to the language in which orders are to be given, officers are instructed to use that language which is best understood by the majority of the men under their command." That was all.

. On the face of it, it seemed a poor look-out for the minority if an order to evacuate a position quickly were given in the "other" language. However, there it was.

The General Officer Commanding our army decided to see for himself how the scheme was working, especially under conditions of field manœuvres. Of course he picked on us. The Colonel groaned, but cheered up when he thought he would be able to palm off the G.O.C. on to at least two squadrons in which the officers were as fluent in one language as in the other. But our

luck was out. The G.O.C. picked on Jones. There was something about Mr. Jones which interested him, he said. He seemed to be an officer with personality and tact. Would the Colonel accompany him, as he wished to observe Mr. Jones's troop for a while? The Old Man nearly threw a fit, but he controlled his feelings admirably.

They came upon Mr. Jones's troop unexpectedly during a break in a practice flanking movement. The men were conversing together most amicably, although the G.O.C. could not hear in what tongue this conversation was being carried on.

"They appear to be fraternising well," observed the G.O.C. to the Colonel.

"They generally do, Sir," responded the Colonel.

"I knew I was right about Jones," went on the G.O.C. "I could see he was a man of the right stamp for an Active Citizen Force officer. I would not be at all surprised if the men under Mr. Jones's command were addressing each other alternately in English and Afrikaans. The Minister must be informed of this. We must watch Mr. Jones's progress, I think."

The Colonel grunted. He could not do more.

Just then Jones spotted the G.O.C. and the Colonel.

He searched the earth and the sky with a despairing glance. Then the language circular came to his aid. Clearly this was a state of emergency, as described by regulation. ". . . Use that language which is best understood by the majority of the men under their command" came to his mind.

"Say, youse guys," he shouted hoarsely, "stiffen! The Big Fellow's coming!"

And, strange to relate, every man "stiffened."



Private Detective. "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT WOULD YOU MIND NOT WALKING QUITE SO FAST? I'M PAID TO SHADOW YOU."

TO A RUSTY BICYCLE.

How many times in years gone by,
My faithful grid, have you and I
Sought gladly out in sun and rain,
By broad highway and winding lane,
In many a well-remembered ride,
The secrets of the countryside!
Who shall recount how many a time
I've pushed you up some endless climb
And breathless, as I topped the rise,
Possessed five counties with my eyes—
What long descents gone hurtling down
To river, bridge or red-roofed town,
While past me, vibrant, shrill and strong,
The cleft air thrilled its heartening song?
How often in those days of yore
Hard words and undeserved you bore,
When on some upland bleak and bare,
A dozen miles from everywhere,
I heard the faint protesting sigh,
As dark came down on earth and sky,
Of punctured rubber basely torn
By lurking nail or casual thorn!

Enough, old friend. The days are done
Of careless rides in rain and sun;
Too fearful are the joys they feel
Who take to-day the road a-wheel.
And you in attic hid must lie
While day by empty day goes by,
Your bright enamel cracked and dim,
A spider's mesh on spoke and rim,
While people urge without avail,
"*Do* give that to the Jumble Sale!"
Perish the thought! For old sake's sake
No hand but mine shall clutch your brake,
No alien feet awake again
Your grinding hubs and rattling chain;
Like some old hunter out at grass
You shall your life's long evening pass,
And, dreaming of brave days we've known,
Flake slowly into rust alone. C. F. S.

An Impending Apology.

"Then in another London hotel is Mr. ——. He is the manager, and has studied pigs all his life."—*Sunday Paper.*

Commercial Candour.

"The '——' is double-breasted, broad-shouldered, clean-wasted . . ."
Advt. in Sunday Paper.

AT THE PLAY.

"TO-NIGHT OR NEVER" (DUKE OF YORK'S).

THIS is a fairy tale of an American nightingale awakened by a prince in the guise of a daffodil. The scene is set "in a Continental city at the present time," and because the author (LILI HATVANY, adapted and possibly slightly bowdlerised by FREDERIC and FANNY HATTON) wishes to play off on us a mystification, the characters in the programme are given not names but such labels as the *Prima Donna*, the *Faithful Dog*, *His Excellency*, the *Unknown Gentleman* and whatnot.

The *Prima Donna* (Miss PEGGY WOOD) has, as her adoring agent, teacher and gossip mournfully complains, an exquisite voice but no heart behind it. She must suffer if she would sing beautifully. For three years she has been quite virtuously engaged to *His Excellency* (Mr. CECIL PARKER), who runs the opera-house and has installed her there. She is bored and discouraged. An *Unknown Gentleman* (Mr. BASIL RATHBONE) begins to appear regularly at her performances, to wander up and down outside her house, to throw violets in at her window. This unknown belongs, as common gossip declares, to the outcast class of unspeakables, dancing well-paid attendance on the rich disreputable *Marchesa* (Miss EVA MOORE), ex-opera singer and mistress emerita of all (or perhaps it was half) the kings of Europe. Vanity and curiosity overcome disgust. The *Prima Donna* visits the *Unknown* by night at the *Marchesa's* expensive hotel. She finds him unexpectedly virile, persuasive, possessive. You may guess from the title the general drift of the hotel adventure and from the *genre* the inevitable effect on the matinée of *La Tosca* the following afternoon—the seventeen curtains, the happy gambols and barkings of the *Faithful Dog* (Mr. KENETH KENT), the *Excellency* stimulated to the point of marriage, the flouting and slapping and final rejection of that pompous dilatory suitor, the discovery of the true character of the alleged unspeakable, who sanctifies his unconventional wooing in the most prompt and honourable manner. This affair is in fact not half as improper as it would fain appear—a pleasant old device for having it both ways. Nor is it, as will be gathered, a play for the highly sophisticated.

But it makes its effect in its own way



HER SECOND COGNAC.

The Marchesa (MISS EVA MOORE) BELIEVES IN HAVING A GOOD BIT OF A GOOD THING.

and offers its spurious excitements, while the mystification, helped by Mr. BASIL RATHBONE'S carefully calculated effects, is contrived with a distinct adroitness. We are deceived, and on reflection admit that the deception has been quite (or almost quite) fair in the circumstances.

It is pleasant to see Miss EVA MOORE padded to the mountainous bulk of one who has frankly given up an unequal struggle for the current figure, and Mr. KENETH KENT plays the expansive, faithful, humorous, scandalmongering old dog—a good theatrical performance.

Miss PEGGY WOOD sang with skilful coldness the passages of her part which roused the despair of her master, and with feeling the aria which was to prove the miraculous effects of her strange adventure. She also looked a very pleasant picture in her shimmering gowns. T.



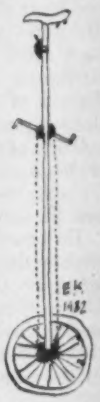
THE NOW-OR-NEVER LOOK.

The Unknown Gentleman . . MR. BASIL RATHBONE.
The Prima Donna . . . . MISS PEGGY WOOD.

AT THE NON-STOP.

"REVUDEVILLE No. 17" (WINDMILL).

ALL my envy is actively concentrated on the MOXHAM BROTHERS. Have you ever ridden a bicycle like this? Nor have I. But one of the MOXHAM BROTHERS does, and much more capably than he pretends. I would put my money on him through the thickest traffic, provided only that he was allowed to rest his foot on a bus-roof when the lights were against him. His brother can do anything imaginable on two wheels, and together they manœuvred a bicycle made for one with astonishing skill and grace. A pleasing turn.



"Through the Ages," an evolutionary survey, was not very satisfactory, except for the "1800" scene, in which NORA SAVAGE and GEOFFREY DENTON sang charmingly. The Black Bottom being such an ungraceful wriggle of a dance, it seems a pity not to forget "1926" as the year of its triumphs; and isn't it unfair, if not pessimistic, to regard "1992" as likely to be typified by a stout middle-aged gentleman in tights reading aloud to a couple of Lido ladies what sounded like a parody of one of the more ectogenetic passages from *Brave New World?*

Step-dancing depends very much for its success on the support of the orchestra, and



"MILLINERY, MADAM?" "NO, 'ATS."

I was doubtful if CARL HADDEN was accompanied with sufficient liveliness; but he is young and promising and delightfully elastic.

Two solos by NORA SAVAGE showed a pleasant voice and an unusual range in the top register, but the songs themselves were quite unworthy of her attractive personality. Does the non-stop public really expect sentimentalities of the red-rose-cum-moonlight description? Even so I am confident that Miss SAVAGE could hold the attention of her audience with something more in her own line.

The best setting in the programme went to "The Scarecrow," a grotesque ballet, and consisted of a few golden trees cut in the modern manner and seen against a soft sky. It was instantly effective. The ballet itself was well-arranged, and in it the WINDMILL GIRLS were admirable in a floppy macabre dance to slow-time. As in non-stop the chorus for obvious reasons cannot afford to play drastic tricks with their make-up, I wonder if in this item the scarecrow atmosphere might not be improved with masks?

I am picking out turns in their order, and so I come last to JOHN TILLEY; but he was outstanding. He is a funny-man who is comparatively new to the stage, and having now seen him twice in different acts I can recommend him heartily as a powerful anti-depressional. He is refreshingly free from the familiar tricks of the comedian, and his merit lies in his absolute solemnity combined with an amateur and unforced quality of idiocy. Full marks go to his impression of an inconsequent garrulous committee-lady roaming over her own and the world's history. He is that rarity, an original humorist, and the stage is the brighter for him.

On the whole a fairly good programme.

ERIC.

A SUCCESSFUL FINANCIER.

WE were talking during lunch about the usual thing—money: how to get it, how to hold it, how to do without it, how to resist the income-tax, how to pay it, with the usual rider condemning the Government.

There is, of course, nothing in such talk, except further proof of the fatuity of speech, but on this occasion a contribution to the mysteries of revenue was undoubtedly suggested; for "I've discovered," said Vincent, "a new and simple way to make fourteen pounds."

"Why fourteen? Why not forty?" someone asked.

"Or four?" asked another.

"You'll see," said Vincent, pleasantly conscious that the spotlight was on him. "The other evening," he continued, "when I was changing for dinner, I missed my notecase. It was nowhere to be found, not in any pocket either of my coat or overcoat. I was miserable; I wouldn't have lost it for anything. Looking back, I realised that, after paying at the box-office at the cinema——"

"So that's what you do in the afternoons?" someone asked.

"And why not?" he demanded. "I never go to the cinema till after five. It's as good as playing bridge, anyway."

"You go alone, of course?"

"As I was saying," Vincent proceeded, "after paying at the box-office I must have put the notecase into my overcoat-pocket instead of my coat-pocket, by mistake; and then, when I took off my overcoat before I sat down, it must have fallen out. That's how I argued. So I rang up the cinema and told them exactly where I was sitting and begged them to search for it."

"Mightn't she have been keeping it for you and forgotten to give it back?" someone sweetly inquired.

"She?"

"You weren't alone, were you?"

"After a while," said Vincent, "the cinema people rang up. No sign of it. I asked them to look again, and again they replied there was no luck. I was in despair; the case was a present with the most intimate associations. It was full of season-tickets too. It then occurred to me that I must have been robbed while in the queue at the box-office. I couldn't remember being jostled, but then pickpockets are so clever. Only that morning I had read an account of how a judge had been robbed of his notecase and how he longed to know the way in which it was taken because his pocket had been buttoned up. Nothing they can't do, these fellows. So directly I was dressed I went to Vine Street."

"Very risky," said someone.

"Why risky?"

"Putting your head in the lion's mouth. They'd never find it, but if they did you'd have to be prosecutor and lose hours, if not days, in a police-court, and get your name in the papers, and very likely your picture—and that's no oil-painting—too, and, what's worse, make enemies for life of the rest of the gang. No, not good enough. You should have let it go."

"But I couldn't," said Vincent. "I had to have it back. At any rate I had to do something. So I went to Vine Street, where they are charming. Absolutely charming. The constables at the Lost Property place belong, as everyone knows, to the Heavenly Choir; but at Vine Street they're the essence of sympathy too. I gave every particular and it was set down in the book as though by the Recording Angel. Not very quickly, I'll admit, but with precision. Of course he called the notecase a 'wallet'—I guessed he would do that—but the rest of the description was exact.

"He didn't, however, hold out much hope. 'They'll take anything that's valuable,' he said, 'and destroy the rest. In fact you can be fairly sure that they've already done so. That is, if the wallet was stolen at all. We have so many cases where what people thought was stolen was only mislaid. You're quite sure you've looked everywhere?' he asked. 'Quite,' I replied. 'I shouldn't be here if I weren't.'

"We wished each other good evening and I went to my club to a very belated dinner."

He paused to light a cigarette.

"As I entered the club," he continued, "the porter told me that there was a message from my flat to say that the notecase had been found. I had absent-mindedly slipped it in a drawer of the dressing-table under some handkerchiefs directly I got in. What do you think of that?"

We expressed no surprise. Such things, as the policeman had said, are continually happening.

"So I telephoned," said Vincent, "to Vine Street and the cinema people and sat down to dine in a mood of perfect peace. Such peace and bliss as I haven't known for years. In fact, it was almost worth the anxiety."

"But," someone asked, "you still haven't told us this new way of making fourteen pounds."

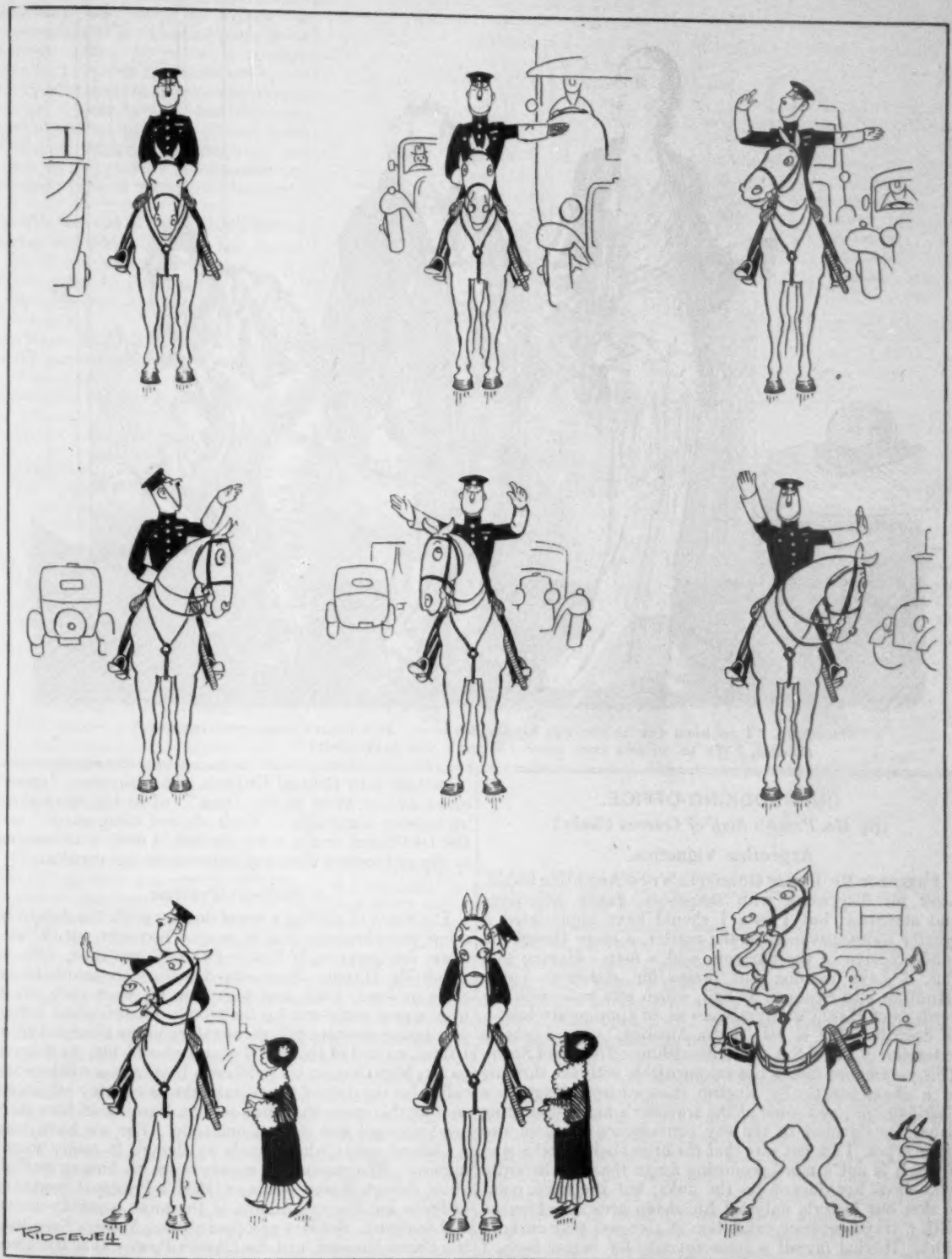
"Oh!" he said, "that's why I was so contented as I ate; you see there were exactly fourteen pounds in the wallet." E. V. L.



Property-Man (to ex-Fiancée). "I'VE FINISHED WITH YOUR GOINGS-ON—IN FACT YOUR LOVE-LETTERS WAS THE SNOW IN LAST NIGHT'S *UNCLE TOM'S CABIN*."

E. H. S.

AN Exhibition is being held at the Sporting Gallery, 7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, of original drawings by ERNEST H. SHEPARD. These include the drawings for Mr. Punch's recent "Dialling Tones" and "Sycamore Square," the illustrations in colour for "Christopher Robin Verses," and those for "Bevis." The Gallery will be open daily from 10 A.M. until 6 P.M., and on Saturdays until 1 o'clock, up to December 17th.



INTELLIGENCE.



Lady. "I DO HOPE YOU 'LL GET THE BATH DONE SOON. IT 'S REALLY MOST INCONVENIENT."
Plumber. "WE 'LL DO OUR BEST, LADY. WHEN 'S YER BATH-NIGHT?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Argentine Vignettes.

I RESPECT Mr. PHILIP GUEDALLA'S new Argentine travel-book for dispensing with snapshots, gaudy adjectives and statistics; but I own I should have appreciated a greater consecutiveness in the matter, a more thoughtful condescension in the manner—and a map. Having said this, I have nothing but praise for *Argentine Tango* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON 8/6), which sets out—with the verdicts of HAKLUYT'S voyagers as an appropriate base—to describe what is *not* "Latin-America" or a southerly extension of the U.S.A. but a flourishing off-shoot of Spain. This paramount fact is not incompatible with the thriving of a characteristically English domesticity alongside a Castilian one; and some of the traveller's most interesting pages are devoted to the shy convergence of these two polar types. I am not sure that the little Cockney who goes Spanish is not a more promising figure than the Señorita who sheds her duenna on the links; but the main point is that our historic national friendship goes marching on with a very becoming exhibition of give and take on both sides. Having myself a gross appetite for vulgar facts, I should have enjoyed a workmanlike picture of the British steer in his sub-equatorial surroundings. But I am duly grateful for the stalking of Mr. GUEDALLA'S first Dictator—"one talk with General Uriburu," he maintains, "should count as two visits to the Duce"; while his account of up-country hospitality—"fresh air, red wine, music" and the traditional *criollo* roast—is less, I feel, a concession to the picturesque than a glimpse of eternal verities.

A Political Preview.

The worst of writing a novel dealing with the future of a few years hence is that it so soon becomes out-of-date. Here, for instance, is *Public Faces* (CONSTABLE, 7/6) in which Mr. HAROLD NICOLSON describes an international crisis in June, 1939, and tells how we were only saved from a new world-war by the wholly unauthorised action of a young assistant private secretary in the Foreign Office. I think so well of this novel that I should like to suggest to Mr. NICOLSON or his publishers that as new editions are called for the date of the crisis might be suitably advanced so that this more than half-serious warning of how wars arise may not lose its verisimilitude. For we have here a Cabinet crisis which reads as though it really might happen. The component members are all human and all alive, though *Walter Bullinger*, H.M.'s Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, is the most carefully-drawn and analysed. But how excellent also are *Spencer Furnivall*, the Prime Minister, and *Sir Charles Pantry*, that truculent but tongue-tied Air Minister, with his firm belief in sabre-rattling or its modern Air Force equivalent, and, not least in this galaxy of stars, *Jane Campbell*, that very competent

and charming Parliamentary Under-Secretary who helps to supply the necessary note of romance! Love in the Foreign Office—there is a modern note for you—but Mr. NICOLSON knows his ground and makes it seem natural enough. And not the least amusing part of an excellent piece of work is the Epilogue, with paper comments and notes on the various protagonists and glimpses of their subsequent history.

Sleuth-hounds of the Bulldog Breed.

Before the War—those ancient days—
I well remember what alarming
Flutters the Jingoes used to raise
With hints that Germany was arming;
We learned about her latest ships,
What guns they bore, the rate they travelled,
But whose the lips that breathed these tips—
That mystery was not unravelled.

VALENTINE WILLIAMS clears the mist.
The source, although you'd hardly think it,
Was agents entered on a list
Within a certain antique trinket;
See *The Gold Comfit Box*, which shows,
So vital were the names within it,
That spies in rows turned up their toes
In numberless attempts to win it.

The tale (from HODDER, 7/6),
Bristling with wild excitement, traces
The tricks and fiendish counter-tricks
Such secret service work embraces;
A dozen times our threatened land
Totters in peril and recovers
Once more to stand, while Cupid's hand
Pairs off the leading spies as lovers.

Phantoms of Delight.

If Mr. MAURICE BARING had told me that he dreamt the plot of *Friday's Business* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) and on awaking set about (like COLERIDGE with *Kubla Khan*) to recapture as much of the vision as possible I should have believed him implicitly. One character only, that of the novel's Danish-American heroine, bears the stamp of reality—and a very charming reality too. The rest—all, I feel, dream-children—are divided into the denizens of a vanished Eton, recluse tenants of an Irish country-house, and the shadowy diplomats, rulers and insurrectionaries of a modern Near-Eastern Ruritania. Pervading the story's three settings you have *Patrick Croome*, unattached heir to an eccentric English baronet with an Irish inheritance; linking the first and the last, *Mr. Stanislas Richard Ducros*, classical master at Eton and "White" potentate at Kossovia; while the second and the last both exhibit the Danish Minister's daughter, *Marie Ahlven*, with her innocent heart and disreputable American slang—easily, to my mind, the most convincing and lovable of all her creator's convincing and lovable *ingénues*. I gather I was not intended to take the political embroilments of Kossovia very seriously; but this being so there was, I think, too much of them, especially when the result of an air-crash impelled *Patrick* to forget *Marie* and fix his affections on a Kosserb female revolutionary. It is for the tragic pattern that connects an Eton rag with the downfall of a government and a pair of faithful lovers with ultimate frustration that I found this brief and unpretentious fantasy memorable and rare.



"AND LISTEN, BIG BOY, HERE 'S ANOTHER THING YOU CAN PUT DOWN IN THAT LIL OLE BOOK OF YOURS: 'MISS LYDIA DE GRASS TAKES BACK EVERY WORD SHE SAID ABOUT YOU WUNNERFUL LONDON POLICEMEN.'"

A Modern Cinderella.

Miss ROSAMOND LEHMANN has set herself a difficult task in *Invitation to the Waltz* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6), for she has given us a full-length novel with for sole material a girl's seventeenth birthday and—a few days later—her first ball. It was a task which might have frightened the greatest masters of fiction, and she has accomplished it with the air of never having guessed that it was a task at all. In its own wilfully restricted field the book is a masterpiece. There are unforgettable pages where, through the eyes of *Olivia*, her heroine, we scan the horizons of all humanity. *Olivia's* thoughts are indeed the long, long thoughts of youth as she fears the change and loss the

future must bring and comforts herself with the reflection, "It wouldn't happen for a long time; and by then one would be different, tougher." Then there is the rich stream of characters drawn to the life: pretty *Kate*, so utterly "rose-lined from the cold," so sure of her place in the world; darling *James*; fatuous *Reggie;* blind *Timmy*, with his patience and his ghastly little story of frustrated love; *Peter Jenkin*; *Archie*—the list is too long to complete, though the birthday and the dance produced no more than a normal number of the contacts likely on such occasions. Beyond all this there are lovely little descriptions of country sights and sounds—less of themselves than of their very essences—and, for her readers, many moments of delighted recognition as Miss LEHMANN singles out some beauty or peculiarity which we have all known and forgotten. Altogether she has written a book which it would be difficult to praise too highly.

Plums and Crumbs.

I have a great admiration for Miss SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER'S work, her delicate sense of words and her knack of searching strange emotions whereby to make a story. However, I have suspected before that she is too much in love with the art of writing to give due attention to her matter, and this trait is evident in *The Salutation* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6), which contains as well as two long tales a number of short ones that are (according to cliché) "fraught with a significance" not always justified. In one a frightened cat takes sanctuary in a church; in another a tyrant decides to annotate GIBBON and leaves his household in peace; in a third a chambermaid makes a bed in a disreputable house before she pulls down the blind. Though the writing of all these fragments is exquisite their motives are thin and they are not worth the flourish with which the author presents them. The title-story is another matter, and so is the long-short tragedy, "Eleanor Barley," the tale of an old-time gentlewoman who married a yokel and suffered all the tortures of pride. Here Miss TOWNSEND WARNER is at her very best, and so she is in "The Salutation," a queer lovely story about a romance that began with courtesy because a widow exiled in Spain gave hospitality to her husband's countryman. The book's value is in these two tales; compared with them the others are merely tantalising crumbs that the author has scattered in her bounty.

The Adventures of a Naval Surgeon.

In a foreword to *The Scarlet Stripe* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) "TAFFRAIL" says that the principal incidents of his book are either facts or founded on facts, though the persons and ships mentioned exist only in his imagination. The tale is told by a Naval surgeon, and as in the course of it he received most unpleasant attentions from a U-boat and subsequently from Chinese pirates and a typhoon, no one will complain that his life was without adventures. But when I remember "TAFFRAIL'S" last book, *Cypher K*, I cannot help thinking that he is at his best as a story-teller when he places no hindrances in his imaginative way. Although this is an exciting and at times a thrilling tale, I, who for years have been numbered among the tribe of "Taffrailites," am a little disappointed by its lack of spontaneity.

From Berwick to John o' Groats.

Mr. A. A. THOMSON'S previous books of travel in Scotland have not come my way, but the first chapter of *The Breezy Coast* (JENKINS, 7/6) convinced me that I was starting upon a tour in which instruction is nicely blended with entertainment. Mr. THOMSON and his companion set forth upon their journey by car from the bottom to the top of Scotland with the intention of being "coast-huggers," and they did not stray from the prescribed route until their admiration for Sir JAMES BARRIE compelled them to turn inland and make a sentimental journey to Kirriemuir. It was a deviation well worth taking, for when Mr. THOMSON visits places that he loves he does not allow his enthusiasm to upset his sense of values. While accompanying him along the coast road my knowledge both of Scottish history and of legend has been fortified, but I harbour one small grievance. Golfers may be legitimate targets for his scorn, but when Mr. THOMSON tells the "Chatterbox" tale I doubt if he knows much about them. Surely that story puts up a good fight for the prize chestnut with the curate's egg.



Host. "I'VE HAD THIS BRANDY IN MY CELLAR SINCE 1910."
Guest. "I DON'T BLAME YOU."

China at the Crossways.

Mrs. PEARL S. BUCK, who reached fame with *The Good Earth*, has produced in *Sons* (METHUEN, 7/6) a sequel which is of a rare quality among sequels. The same intimate knowledge of China is shown, the same sympathy and the same virtuosity. The presentation of the story is bold and brilliant. Written is a musical archaic style which recalls the prose romances of WILLIAM MORRIS, this novel succeeds in combining fantasy and realism. The sons of *Wang Lung* live in a stark mediæval world which is being assailed by the weapons of modern civilisation. Old and New China are at strife in the heart of the third son, *Wang the Tiger*, who becomes a war lord rather easily. But he is a just and kindly governor in spite of his hot temper, and it is a matter for regret that he does not become the MUSSOLINI of China. The love of the land, as sometimes happens nearer home, is both a joy and a hindrance to many of *Wang Lung's* descendants. The numerous minor characters, sane and insane, hale and crippled, are all clearly drawn. There is a continuous flow of incident and not a single *longueur*. I have enjoyed this book very much indeed.

CHARIVARIA.

PROFESSOR JULIAN HUXLEY assures us that ants, having come to an evolutionary standstill, are unlikely to dominate the world. This is great news for sluggards.

* * *

"Diverticulitis," a form of chronic indigestion, is said to be the fashionable complaint among rich Americans. We thought that the most fashionable complaint among rich Americans was poverty.

* * *

By the way, a historian states that when COLUMBUS sighted the dry land of America he thought it was a mirage. It was in a way. He couldn't be expected to know how wet it would be when Prohibition came in.

* * *

Nearly a hundred-and-sixty books on Iceland, collected by an eighteenth-century explorer, were included in the recent sale of a library. Most of them were all about those depressions.

* * *

M.P.'s are to learn various styles of wrestling. Contests for the SPEAKER'S eye will still be confined to catch-as-catch-can.

* * *

A record crop of weeds in Soviet Russia is reported, and the object of the Five Years' Plan will be attained when the seeds have blown all over Europe.

* * *

There has been no rush to pay income-tax this year. These crazes never last.

* * *

Women are urged to cultivate beautiful voices and to cure themselves of such habits as speaking through the nose. Or through the microphone.

* * *

A ray to pierce the thickest fog has been perfected. It is feared that on dark days the authorities will floodlight our public statues with it.

* * *

A Sinhalese student in London is called HETTIPATHIRANAEHELAGE RAMACHANDRA GUNAWARDANA. That is the kind of man that name-tape suppliers revere.

* * *

TROTSKY'S nervousness when he stepped ashore at Naples closely guarded by his entourage was said to be due to a fear that he might see Naples and die.

A film-actress has been conveyed from Hollywood to New York as a postal packet. This reminds us that in grandmamma's day actresses were often regarded as baggages.

* * *

"What do girls want to smoke cigarettes for?" asks a writer. Silk stockings and wireless-sets.

* * *

And a London girl carries a pet snake in her handbag. When she hears it sneeze she knows it has been trying to use her face-powder.

* * *

A man in France who recently died at the age of 102 had eaten pork, lobster and new bread and had drunk beer all his life. Evidently a fatal diet.

* * *

At a recent banquet in London the lights failed for two minutes. In the confusion many a diner found himself popping asparagus into a neighbour's mouth.

* * *

Thousands of people who intend to spend Christmas on the high seas will be able to participate in the custom of heaving the Yule log.

* * *

We learn that busts by Mr. JACOB EPSTEIN have come under the hammer. Whose?

* * *

Mr. BERNARD SHAW'S decision to go round the world was the only alternative to the difficulty of arranging for the world to go round Mr. BERNARD SHAW.

* * *

Christmas Day in Australia is described as being like Whit-Monday in this country. And Whit-Monday here is usually like Christmas here.

* * *

"Some people simply cannot resist talking behind persons' backs," says a writer. Barbers especially have this bad habit.

* * *

During the past two months two hundred footballers and three referees have been treated in Barcelona for injuries resulting from aggressive and brutal play. Many Catalonians are wondering whether it would not be safer to stick to revolutions.

* * *

Television, it is predicted, will enable civilians to sit at home and watch the progress of a battle. If there are any to sit.

* * *

Just before the start of a race recently at Chelmsford, a horse bolted and could not be pulled up until it had twice encircled the two-mile course. It was declared a non-runner. So much for names.

* * *

There are 1,301 horses nominated for the five classic events next year. It is said that the AGA KHAN wonders who can have entered the odd one.

* * *

A cow has attacked a village pump and smashed it. Trade rivalry, no doubt.

* * *

Professor GREET claims to have found survivals of the speech of CHAUCER in the mountains of Kentucky. The credit is due to the descendants of the Canterbury Pilgrim Fathers.

* * *

The report that the Australian selectors have requested Mr. NAGEL to reverse the first two letters of his name is now denied.

* * *

A golf-club in the North is said to be haunted. Awed eye-witnesses state that they have seen a figure in spectral plus-fours trying to get round in bogey bogey.

* * *

"DUCKWORTH has a keen sense of humour," says a cricket writer. The wag of the tail.



"DID YOU RING, SIR?"
"AY, LASS; I CAN'T REACH T' WASH-BASIN."

THE PAGODA CALLED RAPTURE.

As the Emperor Wang (says the historian) was one day taking a constitutional through the park called Felicity he was struck with an idea.

"Go Long," he said to his Chancellor, "this is a suitable site for a pagoda, which I shall call Rapture. It shall be of turquoise blue, with a roof of sunset pink, surrounded by almond-trees, fountains and rustic bridges. Let the Imperial mandate be carried out speedily."

"Delight of the Just," replied Go Long, kowtowing, "this miserable oaf trembles and obeys."

A year later the Emperor was again taking a constitutional through the park called Felicity.

"Go Long," he said suddenly, "where is the pagoda called Rapture?"

"Sun of Magnificence," replied Go Long, kowtowing, "this wretched nincompoop has taken order about the matter and the work is well in hand."

"Quite so," replied the Emperor, "but where is the said pagoda called Rapture?"

"If the Source of Authority will condescend to come with me," replied Go Long, "this irrational babbler will display the progress that has been made."

Accordingly the Chancellor conducted the Emperor out of the park called Felicity and into the street called the Street of Ineffable Content. Here they entered a large building containing hundreds of chambers, in each of which many scribes were working.

"This," explained Go Long, "is the Honourable Department of Imperial Works."

"I see," said the Emperor; "and here doubtless the plans for the pagoda called Rapture are being prepared?"

"I am grieved to contradict the Marvel of Comprehension," replied Go Long, "but these are the clerks who compare and check the lists of the officials and the workmen and compute the emoluments to which each is entitled."

They now ascended a lapis-lazuli staircase and came to a second range of chambers, likewise full of busy scribes.

"These," said Go Long, "are the mathematicians who calculate the amount of wood, mother-of-pearl, onyx and other material to be used in the construction of the pagoda called Rapture. Perhaps the Lord of Erudition will note that the work of each is checked by all the others in turn in order that not a single yen may be wasted?"

"I am always pleased to observe economy," said the Emperor. "Let us go on."

They ascended a porphyry staircase and found themselves on the floor of the Halls of Conference.

"In this hall," said Go Long, "the Hammer of the Incompetent will see the Heads of the Landscape Gardening Department. They are conferring on the number of almond-trees, fountains and rustic bridges which are to surround the pagoda called Rapture."

"Have they often conferred?" asked the Emperor.

"Many times," replied Go Long.

"And is there any danger of their arriving at a decision?" pursued the Emperor.

"Sublime Ruler," replied Go Long, "they have already arrived at many decisions, but each has had to be cancelled in consequence of changes in the decisions of the Architectural Department."

"Show me the Architectural Department," ordered the Emperor.

"It is here, Admiration of the Perspicuous," announced the Chancellor, opening another door. "The Heads of the Department are at present conferring on the shape which the pagoda called Rapture is to take. Some advocate the circular, some the triangular, some the rectangular and some the polygonal. Their conferences are long and heated, for they are thoroughly conscientious officials and would be desolated to think that their salaries were not properly earned."

"Quite so," said the Emperor grimly.

They ascended a malachite staircase and came to a range of superbly-furnished apartments.

"These," said Go Long, sinking his voice to a whisper, "are the offices of the Official Correlators of the Department."

"Indeed," said the Emperor, opening a door and looking into a sumptuous chamber where a very distinguished-looking mandarin was asleep on a couch. "And what may be their duties—if any?"

"Miracle of Gumption," replied Go Long, "their duty is to correlate the activities of the various sections of the Department."

"Wake him up," ordered Wang, "and ask him how he does it."

With some difficulty the mandarin was awakened. Recognising the Emperor, who had at different times conferred many decorations on him for devotion to duty, he kowtowed sleepily.

"Inform the Increaser of Salubrity," said Go Long, "how you carry out your duties."

"Most illustrious Ornament of the Empire," began the mandarin, stifling a yawn, "the duty of this disreputable pig is to wait till a conference has arrived at a decision. This ribald boor then conveys that decision to another conference in order that any decision the second conference may be about to arrive at, if you follow me, may be suitably modified."

"I see," said the Emperor. "And what about my pagoda?"

"Pagoda?" said the mandarin, blinking. "What pagoda is the Fountain of Nobility talking about? Permit this scrubby upstart to send for the necessary files and an inquiry will be set on foot at once through the usual channels."

"Please don't bother," said the Emperor affably. "I am going to set an inquiry on foot myself, through *my* usual channels."

That day a squad of torturers and sub-torturers arrived with many instruments at the Honourable Department of Imperial Works.

Next day the pagoda called Rapture was built.

"Stand Back, Brother!"

"A passenger in an interview afterwards, said: 'The police kept police from going too near the 'bus in case the petrol tank should explode.'"—*Manchester Paper.*

Our Floating Babylons.

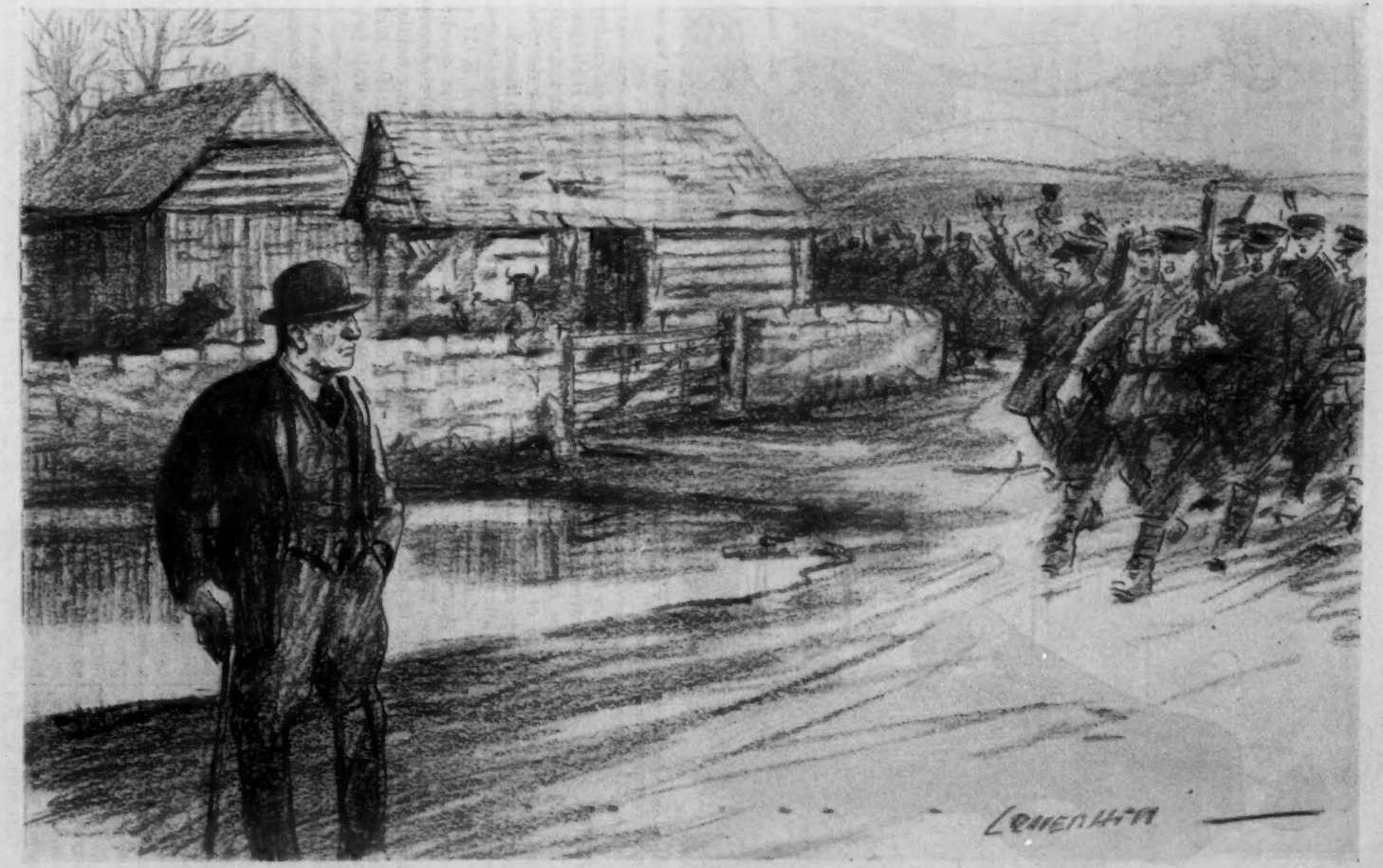
On the new French liner *Normandie* there is a theatre, a church, a street of shops, a café, a dance salon, a winter-garden and a garage. There is even some talk about providing sea-trips later on.

Modern Architecture.

"His latest plan was to erect a monumental building of more than a hundred storeys to outrival in height all others, but the scheme was held up by the depression."—*Daily Paper.*

Skyscrapers must be held up by something.

"At a recent cat show in London most of the winners were women," says a writer. He shouldn't say things like that.



FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

BRITISH SOLDIERS (*singing*)— "OH, THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND,
AND OH, FOR OLD ENGLAND'S ROAST BEEF!"

BRITISH FARMER (*thinking*). "AND I WONDER WHY THEY DON'T BUY IT FROM ME INSTEAD OF GETTING STUFF FROM ABROAD."

[The Council of the Central Landowners' Association suggest (not unreasonably) that the Home Forces should be supplied by the Government with home-grown meat.]



Shop Lady (to husband who has called for his wife). "PLEASE TAKE A SEAT, SIR. THIS IS THE ROOM WHERE WE ARE SHOWING THE COMING FASHIONS FOR THE YEAR."

SUB PŒNA.

"THE next time I am *subpœnaed*," said my poor friend Poker, "to give evidence in a literary lawsuit, I shall tell them to go somewhere. If they like to commit me to prison for contempt they can; I shall at least know where I am.

"This was the fourth time. Four times I have been approached by a solicitor with tears in his voice and assured that my testimony was essential to the winning of his case and the execution of justice. Once it was a libel suit about a film; once it was about the suppression of an undesirable book; once about the price of a newspaper article, and once about copyright. Four times I have assured the solicitor that my testimony would be considered of as much value to the Court as the mooing of an old cow in the glens of Killarney; that every judge regards himself as an expert witness on literature, books and all that, and that, anyhow, my appearance in court would cause nothing but kindly witticisms on the Bench.

"Right every time. But solicitors, in spite of an increasing volume of evidence to the contrary, still maintain that they know their own business best. The learned counsel in the case, they tell me, reposes particular faith in the value of my evidence. I reply that learned counsel has probably not been in a literary case before and does not know what happens; I do. The solicitor says that my colleagues, Foster, Richardson, Woodley and Mortimer, are all going to give evidence. I offer to bet the solicitor a gold watch that not one of them will be permitted to give evidence. I tell him that they will kick their heels about a dreary court all day, be jeered at by Bench and barristers, and sent away exhausted in the evening without having contributed a single syllable to justice. He says that learned counsel knows best; I answer bluntly that he doesn't. Continuing to express reluctance I am served with a *subpœna* threatening me with dire penalties if I fail to appear at some insanitary court at 10.30 on the 6th "and so from day to day . . ." Once the solicitor pressed a guinea on me, once half-a-crown—and twice he has not offered me a bean.

"Once I really thought that I had given the Court the slip. Just before the date for the action was fixed I went away for a few days' holiday in one of His Majesty's ships; I calculated that I should be safe in the Irish Sea when the case came on. But the engines of His Majesty's ship broke down and we returned to Plymouth Sound. And, blow me, if the solicitors (especially instructed by a learned K.C.) didn't hound me down to the ward-room! Furious signals were morsed across the waters. I cut short my holiday (on the second day), took the midnight train, and appeared, a little jaded, in Court 10 at 10.15 sharp.

"'Golly!' I thought (this was the second time only), 'my evidence must be pretty valuable.'

But the usual thing happened. There were dear old Foster, Richardson, Woodley and Mortimer, as usual, all summoned from their homes and labours to preserve justice. We hung about and couldn't smoke, and had hurried lunches, and thought out telling arguments and crushing retorts. And at about 4 P.M. the learned judge decided that our evidence was quite inadmissible.

"There are slight variations of course. Sometimes the judge decides that our evidence is admissible; but then he adds that he doesn't want to hear it. He knows it all already.

"But although we are never wanted, there is a terrible flap if we are not there. In one case, I remember, poor old Mortimer's name was actually called. Mortimer, wearied by the spectacle of justice, had adjourned for five minutes to a more genial institution across the road. The judge's wrath was terrible. Mortimer had been *subpœnaed*—how dared he leave the court! Solicitors paled, barristers slobbered apologies, clerks rushed panting from tavern to tavern and dug poor Mortimer out of a tankard of something. The judge graciously accepted his apologies and said that his evidence was quite useless anyhow.

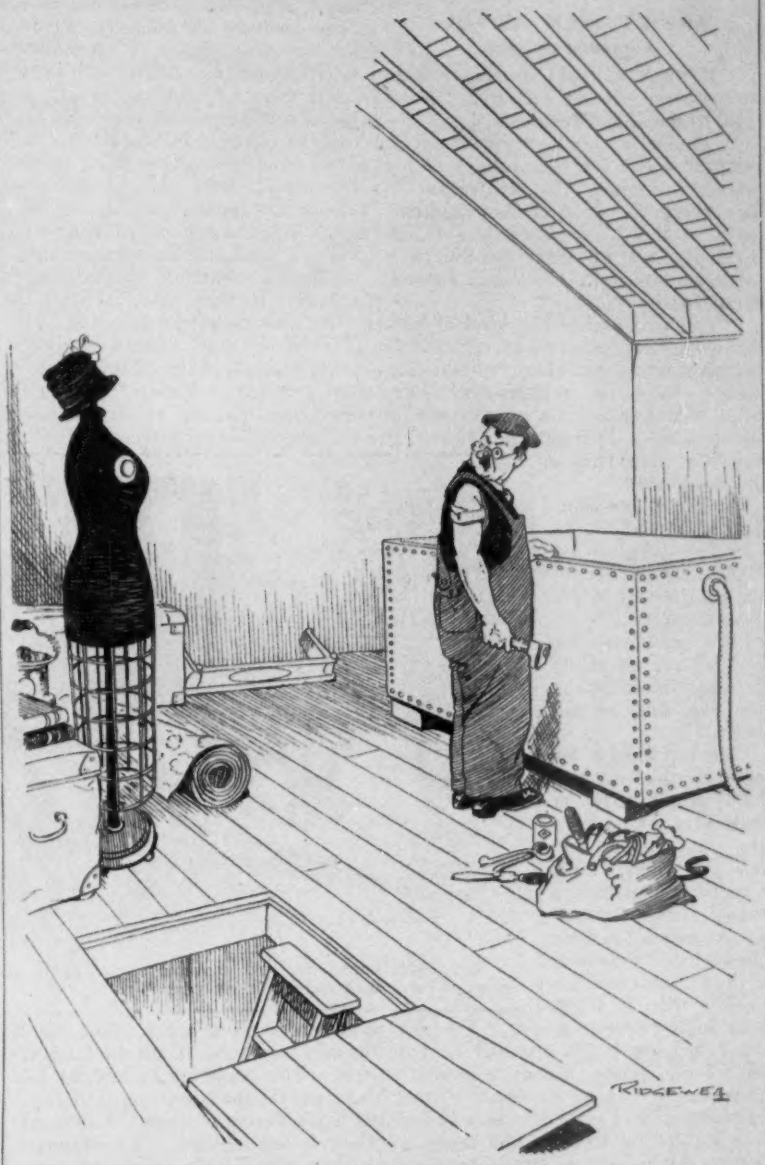
"Some imp of mischief seems to seize the lawyers when any literary matter comes into court. I suppose it goes back to DICKENS—some unconscious instinct of revenge says to them, 'Here's a chance to get one back at these writing chaps who are always making fun of us.' The judge perks up at once and becomes very puckish; he and counsel fire off little jokes at each other about the strange trade of writing; one feels that it is a sort of secret and rather disreputable hobby many worlds below the honourable practice of litigation. I remember one case in which (besides Mortimer, Woodley and the usual lot) there were publishers, editors, newspaper-proprietors, etc., waiting in rows to give evidence (quite inadmissible, of course); between us we provided employment (apart from anything else) for many thousands of people. But from the way the lawyers talked about us we might have been so many earwigs or so many children playing a useless and not very creditable game.

"Personally I don't begrudge the lawyers their little jokes, because they take a joke themselves very well and have been taking the same jokes for a very long time. Provided they don't drag me into court to hear them. Provided also that they don't get so elated with their jokes that they miss the whole point of the case.

"If a lawsuit is concerned with fish-friers or haberdashers or some queer trade like the selling of stocks and shares, the lawyers go into the thing with attentive and almost reverent care. The customs of the fish-frying trade are sworn to by expert fish-friers and the judge takes the greatest trouble to get to the real heart, so to speak, of the fish-frying business and of that particular dispute. But assemble a number of literary or journalistic witnesses and the judge cries, 'Take them away! These gentlemen can't tell me anything I don't know.' I don't blame the judge; he may be right," said Poker. "All I *do* say, as a veteran *subpœna* man, is that that is the established practice of the British Courts and that solicitors and barristers really ought to know about it by this time.

"And therefore," said Poker, "the next time they *subpœna* me in such a case I shall tell them to go somewhere."

A. P. H.



"NOW THERE'S NO NEED TO FOLLOW ME UP 'ERE, MA'AM. I CAN GET ON MUCH BETTER IF I AIN'T WATCHED."

"9.20.—Smithers v. Dexter, before Mr. Justice Starleigh and a Special Judy."
Wireless Programme in Daily Paper.

Mr. Punch begs to dissociate himself from his wife's legal activities.

A Spartan Manicure.

"Long nails often cause trouble when they have to be knocked into hard wood. They will be much more easy to deal with if they are first dipped into melted lard."
Birmingham Paper.

"SUNDAY FILM SHOWS POLL."
Daily Paper.

Bird-pictures are always popular.

"The L.C.C. is determined to force its scheme for building a new £1,300,000 Waterloo Bridge through Parliament."
Daily Paper.

Bus-rides through the House of Commons would be nice too.

AREN'T MEN AWFUL?

A CHANGE OF FACE.

"HUSBANDS!" said the other woman in my compartment, bitterly. "Don't talk to me about husbands!"

I glanced at her in surprise. As a matter of fact I wasn't talking to her about husbands. I was talking to her about the duty of showing kindness to dumb creatures, but I had evidently set up some painful train of associations in her mind, for she went on:—

"You've heard of the kind of husband who never observes what his wife's wearing, who doesn't know whether her hair's coal black or platinum blonde, who wouldn't know the difference if she entered a ballroom in a swooning creation from Paris or in plus-fours?"

I assured her that I had heard of him.

"That kind of husband's bad enough," she continued, "*but I've known a worse.*"

It seemed incredible.

"Tell me about it," I said, unnecessarily, for she had already begun.

"It happened a few months ago. My husband and I had been married about ten years. He was an excellent man—upright, kind-hearted, scrupulous, a conscientious taxpayer, a freemason, a good chess-player, a member of the Rotary Club; the kind of man, in short, who ought never to marry. Yet how was I to know? No one had warned me. I was young, ardent, romantic; I was inspired by my favourite writer, ELINOR GLYN; I longed to be a Power in a Man's Life, to keep him, according to my moods, hovering between the Brink of Despair and the Peaks of Ecstasy.

"I would think out some Woman's Wile to charm him with when he came home from the City; a bow of ribbon in my hair, a new and subtle perfume, a bunch of flowers at my shoulder. All he said was, 'Hullo, dear! Been beastly hot to-day, hasn't it?' In the evening, as we sat alone, I would recline on a couch over which I had draped a leopard-skin and call up all the reserves of Woman's Elemental Mystery to bring him tottering to his knees. He would say, 'Mind if I smoke?' and work out *The Times*' crossword-puzzle.

"Once, to sting him into some display of rapturous admiration, I put on a new backless Chanel gown of carnation velvet for dinner. I swept downstairs to greet him as he came in, the superb material moulding my form like that of a Byzantine empress. He said, 'Good news, my dear. The Bank Rate's down,' and spent the evening reading out extracts from the Amalgamated Tin-openers' report. Bitterly, the next night, I came down to dinner in pyjamas. I awaited his remonstrances, armed with a hundred shafts of satire in reply. He only said, 'What's the matter with the soup? It's cold.' . . .

"Then, one day, I heard of a great beauty-specialist named Madame Circe, who practised in Vienna. It was reported that in her *salon* one could have one's face remodelled according to any pattern one chose. Nothing, it was said, was too difficult for Madame Circe. You could go in looking like Mahatma GANDHI and come out looking like GLADYS COOPER. I thought, 'Here is my chance. I will go to Madame Circe for a course of facial renovation. I will appear before my husband so exquisitely transformed that even he will be stunned by my shattering beauty. I will then play on his heartstrings with all a woman's Feline Cruelty. I will have him grovelling at my feet.'

"I went to Madame Circe and said, 'Make me like CLEOPATRA and MARLENE DIETRICH and Lady HAMILTON and Mrs. LANGTRY, and give me a dash of GRETA GARBO about the eyebrows and cheekbones.'

"She set to work with rollers and hammers and creams and packs and astringents; she tied me up in chin-straps and ear-bags and nose-vibrators; she melted my face in hot wax and remoulded it and set it to cool; she finished me off with cosmetics based on the secret recipes of the queens of Ancient Egypt. She said, 'You must come again in a month if you want the treatment to last.' I looked at myself in the glass and saw not a woman but an enchantress. I exclaimed in ecstasy, 'How can I ever repay you?' She told me. I decided, when they brought me to, that after all it was worth the price.

"On my way home across Europe I tried the effects of my ravishing appearance in the various capitals. The results exceeded my wildest expectations. The Fijian Ambassador in Berlin stabbed himself because I had swept my two-inch eyelashes towards the Finance Minister from the Dogger Bank. A handsome young spy in the Russian Secret Service thrust the secret plans for the Bolshevik invasion of Britain into my hands and took poison on the steps of the Foreign Office. A war was barely averted between Punta Arenas and East Borneo because their respective delegates to a Peace Conference inadvertently called at the private suite in my hotel on the same evening.

"I arrived home at last and, superbly gowned to suit my matchless beauty, awaited in the hall my husband's arrival from the City. I heard his latch-key inserted in the front-door. He entered and saw me. He said, 'Hullo, dear! Back again? Did you bring in an evening paper?'

* * * * *

"We all know the kind of man," she concluded after a tense silence, in a voice heavy with suffering, "who doesn't notice his wife's new hat. He's a fairly common type. But the man who doesn't notice his wife's new *face* . . .!"

Fortunately I was saved the necessity of finding words to express my horror at this unnatural monster by the entry of a male passenger into our compartment, and the rest of the journey was passed in silence. K. O'B.



She. "WE OUGHT TO 'AVE BROUGHT YOUNG ALFIE ALONG. *This* 'LL STOP 'IM FROM WANTING TO BE AN EXPLORER."

"FIJI'S PROGRESS.
DEFICIT OF £12,000."
Tasmanian Paper.

Many others are forging ahead in a similar way.



"I 'VE HALF A MIND TO DO SOME SCENARIO-WRITING."
"WELL, YOU WON'T NEED MORE OF IT THAN THAT."

N'ME CHATOUILLE PLUS JEANNOT!

OUR mention, a few weeks ago, of the fine old Burgundian snail-hunting song, "Savez-vous Jean Peau?" has elicited the following strange letter from a correspondent in France:—

CHER M. PUNCH,—C'était avec grand plaisir que j'ai lu en son temps la chanson, "Jean Peau," qu'avait dernièrement cité votre M. EVOE, et je me permets maintenant de vous mentionner ci-dessous, deux autres chansons françaises qui soient peut-être vous encore inconnues, soit:—

"N'ME CHATOUILLE PLUS JEANNOT.

(*Par le sieur Henri Loueur, chanteur et raconteur célèbre, qui était, dit-on, d'origine écossaise.*)

Je faisais ma cœur à une paysanne,
Plus belle que l'on ne l'avait jamais vue.
Elle avait un beau teint, ma Jeanne,
Et dix-sept ans, bien entendu!
J'allais la saisir par la taill',
Voler un baiser, moi;
Elle s'évadait, en se tortillant
Et écriant, à haute voix:
'N'me chatouille plus, Jeannot!
N'me chatouille plus, Jeannot!
Ne me fais pas tellement rire,
J'm'étouffe bientôt!
Finis donc de tes sottises,
Il y a du monde, mon beau!
N'me chatouille, cha-ta-ta-ta-touille,
N'me chatouille plus, Jeannot!' "

Et, en second lieu, la chanson militaire:

"C'est une route longue à Thieporairé,
Bien longue à traverser.
C'est une route longue à Thieporairé,
À l'plus douce que je connais.
Adieu, Picouadillé, au revoir Lest-ès-Scouerre,
C'est une route longue à Thieporairé,
Mais y reste mon cœur!"

Malheureusement, ces sus-dits lieux ne sont plus rétrouvables. En toute probabilité étaient-ils des hameaux peu importants ou des cabarets que fréquentaient nos braves soldats d'autrefois.

Il y a beaucoup d'autres chansons du pays et de l'armée; par exemple, "Les Courses de Champville," "La petite cruche brune," "Sommes nous abattus? Du tout!" "La bière glorieuse" (chanson de la confraternité ancienne des "Souffleurs de Mousse"), et plus particulièrement, "Il n'va pleuvoir non plus," que chantait le feu Noë, lors de sa descente du mont d'Ararat, et qui, d'après mon avis, démontre l'origine ancienne, bien documentée, de la langue française.

Avec milles amitiés,
Votre devoué,
LESAUNIER.

Quisaitoù, Bretagne.
Novb. 1932.

E. H. S.

AN Exhibition is being held at the Sporting Galleries, 7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, of original drawings by ERNEST H. SHEPARD. These include the drawings for Mr. Punch's recent "Dialling Tones" and "Sycamore Square," the illustrations in colour for "Christopher Robin Verses," and those for "Bevis." The Gallery will be open daily from 10 A.M. until 6 P.M., and on Saturdays until 1 o'clock, up to December 17th.

"JAPAN'S REPLY TO THE LYTTON REPORT."
Daily Paper.

Response to the Lyttony, in fact.

"HIT WITH RUBBER ALLEGATION."
Local Paper.

Nasty, but less painful than an iron one.

PULLING A "GAME" LEG.

Rogers goes home on leave in January; and according to the programme that we in the Mess at Nafadam have listened to for the last month, it's going to be a pretty full leave too. But he's not going to the Zoo—that's definite.

His interest in big game has waned. It started to decline after his elephant-shooting expedition, which began with the purchase of a ·450 double-barrelled "Express," a fortnight of hard trekking into unknown country, and finally his return and the decoration of the wall of the Mess with the skin of a palm-squirrel very imperfectly cured.

His enthusiasm began to get frayed when the squirrel-skin was forcibly removed by the rest of us, and now the matter of the leopard has completely torn it and he has exchanged the "Express" for a gramophone and a lock-up decanter-stand.

The advent of the leopard was announced by one Garaba, native hunter, in a state of great excitement, who said he would show anybody the beast's footprints in the sand by the river, and asked who was going to pay for his goat that had been taken. Rogers saw the one and paid for the other and took Garaba into partnership.

"It's a huge beast, Likita,"* he said to Meagrim, the M.O. "Pads five inches across. I don't want to spoil the skin, so I'm going to trap it."

"Ah, yes," said Meagrim, "quite. And then strangle it, of course. Well, so long as you don't hang the skin in the Mess. . . ."

Rogers took Rhodes of the P.W.D. into his confidence: he is throwing a bridge over the river not far away. Rhodes lent his aid, and Rogers built a magnificent trap in a bamboo-clump near the footprints. It had a "walk-into-my-parlour" aperture in the front, a little separate compartment at the back for live-bait in the form of a tethered goat, and was lined with iron sheets and held together by bolted girders. A loose flooring at the entrance would tilt under a weight and let down an iron sheet and about two tons of boulders.

Rogers was very proud of it and would have lived down there in a tent, but was afraid of keeping the leopard away. He and Garaba visited it in the mornings. Every morning it had to be restocked with goat, as the overnight bait had disappeared. After buying the fourth goat Rogers began to get fed up. There was nothing wrong with the trap, and Garaba's explanation—that it was probably a ghost-leopard with great powers of magic—annoyed him.

And Meagrim suggested that the leopard had changed his spot.

So that his joy when roused in the dark the following morning by Garaba with the news that the trap had fallen was immense. He went down, to send word back that he had got the brute all right and wanted his rifle.

We all went down. He said he had decided to shoot it. It was the only safe way, as it seemed to be in a frenzy, scratching at the iron with its claws. We could hear it. It was too dark inside the trap to see clearly, so Rogers fired through the ironwork. There was a fearful scuffle inside and an outburst of bleats from the goat. These died away and all was silent.

Throwing all care for the skin to the winds, Rogers used half-a-dozen cartridges. No sound. So Rogers gave orders to roll away the boulders. The iron at the entrance was lifted gingerly. A small porcupine emerged with rather an embarrassed air, rasping the side of the trap with its quills.

Rogers bore it well. As he said, "it proved the trap worked well, if a small thing like that. . . ."

The finale was a month ago. A native ran into the compound in the evening saying that he had heard the rumble of the stones and iron falling and some shouting. We waited for Rogers, as it seemed a shame to go down without him. After waiting two hours and postponing dinner, someone said he was probably down there. He was. It took us about half-an-hour to get him out. He said he was trying the trap with a stick and had been nearly guillotined.

That and other things account for Rogers' loss of interest in big game. Tantrum, out one evening after partridge, surprised Garaba in the act of making some more foot-prints; this time those of hyena. . . .

* Hausa for "doctor."

MORE SHATTERED ILLUSIONS.

I.—MONTE CARLO

AS ONE IMAGINES IT.

Paul. So you've come to-night?

Zeta. I had to, Paul. I couldn't keep away. To-night—I feel it *here*—my luck will turn.

Paul. Let me take you away from all this, Zeta. Let's start again—forget this hell.

Zeta. You know I can't. I'm his, body and soul . . . his plaything.

Paul (*between set teeth*). I know, curse him!

Zeta. Oh, God, why was I born?

* * *

The Colonel. Dear lady, you look troubled this evening.

Lady Kent. I am worried, Bindon, about that boy, Lord Saxethorpe. Watch him. He is playing too high—desperately.

The Colonel. Ah! his mother was a Davenant . . . you remember?

Lady Kent. The dreadful affair at Mullions—of course. Look! there goes the foolish fellow. Follow him, Bindon.

[*A shot is heard.*

* * *

De Courville. To-night at 11.30 in the corner of the Baccarat Room.

The Count. *Mon ami*, there is danger. Grigoreff has come.

De Courville. *Mon Dieu!* Then there is no time to be lost. The password?

The Count. Queen of Spades.

AS IT IS.

Angela. Are you going to play, darling?

Jim. Must have a go, just to say we've done it. Do you think they'd change a fifty-franc note?

Angela. Ask that man.

Jim. Er—*pouvez-vous changer*——?

Assistant Croupier. You can get change over there, Sir.

Jim. Oh—er—thanks awfully.

* * *

The Major. I find that Candy's Gout Powders are the only things that do me any good.

Mrs. Le Marchant. I was told the other day that to wear an old stocking round your waist worked marvels.

The Major. Really! That's very interesting. Are you going to play to-night?

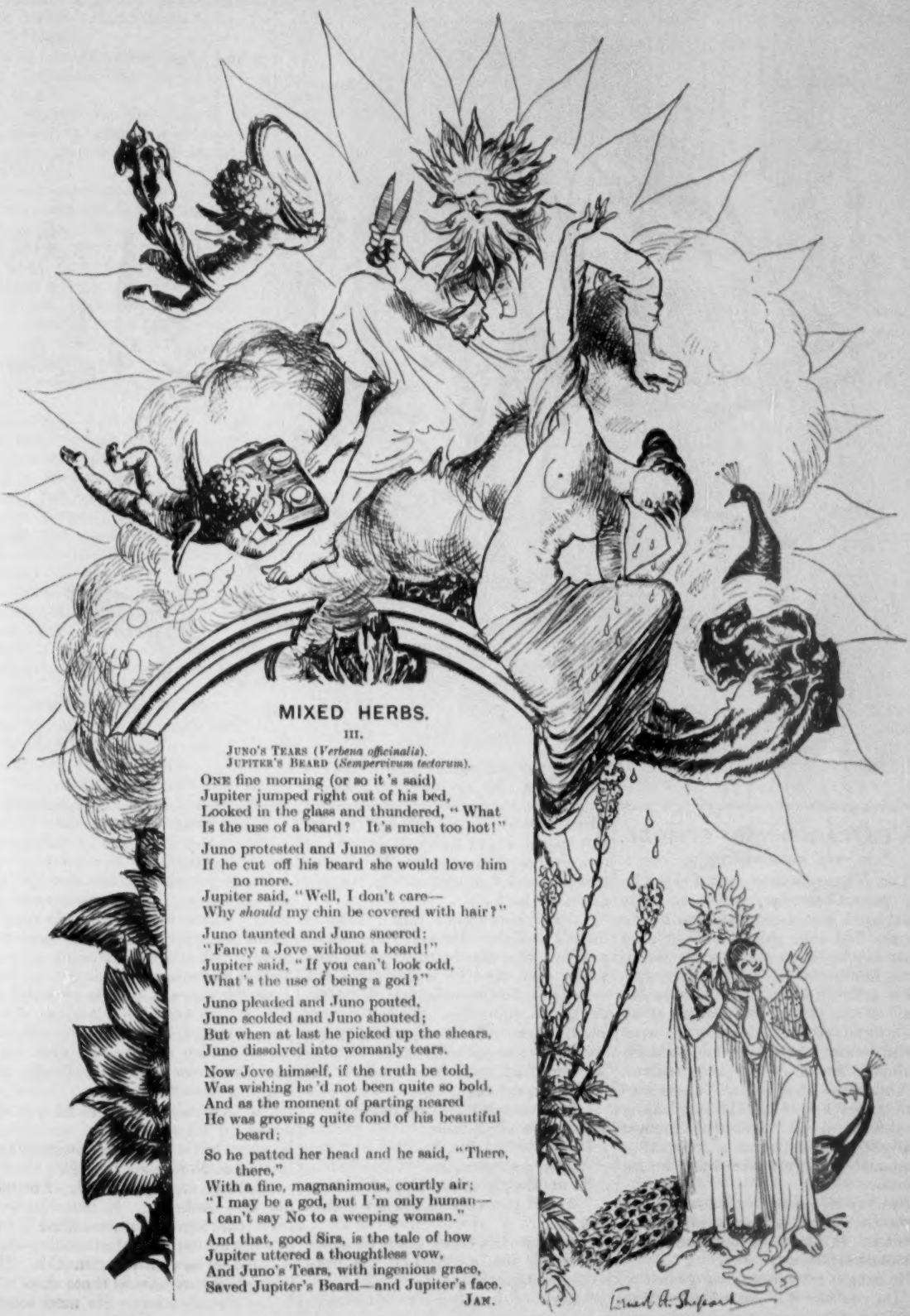
Mrs. Le M. I don't think so. At Aix, they tell me. . . .

* * *

Percy. Well, old man, slap-up place this—what?

Syd. That's right Come and have a beer, old man?

[*He does.*



MIXED HERBS.

III.

JUNO'S TEARS (*Verbena officinalis*).
JUPITER'S BEARD (*Sempervivum tectorum*).

ONE fine morning (or so it 's said)
Jupiter jumped right out of his bed,
Looked in the glass and thundered, "What
Is the use of a beard? It 's much too hot!"

Juno protested and Juno swore
If he cut off his beard she would love him no more.
Jupiter said, "Well, I don't care—
Why *should* my chin be covered with hair?"

Juno taunted and Juno sneered:
"Fancy a Jove without a beard!"
Jupiter said, "If you can't look odd,
What 's the use of being a god?"

Juno pleaded and Juno pouted,
Juno scolded and Juno shouted;
But when at last he picked up the shears,
Juno dissolved into womanly tears.

Now Jove himself, if the truth be told,
Was wishing he 'd not been quite so bold,
And as the moment of parting neared
He was growing quite fond of his beautiful beard:

So he patted her head and he said, "There, there,"
With a fine, magnanimous, courtly air:
"I may be a god, but I 'm only human—
I can't say No to a weeping woman."

And that, good Sirs, is the tale of how
Jupiter uttered a thoughtless vow,
And Juno's Tears, with ingenious grace,
Saved Jupiter's Beard—and Jupiter's face.

JAN.



Club Bore. "D' YOU FOLLOW ME?"
Victim. "YES, YES; BUT DON'T WAIT FOR ME."

AN EXTRAORDINARY EPISODE.

THE CONNOISSEUR.

THE other morning—last Friday by my pocket-calendar, which is fairly reliable—I met Lord Eskallop de Vo for the first time since his divorce. I must say he looks much better for it. I met him in the fish-market. He often takes a stroll down there because the smell of the briny reminds him of his yachting-days. "The kippers are wonderful to-day," he said as he raised his umbrella in an old-fashioned salute. "Think what that means. Good kippers mean happy breakfasts; happy breakfasts mean contented homes; contented homes mean a prosperous England!" His whiskers rustled with emotion.

But my eye was fascinated by his umbrella. There was something queer about it. It stuck out here and there. It lacked significant form.

He caught my questioning glance.

"Do you like it?" he asked. "It is a little idea of my own. When extended the spokes curve upwards instead of downwards. Thus the rain is collected in a pool and is prevented from running down my neck."

I eyed him respectfully. What a man! I thought. How grey the matter yet how blue the blood. For twenty years, ever since he retired as a rich man from business, he has dedicated his life to umbrellas. He has written about them. He has lectured about them. He has collected them. Now he has improved upon them.

He read my thoughts.

"Are you interested in umbrellas?" he asked in a half-tone.

I said, "I'm a fan."

"I beg your pardon."

"I am deeply interested," I said.

"Would you care to see my collection?"

I gasped. His collection is the most famous in the world, but few have been privileged to see it.

"Sir——," I replied.

"Then come."

"Mind that haddock," I said as we set off together.

I was proud to walk through the streets by the side of that grand old man. There was a quiet distinction about him, there was poise, there was dignity. The angle at which he wore his hat was masterly.

On the way a rainstorm overtook us. We put up our umbrellas and I observed that Lord Eskallop's collected the rain very effectively. One could hear the water lapping musically, like a lake in the wind.

"It is strange how a little thing opens up whole vistas of memories," he remarked with a reminiscent gleam in his fine Nordic eyes. "This shower reminds me vividly of the day I bought my first umbrella. It must be over fifty years ago—how time flies! I was out buying buns for the cashier when it came on to rain just like this. The cashier was my boss in those days and I was his office-boy. He used to call

me 'About-time-you-had-a-shave' and he couldn't stand damp buns. So I ran for shelter."

"To be outside a damp bun," I interposed, "is worse than to be inside a damp vest."

The shower having passed over, Lord Eskallop poured a quantity of rain down my back and closed his umbrella.

"By some strange stroke of destiny," he continued, "I took shelter in the doorway of an umbrella-shop, and as I had just been paid and it was raining very hard, another stroke of destiny prompted me to go inside and spend all I'd got. Destiny has played an extraordinarily large part in my life. That first umbrella I bought was the turning-point in my career."

"'God works in a mysterious way,'" I said.

"He does," agreed Lord Eskallop. "You see, I was so tremendously proud of my new umbrella that I at once began to save up for a new suit to go with it; and having bought the suit I went on from hat, coat and shoes right through the whole gamut of life to spats. The cashier soon noticed the profound change which had taken place in his slovenly office-boy, and he promoted me. From that time I never looked back."

By this time we had arrived. Lord Eskallop opened the portal of his mansion with a latchkey. Up many a richly-carpeted stair we went, past many an oaken door, until we came to a landing of different aspect. Here another key let us into the museum.

"That work," said Lord Eskallop, pointing to a vast picture which dominated the walls of the vestibule, "is by Della Publicus Domus. It is a symbolic representation of a bacchic scene. The god is sitting beneath his cosmic umbrella, upon which cherubs pour the contents of a number of bottles. The liquor, flowing off the umbrella, is collected in jugs by nymphs and shepherds in varying stages of conviviality. On the right a faun makes play with a syphon, while the god gazes about him in bland enjoyment of the scene. It may interest you to know that my will bequeaths this work to the nation, but keep that to yourself."

Lord Eskallop drew open a sliding-door.

"There!" he said, as well he might.

There were hundreds of them. Some had covers, some had none. Some had handles of gold, some of wood. All, in their infinite variety, were carefully labelled and displayed, tier upon tier, as far as the eye could see.

"That's a nice one," I said as we walked down the room.



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY STORE-CUPBOARD?"
"I'M AFRAID I'M SPOILING MYSELF."

"I see you have an eye," he said. "That is an *objet d'art* with an interesting history. Sir WALTER RALEIGH originally brought it back from Virginia, together with some tobacco and a few potatoes. One day he happened to see QUEEN ELIZABETH walking through the rain. With this umbrella he gave her shelter, and afterwards presented it to her. At a later date she smote Lord ESSEX over the head with it for taking a liberty. You can see the dent to this day."

"So you can," I said.

But it would take too long to mention all the exhibits in Lord Eskallop's superb collection. The unique prehistoric umbrella, carved out of solid stone with a cover of bear-skin; the Gothic umbrellas, the Abyssinian umbrellas, the Nihilist umbrellas with explosive handles, down to the sleek silk umbrellas of to-day. As Lord Eskallop remarked, the whole history of mankind was in this room.

"Thank you," I said when at last I stood upon the doorstep.

"My boy," he replied, "if you feel any better for it you are welcome."

As I walked home it came on to rain again, but when I sought to put up my umbrella it would not open. I looked at it and found that I had picked up one of Lord Eskallop's exhibits instead of my own.

It was a mediæval umbrella.

DAPHNE BUYS A HUNTER.

One Tree, Hill,
Sussex.
18th August.

Mrs. D. Duck would be glad to have particulars of the bay mare, seven years, 15½ hands, suitable for novice, 80 guineas, as advertised in last week's *Town and Country*. Could the mare be sent on trial?

Branmash Manor,
Leicestershire.
19th August.

DEAR MADAM,—Your letter to hand just as am off to Wales for a change after 'flu, but feel I *must* take time to answer, My mare is a little under 16 hands, carries a side-saddle, a beautiful dark bay, a picture, 7 years old last May 1st, the reason she got her name, May Queen. I had her a couple of years ago from a lady, now dead, poor dear, though who knows? She may have been spared a lot, the way things go from bad to worse: velvet mouth and perfect manners, temperate, no vice and a fizzer over fences and *looks* a hunter—she'll carry a top-hat! My darling granddaughter hunted her all last season but has been sent away to school.

No, I could not send on trial, not *quite* so far, but I believe May Queen is just *yours* and it would be a comfort to know she was in a good home. Couldn't you come and try her here? Am enclosing a snap of one of my others, as I can't find the snap of Queenie I meant to put in.

Do you know a Major Smith in your part? He bought a mare of mine a few years back and tells everyone she is the best ever and still going strong at 15.

Yours very truly,
CORNELIA FOX FOX.

One Tree Hill,
21st August.

DEAR MADAM,—I am obliged to you for yours of 19th. If someone could show me the mare and put her over a few jumps for me I might motor up one day next week.

What I am looking for is a quiet and reliable hunter as, although I rode as a girl, I have only lately taken to riding again, and have never properly hunted.

Yours truly,
DAPHNE DUCK.

Branmash Manor,
22nd August.

DEAR MRS. DUCK,—I had your letter by the second post and have wired suggesting the 24th. I never got away to Scotland after all. So glad to get your wire that you can come as there are several after her. She is just what you want—absolutely confidential. My darling grandson managed her easily. It will hurt dreadfully to part with her, but life is full of partings, isn't it?

Yours sincerely, CORN. FOX FOX.

One Tree Hill,
25th August.

DEAR MRS. FOX FOX,—It was so kind of you to give us lunch yesterday, and my sister and I both enjoyed seeing your horses.



READERS AT A SECOND-HAND MUSIC-SHOP.

The problem of stabling has been solved and I will send you a cheque on receiving a sound certificate from the vet. you were good enough to recommend. Yours sincerely,

DAPHNE DUCK.

Branmash Manor,
29th August.

DEAR MRS. DUCK,—Thanks for your cheque (£84). I had to spend the afternoon shopping so as not to see my Queenie go, as you know my heart is not strong these days. I came home to find her stall empty!

I forget if I told you I refused ninety for her, but I know you will care for the darling and be kind to her.

Yours most sincerely,
CORNELIA FOX FOX.

Branmash Manor,
30th September.

DEAR MRS. DUCK,—After not hearing from you for over a month I was much upset to get your telegram this A.M.: "Propose return May Queen. Not as warranted. Expect refund." I know I shall lie awake all night.

The mare was not sent on trial, but bought by you after every opportunity and vetted sound. What tricks she may have learnt with you I can't of course tell, but it is well-known as old as the hills the way a horse will alter in other hands. I can prove she was all I ever said when I sold her, a perfect lady's hunter, and you couldn't expect me to have her back, spoiled very likely by being handled wrongly for weeks and weeks. Expect some explanation by the morning post, though goodness knows what.

Meanwhile, Yours sincerely,
C. FOX FOX.

One Tree Hill,
30th September.

DEAR MRS. FOX,—I have not written before about the mare, as I got on quite well hacking her, but you surely must have known that with hounds she is a perfect devil. I took her cubbing and she got me off twice, and was so savage that the Master sent me home. This morning one of the whips rode her and she behaved worse than ever.

On advice I have just wired that I propose to return her. You represented her as suitable for a novice, and she is no use to anyone but a cowboy, and even then wants a prairie to herself. I shall be glad to hear from you at your earliest convenience.

Yours truly,
DAPHNE DUCK.

Branmash Manor,
1st October.

DEAR MRS. DUCK,—From what you write I can only suppose May Queen has been cruelly ill-used and as this has been since you bought her it is unreasonable you should try to put it on to me. Fair play is a jewel.

I ran a temperature of 104° last night worrying over your wire, and as I have no one else to, must stand up for myself. Yours truly,

CORNELIA FOX FOX.

One Tree Hill,
4th October.

MADAM,—I have not acknowledged your letter of 1st instant before as I wished first to consult my uncle the



REQUIESCANT.

Surly keeper. "CAN'T FIND, EH? I BELIEVE THEY'RE ALL UNDERGROUND THIS WEATHER."
Huntsman (with feeling). "SO DO I."

judge. He advises me you have not a leg to stand on.

Kindly send me a cheque for eighty guineas, when I will return the mare, or let me have the address of your solicitors and they shall hear from mine. Yours faithfully,

DAPHNE DUCK.

Branmash Manor,
6th October.

Without Prejudice.

MADAM,—I understood you were looking for a hunter. If I had known you wanted a rocking-horse I should not have bothered.

I admit nothing, but my doctor tells me I must think of my heart and not go to law at my time of life. It is well known, law is one thing and justice another. I am prepared to offer you 35 guineas (£36 15*s.*) for May Queen. From what you tell me she cannot be the same animal after what she has suffered. This is *without prejudice.*

Yours truly,
C. FOX FOX.

One Tree Hill,
8th October.

MADAM,—Against the advice of my uncle the judge, but to avoid further unpleasantness, I hereby offer to accept 50 guineas for the mare. She shall be despatched on receipt of your cheque, and from the 11th instant I keep her at your expense.

Yours faithfully,
DAPHNE DUCK.

Branmash Manor,
9th October.

DEAR MRS. DUCK,—I felt sure we could come to an amicable arrangement on this unfortunate affair. Live and let live, I always say, and enclose cheque for £50, and will expect a wire when the mare is boxed. Cheque is dated October 13th, and kindly don't present it before. As I should not like you to be inconvenienced for want of a good hunter can I send you either Patsy or Fanny? You did not see them as they were both down at grass when you were here. Either would be just your horse, quiet and confidential and good over timber. Shall I send you snaps? Yours very sincerely,

CORNELIA FOX FOX.

One Tree Hill,
15th October.

DEAR MRS. FOX,—This is to confirm my wire. I learned this morning that your cheque had been met and sent off your mare. Perhaps I should mention that my uncle is a judge at the Fur and Feather Show, not in the Law Courts.

Yours etc.,
DAPHNE DUCK.

Branmash Manor,
1st November.

DEAR MRS. DUCK,—My groom says you forgot a pair of old knee-caps. Will you please send them by parcel post?

Any time you are in this neighbourhood do drop in. I might be able to find you just what you want.

Yours very sincerely,
C. FOX FOX.

An Impending Apology.

"*Snow in Summer* is the latest of the readable novels of Mrs. ——."—*Religious Paper.*

Each year Scotsmen drop coins in the sacred well at Inverness and wish. Most of them wish they hadn't.

OVERALL A DANGER TO CHAMPION JOCKEY'S MOUNT."
Sunday Paper.

Couldn't he take it off just for the race?



Schoolmaster. "AND—ER—WHAT PROFESSION DOES THE YOUNG MAN PROPOSE TO FOLLOW?"
Parent. "WELL, HE SAYS HE WANTS TO BE A CHEMIST."
Schoolmaster. "A CHEMIST, EH? ANALYTICAL—DISPENSING——"
The Young Man (firmly). "CASH."

PARNASSUS "OFF."

Numerous accidents have occurred lately on Mount Parnassus. Warning notices have been put up by the authorities in several languages, including English.

To-day I sing Parnassus, that old mountain
  Essayed by poets from the dawn of time;
Also I sing the pure Castalian fountain,
  Dear to all those who do, or do not, rhyme;
I sing the famed Parnassian cave where dwell
The sister Muses by their sacred well;
And, while I'm at it, on the highest spot
Apollo reigns. Him too I sing. And that's the lot.

There, to imbibe those ode-inspiring waters,
  The poets clamber with their little pails;
There do they ask Mnemosyne's nine daughters
  (Muses aforesaid) to improve their sales;
And, climbing steeply on, at last they seek
The home of high Apollo on his peak,
Which being done, they get them down to sing,
Feeling that they can tackle anything.

Why has the pathway suddenly grown slippery,
  Apollo, that our poets aye have trod?
Is even great Parnassus getting trippery
  And inharmonious to a lyric god?
Do jazzy hordes come braying up the path
And kodaks snap the Muses in their bath?
That would be hard; but think, whate'er you do
To bark their shins must bark the poets', too.

Or can it be, most critical Apollo,
  Some of our bards at whom you draw the line,
And, finding them a bit too tough to swallow,
  Would shoo the lot from fountain and from shrine?
Short-sighted god, though you dislike their verse,
If you do this, you'll only make it worse;
And, by the way, who is it? May we know?
Would it be What's-her-Name and So-and-So?

But, poets, up. The way is wild and broken;
  At every step an unseen pitfall yawns;
Scratched you will be and bruised and, more by token,
  Misled by satyrs, piped astray by fauns.
There stands the Mount, but notices are stuck
Up as a warning not to try your luck;
Still, try you must; you can't get on without it;
And what do you propose to do about it?

DUM-DUM.

MR. PUNCH AT HOME.

A COLLECTION of Prints depicting humorous situations between Doctor and Patient, which was specially prepared in connection with the visit to the *Punch* Offices of the delegates to the recent Centenary Meeting of the British Medical Association, is being exhibited at the new *Punch* Offices, Bouverie Street, E.C.4, till Friday, December 9. An opportunity will be afforded to visitors to inspect the *Punch* Dining-Room, with the famous Table.

Invitations will be gladly sent to readers of *Punch* on application to the Secretary, *Punch* Office, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

An Impending Apology.

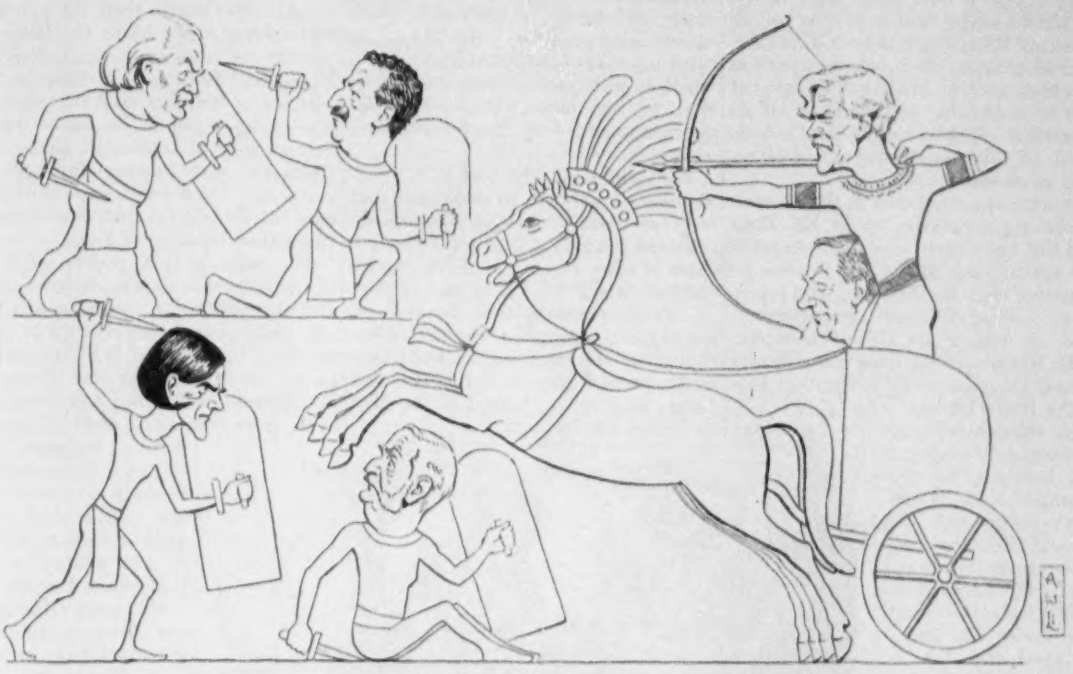
"With the departure of the Governor of Madras and his Staff our 'silly' season is definitely at an end."—*Indian Paper.*



THE FOUR WEARY STATESMEN:

"IS THAT A WILL-O'-THE-WISP AHEAD, OR THE LIGHT IN 'THE OPTIMISTS' ARMS'?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



RAMESES MACDONALD GOES TO THE WAR.

Tuesday, November 22nd.—All the pomp and ceremonial with which the KING opens a new Session of Parliament occur in the House of Lords. Thither in the old days came their Lordships to do homage to their Sovereign—all, that is to say, who were not in arrears with their scutage or in bad odour for having more liveried retainers than they had taken out Excise licences for. Thither also came the faithful Commons, always ready and willing to dig down into the national sock for the wherewithal to bang the Dons or mend the roof of Westminster Palace, but equally determined that grievances should precede supply.

It all goes on just the same to-day, though what was once real has become a mere formality. You do not see the Lord High Executioner casting hungry glances at Lord PONSONBY, nor does the SPEAKER, before venturing into the Royal Presence, take the precaution of transferring the furniture into his wife's name. More remarkable still, the one thing that the faithful Commons, or at any rate the faithful public, can no longer rely upon is that the redress of grievances will precede supply. In the old days the tax-collector can hardly have been more predatory, and he was certainly not so punctual, while, on the other hand, it was a deal easier to get an extension of licensed hours or an amendment to Profiteers (Condign Punishment) Act in the reign of BLUFF KING HAL or EDWARD THE WORSE than it is to-day.

The Captains and the Kings having departed, their Lordships assembled at 4.15 P.M. of the clock, and, having read the Better Regulation of Select Vestries Bill—an almost pathetic formality with which the Upper Chamber proclaims its long-lost right to conduct its own affairs in its own way—Lord DUFFERIN moved the Address. Both he and Lord CHESHAM, who seconded it, performed with agreeable efficiency the traditional and none too easy task of saying a few well-chosen but strictly non-controversial words about the KING'S Speech.

Lord DUFFERIN'S appeal to the Government, that when it talked of responsibility with safeguards in respect of Indian self-government it should mean exactly what it said, was quite in order, and Lord CHESHAM'S suggestion that the KING'S Speech would be welcomed throughout the country as a message of hope and confidence, if erring somewhat on the side of flowery hyperbole, was just the right remark for the occasion. Lord PONSONBY, it is true, found the Speech empty, sterile, meagre, inadequate and disappointing. He also asked for an assurance that the Government did not contemplate reforming the House of Lords. Lord READING gave the Government the Liberal blessing, and the Archbishop of CANTERBURY intimated that all eyes were fixed with "profound concern, apprehension and hope" on the United States.

Lord HAILSHAM explained with what courage and fortitude the Government would devote itself to the problems which confronted it, and Lord ELIBANK urged an inquiry into the question of Scottish Home Rule "before it was too late." On that enigmatic note their Lordships went home before it was too late for dinner.

The Commons, when they assembled at three o'clock, presented the customary scene of animation, the absence of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE being compensated for by the reappearance of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, looking extremely fit, and all the other notabilities not notably engaged elsewhere being present and correct.

The Mover and Seconder of the Address, Mr. ROY BIRD, the Unionist Member for Skipton, and Mr. E. DAVIES, the National Liberal Member for Montgomery, presented to the House the unusual spectacle of a learned "silk" being led by a mere solicitor. Mr. BIRD quickly convinced the House that the Solicitors' Table has its Demosthenes no less than the Bar.

The old convention that Movers and Seconders of Addresses must be elo-

quently null is more often honoured in the breach than in the observance nowadays, and if Mr. BIRD trod on no particular corns (unless it was on Sir GERVAIS RENTOUL'S, whose Economy Report he urged the Government not to accept *in toto*), he had much to say that was to the point, and rounded off an admirable effort by urging the Government to take as its motto, "*Possunt quia posse videntur.*"

It soon appeared that in the division of the argumentative spoils Mr. BIRD had not been early enough to capture the agricultural worm, but it must be admitted that Mr. DAVIES, who represents an agricultural constituency, made it wriggle for all it was worth. Both Mover and Seconder received and earned the customary congratulations of the Party leaders.

On *their* contributions to the august occasion no eulogies can honestly be pronounced. Mr. LANSBURY—who has this excuse, that he only becomes really fluent when he (metaphorically) feels the soap-box under his feet—thumped the tub of sentiment with the fist of proletarian indignation, his moving but economically unhelpful theme being that nobody had any business to have two pairs of boots when there were people who had none at all.

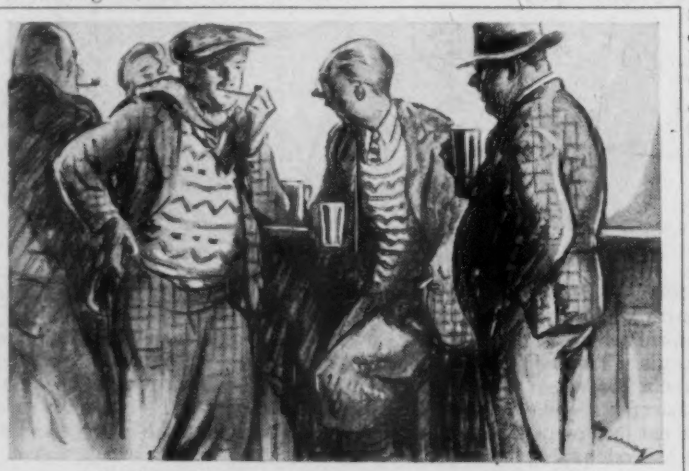
It would perhaps be an exaggeration to say that Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD gave Mr. LANSBURY tub for tub, but it certainly was not a case of deep calling to deep. No Government, he told the House, had hitherto faced unemployment except as a temporary evil, but he gave no hint as to the lines upon which his Government proposed to act.

Sir HERBERT SAMUEL read the usual extracts from the Book of COBDEN and urged the Government to seek communion with a "group of low-tariff States"—a considerable advance from the customary demand that Britain should be a no-tariff State all by itself.

For some reason Mr. MAXTON failed to vindicate his right, as the leader of a small but authentic Party, to follow Sir HERBERT; and after Mr. BATEY had said what about coal, Mr. MASON what about money, Sir J. WITHERS what about the railways, and Mr. RAMSDEN what about foreign exchange restrictions, the SPEAKER, *nemine contradicente*, said what about calling it a day?

Wednesday, November 23rd.—With the possible exception of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is easily the House of Commons' most entertaining speaker. He is also its most inveterate and convincing realist, which is perhaps explained by the fact that he has been numbered in his younger days among its most credulous enthusiasts.

His speech was the sort that every Member would like to make but that only an elder statesman temporarily removed from the actual or prospective cares of office *can* make. He began by congratulating the PRIME MINISTER—as one fractious invalid to another—on the physical vigour with which, *vis-à-vis* that other veteran Socialist, Mr. LANSBURY, he had gone at it, hammer and tongs, with many thumps of the Box and much vociferation.



"NO, SIR, IT 'S WE BLACK-COATED WORKERS WHO COUNT."

They had had many conferences, he said, but why had the most important of all, the World Economic Conference, been put off until April? On India he had little to say. As the "cultivated and estimable ladies and gentlemen" who were talking things over at the Round Table could not give effect to any agreement, it did not matter that the Government's representatives were all so one-sided in their views.

On War Debts Mr. CHURCHILL was also brief. They should have waited for the American Presidential Election before proclaiming Lausanne a triumph of statesmanship. Now they were all agreed on one thing only, that it would be intolerable if Great Britain alone among the combatants of the Great War were to be condemned, while getting nothing from her debtors, to go on paying a vast indemnity for nearly two generations as a punishment for the exertions she made in the War and as a penalty for her good faith afterwards.

Then Mr. CHURCHILL, the stern and (if one may say so) disillusioned realist, turned to Disarmament. There would be no war in their time, he said, while France, armed to the teeth but pacifist to the core, controlled the European situation. Let them be very sure before they altered it that they had something to put in its place. It was not equality of treatment that young Germany was looking for; it was weapons. They could more safely discuss the Danzig Corridor and Transylvania than equality of arms.

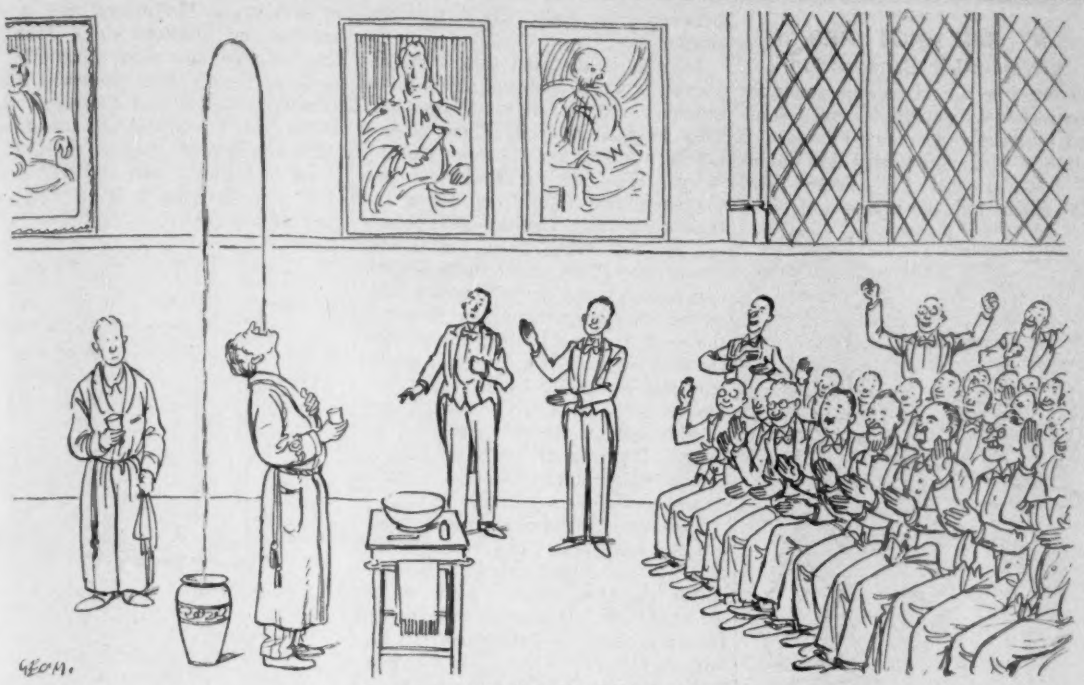
The way to get peace, said Mr. CHURCHILL, was to remove grievances, and now, while the victors in the War still had an ample superiority in arms, was the time to do it. Meanwhile, gloomy as was the picture drawn by Mr. BALDWIN of Britain, a helpless prey to the alien bomber, it was the Government's business, and every Government's business, to ensure that the nation had adequate means to defend its own neutrality and that of the Empire.

Mr. AMERY discussed our Debt to America. We must pay, he said—we could not reject Mr. DE VALERA's arguments and follow his example—and we *could* pay, but we should have to collect the gold by putting a special tariff on American goods and hand over the superfluous gold lying in the Bank of England's vaults.

Thereafter some Back-benchers urged the Government to deal with Unemployment, and others implored it not to forget the farmer, while Mr. LAW besought it to do something about fish.

Major ELLIOT nowadays makes a habit of producing a legislative tit-bit from his pocket at the end of the Parliamentary wild animal act. This evening's juicy morsels were an expert Committee to watch retail meat prices under the Chairmanship of the Marquis of LINLITHGOW, and a Meat Reorganisation Committee under Colonel LANE-FOX.

Mr. LANSBURY, excitedly demanding particulars, found himself at grips, first with the MINISTER FOR AGRICULTURE and then with the SPEAKER. As Major ELLIOT said, something *has* come over the right hon. gentleman in the last few days, but nobody doubts that he will soon be his old charming and avuncular self again.



AT THE PHARMACEUTICAL SOCIETY.

THE WORLD'S CHAMPION GARGLER GIVES A DEMONSTRATION.

THE RIGHTS OF LITTLE NATIONS.

THESE small republics are a matey lot. Once the ice is broken ceremony is dispensed with and they open out. The Lord High Admiral is aboard and is opening out by the entrance to the dining-saloon. The Port Authority is proving his right to the title in the smoke-room, and a promising fruit-stall has been erected on the lower deck by the crew of the Admiral's launch, which paddled alongside full of mangoes and pineapples when formalities were over.

We are lying in the harbour of a small State. Several of the Government are on board, and the Minister of Finance has just presented the ship's barber with a decoration in exchange for a hitherto unsaleable bottle of green scent.

It is very hot. While we roll lazily in the tropic swell we can view the town half-a-mile away. It appears to be mostly cokernut-palms and hung-out washing. It is a mile of street parallel with the white sandy beach and backed by sombre jungle.

Its houses are strikingly like stage scenery, being all front and propped up from behind with baulks of timber.

At twenty-minute intervals the tram passes along the shore on its journey up and down. It stops by derailment in a mangrove swamp at one end of the town, the mules are changed to the other end of the tram and it repasses us to another derailment at the Banana-clump Terminus.

Rogers has just told me the tram-passengers have life-privilege tickets from the Government.

After we had dropped anchor the formal exchange of courtesies started with the loading and firing of our small brass gun ten times as the customary salute.

This caused much movement ashore but no reply. It was an anxious time. In spite of the wireless on board we might not have heard of broken-off diplomatic relations between our countries. Anyway, our salute was not returned as international custom demands.

But it was only a matter of half-an-hour.

Then a boatload of dark gentlemen in check caps and bérets paddled out through the surf with a polite Note from the Minister of War asking for the loan of a twenty-pound bag of black powder.

This was complied with. They hurried back. Our civilities were returned by an equal number of explosions on shore. Two houses in the vicinity were seen to collapse. Honour was well satisfied and the round of social visits commenced.

It began with the visit of the Lord High Admiral, who has a prominent job ashore since his fleet (a gunboat built in 1865) got silted in at the river-mouth. I think he must be P.M.G. as well, as he has opened up a little camp-table by the saloon entrance and is selling stamps and picture-postcards to the passengers.

He is a burly old man, erect and rather arrogant in demeanour. His gold-laced uniform was presented to him by a man who had bought up the stock of a theatrical outfitter's in the hope of acquiring a cokernut plantation. He wears a cocked hat, but his dignity is impaired by his canvas deck-shoes, which are burst in the uppers, showing some uneven black toes.

We are staying here twenty-four hours for fresh water. Our skipper has just pinned up a notice telling us to keep our cabin port-holes shut as a local dignitary has just been caught climbing out of one.

But there is the best of feeling, and trade is brisk.

"'I SHALL NOT TRY TO BEAT MY WIFE.'—MOLLISON."
Sunday Paper.

No, indeed. What would England say?

"TEACHER STICKS TO SCHOOLHOUSE."
North-Country Paper.

Surely the little scholars can prise her off.

AT THE PICTURES.

A WAGON-LIT BACKGROUND.

IT must be a curious experience for a novelist to see one of his works translated into the concentrated essence of an hour's film, with every descriptive "t" crossed and "i" dotted and nothing lost but the nuances of char-



FERTILITY OF SUGGESTION.

Any old express on the Films.

acterisation: an experience that I am myself unlikely ever to have. He can take it in either of two ways: he can admire or he can deplore. His beautiful adjectives have all gone; but in their place there is a spate of action. He can still say, "What a master of incident I must be!"

I don't know if *Rome Express* at the Tivoli comes from a novel or not, but if it does I think I envy the author. He must be entertained by what has been done and he could not withhold praise from the actors. And to have set so much machinery in motion should surely be a cause of gratification, while he must respect the attention paid to the unities of time and place. In this screen story there is nothing extraneous at all: the whole drama unrolls between the two termini, either in compartment, corridor, restaurant or luggage-van, where the police inquiry is held. The engine shrieks, the smoke pours in from the tunnels, the attendants carry drinks, the passengers hate each other, exactly as in life. *The Wagon-Lit Murder* would have been as good a title. In *The Shanghai Express*, the forerunner of this film, the train was left more than once, and indeed it was in an upper room that ANNA MAY WONG employed the knife. There is a knife here too, but it is used strictly between the walls of a first-class sleeper.

Once it is accepted that a missing VANDYCK worth scores of thousands of pounds could be rolled into the shape of a long lead-pencil, *Rome Express* becomes a reasonable and exciting story. We believe that all these people were travelling from Paris and that crime was in the air. That chance should have taken *Jolif*, the famous French detective, who collects beetles, eats lozenges and never forgets a face, on the same journey is not any strain on the credulity, and is all to the good of the play, which is acted well by everyone, and especially by DONALD CALTHROP as the thief, by CONRAD VEIDT as the instrument of vengeance, by CEDRIC HARDWICKE as the millionaire picture-dealer and by GORDON HARKER as a cheery globe-trotting bromide.

Two other performers promise well, but, not being of any importance to the plot, are allowed to fade away: MURIEL AKED, the always worth while, as an old maid on her annual visit to an Italian *pension*; and the American big boy, Press-agent to the talkie-star who is to knock spots off the Eternal City. Where this live-wire would have been while the whole train is in a ferment of suspicion and his leading lady is under



TRAVELLING LIGHT—AND LOUD.

Tom Bishop . . MR. GORDON HARKER.

examination the audience is left to conjecture. The regrettable fact remains that he is absent.

It is exceedingly improbable that GEORGE MEREDITH, if he were to be commencing author to-day, would give the world another *Evan Harrington*. Whatever theme he chose for a modern comedy, it would not be the subterfuges and deceptions of a personable young man fearful of being known as a tailor or as the son of one. Yet that there is still, even in 1932 and even in democratic Hollywood, life in this ancient and obsolete *motif*, MAURICE CHEVALIER'S new film, *Love Me Tonight*, at the Carlton, proves; for if he were not a tailor, and if the society in which he is forced did not continue to think of tailors as *canaille*, there would be no such film at all; and that would be a pity, because it is amusing and very well unfolded.



WHY NOT LONG-SHOT LOVE

—and make full use of costly sets?

If the unfolder, Mr. MAMOULIAN, has not been unmindful of the work of M. RENÉ CLAIR it is all to the good; but he was not able to secure the services of so good a composer. There is, however, a stag-hunt in France which could not have been better managed either in its straight scenes or in the comic ending, when, for the first time in their lives, the audience are offered the sight of horses leaving a sleeping deer on tiptoe. MAURICE CHEVALIER as the friend of dumb animals and MAURICE CHEVALIER as a broncobuster are also novelties; but, although it is undoubtedly he whom we see tending the stag, I fancy that some friendly understudy, say TOM MIX, deputises for him on the precarious back of the steed, Solitude: so called because he always comes back alone.

And here let me say that this engaging French comedian is becoming a very good serious actor, and now and then even makes this piece of nonsense credible: no easy task, you will agree, when I say that that excellent American comedian, CHARLIE RUGGLES, who is usually kept for commuter parts, is here a noble Vicomte, funny but improbable; while AUBREY SMITH, who once bowled "round the corner" for Cambridge and Sussex and now stands at Hollywood for the British aristocracy, conceals beneath his shaggy eyebrows a feudal Duc. E. V. L.



"I ORDERED WHITEBAIT, AND I FIND SHRIMPS AND A DOGFISH AMONG THEM."
"YES, IT 'S WONDERFUL, SIR, HOW GREGARIOUS THESE LITTLE FISHES ARE."

THE DUENNA DEPARTS.

GIRTON HAS DISPENSED WITH CHAPERONS.

TRACING your venerable name
Back to the Order of the Garter,
By slow degrees you earned the fame
Of high Decorum's priest and martyr;
And, faultily pronounced and spelt
Alike by enemies and votaries,
You made your potent influence felt
In Mayfair's most exclusive coteries.

In the pellucid page of JANE
And in MARIA'S brisk romances,
Your *rôle* you rigidly sustain
At all receptions, routs and dances.
No social gathering portrayed
By THACKERAY or PRAED or LOCKER
Without your tutelary aid
Would have fulfilled the code of Cocker.

You bore a burden far from light,
Since in fulfilment of your duty
You sacrificed, night after night,
The sleep that freshens fading beauty;
With eyes close to your charges glued,
With anxious care clamped to your crupper,
Until the blesséd interlude
Of chicken and champagne at supper.

From reign to reign you lingered on
Until, as elderly Edwardians,
You found your occupation gone
When *débutantes* dispensed with guardians,
And stalwart matrons more and more,
Disdaining in repose to wither,
Exchanged the sofa for the floor
And joined the universal slither.

We know, that while all things must pass,
Mode may be moved by righteous passion;
But here the final *coup de grâce*
Was not administered by Fashion;
And only the most credulous bloke
Can dream of chaperons returning
Now that full freedom from her yoke
Is granted in the Halls of Learning.

C. L. G.

AT THE PLAY.

"DÉSIRÉ" (CAMBRIDGE).

M. SACHA GUITRY and his clever company will unfortunately have left us by the time this brief notice appears. It must then serve merely as a friendly gesture of leave-taking to our distinguished visitor and of gratitude to Mr. COCHRAN for inviting him.

Désiré, we may recall, is the story of the perfect manservant, proud of his *métier*, whose misfortune it is not to be attracted by the ladies of his own station however personable and complaisant, but to be actively pursued by the mistresses with whom he takes service. It is a misfortune indeed which he takes lightly without JOSEPH-like attempts at flight, but it has its inconveniences—that can be well understood.

With *Odette Cléry* (Mlle. MADELEINE LAMBERT) the *chère amie* of the Minister of Ports and Telegraphs, the process follows a new course. *Odette* is no wanton and *Désiré*, perhaps for the first time, is seriously touched. But naturally it is not to be supposed that pathos is the dominant note of this affair. Quite the contrary.

In the "fattest" part that author ever perhaps wrote for himself to play, M. GUITRY entertains us with the variety and wit of his gestures, the apparently inexhaustible invention of his "business," all with that air of improvisation which he lays down as a fundamental canon for the actor. His always rapid utterance has now attained a positively stupefying rate. It would be kind if he could see his way to modifying it when he next comes amongst us.

M. FRANCOEUR (*M. le Ministre*) and M. LOUIS KERLY (the business man, gambler and matter-of-fact roué) were much more merciful, and won our gratitude for this and for their competent characterisation. As to the clever ladies of the company it seems almost an impertinence to single out any special performance, but I think one must make an exception of the admirable study of the extremely knowing little *Maid* by Mlle JACQUELINE DELUBAC. T.

"MACBETH" (OLD VIC).

Mr. EDWARD CARRICK was, one supposes, invited to produce the new *Macbeth* at the Old Vic a little perhaps out of compliment to his father's son but primarily because he has his own ideas about the theatre and is an artist of sensibility. It has pleased him to emphasise the rigours of fashionable life in Scotland in the eleventh century and the ruggedness of his hairy cross-gartered thanes, who look much less like gentlemen just fitted up by the costumier than is customary. He boldly



THE UNHAPPY VALET.

Désiré . . M. SACHA GUITRY.
Odette Cléry MLLE. MADELEINE LAMBERT.

uses harsh colour and barbaric pattern with effect in the cloaks of his soldiers and courtiers, in the banners and hangings of the austere interiors. He has not been sufficiently on guard against temptation to indulge in tricks of under-lighting, which are very picturesque and doomful, but unfair to the players, who really do need their faces as part of their apparatus for persuasion and enchantment.

Dividing the play into two parts, with but one interval, he carries the first, in a swift emphatic crescendo, up to the main crisis of the banquet scene. The mechanism of his production is intelligently and unobtrusively planned for speed, and deals effectively with the rather restless traffic of the many incidental scenes.

Mr. MALCOLM KEEN'S *Macbeth* was perhaps more successful in suggesting the idea of the doomed terror-haunted man than in conveying that element of greatness which expresses itself in the many noble pregnant passages which enrich this part. His utterance was often unduly clipped and jerked, and his "After life's fitful fever *he* sleeps well," with that ever-so-slight but fatal stressing of the pronoun, was not the only indiscretion in the way of misguided emphasis.

Miss MARGARET WEBSTER'S *Lady Macbeth* brought out finely the fierce ambition and ruthless will of that masterful woman, and the trance scene, played on a deliberately controlled level note, in effective contrast to the restless energy and vitality of her earlier appearances, well suggested the strain of horror and remorse which had broken her body and indomitable will.

Mr. ROGER LIVESEY made his *Macduff* live—a noble generous figure, and spoke his lines finely. A notable *Macduff* indeed. And Mr. MORLAND GRAHAM took pains to translate the *Porter's* part into good plausible Scots, in intonation at least, and made a quite excellent thing of it. T.

AT THE BALLET.

"THE SCORPIONS OF YSIT" (SADLER'S WELLS).

IF there are any who may be inclined to think of a visit to the Ballet at the Wells as an act of condescension and judicious patronage of a deserving institution, where the performances, if painstaking and well-intentioned, must fall so far short of those presented by the famous international companies as to be artistically negligible, let me beg them to abandon this mistaken attitude.

I will not indeed maintain that there are NIJINSKIS and KARSAVINAS, BOLMS or CECCHETTIS at this theatre, or a peer of DIAGHILEFF, but I do not hesitate to say that there is technical accomplishment of a high standard as the result of hard work in the school conducted under directors trained by DIAG-



SCHUBERT IS SO BRACING.

MISS SHEILA MCCARTHY, MR. CLAUDE NEWMAN AND MISS FREDA BAMFORD.

HILEFF and inheritors of the authentic tradition at its best. There is abundance of native natural talent flowering under instruction and discipline, and, what is perhaps more surprising and is certainly very gratifying, there are consolidating into something like a "school" young workers of real creative invention, not merely performers of derivative exercises, in the fields of scenario, choreography, *décor* and, not least, music.

The first new ballet of the present Vic-Wells season, *The Scorpions of Ysit*, illustrates in a remarkable way the achievement and the further promise. There were presented in the same programme other favourites of the repertory, *Hommage aux Belles Viennoises*, the delightful Camargo production, *The Lord of Burleigh* (both products of the new school), the old favourite, *Le Spectre de la Rose*, and the not entirely satisfactory *Hymn to the Sun*.

The story of *Ysit*, invented by TERENCE GRAY and interpreted by the official choreographer to the Ballet, NINETTE DE VALOIS, with an agreeable ingenuity and variety of invention, and a sense of humour, is readily intelligible in action and needs but the barest reference to the argument. In this it differs, to its credit and advantage, from much, indeed from most, of the later modern *bizarreries* of the DIAGHILEFF company. The *Goddess Ysit*, with her seven attendant scorpions, wishing to rest, is refused hospitality by one peasant-woman, offered it by another. The first is punished—the head scorpion sits on her baby with fatal effect. The *Goddess* relents; restores it to life; rewards her hostess; departs. That is indeed just about the amount of detail that may profitably be imported. We are left free to pay attention to the elaborate embroideries—the queer restless antics of the malicious insects expressing what we may suppose to be their essential scorpioncity; the dignity and beauty of the *Goddess* (Miss BEATRICE APPLEYARD); the distress of the bereaved mother (Miss URSULA MORETON, who proves herself in this to be an admirable mime with a fine sense of rhythmic gesture, as in *The Lord of Burleigh* she shows herself a free and graceful dancer).

I should like to re-emphasise the unusual variety of the scorpions' dances—these things are wont to be tiresomely repetitive—and the nimble imagination which invented the grotesque and in the circumstances plausible detail, carried out by Miss FREDA BAMFORD and her six colleagues with spirit and humour and a high technical skill which concealed the difficulty of the intricate design. Really a brilliant little affair both in conception and execution. Mr. GAVIN GORDON'S music seemed to me dexterous and witty, and Miss SOPHIA FEDOROVITCH (who may for all I know be Miss SMITH in private life, for such conventions, though dying, die hard) has provided the drollest costumes for her scorpions and the simplest and seemliest for her serious characters. There are always large enthusiastic audiences at the Wells—with much too small a sprinkling of the supposedly smart and discerning than is to the credit of these latter, let me tell them. They are missing good things. T.



[Her manners had not that repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.]

Lady Clara (MISS URSULA MORETON) KICKS LIKE A COMMONER WITH THE *Lord of Burleigh* (MR. ANTON DOLIN).

A RETURN TO BARTER.

OWING to the failure of the present financial system the exchange of goods between one country and another has become very difficult, and it has been suggested that we return to a system of barter. Now I am nothing if not up-to-date, and I at once decided to try to increase my business on these lines. My experiences will no doubt be illuminating.

My first deal was quite a success. Wishing to import some wood-pulp I telegraphed my friends in Norway as follows:—

"Offer one mowing-machine stop six White Wyandottes stop one 1918 streamlined typewriter with Chinese characters back spacer missing stop and oil painting of Aunt Agatha in exchange for one ton bleached sulphite pulp."

I received a reply almost immediately:

"Substitute one case whisky for Aunt Agatha and we accept."

This was distinctly disappointing, as I had entertained great hopes of disposing of Aunt Agatha. However, I decided to try again, and replied:—

"Agreeable include whisky stop Kindly accept Aunt Agatha with compliments."

The next reply came even quicker:—

"Keep Aunt Agatha otherwise deal off."

I was at a loss to understand this, but Rutter, my senior clerk, reminded me that Aunt Agatha had visited Norway in the late 'nineties.

But what pleased me most was the immediate response to the revival of barter, for which I was responsible. Only the day after I received a counter offer from my friends which read:—

"Offer one motor boat stop one lady's bicycle stop one goat cheese stop and ten kilos sardines in exchange for five hundred pounds New Zealand scoured wool."

I decided to play them at their own game and demanded the inclusion of six bottles of Aquavit. This they declined to do, but they increased their offer by half-a-dozen Pilsener, which on consideration I deemed advisable to accept.

And so you see the system is practicable, and every day I am doing more and more business on the barter plan.

The only point that is worrying me, however, is what the income-tax inspector will say when I include in my next return the above-mentioned articles, to say nothing of one brown bear, a pair of skis and two hundred pit-props.

Highway Peril.

"In reading over his feat of 25 years ago it is amusing to note the number of vehicles he passed. One motor-car on the Keighley-Skipton road during an hour of the afternoon! The motor vehicles passing over the same stretch in the same time nowadays run into hundreds."—*Local Paper.*

Yes, and isn't it time the authorities did something about it?

Eskimos never weep, we learn. They are restrained, of course, by the fear of shedding icicles



"SPARE A COPPER FOR THE GUY, LADY."
"WHAT GUY?"
"SORRY; I MEAN FOR THE CAROL-SINGERS, LADY."

THE FILMLAND MOTHER PERIL.

To people acquainted chiefly with the "super" or "gigantic" or "stupendous" aspects of Filmland life the Filmland mother can scarcely be a familiar figure. Those of us whose money's-worth is often generously filled out with what I think are called "second features" know her quite—I would even say only too—well.

In the old silent days the Filmland mother had white hair. She sat in the ingle-nook, or put a candle in the window on dark and stormy nights, or performed light tasks of that nature. Since then she has become middle-aged and iron-grey and more active in suffering. In my opinion she is more of a menace.

This may seem a harsh thing to say of a woman who spends most of her time suffering for other people's sins, but having been a frequent witness of her tribulation I have come to the conclusion that secretly she gets rather a kick out of it. I have actually seen her hasten cheerfully to give herself up to save her son's *fiancée* from the consequences of a crime which she (the *fiancée*) could without much embarrassment have shown she did not commit and had no intention of committing. It is my belief that if the film mother were to be charged with being concerned in the death of QUEEN ANNE she would trot bravely and willingly to gaol out of sheer habit. It is clear that she stoutly believes that a mother's place is the dock. "What," you can almost hear her cry, "is gaol without a mother?"

I feel she ought to be made to hold herself in a bit. I am not worrying on her account. She would be the first to beg us not to worry about her. She would doubtless point out that there is never very much for her to do in a Filmland home except wander around and look sorrowful, and that an occasional spell of gaol gave her a break. She would probably add that, though her counsel never by any chance put up anything worth calling a defence, he always patted her hand in court, and when she was in prison he and others would come on visiting days and pat her a bit more, and a woman can't help liking that sort of thing. *She*'s all right. My point is that she is bad for us. She makes us dissatisfied.

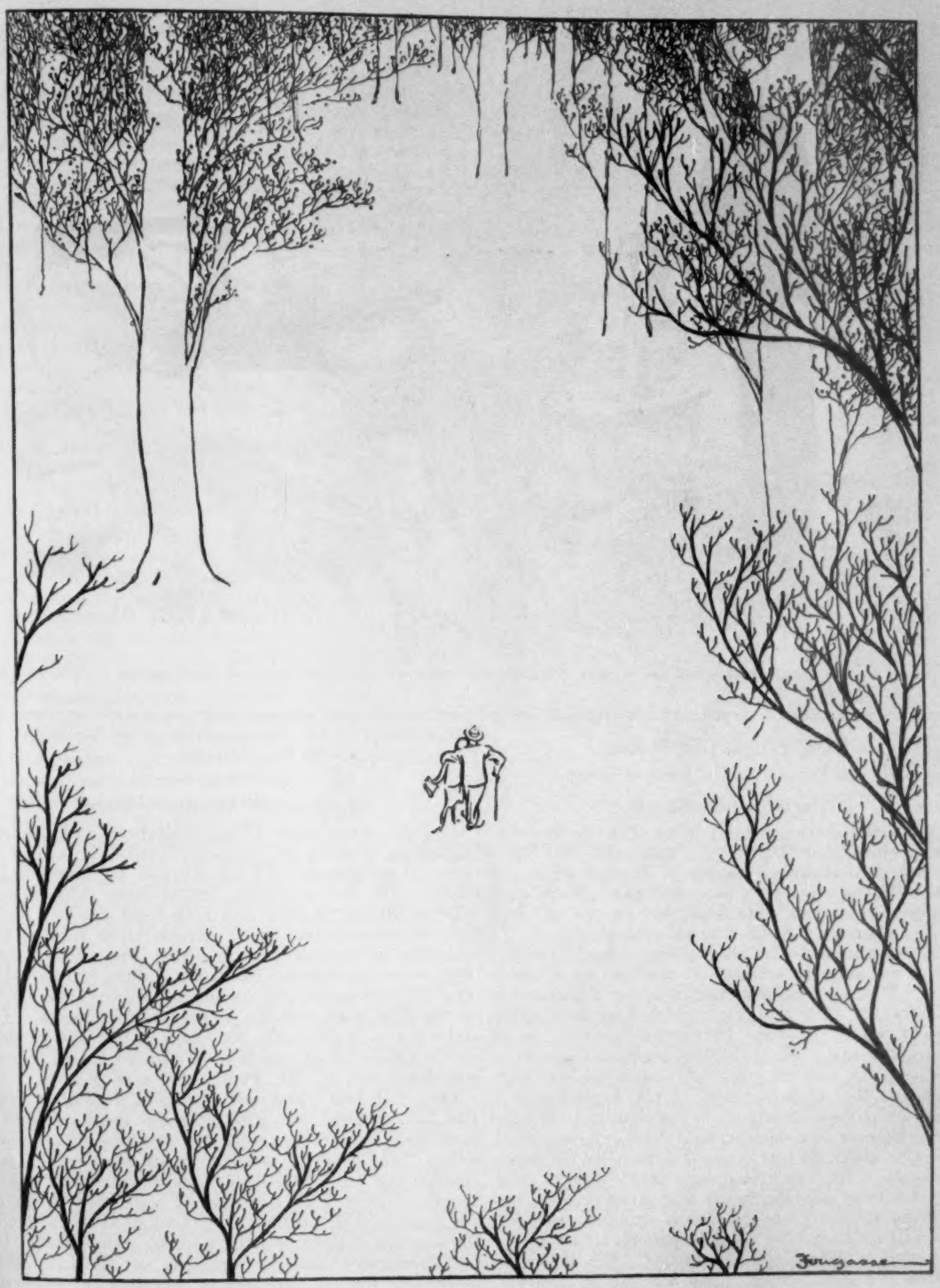
We cannot but think a little disparagingly of the mothers we know, including, maybe, even our own. We had been accustomed, until the Filmland standard of maternity came along, to regard these women as pretty sound mothers, but it is now clear that much of our respect has been misplaced. These mothers have never to our knowledge bowed a silent head in guilty acknowledgment of another person's crime; they have never been patted by leading counsel or had their innocence finally proven in breathless and dramatic fashion. In short, they have failed most perversely to give us our full whack of ideal motherhood. And taking them to the pictures does not seem to make them yearn to suffer more than they do.

I think the British Board of Film Censors should take steps to prevent little picture-goers from being so often reminded that their mothers are not all that mothers might have been.

D. C.

"This home looks into a wonderful sunken garden just under construction. This home is in a class by itself and will not last long."—*Advt. in Canadian Paper.*

Anyway the débris should be useful for filling up the sunken garden.



"GEORGE, HAVE YOU A SENSE OF HUMOUR?"
"I HOPE SO, DARLING. WHY?"
"BECAUSE THIS IS THE EXACT SPOT WHERE ERNEST AND I SWORE ETERNAL DEVOTION."



"I WANT YOU TO LOOK OVER THESE BILLS, PERKINS, AND WORRY ABOUT THEM LIKE THE VERY DEUCE. IT 'S THE LEAST WE CAN DO."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Winston's Side-Shows.

IT was asserted the other day by some public personage (I forget which) that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL was one of the three greatest living masters of English prose; and incidentally the other two were Irishmen. Such exact rankings are of course quite futile, but no one will deny that Mr. CHURCHILL wields a most admirable pen. His style is both lucid and solid, always vigorous and sometimes brilliant, and entirely adequate to the uses to which he puts it. These are various enough in his *Thoughts and Adventures* (BUTTERWORTH, 18/-), which range from caricature to CLEMENCEAU, from "PETER THE PAINTER" to the pleasures of painting. No doubt these brief papers are slight things compared with the great volumes on the War, mere parerga, but they contain plenty of wit, a good deal of wisdom, and at least one important contribution to history; for the origin of that idiosyncratic headgear—mythical, alas!—with which the cartoonists love to adorn the writer is explained. Mr. CHURCHILL surveys the present with gloom and peers into the future with misgiving—in one passage he appears to be practically synoptic with Mr. ALDOUS HUXLEY—but for the most part his tone is as gay as his spirit is gallant and enterprising. His life, as he confesses, has been "happy, vivid and full of interest," and he is at his best when he is describing its salient moments, whether in Sidney Street or in Plugstreet, in the air or on the hustings. He is a born journalist and a born man of action; and if he is also a politician he is one who can say precisely what he means and cheerfully admit his own mistakes.

Chronicles of Albemarle Street.

A very pretty notion of the exultations and agonies of publishing is given in "GEORGE PASTON'S" graceful and sympathetic account of JOHN MURRAY the Third and his circle. The two preceding JOHNS were dealt with by SAMUEL SMILES in 1891; but both Lord ERNLE'S preface and the present book itself considerately resume back numbers before embarking on 1843. From this point to 1892, when the chronicle closes, the shifting fortunes of the English book-trade, the barometric stormy, fair or fine of the firm itself and the literary society assembled *At John Murray's* (MURRAY, 15/-) furnish the most readable of chronicles. With the famous *Handbooks*—so tenderly commemorated by Mr. Punch—for a sheet-anchor, and a veto on fiction which lost them *The Heir of Redclyffe*, the firm secured, not without some heart-burnings in committee, a notable proportion of contemporary best-sellers. The DARWIN *pourparlers* are perhaps the most entertaining; but the business affairs of GROTE and BORROW, largely conducted by a couple of acidulated wives, are not without their humours. Reviewing, as demanded by the conduct of three reviews, leads to a sufficiently vivid correspondence; and the spectacle of MURRAY asking LOCKHART for "a fool—not a woman—to throw into Croker's cage" speaks volumes for the savagery which dismembered the youthful TENNYSON. Of poor MURRAY'S female hangers-on BYRON'S AUGUSTA easily takes the palm for unpleasantness; and all his literary women cede in

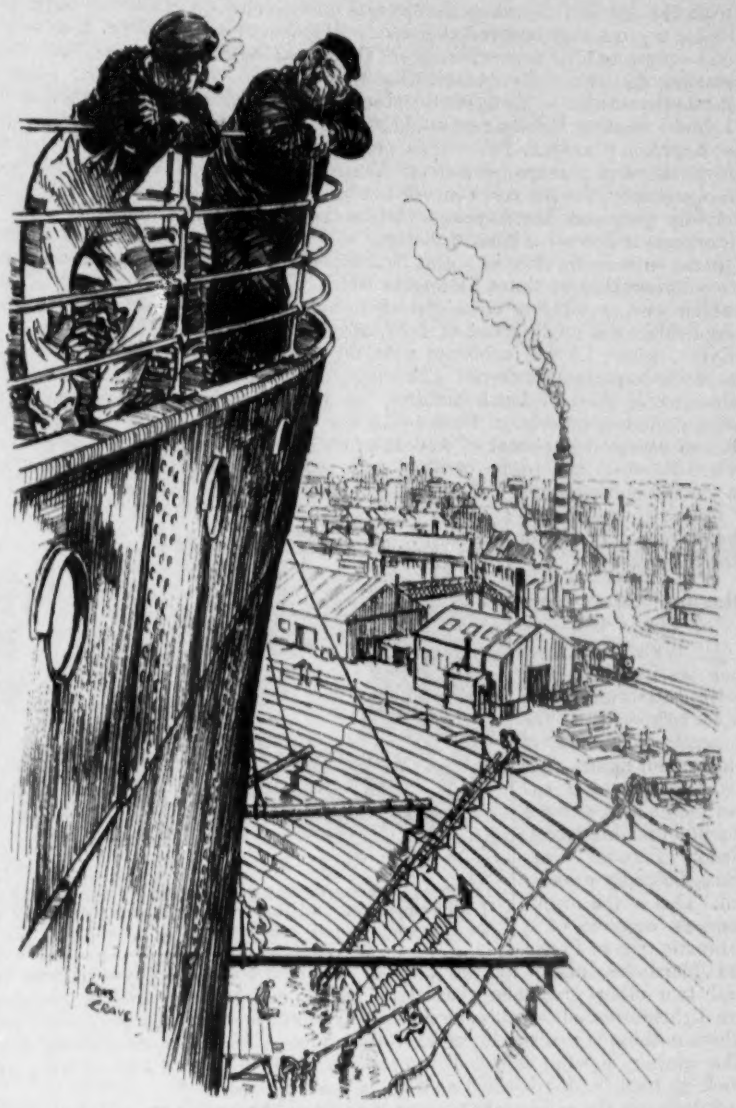
charm to his wife, whose two portraits —from the pen of Lord HANWORTH and the pencil of RICHMOND—are the happiest in the book.

Unchanged Ireland.

In *Irish Airs*, with Mrs. LARGE as guide,
We wander through an Irish countryside
By faction unbedevilled, unestranged,
And in its spirit utterly unchanged.
Cameos in size, yet every one a gem,
They wield the authentic spell of the R.M.,
And furnish forth a veritable feast
For all who love both man and bird and beast.
CONSTABLE publishes for a modest crown
A book you will not easily lay down,
Brimful of innocent mirth and homely sorrow,
And aptly illustrated by GEORGE MORROW.

A Cynical Craftsman.

There are few novelists of the present day more thoroughly capable as craftsmen than Mr. W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM. Readers who like Eastern scenery, exotic characters and sea-travel, and who do not mind an entire lack of sentiment will enjoy *The Narrow Corner* (HEINEMANN, 7/6); for the author has the gift of creating live persons, even if he has no heart. Like the late JOSEPH CONRAD, he prefers the oblique method, and it is through the eyes of *Dr. Saunders*, who has practised for fifteen years in Fu-chou before he is summoned to Takana, in the Malay Archipelago, that we get our detached view of *Mr. Fred Blake* and his strange adventures. For, stranded on the island and waiting for a Dutch boat to take him home, the doctor suddenly decides to take a holiday, and persuades with some difficulty a casual lugger, in which *Captain Nichols* is skipper and *Blake* sole passenger, to take him aboard. The ensuing voyage and the landing at the Dutch island of Kanda might almost have been the work of Mr. R. L. STEVENSON. Indeed the skipper, with his Cockney speech, his mean craftiness, his dyspepsia and his plucky and skilful sea-manship, might well have been drawn by the author of *The Ebb-Tide*. And, as with STEVENSON, there is little of the female element. No woman appears until we are more than halfway through the book, and tragedy follows swiftly upon her appearance. It is unfortunate that the only two sympathetic characters should be involved, but, like his own *Dr. Saunders*, Mr. MAUGHAM has a touch of cynicism in his philosophic soul.



First Sailor. "I 'ATE IT WHEN THE SHIP 'S IN DRY-DOCK."
Second Sailor. "IT SUITS ME, 'COS I CAN'T SWIM, AN' I 'AVE THE NICE 'APPY FEELIN' THAT IF I FALLS OVERBOARD I WON'T BE DROWNED."

Back to Parnassus.

Not least among the joys of a poet who after a spell of sterility comes again to "relish versing" is the ease with which discarded felicities come at last into their own. Even if I did not know from the evidence of Mr. J. C. SQUIRE'S own preface that *A Face in Candlelight* (HEINEMANN, 5/-) was partly constructed in this fashion I should have suspected it. Inspiration has obviously solved long-meditated problems. Humour too is happily not absent; for the poet rightly refuses to build and inhabit isolated cells of experience. He can abandon himself to grief in "Winter Midnight." He can glitter with LANDOR in "Dining Out." His diction, like the Third Bear's porridge, strikes me as "just right"; and when, in "Caius Cestius," he bewails an Appian Road "by-passed, weedy, watery and forlorn," the newly-recruited adjective slips neatly and almost unnoticed into the company of veterans.

Battles without Tears.

It has occurred to Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC, that gay original, to write a book about a certain Emperor of the

French. He makes a kind of fairy-tale background, taken from the Age of Gold when Europe was united and happy under a great and benevolent dynasty which came to an end—presumably—somewhere about the date of the Reformation, and cheerfully declares that this delectable state it was the mission of his inspired and selfless hero to restore. I doubt whether Mr. BELLOC would recognise his demi-god—*Napoleon* (CASSELL, 16/-)—if so presented by any other historian, and perhaps he does not himself take his thesis too seriously, for his real concern is with a succession of vividly gorgeous battle-pieces thrown up against this luminous if deceptive haze of distance. With such vertiginous enthusiasm does he sprint from one scene of action to another that at times he forgets which way lies east, which west, yet before one's eyes there appear the playing-fields, as it might seem, of Lodi, or of Marengo, or of Eylau, where he will arbitrate with the finality proper to an international referee. The world, one might have thought, is tired of battle-pictures, but here is nothing of the mud or outrage of Flanders or the Somme. This is a most exalted account of wars in which none less than Field-Marshals are to be credited with emotions. Only a few old epithets, such as "veteran" or "raw," "steady," "routed" or "out-of-hand" are reserved for the rank-and-file.

Random Shots from a Lewis Gun.

Mr. WYNDHAM LEWIS has an inquiring and adventurous mind. He loves to investigate the innermost corners of the human mind. Also he loves making experiments. Of these I do not find his latest, *Snooty Baronet* (CASSELL, 7/6), very successful. This is the inconsequent account of a fantastic trip to Persia *viâ* Marseilles, made by the *Baronet* at his snootiest, and two other grotesque characters. Time and space are lightly treated in this unpleasant dream-world, in which nothing is realistic beyond certain recurrent details. The author is what is called "outspoken" and, in this book at least, as hard-boiled as a china egg. He accepts and describes the most embarrassing thoughts and actions without batting an eye. Unfortunately he is rapid and diffuse, and no single subject is pursued long enough to excite any deep interest. There are some intelligent speculations, following D. H. LAWRENCE, on bull-fighting and the cult of Mithras; but the topic is dropped all too soon. Generally, I cannot agree that an idea is better expounded in raffish dialogue than in coherent statement. Mr. WYNDHAM LEWIS can do better than this when he likes. If I may say so, it is rather a slipshod performance.

For Young Riders.

Miss MOYRA CHARLTON is already a good way along the hard road of authorship, and when her style matures she may easily give us an animal classic. In *The Midnight Steeplechase* (METHUEN, 5/-) she is for the first time more preoccupied with human beings than animals. At Burndon Castle there is a small house-party of children, mostly related, all keen horsemen. It occurs to them to emulate the celebrated midnight steeplechase, run at Ipswich in 1839, and having made secret preparations they sally out one night with coloured lanterns for a berserk gallop round the neighbourhood. They are lucky enough to emerge from this escapade with only a minor disaster, though it involves them in a rather unpleasant scene in their uncle's study. When ten years later the house-party gathers again, grown-up, a repetition of the steeplechase seems indicated, and this time it is an entire success. Besides her vivid descriptions of these adventures, Miss CHARLTON tells us charmingly of a pony gymkhana, a hunt and a hunt-ball. The book gains greatly from Mr. GILBERT HOLIDAY'S delightful illustrations. I think the licensing authorities and probably a few others would like to have the address of the "Coach and Horses," where a barful of men are found drinking (on p. 36) at 7.30 A.M.!

A Domestic Revolution.

Sir Montagu Thumpeter, although of the bulldog breed, was frightened out of his senses by his sister. To whatever part of the Empire he had been sent as Governor she had always accompanied and domestically controlled him. But when he was appointed to govern and incidentally to reform an island in the Pacific, *Miss Thumpeter* was laid up with bronchitis in London. So he set forth with an A.D.C.—who was a charming fraud—and a free hand; and Commander STEPHEN KING-HALL, in *Bunga-Bunga* (NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 7/6), relates how he played it. Released from sisterly control and stimulated by his A.D.C., I have regretfully to state that *Sir Montagu*, instead of suppressing the gaieties of Bunga-Bunga, took part in them with the greatest zest. And, as was to be expected, his enjoyment was at its zenith when *Miss Thumpeter* appeared on the scene. With her arrival the story, which had previously been diverting enough, becomes more and more amusing, and the neat way in which she is disposed of and defeated wins my entire admiration.



"SUCH A CHEERFUL JOLLY STAFF YOU'VE GOT AT THE OFFICE, GEORGE. I COULD DISTINCTLY HEAR THEM ALL LAUGHING HEARTILY WHEN I PHONED TO SAY YOU WOULDN'T BE DOWN."

The Vanishing Lady.

So bumper is the annual crop of detective fiction that our sensational novelists are hard pressed to find original ideas. But Mr. JOHN DORY, in allowing *Grip Finds the Lady* (BENN, 7/6) to be told by a boy and in excluding all professional sleuths, has made a spirited attempt to avoid the beaten track. *Martin*, who tells the tale, was a day-boy at a public-school, and he and a village lad, *Grip Horble*, had formed what was generally considered to be an unholy alliance. *Squire Gradston* more or less dominated the neighbourhood, and until his butler's wife suddenly disappeared the only local excitements were caused by his periodical explosions of anger. Indeed, fear of the squire's vengeance was the primary reason why *Martin* and *Grip* found themselves under the weighty thumb of the butler, who squeezed them to his own undoing. These lads are so delightfully natural in their actions and reactions that even those who are not particularly interested in the butler's wife will be entertained both by them and by Mr. DORY'S clever use of school-boy idiom.

CHARIVARIA.

"THE spirit of spending is abroad," maintains an economist. What we want is to see more of it at home.

* * *

Mr. J. L. GARVIN'S *Life of Joseph Chamberlain* will consist of six volumes, about three thousand six hundred pages and more than a million words. And we doubt whether any other writer could have made it longer.

* * *

We are pleased to report that the St. Andrew's Day celebrations throughout the country passed off without any serious mishap. Not a glass was upset.

* * *

A gossip-writer mentions that at a recent cocktail-party he saw a girl smoking a pipe. How like the modern girl—always the little gentleman!

* * *

During the performance of a revue in Berlin a man shot himself with a revolver. Our playgoers have a lot to put up with too, but they have more self-control than that.

* * *

The first woman who really and truthfully could say that she got all her gowns from Paris was HELEN OF TROY.

* * *

There is a movement on foot to abolish all hoardings throughout the country. Here it must be admitted that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is doing his bit.

* * *

A sports-expert mentions that he rigged up a wireless-set in his bedroom so that he could listen-in to the Test Match in the early morning. It must have seemed like old times to be suddenly awakened from a heavy sleep by the news that someone had scored a single.

* * *

Army dress reforms provide, among other innovations, for a cap resembling a deerstalker. Old soldiers will, we hope, be supplied with a grouse-helmet.

* * *

For women a bandeau hat which shows nearly all a girl's hair is becoming fashionable, we read. They go well with the modern dresses, which show nearly all the girl.

If all the cigarettes produced in a day by a well-known firm of manufacturers were placed end to end they would stretch for twenty-five miles. For greater convenience, however, they are arranged in packets.

* * *

When attacked by a bandit recently an eighty-two-year-old Lancashire man felled him with an umbrella. We cannot warn bandits too seriously of the grave risks they run in pursuing their profession.

* * *

A writer says that there is something peculiarly democratic in changing at Baker Street. Something sensible too if the train doesn't go any further.

* * *

"Did NAPOLEON work hard?" asks another writer. Oh, yeah. He put in a lot of Elba work towards the end of his career.

* * *

"What is there to do in the country," asks yet another genius, "when snow is on the ground and icy winds blow down the lanes?" Shiver.

* * *

At the concluding performance of a play in London members of the audience booed the author. They are thought to be inveterate last-nighters.

* * *

"Pheasant Upsets Motor-Cyclist," announces a headline in an Essex paper. It 's the bread-sauce really, or the burgundy.

* * *

Soviet Russia's campaign against Christmas will be renewed with vigour this year. We understand that people will be urged to shop and post late.

* * *

As is usual at this time of year, instructions are given on how to tell a good cigar. Study them carefully in case you are offered one.

* * *

Twins have last week been named MARY and DOUG. Their mother says they make a perfect picture.

* * *

A woman carrying a baby in her arms recently held up a bank in America. Some children really want too much amusing to keep them quiet.

* * *

A gossip-writer reminds us that he once broke a window at the Crystal Palace. He omits to say which one.

* * *

They say that a popular wedding-present in Lapland is a reindeer. The creature is specially trained to stand for long periods in the hall for the accommodation of the household overcoats and hats.



"THE TROUBLE IS IT'S NOT MINE—IT'S A CAR I'VE BEEN TAKING CARE OF."

OLD AND NEW TREES.

[According to a recent statement in the Press, the yews at Fortingall, in Perthshire, estimated at from 2,500 to 3,000 years old, are the most ancient trees in the British Isles.]

SOME folk see trees as timber—
  Potential pulp or pelf;
Some as the home of limber
  Dryad and faun and elf;
And some adore Ju-ju trees
Or bottled anti-flu trees,
  The eucalyptus (blue) trees
  Upon the chemist's shelf.

Blacksmiths, the poet teaches,
  A "spreading chestnut" seek,
And burnished copper beeches
  Appeal to cop and beak;
Some think we have too few trees,
And some delight to hew trees,
While gardeners love their fruit-trees
  As Welshmen love the leek.

Though pressmen, ever prying,
  Tell us of monstrous bolcs
At Fortingall, defying
  The rule of girth-controls,
More than funereal yew-trees
Punch loves the little new trees,
Especially the boot-trees
  That ease our suffering soles.

C. L. G.

The Callous Reporter.

"The many friends of Mrs. —— will be sorry to learn that she injured her foot at her summer home on Sunday. It will probably be six weeks before the fool can be released from a plaster cast."—*Canadian Paper.*

PERPLEXITY.

(And may it have been slightly relieved before these lines are in print!)

WHERE withered leaves are whirling,
Or up the wintry wold,
I brood all day on sterling
And what it means to gold;
Where, brown and broken chalices,
The last late roses fade
I muse on the paralysis
Of international trade.

Where is my usual *bonhomie*?
Things are not what they seem,
Political economy
Is like some dreadful dream;
By parks and moated granges
I hear the whispered sound
Of currency exchanges
Reacting on the pound.

All Europe is a chasm,
We stand upon the brink,
Without enthusiasm
Of Washington we think
Of men in starry raiment
With stripes upon their bags,
Who press us for repayment
While commerce sags and sags.

In darkness dawns December,
The frost is on the shrub,
And member turns to member
Politely at the club
While still the raw fog thickens
And slates and stones are wet,
And asks him how the dickens
We mean to pay this debt.

Oh, take our gold and sink it
Beneath the Atlantic sea!
What is it but a trinket
Of far less use than tea?
Take this, that, or the other,
The world of wars grown sick
Will learn at last, my brother—
To buy no wars on tick. EVOE.

THE HORSE.

WE have had in our paddock for some little time now a horse. He is not actually *our* horse. He is a P.G. He pays us five shillings a week, and in return for this he is allowed to eat all he can. That is to say, all he can eat in the paddock; for in the kitchen-garden, which is separated from the paddock by an inadequate gate, the horse is not catered for.

Last night the horse did a thing which he has frequently done before. He picked the lock on the gate with his teeth and was discovered by me among the cabbages. Foolishly, in the light of what subsequently occurred, I told my wife.

"The horse is in the kitchen-garden," I called to her.

In two minutes the redoubtable woman was at my side with a lantern. All she said was, "Back to the paddock."

We set to work. At the end of ten minutes' stalking we lured him reluctant from the young spinach. Being a bit of a fool, he did not realise what was expected of him, and instead of returning to the paddock he swerved left out of the front-gate and started down the main road at a steady trot.

"After him—quick—catch him!" my wife cried excitedly.

We followed at a canter, I carrying the lantern, which waved perilously in my hand; but we made small impression on the horse's lead. He developed a surprising turn of speed, and when we eased off to take a breather he also eased.

"I should like to point out," I gasped, "that I am doing this for no other reason than that I cannot bear the thought of your doing it by yourself."

"Don't talk," rejoined my wife; "run."

We pounded on.

Twenty minutes later found us about two miles from home, the horse comfortably ahead and moving well. Possibly stimulated by physical fatigue, I made what seemed to be a brilliant suggestion.

"How would it be," I said, "if I took the lantern and ran *past* the horse? In this way I might perhaps be able to turn him. Do you see what I mean?"

"Go and do it," she panted.

My first effort was unsuccessful. The horse and I raced together for the corner-flag, but I failed to bring him down and he scored between the posts, or it may have been tree-trunks; it was certainly something wooden and hard, and for a few moments I felt that I wanted to sit quietly by myself. After a brief interval for recuperation, during which the horse appeared to be browsing contentedly some fifty yards up the road, I tried again, and triumphed. I summoned up flagging energies, plunged into a desperate final spurt, caught him, passed him, turned him, and then we all three ran home together.

The horse returned docilely enough to the kitchen-garden, whereupon we promptly shut the front-gate, and eventually, by judicious steering, manœuvred him back to the paddock.

"Take the lantern and the whip," grimly instructed my wife, "and give him What For."

And with this she withdrew, leaving me to do it. I had scarcely begun to chastise the animal when I succeeded in frightening the cook into hysterics. The cook was walking across the paddock on her way back from her evening out, and, divining that some heavy snorting animal was galloping away from a mysterious light, she knew it for a banshee and plunged head-first into the hedge, out of which she had to be taken weeping bitterly and torn.

Fastening the paddock-gate tightly, I at length retired for rest and refreshment. An hour later I went to lock up.

Looking out of the front-door I saw a dark shape among the lettuces.

The horse . . .

But I had learnt my lesson. I went indoors, saying nothing to my wife.

WOON.

CHARING CROSS ROAD.

THE BALLADE OF A BOOKE-WORME.

SOME see charm in the cheerless Strand;
Others there be who boldly style
Aldwych handsome and Kingsway grand;
I, though loathing that concrete aisle,
Quarrel with none, for to dare revile
Fancy's folly were indiscreet
When heaven to me is the drab half-mile
'Twixt IRVING'S statue and Oxford Street.

Paradise opens on either hand
As I pause to ponder and browse awhile
Over each box on its trestle-stand.
What so unerringly paints a smile
On the dream-rapt face of the bibliophile
As the thrill of his long-nursed hope to meet
Treasures untold on a sixpenny pile
'Twixt IRVING'S statue and Oxford Street?

Bond Street—luxury's lotus-land;
Villiers—vicious but versatile;
Regent—ruined as now replanned;
Downing—democracy's domicile;
Pompous Parliament, lowly Lisle,
For the public's patronage all compete:
I find all that can most beguile
'Twixt IRVING'S statue and Oxford Street.

l'Envoi.

PRINCE, though you travel from Thames to Nile,
Nothing more subtle your sense shall greet
Than the leathery tang of that drab half-mile
'Twixt IRVING'S statue and Oxford Street.

Political Intelligence.

"LABOUR PARTY.
MRS. HENDERSON RESIGNS THE LEADERSHIP."

China Paper.



THE ULTIMATUM.

JAPAN. "IF YOU GO ON SAYING I'M NAUGHTY, I SHALL LEAVE THE CLASS."



"YOU KNOW, MY DEAR, THE PEOPLE ROUND HERE ARE SUCH SNOBS. THEY INSIST ON HAVING EITHER ME OR THE DUCHESS TO OPEN THE BAZAAR."

VALUE FOR MONEY.

"LAWYERS," said the night-watchman, swallowing his saliva in compliance with a local bye-law—"lawyers are a mixed lot. Some of 'em are so respectable or lazy they'd scorn to dirty their 'ands with anything belongin' to a poor man in trouble, exceptin' 'is money; an' some of 'em like usin' their brains to get a man orf, even when there's not much of a fee 'angin' to it.

"My cousin Tom came across one o' the lazy sort some time ago, when 'e was in a very difficult an' interestin' case. Tom was apt to be a shade kittenish when 'e was under the influence; an' one day 'e was comin' 'ome a bit the better for beer an' 'e stopped to sing a few songs standin' by the fire of a watchman of 'is acquaintance an' tell 'im what a nice piece of fish Tom 'ad got in 'is pocket for supper, when a p'liceman come along an' Tom suddenly borrows the constable's 'elmet an' starts warmin' 'is fish in it over the fire. Well, the p'liceman didn't see 'is way to be matey over the affair and there was a fight, an' while Tom was kneelin' on the copper an' shoutin' 'is sentiments about comradeship an' each for all, another bobby come up, an' Tom soon found 'isself in jurance vile, as they say. So 'e sends for this lawyer an' asks 'im to defend 'im.

"'What defence 'ave you got?' says the lawyer.

"'That's what I'm askin' you,' says Tom.

"'But did you snatch the officer's 'elmet orf 'is 'ead an' use it as a fryin'-pan, an' then knock 'im down an' jump on 'im?' says the lawyer.

"'Between me an' you, I did,' says Tom.

"'Then you'd better plead "Guilty" an' I'll say something in mitigation,' says the lawyer. I may tell yer that 'e'd 'ad Tom's money to start with, an' Tom thought 'e ought to earn some of it by findin' a defence o' some sort; but this lawyer wouldn't 'ear of it.

"'Well,' says Tom, 'you've got plenty o' my money—go an' get a counsel an' see if *'e* can't think of a defence.'

"'Any counsel would tell you the same as I have,' says the lawyer.

"'Then I'll defend meself, an' I'll trouble you to give me my money back,' says Tom.

"The lawyer gave 'im *some* o' the money back and Tom

did 'is own defence. But it was no good: 'e tried to prove a halleybi, but it broke down and Tom went into storage for three months.

"Now the sort o' lawyer I should 'ave recommended to Tom was the chap my nevew was tellin' me about. Bert—that's my nevew—used to work for a most venable ol' gent oo 'ad a big garden which 'e used to water with an 'ose; but 'e didn't pay no charge for usin' water in 'is garden, and one day this gent gets a summons for usin' this 'ose without 'avin' paid the proper rate. 'E was worried to death about this summons and rushed orf to a lawyer an' told 'im it would mean ruin if it got into the papers, an' what was 'e to do? So this lawyer 'e says, 'Let's 'ave a look at the summons,' an' when 'e sees it 'e says, 'As I thought,' 'e says; 'this summons is not addressed to you by your name; it's addressed "To the owner of No. 7, Toffeedrop Terrace."' Then this lawyer, he says, "'Ow many 'ouses are there in your terrace?'

"'Twenty,' says the gent.

"'Then I'll tell yer what to do,' says this lawyer. 'Look 'ere—take a pen and put a one in front of that seven and go and drop the summons in the letter-box of Number seventeen.'

"Well, the gent did; and arterwards 'e 'eard that the owner of Number seventeen turned up at the p'lice-court and pleaded 'Guilty' to usin' garden water without payin', an' got fined two pound.

"This lawyer, 'e only charged the ol' gent ten bob, but 'e used 'is intelleck, yer see, an' give 'im value fer money."

NOCTURNE.

THE moon was bent like a harvest flower
Withered by frost, as she climbed the hill;
The white owl flew from his belfry-tower
And crossed the spinney with curses shrill,
When a supperless fox with a winking eye
Crept through the meadows and, slinking, sly,
Came to a field where the sheaves of rye
Were asleep O.

Three small rabbits of grey-and-brown
Played with their shadows among the sheaves
And sniffed at the nuts that had fallen down
And ran at the sound of the rustling leaves;
Or they watched the moon that was bent in the sky
And the laughing stars that went slowly by;
But the supperless fox with a winking eye
Chuckled deep O.

* * * * * * *

Back to his tower the white owl's gone;
The moon from heaven has stolen away
Over the hill; but there's only one
Small brown rabbit to frisk and play
All by himself in the sheaves of rye,
To watch the stars that fade from the sky,
To chase the winds and wonder why
They weep O.



"BY GAD! I HAVEN'T GOT AS MUCH AS THIS OUT OF THE OLD BUS FOR MONTHS!"

MY JUNGLE FILM.

THE MOST AMAZING AND HAZARDOUS ADVENTURE OF A MODERN PIONEER.

I AM about to release on the world the most stupendous jungle-film ever produced.

It is no depreciation of the efforts of other explorers to say that my film is in a class by itself. My jungle is unique in its thrills, inexhaustible in its monstrosities, incalculable in its dangers and in every way beyond competition. Moreover, I want to emphasise that whereas other explorers, quite creditable in their way, have carried firearms and other weapons on their trips and sometimes allowed themselves to be provoked into assaulting the denizens of their jungles, I have made my film from beginning to end without any other defence than a simple walking-stick, and I can congratulate myself that not one inhabitant of my jungle has been the least bit incommoded by my intrusion. For that alone I deserve the gold medal of several societies.

Needless to say, death lurks at every turn in my jungle. Irresistible monsters with armour-plated hides of all colours rush along the jungle-paths at speeds which make the hair stand on end. Sometimes there is a herd of them massed menacingly outside a row of native huts, emitting their queer spluttering growl and breathing a noisome smoke from their steely snouts. For sheer thrill there is no sport comparable with dodging these monsters. One false step, one slight failure of nerve means annihilation or at least considerable diminution. My film contains an awful scene where one of these things runs amok. I have pictures of them going round and round in unending circles, all one way, vainly seeking an outlet with a blind ferocity reminiscent of the primeval slime. When I look at myself in my film standing in the midst of these creatures I am amazed at my own *sang-froid*.

The climate in this tremendous jungle is treacherous in the extreme. I learnt that a native medicine-man esteemed the air to be so laden with poison that every inhabitant suffered from the seeds of a dozen fatal maladies.

In these mysterious surroundings a curious folk lives its curious life. Some live in huts level with the ground, others perch their nests at dizzy heights, while others again make themselves burrows below the ground. One of my most blood-curdling scenes depicts some of the tortures which are practised underground far from the light of the sun. At certain appointed hours droves of wretched creatures are thrust into long sinuous torture-chambers, packed so close that they can neither stand nor sit. Crushed almost to suffocation, their only resource is to hang themselves up on various loops and cords. When their agony is at its height the barrel-like torture-chamber is hurled by unseen forces into a vast Satanic abyss, where it is certain death even to set the sole of the foot. I have photographed these hanging folk close up as they go to their doom.

I have also a pictorial record of a pow-wow held by the wise men of the tribe, to obtain which I took incredible pains and suffered indignities which no other explorer can challenge. I have also some very quaint views of the administration of justice, where the pleaders and judges wear some portion of a sheep or some such animal in the belief that they will thereby acquire the eloquence and wisdom of the particular animal.

Although I would not assert as a settled result of ethnological science that the tribe is ruled by matriarchy, the women occupy an altogether peculiar position, enjoying their own special privileges or those of the men as seems most convenient to them. Some are curiously painted with a lavishness far surpassing any tribal signs noted in the usual manuals of anthropology. They are shown in the colour portion of my film. Others are dressed in the skins of wild animals and adorned haphazard with the plumage of birds. Of others the garments baffle description: they must be seen to be believed. The primal barbarian vigour of these women when they engage in their yearly and half-yearly women's battles for new dresses is something to rivet the most hardened film-goer to his seat in horror and stupefaction.

The interest in my film is already so colossal that I have been begged to arrange a brief expedition over the actual ground as a preparation for understanding the film. Luckily this is well within my power. I shall be happy to conduct any who are interested straight to the depths of my jungle and show them the motor-cars, the fog, the straphangers, the House of Commons, the Law Courts and the magnificent assemblage of women, all to be found in my jungle of London, the most fascinating in the world.



"WOULD YOU MIND MAKING A BIT LESS NOISE, LIDY? I GOT A SPLITTIN' HEADACHE."

Sang Froid.

"An outbreak of fire occurred at St. Bees School, Cumberland, early yesterday morning . . . Ninety seconds after the alarm was given all the boys in the school had filed out in their night dress, the utmost coolness being shown."—*Daily Paper.*

"The Bishop of London, declaring that he had been 'a teetotaler for nearly 50 years,' told the following story in London yesterday: 'I had to tea the other day a great chief of somewhere in Africa. He and his father had put down all the liquor there was in the tribe . . .'"—*Daily Paper.*

No wonder the great chief turned to tea.



CATCHING THE JUDGE'S EYE.

SIMPLE STORIES.

HERBERT WOE.

Herbert Woe wasn't born lame, but when he was a baby his nurse dropped him out of her lap when the cook was telling her fortune from tea-leaves and nobody would have known anything about her dropping him if she and the cook hadn't quarrelled about a milkman and the cook told Mrs. Woe about it. And the cook said the nurse had been drunk and Mr. Woe had to be called in to separate them. So both of them were dismissed, and the milkman married a governess so as to better himself, but she turned out to be married already and not a governess at all but only pretending to be one, and the cook and the nurse said it served him well right, and made it up again and took another place together.

Well none of that did Herbert Woe any good, and he went on being lame, but he was quite strong in other ways, and when he went to school if one of the other boys laughed at him for being lame he would hit him on the nose, and if there was a fight afterwards he generally won. And he did everything that the other boys did except play football, which he couldn't do because he couldn't kick the ball with his lame leg and he couldn't stand on it so as to kick it with the other. And he couldn't jump, but he went in for the quarter-mile race in the sports and when people saw him come limping in five minutes after the others they cheered him and said it was dogged as did it.

Well a rich business man called Mr. Frander took Herbert Woe into his office because he was so dogged, and it was one of those businesses where people *would* not pay their bills unless they were made to, and Mr. Frander had been so good at making them do it that he had got nearly all the custom, because the others had got ruined. But he was getting old and was rather tired of getting black eyes, so he put that part of it on to Herbert Woe and attended to the export side himself, and Herbert Woe was so good at it that he made him a partner after a year or two and the name of the business was changed to Frander and Woe. And they made such a lot of money that they were able to pay a retired prize-fighter who had learned double-entry in his spare time to do the part of it that Herbert Woe had done, and Herbert Woe was able to devote himself to getting more customers. And he got a great many customers because he was so dogged, and was able to buy himself a large motor-car, so then he got more still.

But there was one very large customer that Frander and Woe hadn't been able to get, and that was Lord Shellbeach, and when Herbert Woe turned his attention to that side of the business he determined that he would get him. So he motored down to Suffolk and called at Shellbeach Hall and asked for Lord Shellbeach, and they told him he was out shooting partridges. And Herbert Woe said to himself very well then I will go and shoot partridges with him and make friends, and he motored into Ipswich and bought himself a rifle and then went back to Shellbeach and motored about till he found Lord Shellbeach and a few friends having lunch on one side of a haystack and some keepers and beaters having lunch on the other. And the keepers thought he had come to murder Lord Shellbeach because of his rifle, and he didn't have any chance of making friends with him.

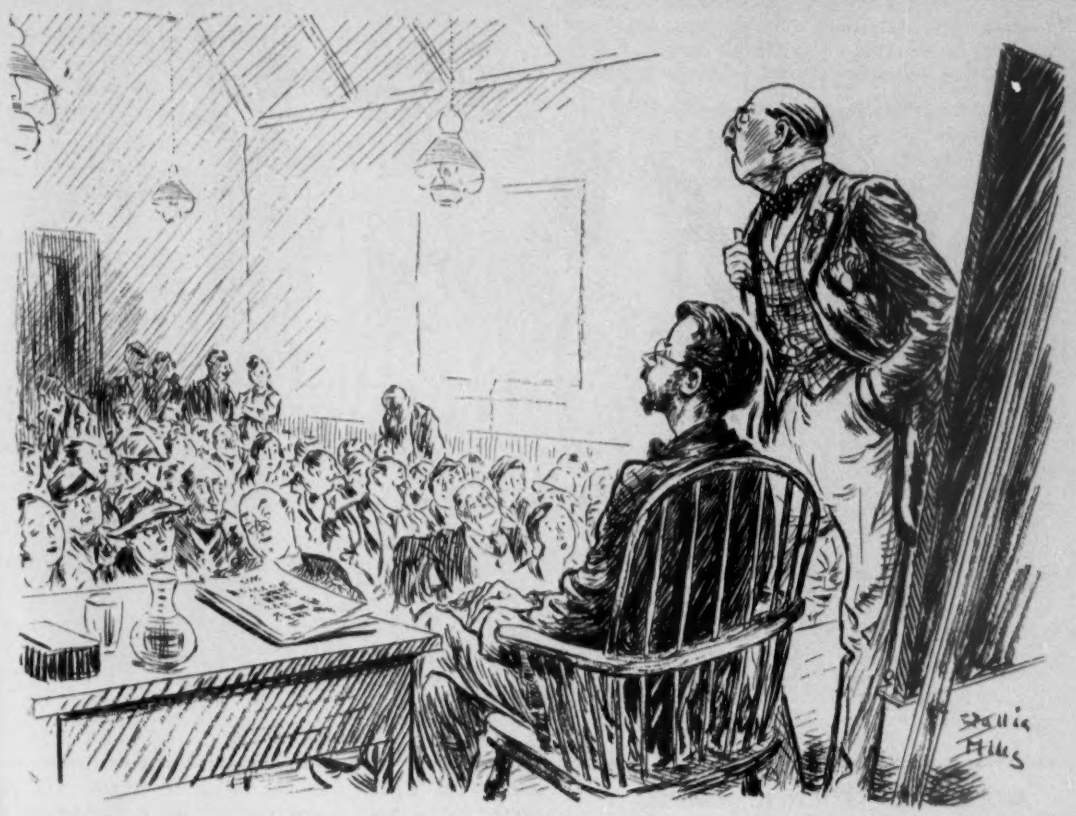


"THEY WENT DOWN TO THE LAKE."

Well when Herbert Woe came out of the Ipswich hospital a week later he had made up his mind what to do, and he got his motor-car out of the garage where they had been taking care of it for him while he was being patched up and went straight out to Shellbeach Hall and asked for Lady Shellbeach, because he had heard that Lord Shellbeach had gone to London to his business. And Lady Shellbeach hadn't heard that the man who was supposed to have wanted to murder Lord Shellbeach was lame, so she didn't connect Herbert Woe with him, and as her own daughter, the Honourable Susan Shellbeach, was lame too she thought at first he had come about that, and they had a nice conversation about surgical boots before Herbert Woe told her that he wanted to talk to Lord Shellbeach about an important piece of business that would make him much richer than he was. And he invited them both to have dinner with him at Lamb's Corner House, because Lady Shellbeach had told him that she was going up to London the next day. And Lady Shellbeach accepted his invitation because she liked the look of Herbert Woe, and Lord Shellbeach had told her never to turn anybody down who had anything to offer, and he had never done it himself or he wouldn't have got as rich as he was or been made a lord.

And just as Herbert Woe was going away the Honourable Susan Shellbeach came in and Herbert Woe fell in love with her, because she was very beautiful and just the right age, and he didn't mind her being a little lame as he was lame himself, it only made her more pathetic and appealed to his manhood. As he motored back to London he said to himself when I have secured Lord Shellbeach as a customer I shall marry his daughter, it will give me two things to be dogged about instead of one.

So Lord and Lady Shellbeach came to Lamb's Corner House and Herbert Woe met them there, but directly Lord Shellbeach saw him he grew purple in the face and said what is this, how dare you, Sir? And he told Lady Shellbeach that Herbert Woe had tried to murder him, but she said well you can't make trouble about it here because of the Nippies, let us go round and dine at the Fritz. So they went off in a taxi and directly Herbert Woe had settled up



The Squire (introducing Artist who is to lecture to us). "DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT ART MESELF, BUT I'M TOLD THIS GENTLEMAN IN HIS OWN LINE OF COUNTRY RIDES HARD AND TAKES HIS FENCES WELL, SO IT'S UP TO YOU TO SIT TIGHT AND—AH—HOPE TO BE IN AT THE KILL."

about his table he went off to the Fritz after them, but they wouldn't let him in there because he hadn't got a tail-coat on. So he said to himself never mind, if I can't do one thing I will do the other, and it doesn't much matter which I do first.

So he motored down to Ipswich and spent the night there, and early the next morning he motored out to Shellbeach Hall and asked to see the Honourable Susan Shellbeach, and as they thought he had come about surgical boots they showed him into the room where she was just finishing breakfast. And he found he had made a great impression on her as he was quite good-looking, and when he said he had come to ask her to marry him she couldn't resist him and said she would if her parents gave their consent.

And Herbert Woe said well let us go up to London in my car and ask them. But she said they were both coming to Shellbeach Hall that morning, and he had better stay to lunch and talk to them afterwards. And he said that would suit him as well as anything and he would have stayed too, but they went down to the lake together and fell so much more in love with one another that by eleven o'clock the Honourable Susan Shellbeach was ready to run away with him to Gretna Green, because he said it would save so much trouble to get married first and talk to her parents afterwards.

So they ran away and got married, and Lord Shellbeach couldn't do anything about it except disown the Honourable Susan Shellbeach which he didn't want to do as she was his only child and he had nobody else to leave his money to, and besides he was quite fond of her. And when he had come to about it a little more he said well I did want Susan to marry a lord but Herbert Woe is so dogged that I should think he could get himself made one if he tries. And Herbert Woe was quite ready to try for that and said he would go and see the Prime Minister at once and not leave him alone till he had made him a lord. But Lord Shellbeach said no, you must get rich first and I will help you, because I am very rich myself and know how to do it.

And there we must leave Herbert Woe, who is getting rich very fast, because he is so dogged and won't take no for an answer, but the Prime Minister doesn't know what he is in for yet. A. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE AUTHOR WHO WAS INSULTED THANKS MR. PUNCH FOR IMMORTALITY.

(*In the verses entitled "Samovar," printed in our issue of November 23rd, ridicule was cast on "RONALD GILLANDER'S plus-fours."*)

SIR, whose weekly printed page
Excels in satire of this age,
I wonder if you realise
You bring before the public's eyes
The very names you satirise?
For, tho' I shun publicity,
I feel that you have given me
Such certain immortality
As POPE, in satire of an age gone by,
Has given to ST. JOHN and such fry.
In such a case I humbly bow
Even to libels and gross slanders,
For I remain for ever now
Yours, with fame,
RONALD GILLANDERS.



"MISTER AND MISSIS . . ." "JOHN, MY SUSPENDER BELT HAS BROKEN!"

MORE SHATTERED ILLUSIONS.

II.—THE STAR'S DRESSING-ROOM.

AS ONE IMAGINES IT.

Dresser. And these are from His Grace, Miss.

The Star. Red roses again; and he knows I hate them. Throw them away, Annie—or no, take them back to your old mother in Peckham—with Mimi Delayne's love.

Dresser. Oh, Miss, how good you are to everyone!

* * *

Sir Roger. For six months I have lived only for this moment.

The Star. And now that you have met me——?

Sir Roger. I am more your slave than ever.

The Star. Ah! words are easy.

Sir Roger. Will this prove it? Put them round your adorable white throat, more dazzling than any pearls.

The Star (*softly*). You naughty boy.

* * *

Dresser. His Lordship, Miss.

The Star. Oh, Bungo dear, I'm nowhere near ready.

Lord Bungay. I can wait.

The Star. You've booked a table, I suppose?

Lord Bungay. At the Leroy, and one at Zigano's, and a private room at Cressages.

The Star. I'd like to go to the Porchester. Give me my earrings, Annie. Now my diamond star.

Lord Bungay. Who gave you those pearls?

The Star. My godmother—ages ago. You silly Bungo; I believe you're jealous.

Lord Bungay (*brokenly*). I'm a fool to love you like this.

AS IT IS.

Dresser. A lady sent these round, dear.

The Star. Flowers! How exciting! Only chrysanthemums, but still . . . Put them in water, will you, Annie? And look, break one off for a buttonhole for yourself.

Dresser. Thank you, dear, but it's a shame to spoil it; besides, I've got some beauties in my little garden in Peckham.

* * *

Roger. I say, it's awfully nice of you to see me. I've been to the show such heaps of times.

The Star. Have you really? I've never seen you.

Roger. I'm always in the front row of the pit. I say, I wonder if you'd let me do something?

The Star. I daresay I would. What is it?

Roger. My sister's just outside. She wants to meet you awfully. Could I bring her in?

* * *

Dresser. Mr. Benson, dear.

The Star. Uncle Percy!

Uncle. Well, Maggie dear, I thought I'd look you up. How are you getting on?

The Star. I'm fine, Uncle. How are you?

Uncle. Not too bad; a touch of the old trouble now and then.

The Star. How's Aunt Eva?

Uncle. She's fine.

The Star. And Cousin Fred?

Uncle. Splendid.

The Star. And Mac and Doris?

Uncle. Full of beans.

The Star. How do you like the show?

Uncle. It's fine.

The Star. I must be going or I'll miss the last train.

Uncle. I'll see you as far as the station.

The Star. That's sweet of you. How's Cousin Bertha?

Uncle. She's fine. . . .

STRAWS.

WHEN the straws by the kerb-stone lie all the one way
You know very well what the log-books will say—
Hard winds in the Channel from Falmouth to Deal,
And tankers that ache through their coatings of steel;

Wind east by north-east blowing sleet on the brine,
Slow tankers in travail from Humber to Tyne,
And captains that swear by the Lord they'd give thanks
For a barge out of Runcorn untroubled of tanks.

When with straws that are woven and ribboned you make
A screen for your head lest your eyeballs should ache,
You know very well what the log-books reveal—
Blue water as smooth as the back of a seal,

And sun-mellowed captains who now seem to draw
All the sweetness of life through the stem of a straw,
Slowly sipping, and sorry for all the poor souls
That sail between towpaths and telegraph-poles.

When the straws from the nose-bags slide over the roofs
You know there is thunder and dust of sea-hoofs
From numberless nags that come cantering down
And challenge the tankers to ride them or drown.

Then captains grow testy and cannot sit still
As they dive to the hollow or leap to the hill,
And swear if they hadn't been fools they'd have stayed
To serve out the rum in a bar at Port Said.

When the straws are upright and a-rustle in rows
You know very well what the log-books disclose—
Wide waters all smooth and wide heavens all dumb,
And captains whose lives are all honey and rum;

For, filling their glass till they're half over seas,
The tanker runs on while they lie at their ease,
Full of pity for all the poor lads with no sand—
The limpets that hold on the fringe of the land.



Commercial Candour.

"Mr. —— pointed out that only the very bust fruit could be dealt with in canning factories."—*West-Country Paper.*

Academic Pessimism.

"Such candidates must also register as Eternal Students preparing for the B.A. Examination . . ."—*Regulations of London University.*

"The Sussex man at once found a length and bowling to three fieldsmen in the region of short leg, he proved more difficult to score from than Brown."—*Sussex Paper.*

All the same it is hoped that in the coming Test Match he will concentrate on the wicket.



"I'VE TOLD YOU OFTEN ENOUGH THOSE TIMSONS ARE BAD BOYS FOR YOU TO PLAY WITH."
"BUT I'M A GOOD BOY FOR THEM TO PLAY WITH."

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

WASHING ON THE "LINE."

AT Nafadam the position of mess-washerman is vacant.

Somewhere to the south of us the recent holder of the office is legging it to the friendly cover of civilisation as hard as he can go.

Meanwhile, we in Nafadam appear as children of nature plus shorts and helmets, while most of our apparel is being sterilised in a tank.

For the trouble has, so we are now naïvely told, been going on for some time, and, content as we are to share the luck and life of our black brother, we cannot share shirts and trousers. So everything washable is under suspicion.

If old Sulimani were to turn up he would be reinstated at once. Before we got finicky about the absence of buttons, etc., it was he that submerged our washing in the brown stream that runs beyond the compound, and his the hand that thumped our things into holes and ruin between two stones.

But he departed, wages in hand and tear in eye, with the appearance of Sam Kofi, certificated washerman, of Lagos.

A businesslike fellow, Sam Kofi, with wide interests.

Our soap, imported at vast expense for our washing, is now being peddled in small squares by his accomplices in every bush-village around. Our starch, we find, was sold as a new patent food of the white man's. The astonishing prevalence of light blue as a colour for cotton cloth in the market was due to a box of cubes that young Rogers brought out for his mess-jackets.

But that may be overlooked. It is the final discovery that has led Sam Kofi to disappear at night, followed closely by two native policemen chosen for their speed.

It is this that leads Tantrum to swear softly over the edge of the tank while he pokes with a stick in an endeavour to give his polo-breeches a stir round.

It is this that causes Wood to elevate on a bamboo portions of a once-white suit, magnificently cut, that is now turning coffee-coloured under the influence of the permanganate in the tank.

We should have tumbled to it earlier, for Sam Kofi's insistence on collecting the washing punctually on Monday mornings was certainly fishy, especially as its return on Friday was most irregular.

But not until Rogers saw his mauve-and-black pyjamas staggering about the market under a load of bananas had we the least idea. . . .

That was yesterday (Tuesday). By mid-day to-day the police had rounded up—

(1) Tantram's polo-breeches (being worn by Ojo, P.W.D., ganger on the new road);

(2) Wood's suit and several shirts (on the persons of traders in the market);

(3) Rogers' pyjamas (on an individual awaiting a charge of theft which cannot be substantiated);

(4) Various articles of badly-needed apparel belonging to the rest of us (now undergoing quarantine in the disinfecting tank).

Of course there is a lot away in adjoining villages, but it is turning up. Only just now Meagrim, the M.O., gave an indignant gentleman a beating in exchange for a bundle of clothes which Meagrim hurried to the tank immediately.

We are told it will be all in by Thursday, as Sam Kofi only hired it out for three days a week, so as to leave him time to get through a hurried wash on Friday mornings.

In the meantime we are having a good many baths and awaiting the return of the police and Sam Kofi.



Traveller (*peevishly*). "DAMMIT! CAN'T GET AWAY FROM THESE CONFOUNDED PICNIC-PARTIES EVEN IN THE DESERT!"

PITY THE PUNDITS.

THE Pundits are a peculiar race, of no fixed abode and (almost certainly) without the necessary coppers in their pockets (if they have pockets) to protect them from a charge of vagrancy.

Nobody has ever seen them, but they are reputed to be pale forlorn creatures, sneaking into the dark alleys of Fleet Street to hide their diminished heads.

They are called forth only so that their arguments may be refuted. The man who writes the leading articles in *The Daily Post* gives them no rest. On Monday he writes: "Although the pundits tell us that ADAM SMITH'S *Wealth of Nations* has no application to modern conditions, we believe . . ."

Again, in Captain Hitchstirrup's Sporting Chat, we read: "The pundits may say that Scrambled Egg carried five pounds too much in the Dishwater Handicap, but a careful survey of recent form . . ."

On Tuesday, in the leading article, the poor Pundits have been putting their feet in it again: "The pundits tell us that unemployment in this country will never fall to its pre-war level. But . . ."

Nobody ever agrees with the Pundits. Even "Madame Dorchester," on the Woman's Page, gives them one straight from the shoulder. She writes: "The pundits tell us that cold cream should invariably be applied to the face before the powder is put on. If, however . . ."

Poor fellows! On every subject, from Franco-German relations to face-powder, they are incapable of obtaining that most coveted of all human prizes, the Last Word.

"In Cambridge the salary of a post might be £30 a year, but by tutoring, by examining, and in other ways, a man could easily double his income."—*Scots Paper.*

That 's why Cambridge dons are also such grandees.



PREPARING FOR THE SIMPLE LIFE.



House-Agent. "WE HAVE AN EXACTLY SIMILAR PROPERTY AT A SLIGHTLY INCREASED RENT, BUT, BEING AT THE CORNER, IT IS NUMBERED IN SLAPTON MEWS INSTEAD OF IN SLAPTON PLACE."
Social Climber. "WELL, DEAR, I SUPPOSE IT IS WORTH PAYING A LITTLE MORE FOR THE BETTER ADDRESS."

SHIPS' BORES, HINT FOR THE SILENCING OF.

HE was the Ship's Bore, so of course he took to me at once. (Every ship has a bore; he is as inevitable and recognisable as, though less welcome than, the stewards; and it will be a happy day when he is forced to wear a distinctive uniform and depart smartly when one rings three times.) He was also a wholesale fruit-importer from Didsbury on his first cruise, so of course he knew a thing or two about these foreigners. Also, he said, he believed in getting in touch with the natives. They appreciate it.

At Cairo he was getting in touch with half the Continent's natives when I saw him last, and returned triumphantly that evening with "some *real* stuff, boy," viz., two Persian rugs (genuine Midlands), a drinking-cup looted from a King's tomb (Sheffield) and a pair of ancient scarab links (parentage doubtful, but obviously Anglo-Saxon). For the space of four whiskies in the smoking-room—I am a slow drinker—he informed me that the genuine stuff was still obtainable if one showed one wasn't to be put off with rubbish. Kindly but firm and man to man—that was the way to treat these fellows. He also explained at length that the rather jolly little inlaid bronze-and-copper coffee-pot which I had picked up was a laughable fake. Mass-produced stuff, he said.

In Barcelona he discovered the word "*contrabando*" with joy. If one avoided the tourist-shops, he explained and went to a little trouble to make friends with one of the smugglers' agents one could pick up wonderful stuff dirt cheap. The choice bit of old Spanish lace I picked up in the curiosity shop in the Rambla he smiled at pityingly.

But it was in Lisbon that he reached his peak. Positively yammering with joy and the knowledge of what was what, he displayed a square yard of genuine old Moorish tapestry, looted from the palace of a Spanish ex-aristocrat and smuggled across the Portuguese frontier. It was almost with pity that I reached forward and called his attention to a minute paper circle stuck loosely to one corner. He took one look at it, upset his whisky, and left me in peace until we reached Southampton.

* * * * *

It was an unscrupulous act but efficacious. I put the label there myself. It said "MADE IN MACCLESFIELD." And, anyway, I'd just found the darn thing on my bit of old Spanish lace.

THE DELUGE.

EVERY year within Great Britain
Fifteen thousand books are written.
Fifteen thousand fiends with towels
Tied around their aching heads
Brood on consonants and vowels
Ere retiring to their beds.

Fifteen thousand volumes yearly,
Entertainment purchased dearly!
Many savour of the sewers,
Some are cackle cooked for geese,
Yet acclaimed by our reviewers
Each of them a masterpiece.

Did I say that in Great Britain
Fifteen thousand books were written?
That's the number paged and printed
And by publishers produced;
There's another million minted
And, thank goodness, not unloosed.

W. H. O.

Advertisements at Which We Shudder.

"—— SCHOOL.—Wanted in January, to take almost entire responsibility for the lowest form of boys, a man experienced in such work."—*Weekly Paper.*



ON THE ROCKS.

JOHN (*to Jonathan*). "MY DEAR FELLOW, I ASK YOU—*IS* THIS THE MOMENT TO ASK ME TO HAND OVER THAT DEBT?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 28th.—A Labour delegation visiting India has about as much chance of getting at the true inwardness of things as the proverbial tallow-legged dog has of catching the traditional asbestos cat in the jungles of Tartarus. The House was accordingly not surprised to hear from Sir SAMUEL HOARE that the Indian League, the organisation that had despatched Miss ELLEN WILKINSON and fellow-enthusiasts to give Hind the "once-over," had, immediately prior to their departure, received a substantial donation from a prominent Congress leader. Nor was the House astonished to learn that the party had collected most of its impressions from Congress workers told off for the purpose, *inter alia*, of staging Congress demonstrations and clashes with the police.

Apart from which a charming time was no doubt had by all. Mr. BUTLER, the Under-Secretary for India, informed Commander LOCKER-LAMPSON that Vizagapatam Harbour might with luck be opened next April. This is the historic spot of which one learned in childhood's happy hour that

> "The King of Vizagapatam
> Said "I may seem as dumb as a clam,
> But if one of my spouses
> My anger arouses,
> You 'll soon learn how vocal I am."



PYBUS IN THE PILLORY.

MR. PYBUS RECEIVES ATTENTIONS FROM SIR WILLIAM DAVISON, MR. CHURCHILL, LORD WINTERTON AND COLONEL GRETTON.

Sir JOHN SIMON informed Mr. MORGAN JONES that the League of Nations' Council had decided to submit the Lytton Report on Manchuria to a special meeting of the Assembly. One cannot but feel that a more satisfactory solution of the problem would be achieved by submitting Japan to Mr. MORGAN JONES.

Mr. TOM WILLIAMS executed a veritable bombardment of the PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE BOARD OF TRADE on the question of whether the higher prices of meat resulting from restricted imports was reaching the Argentine producer or was merely enriching the importing combine. Dr. BURGIN replied that according to advices from the Argentine the price of steers there had risen two cents per kilo, but firmly declined to take steps to "limit the profits of monopolistic importers."

A suggestion by Lieut.-Colonel MOORE that an indicator (giving the name of the Member addressing the House) should be installed in the Public Gallery was coldly received by Mr. ORMSBY-GORE. "Did not the right hon. gentleman think that it would be an admirable way of allowing the general public to become acquainted with their Members?" asked Colonel MOORE. The right hon. gentleman did not. Coming from the FIRST COMMISSIONER, who has done so much to enable the public to recognise the ducks in St. James's Park, this seemed a little unkind.

Debates on King's Speeches are an unconscionable time a-dying, and the agony has been the more lingering on this occasion by reason of the few debatable matters referred to and the vagueness of the reference. Interest revived slightly on Friday (the fourth day of the debate) when Mr. ATTLEE moved the Labour Amendment to the effect that there could be no restoration of prosperity under Capitalism.

At last, one said, Labour will speak with no uncertain voice. But Labour did nothing of the kind. The painful truth is that the albatross round the *Ancient Mariner's* neck was not more onerous than is the full-blown Socialism, plumped for by the T.U.C. at Leicester, about the neck of the Parliamentary Labour Party. As destructive critics its Members do not do so badly. As exponents of scientific Socialism they are pretty hopeless, and as protestants of the rip-roaring Socialism that discards Fabianism but cannot quite stomach Communism they are merely stealing the thunders of Mr. MAXTON and the I.L.P.

Mr. ATTLEE is as mild a man as ever scuttled an economic theory, but on the constructive side he got no further than to suggest that Socialism would increase the "consuming power" of the masses. He did not explain how, but presumably by evolving a proletarian with three stomachs and two pairs of feet. A mildly heretical admission that with a real control of imports and exports the country would be in a position to utilise the services of every employable man or woman was followed by the warning that Western civilisation might indeed be destroyed, not, as Mr. BALDWIN suggested, by aerial bombs, but, as the Roman Empire was wiped out, because its economic organisation was not such that it was worth the ordinary man's while to make efforts to preserve it.

All this, Lord EUSTACE PERCY pointed out, left the House no wiser than before, and he did not blame Mr. MAXTON for despairing of ever teaching the Labour Party what Socialism really means. It was no good a Labour Government coming to that House with alternative sentiments; it would have to have an alternative policy for dealing with the real problem that faced them all—how to get away from the systems under which the enjoyment of wealth was confined to those who produced the wealth.

Thereafter the debate proceeded fitfully, Members alternatively taking a nibble at the more philosophic aspects of Socialism *v.* Capitalism and returning with something like relief to the policies—Protection, Free Trade, Slum Clearance, bigger doles and whatnot—nearest to their hearts.

To-day the debate continued on the same lines. Mr. LANSBURY made a brave effort to say "Socialisation," but, like the birthday-gift parrot that greeted the indignant bishop with the remark, "Say 'Your Grace,' drat you!" he could only say, "Social reorganisation," which is hardly the same thing. Mr. FRANK CLARKE, Dartford's Boy Scout enthusiast, in a bright maiden speech pointed out, *à propos* of what Socialism could do, that in the Erith urban district it had raised the urban rate to 29/6 in the pound, with the result that large industries were moving away, large orders were lost, and men left the factories for the poverty-line in batches.

Mr. DORAN of Tottenham suggested that they should give employment by

moving the slag-heaps of the North and using them to fill up the gravel-pits in the South. It was, he informed the House, his birthday. "That accounts for a lot!" interjected Mr. JACK JONES understandingly. Still longer speeches followed, most of them unashamedly deserting the Amendment for more likely topics. Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS made a feeble effort to get back to Socialism in what remained of the House's time with what Sir P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER justifiably interpreted as an assertion that in a Socialist State it would make no difference whether an industry was carried on at a profit or at a loss. Then, as a sort of comprehensive challenge to all the Government's critics, the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES reminded the House that the Government, in redemption of its pledge, had reduced the adverse trade balance by £86,000,000 while exports had at the same time actually increased three per cent., and we had again resumed our place as the world's premier exporting nation.

The Amendment was defeated by 431 votes to 39.

Tuesday, November 29th.—When the Lords have nothing to do and weary of doing it very well they stage a bright little debate on Disarmament or the Lytton Report or some other matter of international importance. The procedure is always the same. Some noble Lord—generally Lord CECIL—asks the Government if it has any further information. The Government never has—if it had it would make itself highly unpopular if it did not impart it to the faithful Commons first—but the question enables the noble Lord or any other noble Lord to indicate the sort of information he is pining to hear.

To-day the information-seeker *was* Lord CECIL, and being a thrifty soul he invited the Government to combine Disarmament and the Sino-Japanese dispute in one answer. The noble Lord thought that Japan ought to confer on the basis of the Lytton Report, but did not suggest that they were bound to do so. Turning to Disarmament he regretted that the recent British White Paper made no mention of the French claim for security.

Lord PONSONBY said his enthusiasm for the British Disarmament statement was even more tempered than Lord CECIL'S. He denied that countries were afraid of one another; it was the Governments that were afraid of one another. One gets the impression that Lord PONSONBY has no use for Governments. Lord READING, ever an optimist, thought it would help us in debt discussions with America if we had assisted in reducing budgetary expenditure on our armaments. Lord LOTHIAN, reverting to the Sino-Japanese dispute, thought that the nations of the world ought to consider collective support to the Government of China with the view of establishing it as an effective and *de facto* Government; to which Lord HAILSHAM might have replied (instead of merely insisting on the Government's lofty sentiments) that China has possibly never had a single effective and *de facto* Government since the glorious old days of KUBLA KHAN.

In the Commons the PRIME MINISTER informed Mr. MANDER that the Government did not propose to proceed with the Channel Tunnel. The Government,



THE GENEVA BAROMETER.

Lord CECIL. "QUITE PROMISING! HOW ANNOYING THIS WILL BE FOR POOR AMERY!"

we may take it, is not at the moment looking for more or better holes.

The London Traffic Bill (carried over by Resolution from the last Parliament) began its renewed career in Committee of the whole House in a sort of super-traffic jam. The Bill is anathema to many Conservative Members, and when Mr. PYBUS moved to report progress in order to say a few words about the Bill as a whole, they demanded the right to say a few words about it too. Mr. SMITHERS, Sir WILLIAM DAVISON, Mr. C. WILLIAMS and Colonel GRETTON managed to indicate between them how uncomplimentary those words would be.

The CHAIRMAN ruled that such a general discussion of the Bill was not possible, whereupon Mr. CHURCHILL and Earl WINTERTON, more, one suspected, with the idea of ruffling Sir THOMAS INSKIP'S dignified solemnity than from animosity to the Bill, urged the House to support the MINISTER'S motion, report progress and pass on to something else.

The result was the unedifying spectacle of the Government Whips being hastily clapped on to secure a defeat of the Government's own Motion, which being accomplished, Mr. CHURCHILL brightly suggested that as the House had rejected a Government Motion the CHAIRMAN should leave the Chair in order to give the MINISTER the opportunity of explaining the Government's intentions.

The CHAIRMAN resisted this appeal and the House began at length to discuss the Amendments to the Bill.

Wednesday, November 30th.—Musk-rats were first imported into Shropshire, said Sir G. BOWYER, Assistant Whip (the animal having, it seems, no departmental status), in October, 1929, when there were no restrictions whatever. Restrictions only came into operation on May 1st, 1932.

Never has the whole story of a national disaster been told in so few words. *De minimis*—at a cost of many millions of pounds—*non curavit Lex.*

There may be objections to the Bill, which Mr. HOLFORD KNIGHT obtained permission to introduce, to permit a divorce to be obtained from a spouse who has been certified as an incurable lunatic for not less than five years, but Mr. LOGAN'S appeal for its refusal to those Members who "valued home life" seemed a trifle far-fetched.

Sir B. FALLE'S Motion calling attention to excessive reductions of Naval *matériel* and *personnel* evoked some lively criticism of Naval construction policy and revealed a widespread view among Members that Neptune is not on the side of the big battleships, and a still more pronounced opinion from Mr. AMERY that none of the gods is on the side of the small navies. It also enabled the FIRST LORD to reveal how drastically the British Navy had been cut down when all other important navies were growing up, and how difficult it was, when calls were made for the Navy's humanitarian services in cases of dire need—there had been eighteen such in the last eighteen months—to respond to them.

A Motion by Mr. RAIKES for reform of the House of Lords, followed by a Labour Amendment calling for its abolition, wrung from Mr. JACK JONES one of those rare but illuminating intrusions into the House's deliberations for which the Member for Silvertown has always been deservedly famous. "The House of Lords ought to be preserved," he declared, adding,



"YOU KNOW, MR. STARK, MY HUSBAND IS SIMPLY A *FIEND* AT GAMES. WON'T YOU COME AND PLAY PING-PONG WITH HIM ONE EVENING?"

as the House looked its astonishment—"in spirits."

Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND said the Socialists, the most undemocratic party in the country, wanted no Second Chamber to interfere with political dictatorship, but the rest of the country wanted the opportunity it gave for second thoughts on important questions.

The SPEAKER diplomatically allowed both Motion and Amendment to be talked out.

AN INTERESTING PROPOSAL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have read with considerable interest the various proposals made by the leading Governments upon disarmament, and I regret to find that these are not wholly satisfactory. A similar uncertainty characterises the monetary obligations between the nations.

In the world of business we attack such problems in the spirit of co-ordination and rationalisation which they merit, and I have a suggestion to make which might do much to ease the situation.

The obvious suggestion to make is, of course, a merger. (You will forgive me if I offend your sense of patriotism. Business men cannot afford to be sentimental.) A merger between the nations could easily be arranged and the need for disarmament would disappear. The world state would have a monopoly (how we business men love the word!) of armaments with no one against whom these could be used and thus armaments as such would virtually be abolished.

I realise, however, that such a merger is impracticable. One must give mankind's feelings some consideration. But in business our method of dealing with such problems is a simple one.

When a competitor in business becomes too troublesome we (to use a Transatlantic expression) get together. We don't merge, we associate. We take a share or two in each other's businesses and exchange a director or two. Thereafter a joint policy eliminates the competitive element.

Now here is my suggestion. If competing firms can exchange directors, why shouldn't states exchange statesmen? One man can easily be director of thirty companies. Why shouldn't Mr. MACDONALD or M. HERRIOT or HERR VON PAPEN be members of half-a-dozen Governments?

Assuming that half-a-dozen of our most powerful statesmen were members of each of the more important European Governments, much propaganda work could be performed which would lead to our views being more readily understood on the Continent.

On the other hand, if we had half-a-dozen French, German, Italian and other Continental legislators in Westminster, why then we would be able to appreciate perfectly the other fellow's viewpoint.

I feel confident that such a scheme would solve once and for all not only disarmament but all other international problems. Yours faithfully,

A BUSINESS MAN.

[How would MUSSOLINI fit into this scheme?—ED. *Punch*.]



THE CHARTERED LIBERTINES RECEIVING THEIR CHARTER FROM THEIR SOVEREIGN.

UNCLE DIEHARD ON THE SAXOPHONE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I was reading in a very modern novel the other day the remark of an old woman in Sussex, who says that she doesn't mind how many sons her daughter has, legitimately or otherwise, because she shall bring them up to earn six pounds a night playing in jazz-bands in London. "'Well,' I thought," she remarks, "'here's a jazz-band ready-made to me 'and,' as you may say; and it's better still now there's four of them. I've got 'em all under me, and in one family, so's I can keep an eye on the lot of them while they're learning to play. So that's why I'm bringing them up right, on plenty of milk, and seein' they get to bed early. They'll need all their strength if they 'ave to sit up till the cows come 'ome playin' in them night-clubs."

Now what makes this statement so formidable is that the novel is dated somewhere in the 1950's, when everyone has an aeroplane, and as you telephone you can be seen by the person you are talking to, by television.

If jazz-bands are to go on as long as that, I thought as I read, what an appalling prospect! It was then, Sir, that I sat down to write to you, because you have been for some cacophonous years consistently the foe and the ridiculer of the principal vehicle of jazz, the saxophone. Is it not time for a real effort to be made to get rid of this detestably dreary instrument? Could you not cut the jokes and put on your heaviest boots?

The world seems gradually and steadily to have filled with bands of young men whose destiny it has become to fill our lives with a concentrated form of tonal depression. It is not music; it is not melody; the best way in which to describe it is perhaps "melo*dee*," a word with which most of the lines end in the lovelorn verses which the singers, or cantors, in these rhythmless joyless orchestras bleat and whine their frustration or desire. All their ditties are dismal, and all are prepared for them by, I fancy, American composers.

"If music be the food of love," says the *Duke* in *Twelfth Night*, "play on." But what if music be the indigestion of love? Yet it is played on none the less, in theatres, at non-stop, at cabarets, at night-clubs, on gramophones, and, more serious still, it is broadcast.

Is it not more than time that a healthier form of song was sung, with tunes in which gaiety plays its proper part? I am sure that by any of the Toms, Jacks and Harrys who bring these bands together there would be a quick response if only their patrons would express the preference; for they are all servants of the public merely masquerading as its masters. And I am sure also that honest tunes with lilt and movement, unaccompanied by manifestations of the saxophone's internal pains, are what their patrons really want, because no sooner is a real tune interpolated, almost always by request, than the faces and the feet of the dancers equally show signs of pleasure.

Another proof is that the saxophone is excluded from all the bands that supply the stimulus to community singing. What are the songs that are then sung? Not the wailings of plighted, blighted, fox-trotting Jeremiahs from the Bowery, but rousing choruses such as the troops marched to in the War. The most popular of these are "Tipperary," "I Do Like To Be Beside The Seaside," "A Bicycle Made For Two," "Pack Up Your Troubles In Your Old Kit-bag." Never do these, and others I could name, fail to rouse an audience, just as in a night-club there is an instant jubilant reaction to "The Blue Danube" and "See Me Dance The Polka" whenever they are played—also by request. Has the power to compose with cheerfulness departed from modern musicians? It is a sad thought. If not, let them become creative again with a smile on their lips. Let the ballads of the nation again be more

important than its laws, and let imported American dirges be suspect.

How such an insidious enemy to harmony and joy as the saxophone was allowed to get such a hold I cannot imagine. But his reign has lasted long enough; too long. Dear Mr. Punch, you can make the wheel turn.

I am, Yours faithfully,
UNCLE DIEHARD.

BEAUTIFICATION.

I NEVER thought to find myself plunging into the vortex of World Economics. It is not my *métier*. Certainly, in clubs and places where they talk, I have made an occasional mild comment on the general position. But little attention has been paid to me. I have a rather quiet voice, and the other man has mostly had in his eyes the eager look of one who is thinking of his own next remark. However, it does behove us all to explore every avenue. There, I knew that would come in sooner or later. And it is so deplorable. An avenue is not really at all a likely place to go exploring in. But it has somehow become inextricably entangled with World Economics and, avenue or no, I *have made a discovery*. It is, that the only form of commercial activity that is paying its way is the Beauty Parlour. Now, why cannot we follow this up? Much of the trouble is, I am told, that with the increase of machinery there isn't the work to go round. If beautifying is profitable, *why not set half the world to beautify the other half?* At present this industry seems unnecessarily circumscribed. We all know quite a lot of people who might with advantage . . . Well, I don't want to be offensive, but you see what I mean?

At the theatre the other night I had a discussion with my niece as to the probable age of a man sitting in front of us. I put it much higher than she did. She remarked (a little rudely, but nieces are like that), "Nonsense. He has quite a young neck." To which I replied, "Perhaps he's had it lifted." I don't suppose he had really had it lifted, but why not?

There is a great deal of detail to be worked out, I know. Who is to be beautified and who is to beautify will often be a difficult problem. There will be many border cases. I rather suspect that I am one myself. But with good will they may be adjusted, and a new era dawn. Beauty Parlours, indeed! Why merely Parlours? We might have Beauty Palaces . . . State Beauty Palaces . . . The Albert Hall. . . .

"Impenetrability! That is what I say!" said Humpty Dumpty. And "Beautification! That is what I say!" say I. It has the germ of a quite beautiful idea. A. W. B.



"YOU THINK HE 'S IMPROVING, NURSE?"
"OH, RATHER; HE COMPLAINED TWICE YESTERDAY ABOUT THE WIRELESS."

THIS AMAZING WORLD.

POSSIBLY YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT:

There are no one-legged steam-laundresses in Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

Eggs laid by Siamese hens remain on the ground until collected by the natives.

If a man is walking at a speed of 4 m.p.h. along the corridor of an express train travelling at 60 m.p.h. and he is struck on the head by a bullet with a velocity of 700 m.p.h. he is not interested.

Medical men claim that sleeping with the head pointing to the North Pole is good for people who cannot sleep any other way.

If bananas could be grown in this country they would be the best in the world.

One apple contains more body-building material than seven small carpets.

Bed-ridden or paralysed men between the ages of ninety-five and one hundred are excused military service in Poland.

An African explorer has discovered in the Congo a tribe of pigmies who shoot at film-directors with poisoned darts.

Tonic News.

"THE JOY OF EASY INDIGESTION IS YOURS AT LITTLE COST."
Irish Paper.

"WHAT AMERICA OWES EUROPE. 3/6."—*Book Advt.*

This too is a tremendous relief.

AT THE PLAY.

"A KISS IN SPRING" (ALHAMBRA).

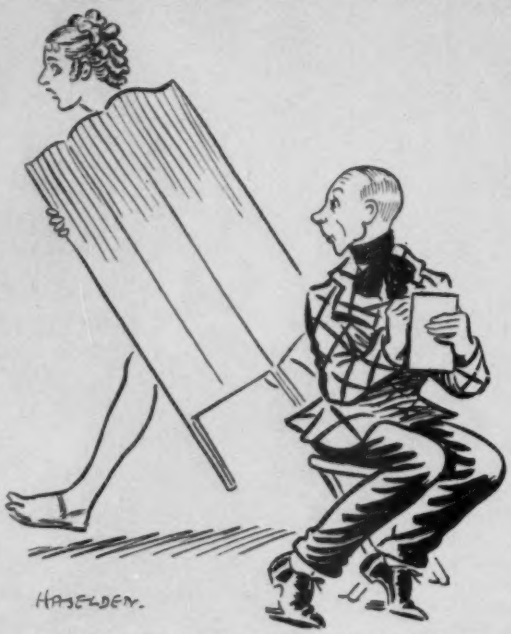
THIS is the story of three francless friends living in a studio-garret of the Montmartre of the eighteen-twenties—*Raoul*, the painter (Mr. ERIC BERTNER); *Florimond*, the composer (Mr. BILLY MILTON), and *Henri*, the poet (Mr. KENNETH KOVE); and of *Raoul's* model and inspiration, *Ninon* (Miss SYLVIA WELLING), and the little street-singer, *Violette* (Miss EILEEN MOODY), who pursues *Raoul* with an unrelenting sweetness that is ultimately rewarded in the usual manner.

I don't find it quite easy to determine the specific reasons of the unsatisfactoriness of the "Romantic Comedy with Music" (and machinery). Certainly at times a drowsy numbness pained our sense and we sank Lethewards—only to be seriously roused by the two most welcome interpolations of the ballet. That this was due to no mere personal preference or prejudice was proved by the unquestionable spontaneity and fervour of the applause which rewarded the dancers under the brilliant leadership of Miss ALICIA MARKOVA (whom, I think, we should now be calling MARKOVA, *tout court*) and Mr. HAROLD TURNER, in contrast with the rather perfunctory acknowledgments of the romantic and expensive scenery, the obtrusive revolutions of the disc of the stage, the romantic love-songs and the wholesome if unstimulating comedy.

And yet the story is in itself not notably weaker than is customary in these affairs, and the music by EMMERICH KÁLMÁN and HERBERT GRIFFITHS (with additional orchestrations by CONSTANT LAMBERT and others) was gracefully and appropriately sentimental or, when occasion offered, as in the swift-moving patterns of the ballet, spirited and even exciting. The moral tone was unexceptionable (unless this impression be due to my extreme innocence)—there was no attempt made to exploit the notorious freedom of stage Montmartre life. Can it be that that was the disappointment?

No, frankly, I think not. I am afraid the show was radically dull, and this is no moment for having dulness thrust formally upon us, even a dulness which must have cost a good deal to produce. Perhaps indeed that adds to the offence.

To turn to the more pleasant, indeed altogether pleasant, subject of the ballet. Mr. FREDERICK ASHTON had designed for Miss MARKOVA and Mr. TURNER an abstract rather than an interpretative exercise most apt to bring out the remarkable technical accomplishment of these two young and gifted artistes. There will be no reason to fear that the young school of English dancers, so long as its members are trained to perform and with such precision and grace, the established movements, *pirouette*, *fouette*, *entrechat*, and *arabesque* and whatnot, will decline into the easy ways of the vague dramatic posturings and graceful goings-as-you-please with which attempts have sometimes been made to bluff uninstructed audiences. We should have liked these performers, after they had given us such convincing proof of their mastery of the difficult grammar of their art, to have been allowed also to exercise their gifts of dramatic interpretation in a ballet that told a story. And I think that if the dullest passages were ruthlessly cut from this production and the blanks left to the dancers to fill they might yet save it. T.



SCREEN SCENE IN THE STUDIO WITHOUT SCANDAL.

Ninon (a model) . . . . MISS SYLVIA WELLING.
Henri (a poet) . . . . . MR. KENNETH KOVE.



CLERICAL EXAMPLES OF FORTITER AND SUAVITER IN MODO.

Archdeacon of Polchester . MR. BALIOL HOLLOWAY.
Canon Ronder . MR. FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN.

"THE CATHEDRAL."

As it happens I had not read Mr. HUGH WALPOLE'S novel, *The Cathedral*, before I saw his play, and this omission makes it easier to judge the play on its own merits. It stands up squarely by itself. I am not indeed at all sure that I should have guessed that it was an adaptation, except on the general grounds that no one in his senses would at this moment of time sit down to write a tragedy with thirteen characters of whom seven are clergymen. An intensive study of the novel in the small hours of the morning discloses the secret of the success of the novelist commencing dramatist. He has had the discretion and courage to reject much of his material, to alter incidents and motives at least in the themes of secondary significance, and in general to escape from the loose episodic treatment which so commonly betrays the adapter by knitting his selected material into the compact form demanded by authentic dramatic practice.

The main theme is simple. That energetic domineering ecclesiastic, *Archdeacon Brandon* (Mr. BALIOL HOLLOWAY), finds his long unquestioned supremacy in the chapter and church-going society of the old cathedral city of Polchester challenged by the quiet sleek astute new-comer, *Canon Ronder* (Mr. FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN). The antagonism first shows itself in differences of opinion on the most trivial matters. It gradually develops into an open quarrel fixed on the *Canon* by the *Archdeacon*, who, after the fashion of domineering ecclesiastics, mistakes his own intemperate will for the Voice of God. The conflict works itself out mainly and logically in terms of the characters of the two protagonists. Both men are equally resolute, the weakness of the one being his windy violence and bull-headed directness, the strength of the other his self-command, suavity and apparent sweet reasonableness. It is an uneven contest from the beginning, and the scales are

further heavily weighted against the *Archdeacon* by his failing health and his domestic troubles—the disobedience of his son and the infidelity of his wife. We might have said unfairly and unplausibly weighted, except that the misfortunes are substantially the direct result of character and the ill-health is aggravated by the angry pride, and morbid suspicion developing into a positive persecution mania which sees the hand of his enemy in everything, even in his private misfortunes and, more directly, in his defeat in chapter over the presentation to an important living. Fighting his enemy *Ronder* to the end with a violence and bitterness masked as zeal for the honour of the Church and the integrity of traditional Christian doctrine against Modernist compromises, the defeated man falls dead. A crude black-and-white clerical melodrama, in fact?

That would not be a fair judgment. For in the course of the action we have been shown more human and intimate aspects of the *Archdeacon's* character—the gradual, pathetic and, so far as was possible to such a man, humble recognition of his own egotism and wrong-headedness; an effort to recover the self-command that has deserted him. The passion for his cathedral and the zeal of his office are genuine if distorted and overlaid. And in general it may be said that Mr. WALPOLE is successful, with the help of the most skilful and tactful playing of all his clergymen, in giving us credible, worthy and sufficiently honest men, not merely malicious caricatures. I can't help thinking that Mr. BALIOL HOLLOWAY did at times a little jeopardise the balance by what was dangerously near to overplaying; for each profession has its moulds and masks, and any one too obviously made to a different pattern, especially perhaps in the externals, will not be so professionally successful as our masterful *Archdeacon*. Mr. HOLLOWAY did at first rather suggest the distinguished Shakespearean actor of the expansive tradition than a Church dignitary of however forceful a character. But this effect, I gladly acknowledge, was skilfully mitigated in the middle passages of the play, while at the end he had justifications in the obviously morbid condition of the unfortunate man.

Mr. SULLIVAN'S *Canon Ronder* seemed to me a perfect piece of characterisation. An easier part, no doubt, made to appear easier by really dexterous handling. The whole cast indeed is admirable. The young producer, Mr. ANDRÉ VAN GYSEGHEM, not for the first time proves his ability to control and bring the very best out of a team. In the more obvious part of his business, the production of "effects," he works skilfully yet unobtrusively to assist in emphasising the dominating factor of the cathedral itself as a personified detached power using and breaking its servants, which the author's romantic imagination makes the background of his book and play. T.

"TONS OF MONEY" (DALY'S).

Is it possible that in the optimistic period after the War, when there really seemed tons of the stuff about, we were less critical and more ready to laugh?

I am inclined to think this may explain the success which this play enjoyed—that and the fact that it was then presented by a team who were expert at getting away with the improbabilities of farce. In this new production these worried me a little, which is a bad sign, for no breathing-space should be allowed one in which to wonder.

The story is of an extravagant young inventor, *Aubrey Allington*, up to his neck in bills, who is suddenly left a legacy. He realises that as soon as this is known the vultures will swoop. His French wife, *Louise*, with Gallic realism, suggests the solution. He must pretend to be blown up in his workshop and then disappear for a bit. It is obviously necessary to have a real explosion; and when it occurs seven minutes too soon, he nearly disappears for good.

Meanwhile, the family solicitor (who could easily have been certified) calls again, with the happy information that, his client being dead, the money goes to a cousin in Mexico.

Louise then has another idea. Leaving just enough time for the journey from Mexico, *Aubrey* must come back disguised as his cousin. At the same time the butler, who has carefully read the will, is arranging that his brother shall arrive and also play *Cousin George*. *Aubrey* gets there first, in a huge sombrero and a becoming beard. By one of those lovely coincidences which spring up in the minds of farce-makers like daisies, one of his wife's friends, *Jean*, is staying in the house and has just announced that she happens to be married to *Cousin George*—though he went to Mexico, and I didn't blame him, a long time ago. She kisses *Aubrey* ecstatically, declaring him oscularly unmistakable, to the discomfiture of *Louise*.

To be brief, the butler's brother then turns up, and a little later the real *George* himself; by which time *Aubrey* has become the Vicar. And in the end he has to confess.

Miss YVONNE LE DAIN played the French wife with great energy; while in the part of *Aubrey* Mr. LESLIE HAMILTON showed himself a comedian of unequal powers. As the Vicar he was extremely funny. Miss STEPHANIE STEPHENS as *Jean* gave an unselfish impersonation of a silly woman; and Mr. HARRY PHYDORA'S butler was a pleasant variation from the pontifical. Special marks go to P. HOWARD STURGESS for his gardener, whose brief entries were a delight.

A brighter setting might help this production a lot. The *Allingtons'* library is a dreary place. ERIC.



"IN HER EAR HE WHISPERS GAILY."

Mrs. Brandon . . . . . MISS CLARE HARRIS.
Rev. Frank Morris . . . MR. LIONEL MARSON.

The QUEEN has promised to attend a Matinée, in aid of the PRINCE OF WALES'S Toc H Building Fund, to be given at 2.30 on Monday, December 19, at His Majesty's Theatre, when *Bunty Pulls the Strings* will be performed under the direction of the author, Mr. GRAHAM MOFFAT, who will appear with other members of the original cast. Tickets (Stalls, £5 5*s*., £3 3*s*. and £2 2*s*.; Dress Circle, £2 2*s*., £1 1*s*. and 10/6; Upper Circle, 8/6 and 5/9) may be obtained from the Organising Secretary, Miss MARGARET MACLEAN, 7, St. James's Street, S.W.1. Telephone: Whitehall 2849.

ENGLAND *v.* AUSTRIA.

ANOTHER BERSERK BROADCAST.

No, not Australia. Austria. And what is worse, my wireless-set has been at its Einstein tricks again. You may remember its disgraceful behaviour at the time of the Cesarewitch. Last night it ran wild in a strange squeaky voice on to-day's football-match between England and Austria at Stamford Bridge, and for the sake of all those who have failed to obtain tickets I grabbed a pencil and jotted the stuff down as it came. It's rather fragmentary, but then that's my wretched wireless all over:

". . . likely to be the most picturesque game that has yet been played in this country. In honour of the fact that this is Austria's first appearance here the Fussball—I'm sorry, the Football Association has wisely entrusted the entire production of the match to Sir OSWALD STOLL.

"He is to be congratulated. High hoardings have grown up all round the ground and an Austrian panorama has been painted on them which should make the visitors feel instantly at home, for it includes all their native towns and villages clearly labelled. Ten men have also been at work for a fortnight on a Danube of vast proportions and paralysing blue. England is eclipsed, but I hope this is not an omen.

"Only a really big producer would have conceived the notion of turning the central portion of the Grand Stand into a replica of the *White Horse Inn*, but that is exactly what Sir OSWALD has done. A châlet roof has been fitted, and a big balcony which houses a brass band, while green shutters and waiters are dotted about wherever they don't impede the view. . . .

"You'll be sorry to hear that the idea of a revolving stadium was finally abandoned as likely to upset the players' sense of direction. . . .

"It was a thoughtful gesture to convert a large block of touch-line seats into a *bier-garten* with shrubs and little tables. This has been put at the disposal of the official Austrian fans and microphoned so that their voices shan't be lost in the din. They're already here, looking very bronzed and handsome, toasting their team in long blue pots.

"I *do* hope the example of their dress won't be entirely lost on our own drab and bowler-hatted crowds. What could be nicer than leather shorts suspended by braces so elaborate that they are passed on from father to son, green Eton jackets with *chamois* on the tails, gaily-coloured shirts and bold green hats with shaving-brushes or a portion of bird stuck in the back? When these are worn in conjunction with a black beard it is the best rig-out in Europe. My only fear is that our unusually repulsive December weather may prove inhospitable to their bare knees. . . .

"By the way, I forgot to tell you, the rumour that the score will be subject to the current rate of exchange is quite unfounded. Just another young stock-broker without enough to do. . . .

"Did I mention the touch-line? They've planted a lot of tiny pine-trees along it and a low border of synthetic *edelweiss*. . . .

"Ah! I was right about those bare knees. Did you hear that booming report? The crowd took it as a signal that the teams had arrived, and stood up. But it was only one of the Austrian fans sneezing into a microphone. He has been given a *glühwein* and the phones are being cut off for the moment.

"The ground is now crowded to capacity, and most of us have just been staggered to see a large hole appearing in the middle of the pitch, from which the seat and dashboard of an organ are rising, with Sir MALCOLM CAMPBELL at the controls. He has let it neatly into gear and the air is full of 'The Blue Danube.' . . . It has sunk out of sight again. . . .

"Can you hear the crowd yelling? The English team has just run out and is waiting in front of the Grand-Châlet to welcome their opponents, who are slowly crossing the ground on a small paddle-steamer, the *Franz Joseph I.* Its syren sounds like the Fleet in a fog, but even so it can't quite drown the enthusiasm in the *bier-garten*, where the microphones are connected again.

"The visitors have disembarked, in national costume, but without coats or hats. They're bowing to the English side, and now they've plunged wildly into the Salz Kammergut knee-slapping dance, leaping into the air and yodelling, the slaps sounding like pistol-shots against the blare of the band. Just as suddenly they've stopped; now the English team are courteously performing a Morris dance, but with marked embarrassment.

"A small white helicopter festooned with Anglo-Austrian streamers is circling over the ground in a sinister manner. The teams are taking up their positions. Something round and yellow is falling from the helicopter towards the middle of the pitch. Ah! so it is. It's the ball. The game's started. . . ."

At this point I sat back in my chair relieved to have got all this rubbish over, and settled down to enjoy a commentary on the play. But it never came.

I did my best. I twiddled everything movable on the set. I turned it upside-down. Finally I kicked it downstairs, and at that it began to croon "The Blue Danube" in a nasty sentimental way; so I left it.

I'm afraid we shall have to wait until the evening papers, after all. ERIC.

IN A GOOD CAUSE.



Hospital Patient (one of large family in poor district, given a glass of milk). "HOW FAR DOWN CAN I DRINK?"—*(Reproduced from "Punch," January 13, 1932.)*

With great deference, in view of the stringency of the times, Mr. Punch is anxious to enlist his readers' sympathy for a cause which he believes to be of outstanding importance—that of suffering children. The Princess Elizabeth of York Hospital for Children at Shadwell (formerly the East London Hospital for Children) is in desperate need. Its great work as the only children's hospital in the East End is much restricted by the possession of only 135 beds, and its financial difficulties are acute, the limits of the overdraft having been reached already. Funds are urgently required, not only to keep the Hospital open, but to enable the Board to erect a Nurses' Home, which is absolutely necessary and will leave room in the Hospital itself for 25 additional beds. Fresh equipment is also needed in order to bring it up to date. Mr. Punch begs his generous friends to help this admirable institution, which serves a very poor district, isolated from the natural sources of charity. Donations of any amount will be gratefully received by The Secretary of "Punch," 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.



Mother (to small boy, after first day at school). "WELL, DEAR, HOW DID YOU GET ON?"
Small Boy. "OH, SPLENDIDLY! I MADE TWO FIRM FRIENDS AND ONE GREAT ENEMY."

EUPEPTICS.

[A school has been started where girls and young women are instructed in the latest dietetic doctrines.]

I WILL not wed for beauty,
For beauty, after all,
Though at the moment fruity,
Is apt ere long, to pall,
Nor does mere comeliness include
Discrimination in one's food.

I should not dream of linking
My fortune, so to speak,
With one who does her thinking
In Latin or in Greek,
Nor would Kamskatkan, French, or Dutch
Help me with my digestion, much.

There is a home of learning,
A school on modern lines
For everything concerning
The weal of him who dines,
Where calories, unless I'm wrong,
Come out particularly strong.

The worth of beef and salmon,
The reinforcing power
Ascribed to grapes and gammon,
Oysters, and nuts, and flour,
In such the pupils take degrees,
With other noble themes, like cheese.

Let her be ne'er so gifted,
However deep her eyes,
How can I feel uplifted
By one who's weak on pies?
I should prefer a girl, all round,
Whose calorific views are sound.

If she knows how to feed one
In true eupeptic ways,
One needn't bother, need one,
For beauty, which decays?
And in an intellectual mood
We two could always talk of food.

DUM-DUM.



First London Scot (to second Ditto). "IT 'S A FUNNY THING, JIMSIE, A DON'T SEEM TO HAE ENNY AMBEETION TAE GANG BACK TAE GLESGA."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A Dramatic Diarist.

IN the nature of things a career under way is less attractive to read of than its hazardous and hopeful launching. But the second volume of *The Journals of Arnold Bennett* (CASSELL, 10/6) undoubtedly sustains the interest aroused by the first, and if the writer's reaction to the biggest things—the War and his mother's death—betrays his limitations of insight and taste, his engrossment in and adornment of lesser happenings exhibits him throughout for the solicitous artist he was. His practical forecasts—Russia "the real enemy" and the TSAR and the KAISER with most to lose—are discerning, and the four sketches reproduced from his jottings on the French Front marvels of economy and eloquence. In 1912, a year after the entries open, the diarist transferred himself from Paris to Suffolk, where the villagers vaguely perceived him as "the actor chap," and his impeccable chauffeur was subsequently dubbed a German spy. His waking life, so to speak, was conducted less at Thorpe-le-Soken than in London, New York, Tuscany, Ireland, Paris (with an expedition to the French Front) and on the French and Italian Rivieras. The present volume, closing with 1921, produces fewer good yarns than its predecessor, though "the greatest theatrical story I have ever heard" features in June, 1919. For generous and incisive criticisms of contemporaries it appears to me as remarkable as its forerunner and equally well-edited. The culminating impression is that of a revue with twenty shifts of scenery, a cosmopolitan cast and a libretto almost entirely consisting of brilliant exits and entrances.

Don Whiskerandos in Wales.

The House Under the Water (HEINEMANN, 8/6) might be the title of poem; and so in a way it is. Not that Mr. FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG has written a "poetic" novel or even a romantic one. He deals realistically enough with such mundane actualities as gambling on the Stock Exchange, a great feat of engineering (which entailed the submersion of the house called Nant Escob) and a very deplorable disease. But from the first superb description of Forest Fawr to the idyllic *finale* beneath that same leonine mountain of the Welsh Marches the book is bathed in a clear and level light of beauty; while Forest Fawr and Dol Escob, majestic hill and lovely valley, are like the recurrent motives of a symphony, giving unity to a tale which wanders from Wales to Italy and South Africa. And it is a tale to be followed with absorbed interest, for *Griffith Tregaron*, with his fiery whiskers which are white before the lamentable end, with his passions and quarrels and desperate ventures, is a character as convincing as he is original, as fascinating as he is in some moods repellent; and *Philippa*, his youngest daughter, wins our hearts as an eager child of fourteen and keeps them as an eager woman nearing thirty. With her almost mystical devotion to Forest Fawr and Dol Escob she yet remains human and humorous, and is as fragrant a figure as ever graced the pages of fiction. Nor, though

less urgent in their appeal, are the rest of the *Tregarons*, their friends, lovers and enemies, any less real or any less necessary components of a story which is one of its author's best—and that is to say, one of the very best of our time.

Bitter Sweet.

Whenas Miss ROSE MACAULAY dipped
Her pen in venom which o'ertipped
And sometimes marred her manuscript,

She wrote as one with power to rid
The heart of folly, though she bid
My laughter echo while she chid;

Yet, when I bent my head above
They Were Defeated—tale of love—
Methought, "Her quill is plume of dove."

For here was such a brave conceit
Of Parson HERRICK and his sweet
As never I before did meet.

While yet I read the pages blurred
To Devon meadowlands, where stirred
Lent lilies at a poet's word.

And darker things were here to see—
Torture in name of clemency,
Intrigue and lust and vanity.

Take then this tale of wit and blood,
Learning and HERRICK's "pretty bud,"
And love that could not be withstood.

When sixteen sixpences and one
Have made your debt to COLLINS done
Then is your pleasuring begun.

The P. R. B.

Neither the English Pre-Raphaelites themselves nor their innumerable critics and biographers have ever succeeded in making it quite clear precisely wherein Pre-Raphaelitism consisted. Was it a return to nature as opposed to academic convention, a reversion to the divine aims and symbolic expression of the Italian Primitives, a recapture of the swift clarity of fresco through painting piece by piece on to wet white instead of into dark Georgian bitumen? Obviously it was all this at one time or another and in varying proportions, with ROSSETTI, MADOX BROWN, HOLMAN HUNT, MILLAIS and the rest of the set which *The Pre-Raphaelite Comedy* (CONSTABLE, 10/-) seeks to range and elucidate; and "the most important art movement of modern England" undoubtedly deserves a sympathetic and definitive chronicle. It can hardly, I feel, be said to have secured one here. Too seriously impressed by the *Pre-Raphaelitism* of HOLMAN HUNT—who seems to have lavished on autobiography a finer constructive imagination than is usual on his canvases—Mr. FRANCIS BICKLEY wastes time assaulting the position of MADOX BROWN and ROSSETTI and its enthusiastic maintenance by W. M. ROSSETTI and F. G. STEPHENS. But on its personal side the book is of great interest, Mr. BICKLEY having delved deeply into the origins and circumstances of his cast and brought to light what RUSKIN would have acclaimed as a notable assemblage of "talkative facts."



OUR DEAR OLD REGIMENTAL SERGEANT-MAJOR HAS A TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE FOLLOWING THE PUBLICATION OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE NEW ARMY UNIFORM.

A Tragic Prelude.

ARNOLD ZWEIG, it would appear, is of those who prefer to work backwards. It must be some years now since he wrote *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*, which one remembers gratefully as standing out from among the flood of war-novels of its time; but here we have the prelude to that tragedy. *Young Woman of 1914* is its name, Mr. ERIC SUTTON has translated it (and very well too), and MARTIN SECKER publishes it at 7/6. We are, the author tells us in a final note, to have yet another section next year if all goes well; and until then he would "deprecate any misinterpretation of his intention." Cheerfully I agree; it will be time enough to attempt the part of interpreter when the work is complete; and I confess that I have not yet perceived any very definite aim in this instalment. The book opens with the calling up of young *Bertin* at the beginning of the War and

the consequent break-up of the secret establishment he was running with *Lenore Wahl*, whose parents disapproved of her marriage with a yet undiscovered dramatic genius. *Bertin* did not want to be a soldier and *Lenore* dreaded becoming a mother, and both have to pass through a great deal of tribulation before they ultimately marry at the end. This is one of those War-stories that deal with those who stay behind rather than in the firing-line. *Bertin* himself, with his section of the A.S.C., visits the various fronts, and we get interesting glimpses of his life in Russia, Serbia and France; but it is *Lenore*, her family and friends and their life in Potsdam with whom the author is chiefly concerned.

A Ladies' Battle.

MR. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL'S *Mrs. Jim* (BENN, 9*d.*) can be regarded as coming something more than halfway up the scale, from worst to best, in the series of short and cheap novels by "Leaders of Modern Fiction" to which it belongs. It is a slight story, beginning with a certain *Lady Calender* who ruled her big country-house and her family with a rod of iron and was very much surprised when her son, *Jim*, broke away to the extent of making a secret and, from a worldly point of view, unfortunate marriage. *Jim* dies and his wife and son come to live with his mother; and it is the conflict between *Lady Calender* and *Mrs. Jim* which makes the story. *Mrs. Jim* is a taking creature, and I was very glad when her troubles ended happily in marriage with the fat pleasant doctor on whom her mother-in-law herself had staked a claim, though I did not quite believe that *Mrs. Jim's* father could so suddenly have been made a partner in his firm. But it is MR. MARSHALL'S knowledge of and gift for describing fashionable frocks and hats which is the book's most astonishing feature. That little white coatee with the single pearl button! *Lady Calender's réchauffé* hat! Clothes are here so perfectly portrayed that I cannot help suspecting expert collaboration.



"BUT HAVE YOU NEVER BEEN OFFERED THE SORT OF WORK YOU LIKE?"
"NO, LIDY—ONLY THAT REG'LAR STUFF."

Gay Satire.

MR. PAKINGTON'S new novel is as gay, as pleasantly sly, as his earlier story, *Four in Family*, and has the advantage of a rather stiffer backbone of plot. It is *James Barnes-Watson* who has *The Roving Eye* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6), for he is one of the most cheerful and irresponsible of Naval lieutenants. Here MR. PAKINGTON thoroughly knows his ground, and the account of the afternoon on board the *Severnshire* at the presentation of the flag embroidered by the ladies of the county would be hard to beat. He has his prejudices, of course, political and social, but he displays them without any bitterness as he ranges over the peculiarly English world of the well-bred and well-brought-up. He demands of his readers an almost royal memory for Christian names (though not for faces), and it is a remarkable tribute to his powers that, with no indication of their outward appearances, MR. PAKINGTON can yet make satirically clear the large array of characters on his populous scene.

The Plucky Number.

No reasons connected with superstition caused Rear-Admiral GORDON CAMPBELL, V.C., D.S.O., M.P., to christen his autobiography *Number Thirteen* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 20/-). The title was chosen because in a family of sixteen he arrived thirteenth. In a preface the Admiral excuses himself for writing his reminiscences while he is still comparatively a young man, but no apologies are needed for memoirs that are at once both adventurous and stimulating. The tale of his world-renowned exploits has already been told in that glorious book, *My Mystery Ships*, and scarcely any reference is made to them here. But his work during the years 1914-18 was by no means exclusively confined to "Q" ships; and in the literature of the War his account of the time when he took over the command of the Irish Sea will always deserve earnest consideration. Whether cruising with cadets, lecturing in America or briefly relating his political experiences at Burnley, he is always a frank critic, and at the same time intensely human and aware of the ludicrous side of life, a combination which assists in making his autobiography a real pleasure to read.

The Punishment Fits the Crimes.

The most voracious hunter after thrills will be satisfied by the opening chapters of *The Secret of the Seven Spiders* (THE FENLAND PRESS, 7/6), in which one murder and two dangerous assaults occur. After this brisk start the tale proceeds along tracks that have frequently been trodden by sensational novelists. The leading lady is kidnapped; car pursues car at break-neck speed; victims who have been rigorously trussed find means and opportunity to shake off their bonds. And my faith in the efficacy of alibis, already seriously impaired by a succession of disillusionments, has received yet another shattering blow. MR. GEORGE STANLEY conceals his secrets so cleverly that I doubt if anyone will be able to guess them, and he is also successful in keeping the pot of excitement at boiling point. But if he had contrived to stoke his fires with more original fuel I think that I should have followed the chase with greater zest and have been far readier to rejoice when the murderer was eventually caught and left to suffer for so persistently fracturing the majority of the Ten Commandments.

CHARIVARIA.

AN American writer advises people to marry in the winter. Otherwise you can't get divorced in time for the Easter holidays.

* * *

According to an official of the Office of Works, the House of Commons could be cleared in seven minutes in case of fire. But what's the use? They would only come back again.

* * *

A writer in *The Morning Post* says he had a hedgehog many years ago which used to become intoxicated through drinking beer. We hope it has now learned to carry its liquor like a gentleman.

* * *

Hedgehogs, by the way, are stated to be the new fashionable pets. They always had their points.

* * *

It has been discovered that there is a correspondence school for burglars in New York. Pupils mail opened safes back to the principal, who personally criticises and comments on the work done.

* * *

"Those who are taking up singing," says a well-known vocalist, "should not begin too early." Nor, we should like to add, should they continue too late.

* * *

A Frenchman is reported to have sold his wife for twenty francs. This is the lowest quotation that we have yet seen.

* * *

Slimming devices are to be installed in a new hotel. These are in addition to the usual *table d'hôte* meals.

* * *

As we anticipated, the Test match last week ended in a great Imperial victory.

* * *

Speaking at Oxford, Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD, Poet Laureate, told of a fox which got into a fowl-house and killed a hundred-and-fifty birds in one night. Does this mean that we are to have another epic in the spring?

* * *

Signs of industrial revival in Sheffield justify the hope that two blades of steel will grow where one grew before.

* * *

The lungs of the average man contain about five quarts of air. Whereas those of trombone-players may extend to a hogshead-and-a-half.

* * *

A party of British financiers have accepted an invitation to visit the States in January. It is said that they hope to be allowed to stroke our gold while they are there.

* * *

"What shall I be expected to pay for my Christmas turkey?" asks a correspondent in an evening paper. Cash, more likely than not.

* * *

"A man who is heavily in debt," says a magistrate, "goes in hourly dread of being found out." Or found in.

* * *

Tariffs have had no effect in checking imports of French mistletoe; but it is expected of patriots that they will "Kiss British."

* * *

A new kind of shirt is stated to have emerged from laundry tests with flying colours. And all the old ones did that too.

* * *

Song of Essex started favourite for a race won by Wenceslas. Favourite songs have no chance against Wenceslas at this time of year.

* * *

Scientists at Smithfield Show watched the effect of music on cattle. Scientists, like everyone else, have to find employment somehow.

* * *

A paragraphist in a West-End restaurant "could not help overhearing" a well-known Master of Hounds. Quick ears, no doubt, have often caught the sound of his voice in the hunting-field.

* * *

"Where do all the imported turkeys come from?" asks a daily paper. Eggs, boy, eggs.

* * *

An Aberdeen man tips the scale at twenty-three stones. Nobody of course can avoid tipping altogether.

* * *

"The earth-worm is the farmer's best friend," says an ornithologist. He forgets Lord BEAVERBROOK.



Tailor. "REALLY, SIR, THE SUIT IS MUCH TOO LONG FOR YOU, BUT WE ONLY CARRIED OUT YOUR INSTRUCTIONS."
Client. "IT'S MARVELLOUS! YOU SEE, I'VE JUST STARTED A POSTAL COURSE TO INCREASE MY HEIGHT."

THIS FREEDOM.

WHEN I was young and dared to stray
A hair's-breath from the beaten way
My kindly elders never dinned
Into my ears that I had sinned,
But the invariable reproof
Administered for my behoof
Used in familiar phrase to run,
"That is a thing which isn't done."

The rigorous decalogue of form
Prescribed a well-established norm,
And, comprehensive in its scope,
Give self-expression little rope
Until the ingenious Mr. WELLS
Revealed to us new Heavens and Hells,
And DOTTORESSA MONTESSORI
Denounced the ancient fairy story
And relegated GRIMM to glory.

Freed from all in- and pro-hibitions
And mediæval superstitions,
And all the rules that proved a curse
To would-be vomiters of verse,
The "ingenuous youth" of earlier days
Assumes a vastly different phase.

To-day unchecked they drink their fill
From Freedom's stimulating rill,
And there are very, very few
Things Bright Young Persons must not do.
Strong words and drink no more are banned,
Boys are no longer caned or tanned
Save by exposure to the sun,
Under whose influence everyone
Leaves practically nought undone.

C. L. G.



DECEMBER ON THE MOORS.

(Were it not for the unimpeachable veracity of the author of these notes (he writes from one of H.M. battleships), Mr. Punch might have found it difficult to accept some of the statements made hereunder—especially considering the time of year.)

"YOUR bird, I think, Colonel."

"No, no, Sir Henry; you saw it first."

"Leave the next to the duchess, boys. She sure will give it a beakful."

Merry days! Merry days!

What a motley group of sportsmen we are as we deploy on the slopes above Auchterbalonie! Stockbrokers in tartan, Americans in homespun and members of the old nobility in rags, yet all united in the love of sport.

A whistle sounds and we move out to our appointed places. See, there goes our host! He has disguised himself with a sprig of gorse and is crawling up the slope to where the birds are nesting. What *savoir faire*! What a *ventre à terre*! We get a glimpse of him from a new angle and understand now why he has the biggest bags in Scotland. It is his intention to dislodge these creatures from their fastnesses and send them hurtling down the hillside to fall an easy prey to the withering volleys from our guns.

With bated breath we watch him draw a careful bead with his fowling-piece.

THE COVEY SWOOPS.

The next instant there is a loud report and a dozen denizens of the moor rise into the air, cawing sharply.

Watch us as we crouch behind our emplacements, waiting to discharge a volley of slugs at the foremost of these formidable creatures.

"Here they come!" "Look out, Sir George!" "Mind your hat, Mrs. Gloop!"

In a dense mass the whole covey sweeps over us, yipping slightly as they come. A crackle of musketry breaks out all round, accompanied by the deeper notes of the Comte de Berserk's *mitraillcuse*. It seems that nothing can withstand so merciless a fusillade. Our quarry twists and turns, soars and volplanes in an attempt to avoid our missiles. But it is useless. One after another they are driven off by the intensity of our fire, and the last we see of them is a glimpse of their tail-feathers disappearing over the brow of yonder hill.

But our bags are down! As we move out into the open to retrieve them a lively discussion breaks out.

"Well shot, Sir George!"

"Come and look what a big one I've got."

"Dear, dear, only a crow! How provoking!"

Our host climbs down the hillside to inspect our prey. I have secured two owls and a large white bird and am complimented on my prowess; but Captain Featherstonehaugh is empty-handed.

"My gun is slightly blocked up," he advances in excuse as he is chaffed unmercifully on all sides.

AN UNFORTUNATE ALTERCATION.

"Come, now," says our host, with a sharp rebuke to the Captain for his carelessness, "a flight of rooks is sheltering in yonder quarry. Let us see if we can dislodge them."

Away we go to the quarry, mounted on our moorland ponies. Captain Featherstonehaugh, who is a novice, has brought a bicycle, but it is punctured by a sharp flint and he does not know how to repair it. He is compelled to advance on foot, and asks me to carry his gun; but I refuse, for I cannot afford to risk my sporting reputation by being seen in the company of so inefficient a performer.

As we surround the quarry, skilfully making use of the slightest cover, a loud croaking from the bushes informs us that our approach has been observed, and then, with a flapping of wings, the whole flight springs into the air.

Boom, Boom!

Once more I am successful, but as I move out into the open to collect my prey a sharp tingling in the breeches serves to indicate to me that Captain Featherstonehaugh has again missed his aim.

"Take care!" I call to him sharply. "Your slugs have struck me."

But he is insufferable. "My bird, I think," he cries, bounding from the shrubbery.

"No, no; it is mine. I recognise it by that white mark."

"Let go! I tell you that it is mine."

"Will you drop that game-bird?"

"I tell you I shot it on purpose for my collection."

"And I tell you that you missed your aim."

But the Comte de Berserk has seen the incident and soon pronounces in my favour. Captain Featherstonehaugh retires discomfited.

"Anyhow, it was a very skinny one," he says moodily.

MEMORIES OF THE CHASE.

Our host comes up now to inform us that luncheon is served. As we cluster round the caviar and the tinned asparagus we regale each other again and again with stories of the great sportsmen of the past. Perhaps the greatest of all was the redoubtable General Crackthorpe, whose execution with his old flintlock was little short of incredible. He would think nothing of including a couple of sheep in his before-lunch score. I shall always remember the advice which he was wont to give me: "Don't fire, my boy," he used to say, "until you can see the whites of their eyes."

Poor fellow! it was this very advice which caused his own undoing. He was found pecked to death by a party of black-eyed cormorants high up in the Machaggis Mountains.

THE DAY DRAWS TO A CLOSE.

As soon as lunch is over we move forward once more to the attack. And so the day wears on as we plod forward over moor and through fen, toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing, until the sight of the setting sun warns us that it is time to start the homeward march, laden with our spoils for the larder and for our collections of stuffed birds.

One word to those readers who are thinking of taking up moorland shooting as a hobby.

"What," I have often been asked, "is the correct wear for a sportsman on the moors?" I can only say that, although almost any style of clothing is permissible, for my own part, if Captain Featherstonehaugh is to be of the party, I always wear my buckskin breeches with double leathers in the seat.

"After the Footscray v. Clifton Hill B Grade women's cricket match on Saturday, Clifton Hill lodged a protest, stating that chewing gum had been placed on the stumps while Footscray was batting."—*Australian Paper.*

What will WARWICK ARMSTRONG say to this?



NOT O.K.

REZA KHAYYÁM (*disgracefully altering his "Rubaiyat"*)—

"I'LL TAKE THE OIL AND LET THE PROMISE GO
NOR HEED THE RUMBLE OF A DISTANT DRUM."



THE SWING OF THE PENDULUM.

IT IS NOW CONSIDERED CORRECT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE TO BE THOUGHTFUL AND CONSIDERATE TO THEIR ELDERS.

MY NOTE.

MY long-awaited Note to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has been despatched at last:—

SIR,—(1) I have read with interest and admiration the first and last yards of the Note to the United States, much of which, they say, was composed by your own gay little Department.

(2) If I may venture, so to speak, the argument about the difficulty of settling these debts makes one important omission. The debts, I understand you to say, were contracted in the form of goods, not money, and can only be settled in the form of goods. But they can't be settled in goods because every nation seems to dislike other people's goods just now and is doing its best to keep them out with tariffs.

(3) Ah, Sir, but you make a little mistake. There are certain foreign goods which every nation requires. The American nation, for example, is panting for French wines, Scotch whisky and English ale. The English nation requires French, German and Italian wines. Neither nation is receiving these goods in natural quantities, that is, in quantities related to the desire of the people to consume them. They are being excluded not so much by tariffs as by special legislation or by special duties, which are founded not on economic but other considerations. America, I gather, has decided to remove the legislation to which I refer; and we, without damage to anyone, could easily take similar steps.

(4) I will not, Sir, indicate those steps in detail. They will be plain to you. So, I think, will my solution of the Debt problem. We pay the American Government in the wines of Scotland and England, and even Devonshire. The American Government distributes these goods to the people on whatever terms it likes to make. France and Italy pay us in French wine and Chianti, and we, by lowering the duties thereon, make these noble commodities available to the people. Germany pays France whatever she can in Hock and so forth. And France and Italy pay America in the same way. In other words, a Wine Standard.

(5) One of the many beauties of this little scheme is this: Not only does it remove all bitterness from these difficult debt transactions; it will invest them suddenly with a positive geniality. The American citizen, as he sips the tribute wine, will have nothing with which to reproach himself. He has insisted on payment but done his debtors a good turn; and he can drink their health with a clear conscience.

(6) Do not think, Sir, that I am preaching what I am not prepared to practise. As I mentioned in my last letter to your charming representative at Hammersmith, I am owed sundry moneys by certain Germans. These Germans show no signs of paying me, though they are, as I know, receiving substantial sums from this country every week. It seems that, apart from the well-known reluctance of Germany to pay, they have certain convenient laws restricting the exit of money from their country. Well, I have offered to take out the whole debt in Hock. Not even this gesture has roused a response to date; but you will agree that it is a sound one.

(7) Since, Sir, my private affairs have somehow cropped up in this Note, I feel bound to make a few further observations thereon. I have received from

your charming representative, referred to above in paragraph (6), an extraordinary communication suggesting the transference, in January next, of a very large proportion of my last year's earnings from my pocket to His Majesty's Government. Let me say at once that I am anxious to make this payment (it is true that the earnings mentioned have already been expended in the settlement of private debts, but that is a side-issue)—I am looking forward, I say, to making this payment, but I want to warn you that it will probably mean the ruin of the country.

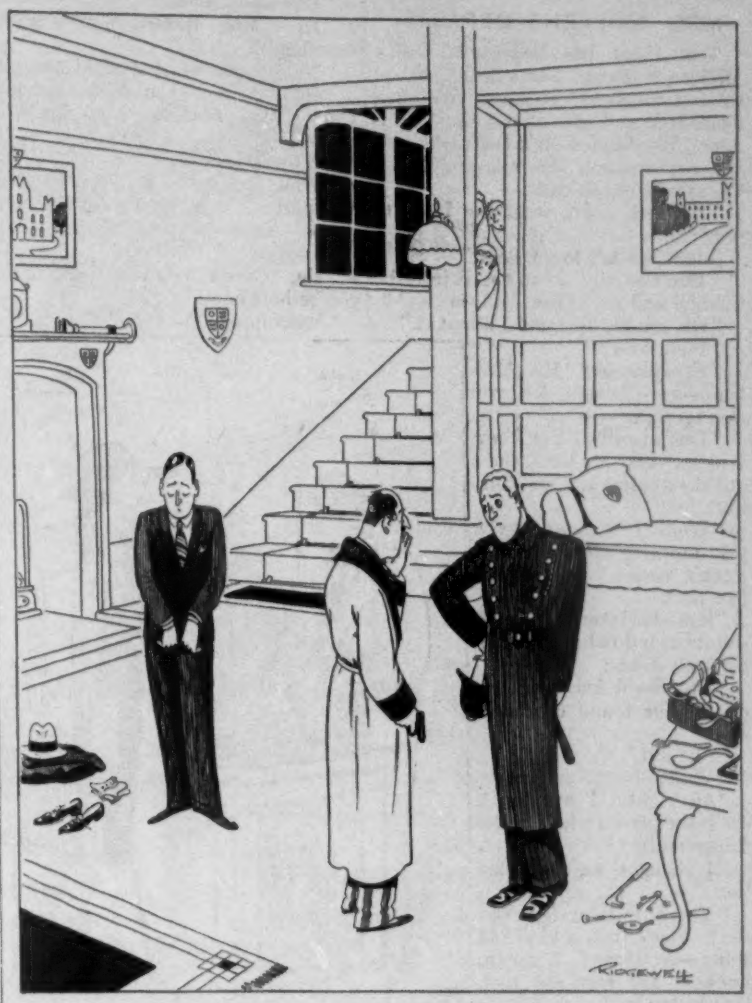
(8) Pardon me, Sir, but you do not seem to appreciate sufficiently the distinction between commercial payments and Governmental payments (that is, payments to the Government). The former are productive, the latter not so (especially at the present time, when the Government has set its face against the expenditure of public money on the direct creation of employment). If with my contemptible earnings I buy food, boots, coal or education for my suffering young I provide employment. If I could invest them (what a hope!) in some private concern, I should provide employment. And in both cases I provide employment for the best of our citizens; for, being a man of exceptional sagacity and patriotism, I buy the best British goods and invest (or should invest) my savings in the best British enterprises.

But if I give (mark the word *give*) my earnings (or savings, if any) to you, I have absolutely no guarantee that you will spend them wisely. For all I know you may make one of the celebrated gestures to advertise or uphold British credit (which generally seem to send the pound down) and undertake to pay France's debts as well as our own. Certainly I have no guarantee that my earnings will be spent on the production of employment. It cannot have escaped your notice that the steady growth of the income-tax and other taxes has been accompanied by a steady increase of unemployment. Obviously this must be so. Suppose, Sir, that all the citizens went mad to-morrow and determined to give all their earnings to the State instead of buying food, boots, coal and education. At once the whole commercial and economic machinery of the country would be thrown out of gear, and many millions out of employment.

What is true of the whole, Sir, is obviously true, in part, of a part. It follows from the above that any citizen who deliberately pays income-tax is contributing to the dislocation of our economic life, and directly augmenting the volume of unemployment. And the larger the sums transferred the greater the damage will the citizen do to his country.

(9) In these circumstances, Sir, I have to ask myself as a patriot: Am I morally justified in making the payment demanded (assuming that I can find the money)? And you, Sir, have to ask yourself: Am I wise in demanding it? Even if you answer that question in the affirmative I cannot entirely shake off my responsibility; for before the highest court of morals, that is, before a man's own heart, it can be no defence for the doing of an action which he knew to be fatal to his country that he was so instructed by an erroneous order from above. However, for the moment I am content to put my own problem aside. The next move is yours. Ask yourself very seriously, Sir: Am I wise to insist upon this payment? And rest assured, Sir, that if you do, it will hurt you even more than it will hurt me. Yours ever,

A. P. H.



"THE DISTRESSING PART OF IT IS, OFFICER, THE FELLOW IS APPARENTLY AN OLD CUTHBERTONIAN—MY DEAR OLD SCHOOL."
"YES, I KNOW—MOST PAINFUL; MINE TOO."

Force of Habit?

"It was stated at the offices of the High Commissioner for the Irish Free State that Mr. de Valera would not fulfil any engagement during the brief stay in London."
Evening Paper.

"PUBLIC-SCHOOL BOYS' TRIALS."
Manchester Paper.

Masters, food and occasionally parents.

"SEARCH FOR CONVICTS.

This house adjoins the main Plymouth to London railway line, and police found fresh fotoprints beside the track."—*Sunday Paper.*

New developments at last.

MRS. MULLENS DEPARTS.

THE thing has happened. Mrs. Mullens is going. For months past at solemn conclaves we have voted her dismissed, and now at last the deed is done. We decided on it last night, and the conversation this morning before the attack began thus:—

"No, but, John, what can I say to her?"

"Just tell her to go, dear."

"Don't be silly. I can't stalk into the kitchen and say, 'Mrs. Mullens, go.'"

"Oh, simply be tactful about it."

"Well, how?"

"Er—just say, 'Mrs. Mullens'—er—'I sent for you this morning——'"

"Don't be silly! You know I never send for her. She's got rheumatics and the stairs hurt her."

"Well, 'I've come to you this morning to give you a week's notice.' Something like that."

"Sounds a bit curt. What 'll the old dear do when we chuck her out, John?"

"Oh, she'll find work all right. She found us, didn't she?"

"She did."

"Well?"

"All right. I wonder if she is the person who pinches things really?"

"I thought we'd decided that."

"Yes, but, John, how can she? She's such a kind old thing—in herself, I mean. Look at the way she took that kitten in."

"Look at the way she takes you in."

"Oh, don't get nasty about it. She *is* good-hearted."

"She's a damn-bad cook."

"I know. But do you know she spends all her free time collecting things for the church jumble-sale?"

"Is that what she collected my cuff-links for?"

"But, John, we've no proof, you know."

"Well, what about the milk?"

"Mmmm."

"And that vase she broke?"

"MMMM."

"And all the times she's put the clock back to make breakfast punctual?"

"Oh, all right. You needn't rake all that up. After all, I am dismissing her, aren't I?"

"Are you?"

"Of course I am. Now you be cook and let me practise."

"Fire away, then."

"Er—'Mrs. Mullens'—er—'good-morning.'"

"No, no, no. Start straight away."

"Oh, shut up! I'm doing this, not you. 'Mrs. Mullens, I'm afraid I must——'"

"Why afraid?"

"Well, aren't I? Do keep to your own part. 'I'm afraid I must give you notice'—or should I say, 'ask you to take notice?'"

"No. 'Give you notice.' Dash it all, you're boss here!"

"And suppose she says, 'Why?' ?"



"I WANT A DRESS-SHIRT, PLEASE."
"YES, SIR. WHAT SIZE COLLAR?"
"OH, THAT DOESN'T MATTER. I ALWAYS WEAR THEM OPEN AT THE NECK."

"Then tell her."

"Oh, but, John, I can't. It'd hurt her terribly."

Silence.

"Listen. I'll say, 'must give you notice'; then she'll say, 'Why?' then I'll say, 'Because I think the work is too much for you here.'"

"Not the work *she* does."

"Never mind that. She thinks it is."

"But suppose for once she says it isn't?"

"Mmmm. Well, shall I say, 'Because we have to economise'?"

"So we're getting another at six pounds extra P.A. and enlarging the kitchen. Sounds a bit unconvincing to me."

"You're so beastly accurate. I know what!"

"What?"

"I'll say to her, 'Mrs. Mullens, would you mind taking a week's notice?'—or should I say a month? That'd give her more time to find something—'a month's notice, because I promised a friend of mine to take on her cook when she went abroad, and I know——'"

"But you——"

"Never mind; listen. '—and I know a woman like you won't have any difficulty in getting another place.'"

"But it's not——"

"Oh, run along! You'll be late if you don't hurry. Don't bother about me. I'll manage all right. I promise to be very firm if there's any trouble."

There was no trouble whatsoever.

* * * * *

"Er — Mrs. Mullens — er — good-morning. . . ."

"Good-morning, Mam. I'm very sorry to have to tell you, Mrs. Jameson, that I'll have to be leaving you Sunday. I don't like letting you down, but I promised a lady I worked for that if ever she come back from abroad I'd go and do for her, and my word's my bond. And I'm sure a lady like you won't have no difficulty in getting another to take you on."

* * * * *

So Mrs. Mullens is dismissed.

NON-STOP VARIETY.

MR. PUNCH'S THEATRE GUIDE.

"*Behold We Live* in times when *Getting Married* at *The Cathedral* is not a *Fifty-Fifty Service*; I opened *The School for Husbands* with *Casanova* as co-partner," *The Dubarry* stated in an interview.

"I have received *Tons of Money For Services Rendered*, and hope soon to have *Business with America*, but that will mean *Patience*."

Potash and Perlmutter (*The Gondoliers*) then sang the *Words and Music* of *Evensong* in *Another Language*, accompanied by a *Strange Orchestra*. We held a reunion with *Alice and Thomas and Jane* at '*Jonah and the Whale*' *Roadhouse*, and then, after a game of *Musical Chairs, Children in Uniform* presented me with a bunch of *Wild Violets*. But *Orders are Orders* and I'll *Never Come Back*.



Heroic Snob. "THIS IS A BIT OF LUCK, DEAR. IT'S PRACTICALLY THE SAME SPOT WHERE THE DUKE OF DULMINSTER GOT SMASHED UP LAST WEEK."

MORE SHATTERED ILLUSIONS.

III.—THE DIPLOMATIC SOIRÉE.

AS ONE IMAGINES IT.

1*st Envoy Extraordinary & Minister Plenipotentiary.* Ah! ce cher Vassili.

2*nd E.E. & M.P.* Ah! ce bon Walkoff.

1*st E.E. & M.P.* So you have left Venezuela, mon ami?

2*nd E.E. & M.P.* On the contrary, I am but yesterday from Lisbon.

1*st E.E. & M.P.* My very dear friend, it is my business to know everything.

2*nd E.E. & M.P.* Ah!

* * *

The Ambassador. Derek, my boy, I'm worried. I've heard nothing from Rothenburg.

Young Attaché. That means—bad news?

The Amb. If this fails, my whole career will be a mockery. (*Shakily*) I'm not a young man, Derek.

Young Attaché. I'd do anything in the world to help you, Sir.

The Amb. I know, boy, I know. I want to succeed for your sake too.

Young Attaché. For my sake, Sir?

The Amb. I loved your mother. . . .

* * *

Bellasis. You know what you've got to do? I must know to-night where he keeps the Berlin draft.

His Wife. So I'm to betray an honest man?

Bellasis. Chut! You know the alternative.

His Wife (*with narrowed eyes*). How I despise you!

[Bellasis *gives a hard laugh.*

AS IT IS.

1*st Envoy Extraordinary & Minister Plenipotentiary.* Hullo, Vassili, where have you sprung from?

2*nd E.E. & M.P.* Walkoff, my dear fellow, I haven't seen you for years!

1*st E.E. & M.P.* Let me see—Madrid in '21, wasn't it?

2*nd E.E. & M.P.* It must have been '22, because Sommerville was there.

1*st E.E. & M.P.* Ah! Sommerville. Have you seen anything of him lately?

2*nd E.E. & M.P.* Not since he left Constantinople in '25.

1*st E.E. & M.P.* In '24, you mean.

2*nd E.E. & M.P.* '25, surely?

1*st E.E. & M.P.* No, I happen to remember it was '24, because in the summer of '23 I was saying to Lichtenstein in Rome . . . .

* * *

The Ambassador. Derek, my boy, I'm a bit worried to-night. I've just had a phone-call from Brissac.

Young Attaché. No bad news, I hope, Sir?

The Amb. I'm afraid it's none too good.

Young Attaché. By Jove, Sir, I'm sorry to hear that.

The Amb. I don't mind telling you in confidence, Derek, that it will be a bit of a blow to me if Choufleur has to scratch from the Grand Prix.

* * *

Mrs. Bellasis. You know what you've got to do?

Her Husband. My dear, I ought to by now; haven't you told me a hundred times?

Mrs. Bellasis. You *must* get the Achesons to ask us all to Glenbuie next August. Now David is at Eton it is high time he learnt to hold a gun.

DOWN IN THE DELTA.

(South Indian.)

Down here in the Delta
It 's dull as a door-mat,
It 's endless and it 's ugly,
It 's featureless and flat ;
You wouldn't see a hillock
The height of my hat.

I wouldn't mind the weather
Or the wet everywhere
Or the sticky, stifled midnights
Or the cotton-wool air;
But everlasting flatness
Is a hard thing to bear.

Living here in the Delta
I shut my eyes and try
To picture hills and mountains
Spiring up on high,
To forget the unbroken acres
And remember scenes gone by;

And I think, "Though present prospects
Do sadly fail to please,
There are mountains, mountains waiting
To make up to me for these;
Somewhere 's the Black Forest,
Somewhere the Pyrenees,

And the great hills by Innsbruck
And the gentle Ardennes—
Mountains, mountains, mountains,
World without end, Amen;
And unless the luck goes crosswise
I 'll see them again. . . ."

My landscape dwindles frameless
To the blue horizon haze;
You 'd not see half a hillock
If you looked all ways;
But—I 'll walk again with beauty
One of these days! H. B.

TISCH-TELEPHON.

Henry is a bully.

"It 's high time I went back to England," I said firmly, feeling in his pocket for another of his special tasteless cigars.

"You can't leave Berlin without trying the *Tisch-telephon* at the Eisenhut."

"I get sufficient fun out of my London one, thanks. I 'm only taking a holiday to be away from the thing."

"Are you coming?" he asked, reaching for his hat. . . .

At first sight the Eisenhut looked like most of the other cafés in Berlin. Fifty or so tables spread round the room, a space in the middle for dancing, and a band.

Then I saw the telephones. There was one on each table, and above it, on a little mast, a number. Each phone carried an automatic dial. We were No. 17.

"The notion is," said Henry, "that you can ring anybody up and they can't spot who you are. They can only guess." At that moment our bell rang. "You take it."

I seized the instrument. A very Occidental voice. Practically Accidental—

"Would you be vurry good and say in what dive you got that tie? I've been trying days to get one that tint for my li'l brother."

"Wrong number," I said instinctively, forgetting I was not in London.

"You 're seventeen, aren't you?"

"No, much older than that."

"Then you ought to know better. Tell me about that tie. It 's dandy."

"It was a present from my Aunt Sophia," I said, "who has an uncanny eye for such knick-knacks. If you 'd like to write, she lives at Loganberry Nook, South——"

Somewhere a receiver clicked home.

The bell rang again and this time Henry dealt with it.

"Oh, don't you? Well, nor do I. I think it 's pretty foul, but I was forced to borrow it from my friend here because this morning was so cold. I 'll tell him what you say."

"Somebody doesn't like my new jumper," he said, "she rudely recommends a humane-killer."

Sometimes it is best to ignore him. I plucked up my courage and dialled a hungry-looking native a few tables away who was working rapidly through a half-acre of *Schnitzel*. He grasped his machine with no enthusiasm and halloed as sharply as a mouthful of cabbage would allow.

"What have you to say, Sir," I asked in halting German, "to the Oriental doctrine that the stomach is the dwelling-place of the soul? I am taking a referendum amongst European——" The click of his receiver was entirely muffled in cabbage.

The scratch *Tisch-telephonist* should be able to get away with the local tongue, as Henry can. He dialled 33, two pretty and obviously German girls, and said, "Now that the band has started my friend and I would be immeasurably honoured should you and your friend condescend to dance with us. May we come across soon? We shall be charmed."

"Look here, Henry," I exclaimed, "you know I loathe dancing."

He took no notice, but, waiting a moment until the girls' phone was again in use, dialled 45, a couple of shy youths in the background, and spoke brusquely in falsetto: "When we said we 'd dance did we say we were staying here for ever? No, well then, what about it? 33, of course."

It was disappointing for poor Henry, the rapidity with which the young men's embarrassment seemed to wear off once the four were dancing.

I took an incoming call.

"Tell me about Meester RAMSAY MAC," said a gruff voice. "Vill he pay HOOVER?"

"I 'm afraid I 'm a little out of touch," I replied. "I gather we really owe the money, though it seems a terribly expensive debt; and yet we haven't enough to pay it with. What do you advise?"

"Vy, eet ees seemple. You should of gorse bersuade HOOVER to take eet in kind, and then how could you start better than to send heem your Albert Memorial?"

I told the gruff voice that so far we were brothers, and for the time being we left it at that.

The *Tisch-telephon* has also its more practical aspects. Some tables away an English film-star was generously treating the populace to his profile. I remembered that for years there had been something I had longed to tell him. And now I did, very slowly and distinctly—

"Are you aware, young man, that you could be a great actor if only you could rid yourself of the preposterous delusion that you are easy to look at?"

You see what I mean? You can't ordinarily tell a man a thing like that to his face, nor even to his profile, and yet stay to watch his reactions, which in this case were momentarily volcanic.

An incoming call in a girlish voice, which informed Henry that his nose was set in a perfect classical mould, put him several notches above himself. His eyebrows began to twitch and, knowing the signs, I trembled. At table 28 sat a large solemn man who was quite bald. Henry dialled him.

"I think it may interest you to know," he crooned, "that 'HAARBELEBUNG' hairwash first put the word 'hirsute' in the dictionary. It is sold in convenient flasks and the first crop may be expected within ten days of application——"

The receiver crackled in a curious manner and Henry paled as he replaced it.

"What did he say?" I asked.

"Not much. He was middle-weight champion of Bavaria, and is now instructor at a college for the deaf. A professional lip-reader, in fact."

Very soon after we left. ERIC.

"It is officially stated that the lists in connection with the issue of 500,000 per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £1 each at par, by Bowater's Mersey Paper Mills, were closed at 9.30 a.m. to-day."—*Midland Paper.*

We hope Aunt Sophia didn't miss this opportunity.

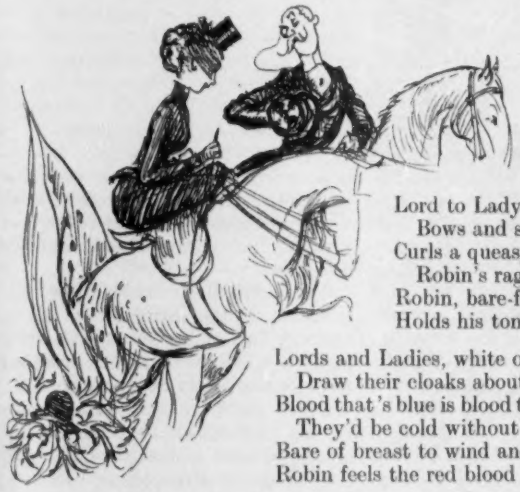


MIXED HERBS.

IV.

LORDS-AND-LADIES (*Arum maculatum*).
RAGGED ROBIN (*Lychnis flos-cuculi*.)

LORDS and Ladies walk with care
  Proudly and sedately;
Two by two they take the air,
  Dignified and stately:
Lean and lank and hungry-eyed,
Ragged Robin tramps beside.

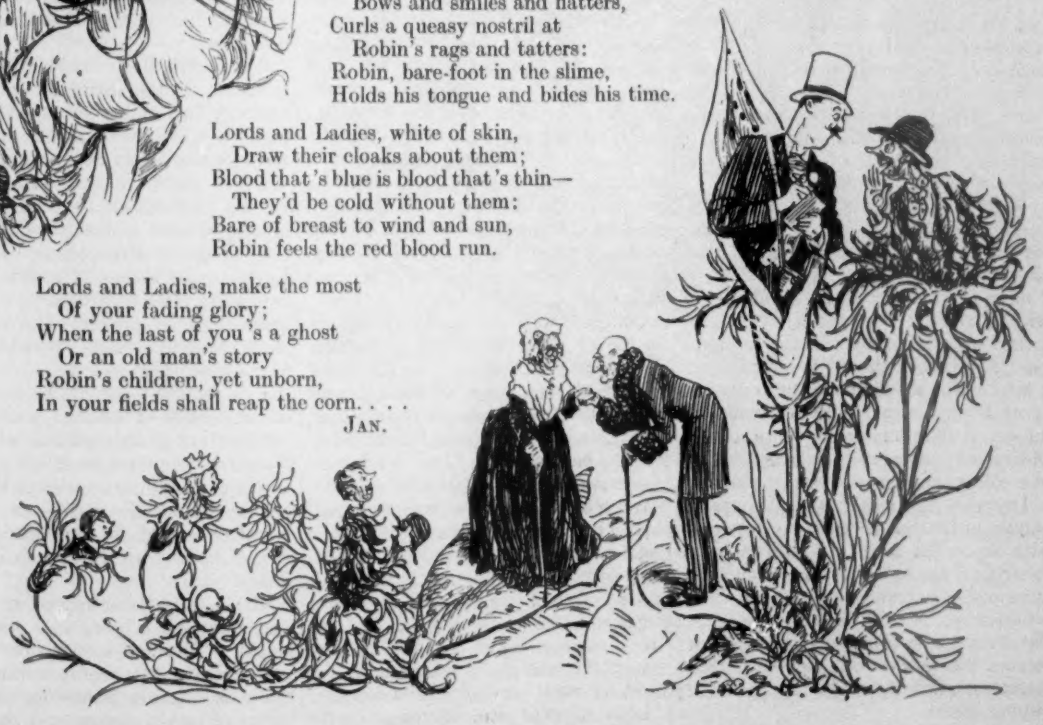


Lord to Lady doffs his hat,
  Bows and smiles and flatters,
Curls a queasy nostril at
  Robin's rags and tatters:
Robin, bare-foot in the slime,
Holds his tongue and bides his time.

Lords and Ladies, white of skin,
  Draw their cloaks about them;
Blood that 's blue is blood that 's thin—
  They'd be cold without them:
Bare of breast to wind and sun,
Robin feels the red blood run.

Lords and Ladies, make the most
  Of your fading glory;
When the last of you 's a ghost
  Or an old man's story
Robin's children, yet unborn,
In your fields shall reap the corn. . . .

JAN.





Wife. "MY *dear*, WE'RE ORGANISING A BIG SPENDING-DRIVE TO HELP THE SHOPKEEPERS."

THE CURIOUS COMMODITY.

ONE of the, to me, most delightful scenes in the gay pageantry of Christmastide is the spectacle of people jostling one another to buy books. Not, mark you, just mooning about bookshops to pass the time, but recklessly gathering armfuls of volumes and actually paying for them.

Were I a bookseller I should feel disposed to show my appreciation of this joyous and rare wantonness by decorating my wares with seasonable fallalery. I have never been able to understand why, if a string of sausages may be garnished with holly, the works of SHAKESPEARE and SHAW should go unbedecked. I might even dress up in fancy costume or at least command my assistants to do so. Booksellers ought to go gay at Christmas instead of continuing to look like solicitors, however respectable.

I repeat, the retail sale of books in goodly quantities should be celebrated with zip. The book is a curious commodity; I am not sure that it is not *the* most curious commodity with which to set up shop. Not only is there (except at Christmas) a national prejudice against buying books, but the most excellent facilities exist to enable us to avoid buying books.

Compare books with, say, lampshades. You cannot go and get a lampshade out of a Free Library (or Lampshadery), or by paying a modest annual subscription borrow the latest and most startling thing in lampshades as often as you wish. You cannot become (or marry) a newspaper-reviewer of lampshades and thus obtain parcels of free lampshades until you have more than you know what to do with. You cannot even stroll through a friend's house and absent-mindedly slip a coveted lampshade into your pocket. But you can with books.

Compare too the position of the bookseller with that of the butcher across the road. People do not enter a butcher's shop, take down and sample various meats and saunter out without buying anything—not without asking for trouble anyway. The butcher, if things are slack and he be of a democratic and not too select temperament, can go outside his shop and bellow the virtues of his stock. A foolish convention restrains the bookseller from standing at his door and shouting: "What about a nice new WALPOLE?" or "Here you are, Ma'm. Fine fat PRIESTLEY, just come in. Take it home for Sunday!" and so on. If you ask me, a little of that sort of thing would brighten up the trade wonderfully. Far better than all this hovering about the shop like a detective at a wedding-reception.

The bookseller cannot burst out in a Great White Sale or a Gigantic Summer Sale or any sort of sale, except possibly a sale of bankrupt stock. He may make mild announcements of "Books for Easter" or "Summer Fiction" (whatever that is), but there is no real kick in them. The average man does not think of new books at Easter as he thinks of a new car or a new suit. His wife does not tell him he really *must* get himself a new book in the way she insists upon his buying a new hat.

You would think that, considering the difficulty of selling to the public books other than useful or absolutely essential ones (and such, we all know, are mere drops in the ocean), the bookseller, whose fortitude is beyond question, would do something in the way of pulling up his socks. I fancy I can help him.

The average bookshop window is, everyone will admit, well filled with books. The bookseller leaves little doubt in the intelligent mind that he really is offering books for sale. To lovers of jacket-design and publishers'

enthusiastic adulations his window affords a gluttonous feast. Here and there the expanse of letterpress is relieved (if that is the right word) by photographs of authors. I make no comment regarding the pulling power of this peculiar form of literary advertisement except to say that I have known it to be the cause of bitter disillusion, and if I were a bookseller I should not risk it too much.

What, if I were a bookseller, I *should* do would be to clear out most of these books and substitute an appealing setting (suited to the season of the year) in which a pretty girl, or (if I could run to it) several pretty girls, would be doing something with books—say constructing a mouse-trap or giving some other demonstration of the various practical uses to which books can be put. You see, I should wish to encourage not so much the reading as the buying of books; to get people into my shop, not merely to provide them with book-titles for their library-lists. Or I would have tableaux of two types of home-life: the one, a happy and nice-looking family in a room lined with books; the other, a perfectly repulsive couple miserably killing time with jazzy and mechanical substitutes for a home library. Or a little warm-hearted child cheering up her sad old grandfather by giving him *The Outline of Conchology*.

Good stage work. That is what our bookshops need. Good stage work and the human touch. D. C.

BRIGHT MODES FOR BR.TISH GRENADIERS.

MY DEARS,—I went to the Central Recruiting Salon in Whitehall the other day just to peep at the new uniforms for our soldier-boys. After the old styles, which you must admit have been with us for some time, what a joy to turn to this natty little *ensemble* in a one-tone effect! The coat is cut on the bias, giving the necessary slimming lines, and is executed in a crushed *champs* shade of Plover's Egg khaki. You would love the pockets, which are handsomely appliquéd. If you should desire a little novelty you can have a stripe *motif* on the sleeve, or pick out the bust with the medal-ribbons, which I hear whispered are coming in again.

I forgot to say that the feature of this suiting is the new cut of the collar, designed for the hot days, which has a generous lapel and open neck; ideal, you will admit, for afternoon walks with a gun. "OLD-FASHIONED, Tidworth," writes asking if I think "modesty vests" are demanded. No, "O.-F.," I don't think so, but it is surely a matter of personal taste.



"DOLORES, YOU 'VE MADE MY BATH WITH MILK AND EAU-DE-AMBERGRIS INSTEAD OF WATER AND ATTAR OF HYDRANGEAS, AS I TOLD YOU. YOU KNOW WE 'VE GOT TO *ECONOMISE*."

Now the trousers—and, *remember*, the smart set in the Army are paying more and more attention nowadays to what are known, jokingly, of course, in the orderly-room and canteen as "pantics." Those I saw were full and guaranteed ladder-proof and, as the Sergeant said, perfect wearing and delightful on. "They furl the hips," he added laughingly.

I saw the little hat the Whitehall Salon have designed for this charming knockabout. It is a deerstalker in Pluitnonnon, *absolutely* waterproof, they say, with the sweetest embroidered flash of a crest. Isn't that nice?

Something perhaps about the Navy next week, with *free* paper-patterns for scalloped bell-bottoms.

Yours, AMIE.

"TROUT FOR STOCKING."
Fishing Paper.

But it would make the other presents so fishy.

SCIENCE PAGE.

AN OPEN LETTER TO AN ELECTRON.

SIR,—The Editor of *Punch* has offered me the courtesy of his columns to address to you the opinion not only of myself but of a large, I may say a preponderant, body of my countrymen. We consider you, Sir, to be a nasty, low, crawling fellow, an anarchist insidiously undermining the foundations of society; in short, a menace which must not be allowed to remain unchecked.

In the first place, do you realise the precise result of your stupid, unnecessary predilection for going about in parties of six? If you had confined your beastly gregariousness to other numbers and contented yourself with messing about making oxygen and magnesium and that sort of thing, nobody would have minded in the least. But no; you had in your horrible, cheerful, hearty American way to form little Rotary clubs, membership limited to six. Then of course you made carbon, and you know the result of that, I suppose? Myself, Sir—and MUSSOLINI.

I admit you did have the grace, when you saw what you had done by your thoughtless meddling, to slink away and keep quiet about it for a pretty long time. It was the least you could do in the circumstances, and if you had continued to lie low the situation might have been saved without too great loss of dignity. But it seems that you are lost to all sense of shame, and just as the feast is at its height you pop like the skeleton out of its cupboard to announce your existence to people who were getting along very well without you.



Visitor. "HOW DOES THAT NEW BURGLAR CONTRIVANCE OF YOURS WORK?"

Host. "FINE. THE INSTANT A BURGLAR STARTS GETTING IN THROUGH ANY OF THE DOWNSTAIRS WINDOWS AN ELECTRICAL DEVICE AUTOMATICALLY LOCKS MY BEDROOM DOOR."

When I was a young man, atoms were considered quite good enough, and they are good enough for me still. An atom is a decent sort of chap, not a confounded cranky individualist (and this individualism, if you ask me, is all a pose). You knew what he was going to do and you could rely on him to do it without any fuss. But *you never know what an electron is going to do next.* So-called scientists may try to gloss this disgraceful fact over and call it the quantum theory or the principle of indeterminacy or some such highbrow rubbish, but to me it seems arrant Bolshevism. The second law of Thermodynamics, Sir, states that the world is growing increasingly disorderly. Alas! I find this only too easy to believe.

And now consider what your lowbred vulgar pushingness has done. It has taken me, the Lord of Creation, the heir of all the ages, Nature's highest achievement, a senior member of all the best clubs, sixteen stone of good, solid, English upper-class flesh-and-bone, and reduced me to a system of *waves of probability undulating in nothingness.* A cowardly trick, Sir. A distinctly cowardly trick.

Words fail me when I attempt to express my disgust at the ill-bred way in which you continually force your unwelcome services upon me, so that, loth though I am to admit it, I find it impossible to do without them. It is humiliating to reflect that when I sink luxuriously into the most comfortable armchair at the club I am really sitting down on nothingness, and it is only the fact that you or some of your revolting relatives occasionally give a jump and boost me up again that prevents me from falling right through it.

Then again, Sir, is it very pleasant for me, with you darting about inside me like a distracted gnat, to be kept in a continual state of apprehension as to what you intend to do next? What guarantee have I, when I stand lost in awe and reverence before the Albert Memorial, that you will not suddenly elect to release your energy with a pop and mow it to the ground, or that the next policeman who directs me will not melt before my eyes because his electrons have decided that for the moment they are tired of jumping? What will happen to the British Constitution if this sort of thing is allowed to go unchecked?

I invite you also to consider—though this is relatively unimportant—what you have done to science. Now, it is only recently that science has become respectable. My poor father, I remember, held to his dying day that it was a lot of godless nonsense—"fiddlesticks," I believe, was his precise term. But I believed in progress, and while on principle I never held any truck with any of your Swiss or German charlatans I was quite prepared to be decently broad-minded and to recognise the Royal Society. I used to enjoy an occasional discussion on Determinism, and I even accepted quite radical innovations. There was a comfortable finality about the indivisible atom, and as for the ether—well, I was beginning to get quite fond of the ether.

But now the ether has been reft from me and rival bands of jackals dispute over its existence. NEWTON'S Law of Gravity, which has been good enough for my family for generations, has had to be corrected—*corrected*, forsooth! Another dimension has been dragged in as though three dimensions were not quite enough for any normal man. Science, which had become worthy of a gentleman's patronage, has got into the hands of unscrupulous mathematicians who have the insolence to tell me that I am only a formula, and you, Sir, only a symbol.

Now, Sir, I appeal to your sense of sportsmanship. Is this cricket? I think you will agree, Sir, that, viewed from whatever angle, it is not.

I enclose my card, and remain,

Yours, faithfully,

DISGUSTED.



"BUT YOU HAVE TWO BOXES OF BRICKS ALREADY, BOBBIE!"
"I KNOW; BUT I WANT TO BUILD A CEILING-SCRAPER."

THE OLD BARGEE.

SPEND your time along the tow-path where the banks are mossy-lipt,
Where tides are slow and as you go you hear the chime of whipt
Ripples sliding
Round the siding
Where the trucks are tipt.

There's the miller at the malthouse, and his daughter's at the door;
She's a lusty wench and willing, I'll be bound, although you're poor.
Show your mettle
And she'll settle
When you've made your score.

He's a tidy pile put by him: twenty homers in his loft,
Four roan cows to graze his meadows, and a bit of idle croft
Full of lush room
For the mushroom
When the mould is soft.

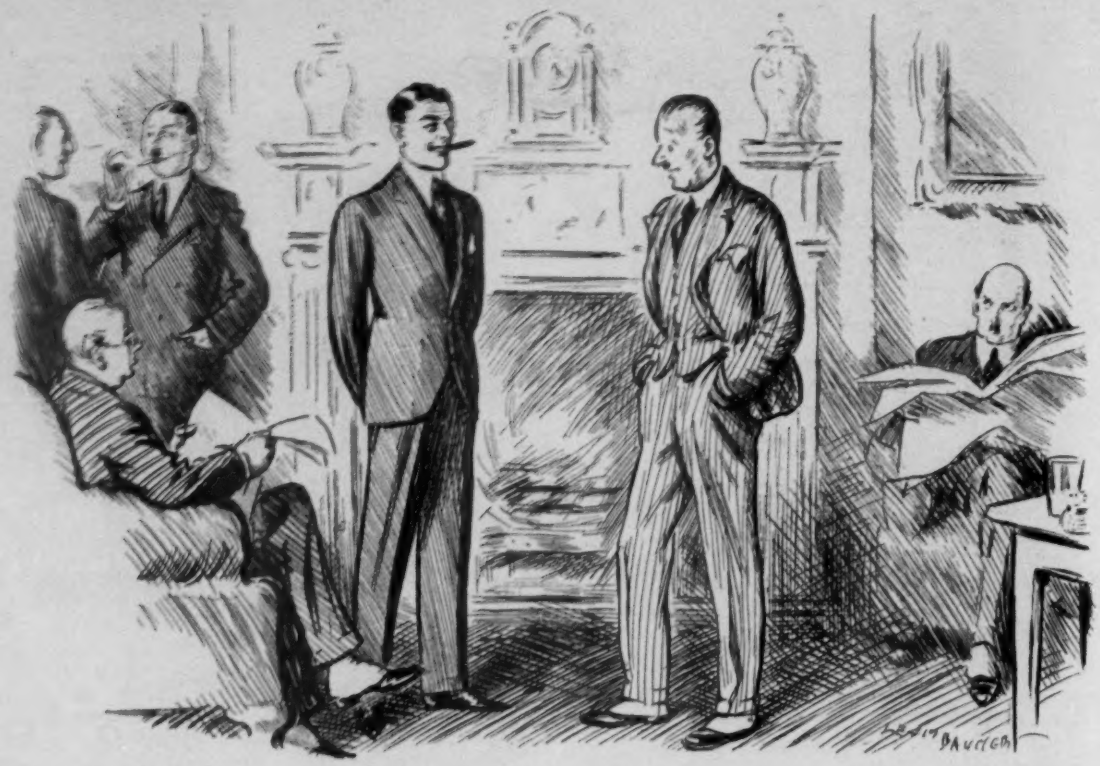
And in summer when it's sunny and the long wheat billow rolls,
Then it's good to watch the swallows, and the fawn-grey filly foals
Rolling over
In the clover
Round the high-looped poles,

Filing far along the tow-path with a murmur that is sweet,
Past the barley and the beetroot and the lofty piles of peat,
With a ditty
To the city
Where the mad wheels beat.

Then I think of straining hawsers and the topsails of the ships
All a-flutter, syrens hooting, crippled liners in the slips,
Gulls that flitter
In the litter
That the slow wave lips.

But at sea there's little comfort, little frolic, little sleep;
All's a misty midnight gamble, nothing's sure and life is cheap.
Life is stiller
At *my* tiller,
And the tides all neap.

So I've turned my back on sailing, said good-bye to ships at sea.
Take my tip and do the same, boy; live and die a land bargee.
Hark! she crushes
Through the rushes
To the malthouse quay.



"THAT 'S A WELL-CUT SUIT. I WISH YOU 'D GIVE ME YOUR TAILOR'S ADDRESS."
"CERTAINLY, OLD MAN, IF YOU 'LL PROMISE NOT TO GIVE HIM MINE."

ITEMS FROM EVERYWHERE: AND WORSE.

A STRANGE fish shaped exactly like a small sanitary-inspector has been washed up on the Labrador coast.

A Montgomeryshire man who writes on puffins has moved to Merionethshire.

"Keep your clocks well away from old wasp-nests" was the advice given by a leading banker to an audience of silk-importers last week.

Wandering tribes of semi-skilled lighthouse erectors whose diet is said to consist of old balance-sheets of Hungarian glue companies, are again causing havoc in the Burmese elephant-preserves.

Embroidered cushions stuffed with redeemed railway share-certificates are being used for the first time to quell forest-fires in Western Canada.

At a meeting of Yorkshire dental mechanics, a prominent lay-preacher suggested that the broad-bean really owed its breadth to the relative shortness of its length.

Shouting "The radius of a circle is related to the circumference!" and biting the mural decorations, a retired gas-engineer from Hornsey was apprehended in the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons last Tuesday, and when asked for an explanation he replied, "I only need one more coupon."

An extraordinary phenomenon was recently seen in the Kalahari Desert, where a sudden rain of piston-rings, nickel-plated bath-room fittings, and back numbers of the *Trellis-Workers' Argus and Turners' Clarion* covered the ground to a depth of two feet.

A man charged at Marlborough Street with begging was found to have on him seven bags of brass-filings, a bust of NERO, a German dictionary of biological terms, a wrought-iron collapsible hat-stand, blue-prints of a Yokohama recreation-ground and an illuminated address presented to a Peebles councillor in 1902.

A famous playwright announces an interesting new play in which each character speaks the thoughts that another character thinks he thought he thought.

Reports from Central Africa indicate that the Nudist cult has completely captured the popular imagination.

FOLLOWING A PRECEDENT.

THE elephant can soothe; he seems designed
With careless fellows like myself in mind—
At any rate, by destiny or chance,
He serves for keeping us in countenance.
"How?" do you ask? Well, studied from the back
He flouts that tidiness we so much lack;
That view suggests "Don't worry in the least—
Greatness survives with trousers badly creased."

W. K. H.



UNCLE SAMSON.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, December 5th.—Last August the British Government addressed a Note to the Portuguese Government protesting against its discriminatory treatment of British shipping. The Portuguese Government has not, Mr. EDEN informed Sir ASSHETON POWNALL, troubled to reply. An unsatisfactory position, he admitted. Did not Portugal owe its very existence to the British people? asked Mr. HANNON. Then what about a spot of retaliation? The House, confronted with a sudden vision of *Ersatz* port, shuddered.

A prospect scarcely more pleasing was unfolded by Sir P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER, who agreed that Ceylon's delay in living up to the Ottawa Agreements was causing the island to be flooded with cheap Japanese goods instead of with British goods. However, there was nothing more to be done about it.

Probably not. At any rate no Liberal present had the courage to suggest a "Drink More Cocoa" campaign.

A Persian's heaven, says TOM MOORE, is easily made; 'tis all black eyes and lemonade. That seems no valid reason why the Anglo-Persian Oil Company should get the black eye or why Iran should become still more paradisal by exchanging stolen petroleum for the rare and refreshing juice of the citron. From all parts of the House came Questions as to what the Government was going to do about the Persian Government's attempt to cancel the D'Arcy Concessions. "*Odi, puer, Persicos apparatus*" was the gist of Mr. EDEN's reply, or, as the best translations have it, "Now then, laddie, none of your Persian hanky-panky!" The concession, Mr. EDEN pointed out, was for sixty years from 1901, and contained no cancellation clause. Therefore His Majesty's Government took a very serious view of the matter and had also informed the Persian Government that it would not tolerate any damage to the Company's interests or any interference with its premises or business activities in Persia.

So now Teheran's Allah-breathing Lord knows that

> "for terror of his wrathful Face,
> We swear we will not call Injustice Grace."

The British Lion, not the Persian Lizard, will keep the courts where the oil man glories and drills deep, and as for D'ARCY, that great concession-hunter, the wild Parsee may stamp on his head, but he will never break his contract.

Major ELLIOT's turn as official Questionee was a brief one, but it enabled Captain MACDONALD to put in a word about our old friend the Pig Reorganisation Committee. Its recommendations, the MINISTER explained, were being respectively considered by the farmers and the curers—favourable, he gathered from the Press reports—



P.M.-GENERAL SIR H. KINGSLEY WOOD.

NOW THAT POSTMEN ARE TO WEAR CAPS OF MILITARY TYPE, WOULD IT NOT BE SUITABLE IF THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL WERE TO ADOPT SOME FORM OF HEADWEAR BEFITTING HIS RANK?

and he expected shortly to receive their comments. The idea—a revolutionary one in porcine circles—is apparently to dispose of the squeal before bringing home the bacon.

The Army's new sun-bonnet, it appears, is not long to have things all its own way. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD informed Sir ALFRED BEIT that the postman's historic shako would soon be replaced by a hat of the Brodrick pattern. (Was it not Mr. BRODRICK'S hat that caused the late WALTER EMANUEL to remark that the Army was to be provided with a new head-jeer?)



"RATS!"

THE PIED PIPER OF WHITEHALL.

Earl DE LA WARR. "ANY APPEARANCE OF THE PLAGUE [OF MUSK-RATS] WAS BEING AND WOULD BE LOOKED INTO."

Sir KINGSLEY explained that the postmen themselves had sought the change long before the Army had come along with its sombrero-half-a-sombrero.

What, asked Mr. WILL THORNE in accusatory tones, has the Metropolitan Water Board done to scare the seagulls away from its reservoirs? The Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health had to admit that the size of the reservoirs made it difficult. Mr. SHAKESPEARE, in bird-like tones, urged his right hon. friend not to be apprehensive. There may not be a more fearful wild-fowl than your seagull, but no danger to the public health need be apprehended from it.

Was there any significance, asked Mr. CADOGAN, in the desire of the new Free State Governor-General, Mr. DONAL BUCKLEY, to be known as "Seneschal." Mr. THOMAS understood that "seneschal" spelled in Irish was the Erse for "Governor-General." "Will the right hon. gentleman give a definition of 'seneschal' in his own language?" asked Mr. CADOGAN. Mediæval nomenclature is not Mr. THOMAS'S strong suit. "I should hate to shock the House," he replied austerely.

It is a long worm that has no turning, and the Transport Bill, inching its way through a whole forest of Amendments and a hostile horde of London Conservatives, reached its fourteenth Division at 5.20 P.M. and its sixteenth at about 11.10. Well-whipped agricultural Members began to settle down to a night of it, but the House, with a fine show of speed, polished off Clauses 16 to 20 in rapid succession and Captain MARGESSON allowed it to go home to bed as midnight struck.

Tuesday, December 6th.—Lord SNELL's appeal to the Government to amend the law relating to imprisonment for debt fell on sympathetic ears (Lord SANKEY's), but, while both were agreed as to the futility of spending £60,000 a year imprisoning debtors at the *per capita* cost of £44 8*s.* 9*d.* per debtor, neither seemed able to suggest any adequate means of coping with the judgment debtor who can pay but won't pay. The LORD CHANCELLOR, however, suggested that there might well be an inquiry as to whether the present law and practice might not be improved upon.

A practice that might well be improved upon is the one—persistently

pursued by Governments—of locking legislative doors after the horses have been stolen, and to that their Lordships passed, not, however, *à propos* of horses, but of the unassuming but disastrous musk-rat.

If the Government were even now "alive to the grave danger" of the musk-rat menace they would still be exhibiting hindsight and not foresight; but apart from the information that a German expert had offered to come over and train trappers, thirty of whom, in the Shropshire district, were already catching from sixty to eighty rats a week, the MINISTER'S speech did not give the impression that anybody in Whitehall is losing sleep over musk-rats. Meanwhile the news comes that musk-rats are being shot in the streets of Shrewsbury, so it really looks as if Shropshire's ultimate saviour, if any, will have to be not a Government Department but a Pied Piper.

The Commons cheered lustily when Mr. ORMSBY-GORE informed Mr. BOSSOM that hereafter the Office of Works in its major contracts would provide for the exclusive use of Canadian or Empire soft woods, even if they did cost a bit more. A decision none the less admirable because it contrasts sharply with the steadfast refusal of the War Office to feed the troops on English meat!

Still in expansive mood, Mr. ORMSBY-GORE assured Mr. CAMPBELL of his sympathy with the proposal to commemorate the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of WARREN HASTINGS by adding to the small brass tablet, let into the floor at Westminster Hall at the spot where the great pro-consul stood his trial, such additional words as would indicate not merely that he was tried there but that he was acquitted.

The FIRST COMMISSIONER added that the cost would be defrayed by generous donors, but did not name any names. Guesses, probably inaccurate, will no doubt be made. Might it not be some other eminent statesman who has got into hot water with Governments and such for being a trifle too possessory where India is concerned?

The Government has other things on its mind, notably the Traffic Bill, which Members continued to fiddle along through Committee. It was all pretty complicated, but the sort of Bill it is was sufficiently illustrated by the fact that, although the L.G.O.C. bodyworks at Chiswick—admittedly the most efficient thing of its kind in the country—are to be taken over by the new Board, their output is to be limited to the average number of bodies produced in the five years, 1926–1930.

During the debate a young man in the Strangers' Gallery rose and shouted "Let Mrs. MOONEY land in England!" He then left quietly. If he had called out, "Let the Traffic Bill land in Hades!" the House, though undeniably shocked, would probably have had some difficulty in repressing an answering cheer. Nobody, however, knew who Mrs. MOONEY was, and naturally the pamphlets flung down by this and also by a subsequent disturber of the peace were contemptuously "swep' up" by the ushers.



THE IMPERIAL PLATFORM.
MR. ORMSBY-GORE PRODUCES ANOTHER PLANK.



"Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild."
Milton.

MR. G. SHAKESPEARE.

Judicious inquiry elicited the fact that Mrs. MOONEY, an octogenarian Irish-American, is quite at liberty to land in England if she likes. She will also be able, if she is not in too much of a hurry, to purchase London Transport Stock, which Sir THOMAS INSKIP assured the House (Sir A. BEIT dissenting) was part of a "sound and water-tight" financial scheme.

Wednesday, December 7th.—In a longish statement in the Commons, Mr. EDEN, Under-Secretary to the Foreign Office, informed Captain RAMSAY that the Government had demanded an apology from the Soviet Government for certain libellous statements printed in the *Izvestia*. The Russian Government had also been informed that if it wanted a trade agreement with this country it would have to give a definite assurance that this sort of thing would not happen again.

What heroic feats of economy Ministries are capable of when needs must was shown by a statement made by Sir P. SASSOON in reply to a question by Mr. DENMAN. Although the Air Ministry now deals with two-and-a-half times as many air squadrons, more than nineteen times as many civil air pilots and nearly fifty per cent. more correspondence than in 1921, and in addition is entrusted with the defence of territories exceeding in total area that of Germany, the number of headquarters staff is twelve per cent. lower.

Major ELLIOT informed Mr. LEWIS that the sale of musk-rat skins would defray one-third of the cost of musk-rat extermination this year and twice as much in following years. He did not explain whether this calculation assumed more musk-rats or fewer rat-catchers.

Sir HILTON YOUNG presented the Government's new Housing Bill. This tended to render Mr. LAMBERT'S subsequent Motion on the subject of Housing rather superfluous, the more so as Members had not had an opportunity of seeing the Bill. Mr. SHAKESPEARE, in reply, outlined the progress made on housing since the War, and declared it to be the Government's view that slum-clearance must be regarded as an entirely separate problem—one of health—with which only the Government and local authorities could deal.

A somewhat vague debate followed on emigration within the Empire. Mr. J. H. THOMAS explained that the migration nowadays was all in the wrong direction. In 1922 nearly 76,000 emigrants had gone from this country to Canada "on their own," and 31,000 to Australia. Last year a balance of over 10,000 returned from Canada and over 7,000 from Australia.



THE FLAT-EARTHIST AND HIS CHILD.

ENCORE DE CHANSONS FRANÇAISES.



CHER M. PUNCH,—L'intérêt qu'a produit la publication de chansons Françaises m'a encouragé de vous envoyer des autres non-citées par vos correspondants.

En voici une qui a toujours été une grande frappe:—

" Daisé, Daisé,
S'il-vous-plait répondez-moi;
Suis fou moitié
Tout pour l'amour de toi.
Ce n'sera pas un mariage chic,
Fiacres coûtent prix fantastiques,
Mais t'seras exquise
Bien assise
Sur une bicyclette faite pour deux."

Les chansons de guerre sont souvent capables, comme on dit dans les music-halls, de démolir la maison, et en voici une qui a été, dans son temps, un vrai meilleur-vendeur:—

" On parle d'Alexander,
Ainsi que d'bon Hercule;
D'Hector et brave Lysandre,
Et d'noms si majuscules.
Mais de tous les héros du monde
'Y-a rien à compare-er
'Vec un ta-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra
Pour les gentils Grenadiers! "

Et une autre, qu'a chanté le "Tommie" (espèce de poilu) en revenant de la guerre:—

" Portez-moi au cher vieux Blité,
Dans le train pour la belle ville de Londres;
Allez bien partout
Laisse-moi n'importe où
Birmaingamme, Ledz ou Manquestaire, j'm'en fiche comme tout!
J'aimerai voir ma meilleure fillette,
Près l'un d'l'autre nous serions bientôt;
O, tidélé-tidélé-ité,
Retournez-moi au Blité,
Blité est l'endroit pour moi! "

Des autres chansons, anciennes peut-être, mais qu'on entend même aujourd'hui chantées dans les maisons publiques, contiennent, "Ma Vieille Hollandaise," "Le Corps de Jean Brun continue sa marche," et "Empâquetez vos Soucis dans votre vieux Sac à Soldat!" Très sincèrement,

J. IGGINDERRIÈRE.

Le Bois de St. Jean,
Près de la Rue du Boulanger.
Ouest.

CHER MONSIEUR,—Permettez-moi, je vous en prie, de corriger une petite erreur que vous avez faite en parlant du célèbre Jean Peau. Son habit n'élait pas gai, il était gris.

Agréez, Mónsieur, mes salutations empressées. HENRI DOBBIN.

MR. PUNCH ON TOUR.

THE Collection of original Drawings by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, Sir JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER, and of reproductions of Famous Cartoons, Forecasts and other exhibits from *Punch*, will be exhibited at Cumberland House, Eastern Parade, Southsea, from December 21st, 1932, to January 21st, 1933; at Eastbourne, February 5 to April 2; at Hereford, April 19 to May 24; and at Liverpool, May 28 to June 11, 1933.

A separate Exhibition depicting humorous situations between Doctor and Patient will be on show at the Central Museum, Northampton, from January 7, 1933 to February 4; at Birkenhead, February 18 to March 18; at York, April 1 to 29; at Gateshead, May 13 to June 10; at Burton-on-Trent, June 24 to July 22; and at Bolton, August 5 to September 2.

Invitations to visit either of these Exhibitions at any of the above places will be gladly sent to readers if they will apply to the Secretary, "Punch" Office, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

AT THE PICTURES.

MAN-EATERS FORWARD!

So far as I can remember, the shark motif on the films began with *The Pagan*, when the wicked trader was pushed out of the boat, thus making all clear for RAMON NOVARRO and his pretty half-caste bride and the resumption of their melody. But we saw at that time nothing of the sea-raveners but their pyramidal fins moving almost too regularly across the surface of the water: an effect, I was told at the time by one who knows, created by a simple mechanical device. Whether real or merely an illusion of cardboard on string it did not matter to us; the suggestion was that sharks were there, and no sooner did the bad man splash among them than poetic justice was accomplished and we went away happy. Since then great advances have been made, and the sharks that now enliven the screen are terribly real—powerful, sinuous and devouring. In fact, in *Tiger Shark* a whole drama has been written round them.



THE LARGER LAUGHTER.
THE FISHERMAN'S ARBITER OF FATE.

The pursuers of these creatures are brave and resourceful men, but they all have one defect: they are all too liable to be caught in the harpoon rope as it uncoils in response to the rush of the wounded fish, and to be pulled overboard. I saw this happen in a Pacific film a fortnight ago, of which, since a fortnight has passed, the name has completely escaped me; and in *Tiger Shark* it happens twice, while a third man reaches the water by a more natural accident. The first victim is hauled in minus both legs and dies; the second man, the one who merely fell in, receives no injury, although it is a very near thing; the third man, who, although the finest fisherman on the Californian coast and a swell guy, and who had already, earlier in the film, made the same blunder and lost an arm, now loses a leg and dies. But he is not too much concerned, because his theory of life, that sharks are the final solvers of all our difficulties, is justified; his own difficulty being the circumstance that his wife prefers a guy less swell.

This dread creature, you see, has come to its own, and, knowing what we do of Hollywood's imitative faculty, we may expect films with a strong man-eating interest to multiply.

Meanwhile I can state that the present example is remarkable for the excellence of the photography, which shows us not only the dangers of the deep but its prosperity, for the real vocation of the fishermen involved is the pursuit of the tunny, a plump and cylindrical-like creature who appears not so much to be caught by the hook as to fling itself upon it in an ecstasy of satisfaction to be making the captain rich. So far as one can tell, the hooks are not baited at all; their mere presence in the water is enough, and catching them is thus almost automatic. In fact, I can imagine nothing less like the spirit of IZAAK WALTON.

But it is the personality of the captain in question, a Portuguese-American swaggerer, played superbly by EDWARD G. ROBINSON, that makes the film. On the last time that I saw this very forceful actor he was in the part of the over-sophisticated editor of a sensational newspaper, with both his hands dipped in shame. In *Tiger Shark* he is intensely primitive, speaks broken English and his left hand is a hook.

WALTER HUSTON is another American film-actor capable of the widest versatility—I have seen him both as ABRAHAM LINCOLN and as a Mexican bandit—but his part in *American Madness*, a play about a run on a bank following upon a robbery of its stock, is not worthy of him. Banks and banking are always a lure to the American public, for whom this picture was made, although now and then their faith in the priesthood of the Almighty Dollar must be shaken. In another new film, for example, called *Hot Saturday*, which also is concerned with the lives and loves of bank-clerks, there is a tone of levity about the machinery of money which must be very distressing to the devout.



Solicitous Employee (to banker in difficulties). "SAY, CHIEF, YOU MUST KEEP CONFIDENCE IN YOUR FINANCIAL STABILITY—GET YOUR HAIR CUT!"

Matt . . . PAT O'BRIEN.
Dickson . . WALTER HUSTON.



SPOT THE UNSUSPECTING HUSBAND.
(Quite simple, but no prizes.)

Pipes . . . . . RICHARD ARLEN.
Mike . . . . . EDWARD G. ROBINSON.
Quita . . . . . ZITA JOHANN.

The opportunity to photograph a strong-room lock of the most imposing size and complexity was, I guess, the inspiration of *American Madness*, and upon that basis the usual story was constructed, with a little true love, a little false love, a little crime, a little gunning, a little detection, and over all the glamorous air of big business. But none of it is convincing, so piecemeal and spasmodic is it, while when the great moments arrive and the run on the bank sets in they are not great at all but muddled. Wiser to stay at home and read *John Halifax, Gentleman*, where there is a similar incident. E. V. L.



Employer. "TUT-TUT, MY BOY. YOU OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN HERE AT NINE O'CLOCK!"
Office Boy. "WHY? WHAT HAPPENED?"

DOMESTIC DUET.

["Tweed patterns of a tactful cheerfulness are appropriate to the early morning."—*Advt.*]

Soprano. "My dear Adolphus, there was once a time,
A happy time when, with the lark uprising,
You in your bath would greet the morning prime
With tuneful ditties of your own devising;
But now I notice with extreme distress
That you have lost your early cheerfulness."

Bass. "That, Angelina, I confess is true;
No longer I the morning echoes waken;
But the sad cause is simply this, that you
Are far too cheerful over eggs and bacon.
Your forced hilarity displays in fact
A very noticeable want of tact."

Both voices. "Then let us these inspiring stuffs unfold
And both our unattractive selves bedizen
With all the colours, red and green and gold,
In which the eastern sun decks the horizon.
Thus gorgeously apparelled we shall find
A morning cheerfulness with tact combined."

H. C. B.

AT THE PLAY.

REACTIONS TO AMERICA.

"ANOTHER LANGUAGE" (LYRIC).

THE author of *Another Language*, ROSE FRANKEN, introduces us to her eleven cleverly-observed and well-differentiated characters, all *Hallams* or the wives of *Hallams*, at the sacred Sunday evening family or tribal gathering. The formidable tribal deity is old *Grandma Hallam* (Miss MARY JERROLD). Her husband (Mr. MARCUS BARRON) has been not so much pecked as firmly but very quietly trodden down. *Grandma's* cardinal doctrine is that her daughters-in-law exist only to be good wives, in her narrow interpretation of the term, to her four sons.

It is odd that this play, translated with sufficient if not perhaps complete plausibility into English idiom and an English setting, comes to us from America, which we had always understood to be a feminist paradise in which it was the business of husbands to collect with arduous labour and deliver with humility tribute for their masterful women. Doubtless, however, this custom prevails only among the really rich—the *Hallams* are what we might call the middle-middle class. In England a tyranny such as is here presented must at this date be a rare phenomenon. The author, however, is concerned not with typical but with individual characters and situations; and so acute is the sense of reality conveyed by her portraiture that I have a feeling that somewhere in a Middle-Western town some such family has been observed by her with a keen unsentimental eye and the drab material thus gathered shaped with a rare discrimination in the selection and arrangement of significant incident. These *Hallams* are completely humourless, slow-witted, hopelessly conventional people, yet we are interested in their manœuvres till the end.

The three elder sons—the tyrannical *Paul* (Mr. CHARLES MORTIMER), the heavily facetious *Walter* (Mr. GILBERT DAVIS) and the merely dull *Henry* (Mr. DOUGLAS JEFFERIES)—have reduced their wives to bored acquiescence in the tribal doctrine and routine. *Mrs. Paul* (Miss DORA BARTON) has evidently made a fight of it mainly for the sake of her son, *Peter* (Mr. LOUIS HAYWARD); *Mrs. Walter* (Miss MARGOT SIEVEKING), a feather-headed greedy young animal, never had anything to make a fight with; *Mrs. Henry* (Miss WINIFRED OUGHTON), conforming, in fact, reserves the right to malicious and quite perceptive criticism of the tribe, and in particular sees through the humbug of the dear old lady with her headaches and her fainting-fits, which, simulated when she is in the slightest degree thwarted, reduce her obtuse adoring four to agonies of maudlin apprehension.

Victor (Mr. HERBERT MARSHALL), the youngest of the four, has married the pretty, sensitive *Stella* (Miss EDNA BEST), who is still offering a quiet but resolute resistance to Hallamisation.



A PRESENT FOR AUNT STELLA WITH PETER'S LOVE.

Stella Hallam . . MISS EDNA BEST.
Peter Hallam . . MR. LOUIS HAYWARD.

She is also fighting for *Paul's* young *Peter*, who is being bullied into business when he would be an architect. The mutual sympathy of these two, speaking another language, turns on the boy's part into love, on the young wife's to a tenderness not far removed from



THE DOG-STAR.

CLARY FROHNER (MISS MADGE TITHERADGE) AND A FRIEND.

it—and the handling of this theme by the author shows a fine delicacy and sureness of touch. The final victory of *Stella*, with the rallying of *Victor* to his wife against the outraged tribe, is brought about with no straining of the probabilities of character or situation. *Stella* is no paragon or heroine of romance—in this the author again shows a nice discretion—but an ordinary, loyal, honest little person with some character and self-respect and an ideal of married love founded on mutual respect and tolerance, which she is prepared to fight for. She is not the sort of girl to twist a victory into a triumph. *Victor* has chosen wisely, but there will be no living happily ever after without frequent heart-searchings and adjustments. And there is no surrender in the old woman's angry little eyes.

It must have been as great a refreshment to Miss JERROLD, as it was to us, to find herself freed from the need to be utterly sweet and, as we know, she can bite firmly upon a part that is worth her while. Mr. HERBERT MARSHALL enjoyed and profited by a somewhat similar release. *Victor*, the best of a poor lot, was still young enough to have charm and feeling; but he was a *Hallam* at root, and when he put his foot down showed his essential coarse-grainedness. This the actor cleverly conveyed. Mr. LOUIS HAYWARD deserves special credit for the sensitive handling of a difficult part. But the standard of the playing all through was exceptionally high. A thoroughly interesting evening. T.

"BUSINESS WITH AMERICA" (HAYMARKET).

This piece of irresponsible wandering nonsense, adapted by JEFFREY DELL from a Continental original, begins well in *Paul Frohner's* rococo flat in Vienna (decorated by OLIVER MESSEL). *Paul* (Mr. CLIFFORD MOLLISON) is in the automobile business and is nervously expecting to dinner an American automobile king, on whom it is important he should make an impression. The last words of his report are being dictated to his competent comely secretary, *Alma* (Miss LEONORA CORBETT). Temperamental *Clary*, his wife (Miss MADGE TITHERADGE), enters (here a long interval in which the house tells this popular and accomplished lady what it thinks of her). *Paul* outlines the tactics of the evening. *Clary* is to make herself more than ordinarily charming to the visitor; and he implores her just for this once to let *Beebee*, the white Peke, dine upstairs. American millionaires, he thinks, don't dine with dogs. Consultation between *Clary* and *Beebee*. Both agree proposition preposterous. *Paul* insists. Tantrums. *Clary* leaves him for ever—not for the first time. The American, *Brown*, a personable fellow (Mr. IAN HUNTER), arrives, and just as *Paul* is inventing excuses for his wife's unaccountable lateness, *Alma*, very assured and *soignée* in a borrowed frock, returns to impersonate the hostess and thus save the

situation. So far excellent. The house is in good humour. The laughter ripples. The complication looks promising.

And then the author proceeds to prove an oft-demonstrated proposition that it is easier to begin this sort of thing well than end it well, and that a good deal of the pleasure of the perceptive evaporates if the complication becomes a mere tangle hastily cut. There came a moment towards the middle of the Second Act when we felt the players begin to lose their sureness of touch. Our laughter continued rather by its own momentum, as it were, than as a result of the intrinsic humours of a situation which became unlikelier and unlikelier. It is queer that that should matter so much. But it does.

Nothing, however—this we were determined—was going to let us spoil our welcome to Miss TITHERADGE, who had returned (of course) in the assumed character of the secretary and detached the susceptible *Brown* from an *Alma* who had suddenly and surprisingly lost all her resourcefulness. Mr. MOLLISON's command of expressive grimace and posture and Mr. IAN HUNTER's easy naturalness are always refreshing. We all deplored the too-early retirement of the handsome and intelligent young gentleman who impersonated *Beebee*. He should, however, know that it is bad form to play so openly for his own paw and take the centre of the stage when his colleagues are saying their best lines. He might indeed with advantage study Miss JOAN WINFINDALE's clever restrained playing of the subsidiary part of *Frau Frohner's* maid—an excellent performance.

I see no reason why this shouldn't prove a palatable popular dish, flavoured as it is, discreetly enough, with Viennese *sauce piquante*. T.

"TO THE LADIES" (EMBASSY).

"Sing a song of dollars, a hip-pocketful of rye,
Four-and-twenty Babbitts, half-baked in a pie . . ."

The bakers were Messrs. GEORGE KAUFMAN and MARC CONNELLY, and the fact that this play had a successful run in New York is first-hand evidence that their recipe for the American big-business-man is sufficiently telling. Certainly it makes diverting comment on the true position of the American woman and on the idealism which makes an altar out of a sales-graph.

The curtain rises on *Leonard* and *Elsie Beebe* in the drawing-room of their little house outside New York. They await with champagne, cigars and trepidation a visit from *John Kincaid*, in whose vast piano-works *Leonard* is a clerk. It is his strange habit to indicate impending promotion to his junior employees by calling at their homes and inviting them to the firm's annual banquet.

Promotion is vital to the *Beebes*, for during the Florida boom *Leonard* went to the length of clipping a coupon out of a magazine and sending it with all his savings to be converted into a grape-fruit farm. Meanwhile they are broke.



A HIGHLY-SUSCEPTIBLE BUSINESS MAN.

Paul Frohner . . . . . MR. CLIFFORD MOLLISON.
Mr. Brown . . . . . MR. IAN HUNTER.
Alma Winter . . . . . MISS LEONORA CORBETT.

John Kincaid and his wife arrive according to plan, on their way to Atlantic City. To cover *Leonard's* nervousness *Elsie* goes to their *Kincaid* piano and sings—a good enough gesture if it hadn't been interrupted by two duns who demand the piano.

Sensation. Exit *Leonard* wildly to borrow. *Kincaid* pays the duns and puts on his coat, registering a royal huff, which is not dissipated when *Elsie*, greatly daring, explains that their poverty is due not to extravagance but over-investment. *Mrs. Kincaid*, however, has only to make a little signal and he sweetly delivers the invitation to the dinner, a very *piano* millionaire. *Leonard* will be expected to say a few words.

The dinner-scene is excellently staged. The chief table runs right across, with the diners facing us. *Leonard* (who has just had the fun of reading that the grape-fruit farm is a ramp) is pawing the script of the speech he has learnt from a manual of public eloquence, while the senior speakers are dwelling reverently on the more sacred aspects of making and selling.

Only one of *Leonard's* contemporaries has been asked, *Tom Baker* (who is also expecting promotion), and when their turn comes the toastmaster calls first on him. To the last polished word he delivers *Leonard's* speech, for it happens cruelly that he has bought the same manual.

Poor *Leonard*! Poor *Elsie*! But whereas he is knocked sideways, she has the presence of mind to get up and ask if, owing to his tonsilitis, she may speak for him—which she does, and with such effect that after all he gets his promotion.

In the last Act *Kincaid*, having discovered the deceit and reduced *Leonard* to his old position and salary, on the ground that no man so dependent on his wife's resource could make a good executive, receives another signal from *Mrs. Kincaid* and immediately reinstates him.

Mr. ANDRÉ VAN GYSEGHEM, who is also the producer, makes a convincing *Leonard*, while as *Elsie* Miss JANE GRAHAME holds the reins without undue exaggeration. *Mrs. Kincaid* is cleverly sketched in by Miss NORMA VARDEN, who says very little and expresses a great deal; and the magnate himself is played with adequate pomposity by Mr. JOHN GARSIDE.

The First and Third Acts drag a trifle. But one can forgive that in view of the Second, which is a riot of good satire. Mr. HUGH E. WRIGHT, as the loquacious *Toastmaster*, is to be complimented on a fine piece of humorous acting.

No attempt is made in this production at an American accent, and I for one acclaim this advance towards the artistic separation of the two languages. ERIC.

"FREE BUS PASSES."
Motor Paper.

It would never stop for us.

"MISSING LINKS IN CATHEDRAL GLASS?"
Daily Paper.

We are on the side of the angels.



"IS THIS THE HOOSE WHERE A 'BOTTLE-PARTY' IS BEING HELD THE NICHT?"

THE INCOME-TAX COLLECTOR TO HIS CHILD.

ALAS, if I should live to see
That trustful little face
Blush for, turn from, or scowl at me,
A parent in disgrace!

Remember, when your Dad 's reviled
As though a human snake,
He played the loathsome part, poor child,
For bread-and-butter's sake.

Although his business is to squeeze
The penniless for pelf,
He does not gloat on agonies
That can't enrich himself.

Because their tax he must extort
They curse his heart of stone,
Forgetting that, to spoil his sport,
He has to pay his own. W. K. H.

AN Ă-PĒL.

I AM feeling very wē-rĭ. I have just been looking (*directing the attention to; using the eyes in seeing*) rĭt through a large red dik-shun-ar-ĭ, and I fear my brain (*mass of soft whitish matter in the skull*) has been tem'-por-ră-rĭ-li affected; influenced; acted upon. I am not u-zhū-a-li so in-kwiz'-i-tĭv as to go hunting all the way throo a book containing the words of a language arranged alphabetically with meanings, but on this ok-kā-zhun we had been argū, -gūed,-gūing about the difference, disagreement, variation between the wērd "sour" and the wērd "bitter"; nobody app-ēr-'d (*became visible; was in sight; seemed*) to be able to define the difference, disagreement, variation, so some very foolish fa-sē-shus pe-pl began to insist most vē'-he-(not vē-he')-mentli that there wasn't en-nĭ difference. Of kōrs I *nū'* they were tawking bĭlj' (*broadest and flattest inside part of bottom of a ship; bulging part of a cask*), so I thawt I would consult the dik-shun-ar-ĭ and find out, and honestly ("*h*" *silent and in all compounds*) I feel (*touch; handle; perceive*) I would like to ă-būz the broots who pro-dūs'd this really naw-shĕ-ūs, or -shūs, book containing the words of a language arranged alphabetically, with meanings. It didn't help (*aid; assist; remedy; relief; assistance; domestic servant—in U.S.A.*) me a bit, but has mēr-lĭ affected the soft hwĭt-ish matter in the bony framework of the brain. Bĕ-kŏz all it gave (*bestowed; made over to another freely; yielded; uttered as opinion*) for "sour" was: "of a tart, sour flā-vur," and for "bitter": "of a bitter, tart flā-vur." Well, I ask, implore, beseech, beg or pray for you. Isn't that fat-ū-us? (*very foolish; idiotic; deceptive*). I 've been trying (*putting forth strength; testing; examining in a court of justice*) to find the rĭt answer, reply, solution (*as in arith., etc.*) ever since last Wenz'-dā. Can't *en'-nĭ* body tell me the kor-rĕkt' def-ĭ-nĭ-shŭn of the difference; disagreement; variation?

CHRISTMAS CARDS FOR A GOOD CAUSE.

THOSE who buy any of the "Peter Rabbit" series of Christmas Cards will be helping the Invalid Children's Aid Association. The Cards (2*d.* each) may be obtained from the leading stores or from the Hon. ANGELA BARING, The Grange, Alresford, Hants. Mr. Punch, who is closely interested in this Good Cause, begs his readers to come to its aid when choosing their Christmas Greetings for more fortunate children.

AVENUES.

"Depression is the sad note of the age in which we live. In the commercial and industrial realms, as well as in the spiritual, men's hearts are failing them through fear, and an undercurrent of pessimism runs like a canker through every avenue of the nation's life."—*Publisher's Notice.*

This ought to win the "Avenue" prize for 1932.

PLAYING THE GAME.



AFTER BEING ELABORATELY EXAMINED ABOUT HIS TASTES IN THE MATTER OF COLOUR-SCHEMES—



BEING COMMANDEERED ON SPECIAL SHOPPING EXPEDITIONS—



NOTING SIGNS OF FURIOUS ACTIVITY—



WHICH ARE MYSTERIOUSLY SUSPENDED WHEN HIS PROXIMITY IS NOTICED—



AND AFTER SUDDEN SHARP REMINDERS OF SUBTLE AGENCIES AT WORK—



IT IS A HUSBAND'S SOLEMN DUTY TO RECEIVE HIS WIFE'S CHRISTMAS-GIFT WITH DELIGHTED SURPRISE.



Lady (who has unknowingly intruded into making of film gives child a penny). "POOR LITTLE DEAR, YOU DO LOOK LONELY. HAVE YOU NO ONE TO PLAY WITH?" (*"Poor little dear" receives a salary of £500 a week.*)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

A Hero from the Midlands.

Mr. J. L. GARVIN cheerfully reminds a rising generation of the ratepayers of Birmingham that forty or fifty acres of once desperate slums in the central area of the city, converted by the energetic initiative of the "greatest executive citizen of the nineteenth century" into commanding blocks of property, revert to their absolute possession in only about another twenty years. His first volume of *The Life of Joseph Chamberlain* (MACMILLAN, 21/-) is happily complete in itself, a study almost undisturbed by the coming tumults of Home Rule, South Africa and Tariff Reform. Here is CHAMBERLAIN, the idol of the gallery, waving the red flag that smacked, in that quaint yesterday, of free education, graduated income-tax, almost unqualified manhood suffrage, and main drainage. To CHAMBERLAIN, clean water and fresh air for the crowd he had learnt to love as his own factory-hands, or fair play for the sailor sent to sea in over-insured "coffin-ships"—a cause in which Mr. Punch, says the author, was his best friend—were matters for which one might overset Whigs and Tories alike, coming white-hot to the fight with an armament of blistering speech and calculated indiscretion only less formidable than the card-index organisation of the successful manufacturer. Throughout this pleasantly-inspired volume there is an undertone of something like romance introduced by the rare quality of the hero's friendship with Sir CHARLES DILKE, and something of humorous relief, or so I find it, coming from the most unexpected quarter—the recital of his thornily-dignified contacts with Mr. GLADSTONE.

Juvenilia.

A connoisseur of children's books who ignores æsthetic considerations and objects to inculcated morality would not, you feel, cut much ice in the nursery. For in the nursery we are all as beauty-loving and all as vivaciously interested in conduct as the Athenians themselves. It is, however, rather the pre-nursery and post-nursery stages of *Children's Books in England* (CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS, 15/-) that interest Mr. F. J. HARVEY DARTON, for his forebears were publishers of them in the eighteenth century and he himself is an expert collector. He is less unsympathetic than a preface contrasting "hesitant morality" with "spontaneous happiness" would lead us to expect; for he cannot forgo a tribute to *Swiss Family Robinson*, which bristles with piety, to *Sandford and Merton*, despite its ethical underlining, and to *Tom Brown*, which was ostentatiously written "to get a chance of preaching." On the other hand he cannot see past "period" excesses of instruction and sentiment to the enduring interest of, say, *Feats on the Fiord* or the perennial charm of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. He gives a scholarly, discerning and enjoyable account of three hundred years' accumulation of material and of the practical use made of it by the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

L'Enfant Terrible.

Lord WINTERTON, P.C., M.P.,
  Was first elected (not so bad)
  While still an Oxford Undergrad.,
Member for Horsham, Sussex (C.).

And now he tells us what he saw
  In Parliament, those early days,
  And what he found to blame or praise
In bygone Masters of the Jaw,

Who lashed each other in the fights
  That raged round Tariff and Home Rule.
  Feeling like some new boy at school
He fought, according to his lights,

With wit and cheerful insult. Look
  At this front page, cartoon by "SPY,"
  Note stance and mouth and twinkling eye
Before you start upon his book.

Talk, travel, polo, politics—
  Pre-War its title—and they say
  Two volumes more are on their way!
MACMILLANS publish—ten-and-six.

A Successful Sequel.

In *The Provincial Lady Goes Further* (MACMILLAN, 7/6), Miss E. M. DELAFIELD continues to amuse us with her commentary on life as seen and lived by a satirical lady-diarist. She proves, as she has done in a preceding volume and at least one other novel, that Woman was born to be interrupted, cannot be a genius to her governess, that a cook's "warning" must mean red eyes in the morning, and that any "quite impossible She" must find it almost impossible to be a She *and* a feminist with literary tastes. The lady who keeps this amusingly painful record is valiant, for, though she has an obtuse husband, two children, a temperamental governess, a cook (from time to time), difficult guests and a lot of friends, she manages to be amused (though savagely at times) by her own insistence on going abroad, attending meetings, mixing with literary people and writing books. There might have been more triumph over the latter business if some of her acquaintances had not suspected her of "putting them into a book" and the rest explained that they had "never had time to write one." But whether or no the Provincial Lady has her disillusions, all her readers will take delight in laughing with one who is perpetually amused by her own small and infuriating world while making her impenitent self an excuse for further jesting. Mr. ARTHUR WATTS' illustrations of country, Bloomsbury and Mayfair freaks are as clever and ironical as the author's pen-pictures of all who annoy her. May their book go further and further!

The Lonely Man.

At the suggestion of the editor through whose columns his latest serial ran, Mr. GILBERT FRANKAU has endeavoured, he tells us, to avoid sex and psychology and stick to action. In this laudable and partially successful effort he would, I feel, have come off better with a more virile type of hero. True, it is reported that *Marcus Orlando* is one of the die-hards of the English secret service; and halfway through the book he is despatched on a Near-Eastern mission of the customary hazardousness. But by this time we know him as an amorous Oriental, wearing patent-leather boots with grey cloth uppers on his "small elegantly-shaped feet," a touch of arrogance "about the brim of his bowler," a long Italian sports coupé and two unfaithful wives. His elimination of Number Two and pursuit of Number Three—complicated by the reappearance, in Angora, of the companion of Number Three's incontinent youth—keep every one of Mr. FRANKAU'S chapters reasonably busy. Taken piecemeal, I can imagine *The Lonely Man* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6)



"WELL, I AIN'T SAYIN' MUCH AGIN' 'IM, GEORGE, WHATEVER 'E'S DONE. 'E CALLED ME OFFICER, WHICH SHOWS 'E KNOWS 'OW TO ADDRESS A COPPER."

fulfilling its purpose very adequately. But if the book is read at a single sitting its complete insensitiveness to bathos and the poverty of its romantic convention render it rather poor going.

Waugh in Asia.

My first reaction to *Black Mischief* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6) was one of slight irritation that Mr. EVELYN WAUGH, having handled his African experiences with such notable skill in *Remote People*, should return to them so soon as material for a novel; but I quickly forgot it. The story is of a black undergraduate who, going down from Oxford to take over his island empire, is determined to impose upon its rather unequal amenities the advantages of Western civilisation. He is not very successful, poor *Seth*, and in the end his enthusiasms prove fatal; but for the time being the Empire of Azania hums, and to a tune which suits Mr. WAUGH very well. *Basil Seal*, a pretty vile but knowledgable young body, arrives on the island and, on the strength of having given the Emperor lunch at Oxford, becomes his Minister of Modernisation. There also arrive *Dame Mildred Porch* and *Miss Tin*, militant humanitarians, in whose honour, by a slight misunderstanding, an Imperial banquet is given "for welcoming the English Cruelty to Animals." The only oasis in Azania amidst the subsequent intrigues is the British Legation, where *Sir Samson Courteney* and his family play paper games and await the latest gramophone-records from home, to the great disquiet of the French Minister. This novel is the biggest thing that Mr. WAUGH has yet tackled, for its satire is based on a wide and penetrating observation; parts of it are extremely funny in the chromium-callous manner which is his invention.



Vicar. "YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN AT THE PARISH CONCERT LAST NIGHT, MAJOR. YOU'D HAVE HEARD A MOST LAUGHABLE STORY. SHE WAS ONLY A CHARLADY'S DAUGHTER" (*Major shows signs of acute astonishment*) "BUT SHE GAVE A MOST HUMOROUS RECITATION."

Austria Felix.

It must be some compensation for present-day drabness to be able, like Princess FUGGER, to look back in memory upon *The Glory of the Habsburgs* (HARRAP, 18/-) that was Vienna and Viennese society before the War. Life must indeed have been full of colour and empty of cares for that exclusive Austrian aristocracy whose days were spent in an endless round of amusements and magnificent Court ceremonies. In these hard times it is impossible not to envy the indifference to monetary cares displayed by the young Hussar officer who placed five thousand gulden in an open drawer and forgot about them for months. At the same time I can readily sympathise with that young officer's wife, Princess FUGGER, in the anxiety caused her then and subsequently by her husband's carelessness in financial affairs. Such carelessness was wholly foreign to the central figure around which all this gay society revolved. Of the EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH'S simple habits and courteous manners Princess FUGGER has much to say that stands in glaring contrast to the portrait she draws of the bejewelled and strangely-attired GERMAN EMPEROR. After that it is easy to understand this German Princess's "admission" that she liked FRANCIS JOSEPH better than her own Emperor. An interesting and entertaining book in whose pages Imperial Vienna comes to life again.

South Africa.

Miss F. E. MILLS YOUNG has already some thirty novels to the credit of her account, but as far as my considerable experience of her work extends *The Rich Cargo* (THE BODLEY HEAD, 7/6) is more significant and ambitious than any of her previous books. Though written in the form of fiction I agree with her statement that "this book is less a novel than a condensed history of South Africa . . . from the earliest days of white settlement to the year 1932." South Africa indeed is its hero and heroine combined, and all of us who wish to follow the development and the set-backs in this remarkable country will be wise to accept the opportunity that Miss MILLS YOUNG offers. The fortunes of the *Van Zyls*, representing the Boers, and of the *Gales*, who were English settlers, are not always easy to follow, and genealogical trees would have been helpful. Nevertheless, both families and the natives are made vital parts of South Africa as she travels through long years of troubled history.

Spying out the Land.

Among the inexpensive pleasures left to us a short tour of exploration under the guidance of Mr. DONALD MAXWELL is more than worthy of attention. With *A Detective in Surrey* (THE BODLEY HEAD, 6/-) in your pocket you can not only go out ley-hunting, but also set forth fully confident that no blank day is in front of you. So complete, I admit, was my ignorance of leys until Mr. MAXWELL remedied it that I will leave him to explain them. "When I announced," he writes, "to several 'experts' that I could prove that our old parish churches, market crosses, moated farmhouses, etc., are built along lines of mathematical precision up and down and across the country, crossing and interlocking, but still decipherable, they all thought I had got a touch of the sun." Leys, in fact, are sighting lines, and readers of this informing and delightfully illustrated little book will agree with an enthusiastic ley-hunter's assertion that to read them rightly is to see revealed the earliest history of England. And I hope that Mr. MAXWELL'S ley-hounds will soon meet again and that I shall not miss the record of their hunting.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Soviet Government is planning a propaganda campaign in Africa. Hoping, doubtless, that when the Dark Continent does see the light it will be a Red one.

* * *

An Essex couple have been wedded just seventy-five years. When asked how they liked married life, they replied that they would know better as time went on.

* * *

"Thieves Pose as Tax-Inspectors," says a morning-paper headline. Comment would be too unkind.

* * *

A Newcastle man has set out to walk to Truro to see if his brother is still alive. He seems to have ignored the POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S advice that it is quicker to telephone.

* * *

When playing bridge a good deal depends on a good deal.

* * *

Science has declared that if the world stops rotating one side will roast and the other freeze. We are tempted to wonder whether it has not stopped already.

* * *

A writer mentions a Frenchman who thinks nothing of eating ten pounds of calf's-head. It is not quite clear whether he takes this before or after meals.

* * *

Harley Street recommends that it should be made a punishable offence to go about in public places with a cold in the head. Such advice from such a quarter is not to be sneezed at.

* * *

On searching his baptismal register a South London vicar finds that the name Dora has not been used for five years. We have little hope, however, that even this disclosure will rouse the Government.

* * *

A football-referee chased by a hostile crowd in Lanarkshire crawled into a subterranean passage. It looks as if keen football enthusiasts will be obliged to carry ferrets.

* * *

In spite of the fact that meteorologists predicted a fall of snow last week-end, it came true in Birmingham.

* * *

A London man has cycled 34,366 miles since the beginning of last January. That's what comes of not asking one's way at the start.

* * *

Musk-rat stuffed with sage and onions is said to be a delightful dish. We have been unable to ascertain, however, whether the Ministry of Agriculture is contemplating an "Eat More Musk-Rats" campaign.

* * *

On the other hand an authority tells us that a visitor to the seaside who catches a whale is not entitled to keep it. This is just the kind of news that destroys the popularity of our coast-resorts.

* * *

The latest report from Geneva is that the Manchurian problem is virtually pidgin-holed.



"SPARE A COPPER, SIR, FOR A MAN WHAT'S GOT A WIFE AND FAMILY."

The comedian at Leeds who assaulted a taxi-driver, splitting his lip, doesn't seem to have reflected that he was spoiling a possible laugh.

* * *

Talking of taxi-drivers, there is one in London who has a barometer in his cab. We believe that the pointer of the instrument is permanently set at "No Change."

* * *

It would appear from a recent legal decision that face-powder is not a medicine and chemists must not sell it after 8 P.M.—even in a desperate case of nose-shine.

* * *

A School of Sea-Cooking is to be opened at Hull. Any son of a sea-cook may attend.

* * *

Meanwhile the public exhibition of a Christmas cake weighing half-a-ton, presented by Australia to the Lord Mayor of London, is believed to have inspired many small boys with the ambition to become Lord Mayor.

* * *

A spaghetti-eating competition has been held in Italy. An eye-witness says that the winner reminded him of a high-speed tape-machine in reverse.

* * *

Two crates of haggis were recently sent to America. They are said—but no, we won't.

MR. PUNCH ON TOUR.

THE Collection of original Drawings by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, Sir JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER, and of reproductions of Famous Cartoons, Forecasts and other exhibits from *Punch*, will be exhibited at Southsea from to-day until Jan. 21; at Eastbourne, from February 5 to April 2; at Hereford, April 19 to May 24; and at Liverpool, May 28 to June 11.

A separate Exhibition depicting humorous situations between Doctor and Patient will be on show at the Central Museum, Northampton, from January 7 to February 4; at Birkenhead, February 18 to March 18; at York, April 1 to 29; at Gateshead, May 13 to June 10; at Burton-on-Trent, June 24 to July 22; and at Bolton, August 5 to September 2.

Invitations to visit either of these Exhibitions at any of the above places will be gladly sent to readers if they will apply to the Secretary, "Punch" Office, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

A Goodly Heritage.

"Asked what he thought of India, he said: 'I have always had the greatest admiration for the East, because I have inherited it from an ancient Spanish aunt of mine.' "
Indian Paper.

"GERMAN-POLISH FRICTION."
Manchester Paper.

French-polish needs it too.

"On strict form, and ignoring reputation, Bradman and Kippax should be out of the side. But I doubt it, as the oyster said . . ."
Daily Paper.

. . . Poaching recklessly on the carpenter's preserves.

No matter how plainly you address a golf-ball it rarely goes where you wish to send it.

ADDRESS TO THE EARTH.

YULETIDE, 1932.

THINK kindly, O Earth, of England
This splendid Christmastide
If, faced with a blank exchequer,
She still keeps up her pecker
Out of a sense of pride.

Could we possibly help Esthonia,
Or Ecuador, or Japan?
We should like to assist Patagonia
In every way that we can.

Don't think too hardly of England,
Who gets no share of the spoil;
Whose speech is as soft as honey,
While America takes her money
And Persia removes her oil.

Could we possibly buy Sardinia?
Would it be beyond the bounds
To subsidise Abyssinia
With a loan of a million pounds?

Don't think severely of England
If her flag is never furled
And she keeps her place in the nations
With a curious kind of patience,
The milch-cow of the world.

Can we send any gold to Sweden,
Or Lapland or Paraguay?
Is there no one this other Eden
Can possibly help to-day?

Don't be too angry with England,
She never does any one harm;
She is merely making a living
By the practice of debt-forgiving
While Europe cries "Disarm!"

Is there anything doing in China?
Can we pay off the National Debt
Of Chili or Argentina,
Or give a little gift to Tibet?

Think kindly, O Earth, of England
And wave her a joyful hand
As you turn about on your axis,
For England is paying the taxes
That nobody else would stand.

This is St. Nicholas knocking—
Does anyone need a loan?
We have something for everyone's stocking,
But nothing at all for our own! EVOE.

A LEGAL CHRISTMAS.

WE offer the following Christmas games for lawyers in the hope that every Judge in England may feel Father Christmas has a message for him. "Consequences," with its demand on logic and deduction, was obviously meant for the legal mind. To play it, slips of paper and a pencil or pencils will be required by members of all Inns. Each player writes in turn upon one portion of the aforesaid paper and passes it to the next player in order of tail-male. First must be inscribed the names of the persons concerned, such as *Hoginheimer* v. *Higginbottom*; secondly the subject for trial, then the names of both counsels and the judge, sixthly a remark from the judge's summing-up, and lastly the verdict. Each inscription is in the nature of a privileged communication and is subjected to coverture before being handed to the next player.

The historic game of "Snap the Brief," played with lighted brandy and bits of pink tape steeped in ale, may be too expensive for a depression Christmas, but "Forfeitures" is a game well within the reach of the most impecunious legal party. One player is elected as Lord Chancellor and the others take it in turn to kneel at his feet while he pronounces sentence. He may instruct one to hop round the room and make an unauthorised statement in every corner; another to stand on the sofa and commit a fraud with impunity. Blushing girls may be ordered to swear an affidavit up the chimney or to waiver about the one they love; while the order to catch two fellow-guests and bind them within the limitations of statutes is always a popular penalty. Any player who fails to carry out his orders or offers only part performance must pay something into court.

"Go Seek for Concealment of Defects in a Contract," or "C.O.D.," as it is popularly called, is a pleasant game to play all over an unlighted country-house, although it is apt to get a trifle rough. "Judge, Judge, Hear My Plea" provides a nice floor game. The claimant, who is outside the circle, walks round striking the seated players on the shoulders with his plea and singing, "Judge, judge, hear my plea; get it done in a month or three." He then goes out of the room and the judges conceal the plea somewhere about their persons. On his return the claimant must seek for it and, should he succeed, the judge before whom it is found becomes claimant in his turn.

Another merry way of spending the evening is to blindfold your guests and let them try in turn to pin the tail on an entail which you have drawn up on a blackboard. "Musical Mortgages" is also a good game when played with chairs, the winner being he who forecloses first. "Here We Come Gathering Guarantees" is a popular game with those who like a tug-of-war. Each side advances in turn singing, "Here we come gathering guarantees," and is answered by the other, "Whom will you have for surety?" The advancing side then sings, "We'll have Mr. Justice Spofkins for surety," and the other side answers, "Whom will you send as *del credere*? Whom will you send as *del credere*?" The guest then chosen joins hands with Mr. Justice Spofkins and they struggle until one of them is pulled over a fine point.

To make such a party a success the supper-table should be decorated with novel torts and the evening conclude with tableaux. Popular scenes to act and guess would be: a tenant estopped from disputing his landlord's title; the dedication of a public highway; presuming a fraud from inadequacy of consideration; and a plaintiff recovering in spite of contributory negligence. Departing guests should be speeded with *donatio inter vivos* and liquidated damages.

Another Literary Scandal.

"Note.—Professor Laski at the age of 39 has written many books on political history and science, and wrote the autobiography of John Stuart Mill."—*Manchester Paper.*

An American is suing for divorce on the ground that his wife neglects the home for the golf-links. The daily round should not, in fact, exclude the common task.

"Institute News. Chew Magna had a successful members' night, lectures on Tea and on Cookery and competitions for rock cakes and sandwiches."—*Women's Magazine.*

Rock cakes and sandwiches so often require a Chew Maxima.



BENITO AND THE BIRDS.

CHORUS OF GRATEFUL VISITORS. "AVE, IMPERATOR!"

[Signor MUSSOLINI has declared the whole island of Capri a bird-sanctuary, with severe punishment for killing any birds the whole year round.]



Benevolent Old Boy. "WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO BUY YOU A TOY?"
Little Mother. "COO—I'VE BEEN WANTING ONE EVER SINCE I WER A KID."

THE UNCHANGING EAST.

(Lines inspired by a re-visit to East Anglia.)

THE Poet talks of the Unchanging East;
But look at China, India or Burma;
Or, if you'd like the area increased,
Include adjacent bits of Terra Firma.
Can you in truth endorse the Poet's word?
Not so; for, if unprejudiced your view is,
You must admit that changes have occurred
And are occurring East or so of Suez.

But what of England's own "unchanging east?"
A visit will reveal the term an apt 'un—
A land where all awakening has ceased,
The land beyond the Orient of Clapton.
If you should choose a warm and windless day
And take a train for Witham (say) or Orford,
What change will you encounter on the way?
(Unless you count the change at Bishops Stortford.)

While dynasties in China rise and fall,
What's happened up in Pakefield or in Paston?
While Burma has acquired the Oxford drawl,
Has anything been done to Kettlebaston?
The Babu wears his béret mid applause,
The Bibi gives her veil the frozen shoulder;
But Eastern England doesn't care two straws,
It just grows corn and gradually older.

If you would see a still unchanging land,
Then from all foreign matter guard your gazes;
Immutability is near at hand;
You need to look no further than your Nazes.
For Cults for Novelty are things apart,
Or miles apart at least, in Eastern Anglia,
And here beats rustic England's faithful heart
Unclogged with tar-macadam's swelling ganglia.

MORE SHATTERED ILLUSIONS.

IV.—THE ARTISTES' ROOM.

AS ONE IMAGINES IT.

The Conductor. That was magnificent, my dear Otto—simply superb! I have never heard the Andante played so finely.

The Pianist. Thank you—thank you. Let me sit, please. *Ach Gott!* but all my strength went into it.

The Conductor. Brandy, Polsen—quick! Herr Stüdmann has fainted.

* * *

1*st Critic.* What did you think of the Poudenov?

2*nd Critic.* Weak. That bridge-passage is marked *allegro con spirito* and he played it *allegro con moto.*

1*st Critic.* Besides, he doesn't know the work. He missed a G-natural in the recapitulation.

* * *

Lady Alderney. You *will* sing for my sister at Bruton House in May, won't you, Signor? You promised to.

The Singer. Madame, my throat . . . sometimes it trouble me.

Lady Alderney. My sister mentioned five hundred pounds as a fee.

The Singer. Madame, the throat of Antonio Toccani is not eased by gold!

Lady Alderney (*hurriedly*). No, no; of course not.

* * *

The Lady. How do you play like that? One heard the hungry surge of the sea . . . the yearning of the pines.

The Violinist. You are my audience. I play to the smile behind your eyes.

The Lady. I know . . . I saw your soul.

AS IT IS.

The Conductor. That went all right, I think, Otto. You off now?

The Pianist. Yes. Have you a *Bradshaw*? I believe there's a 10.18 restaurant-train I can just catch.

The Conductor. That reminds me; I meant to ask you—where can one get a decent meal in Cardiff?

* * *

1*st Critic.* I say, do you happen to know anything about Poudenov?

2*nd Critic.* Not a thing. I hoped you did.

1*st Critic.* I wonder who *would* know?

* * *

Lady Alderney. I think I can get you an engagement in May.

The Singer. That would be awfully kind of you.

Lady Alderney. It's really a charity concert, but I think my sister could run to a small fee if you wouldn't mind singing during tea as well.

* * *

The Violinist. Did you hear it?

His Wife. The sniff, you mean?

The Violinist. Of course; what else?

His Wife. I'm afraid I did, dear. In the soft movement.

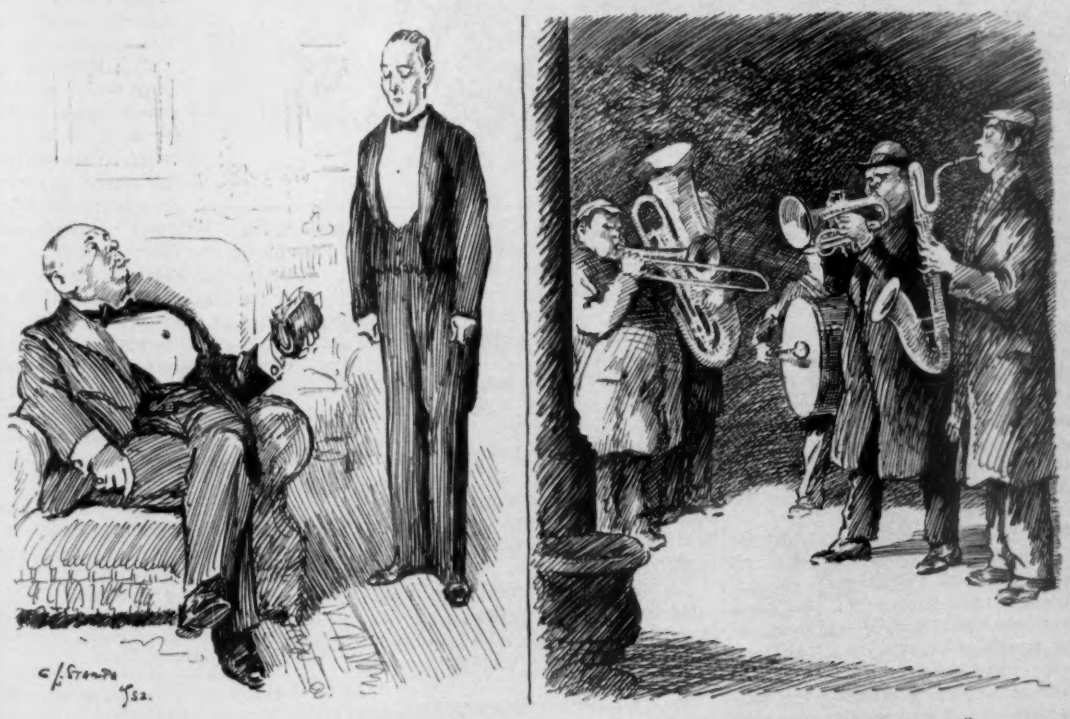
The Violinist. Yes, worst luck. I tried hard to stave it off till the *appassionata.*

His Wife. It's entirely your own fault. You *won't* wear wool.

New Light on Old Frontier Problems.

"The Romans built a wall across Britain to keep out the Pigs and the Scouts."—*Smith Minor.*

"COCHRAN PLAYS FOR U.S."—*Daily Paper.*
It sounds unpatriotic of him. What at?



Absurdly rich Person. "'OSKINS, GO OUT AND BUY ALL THEIR INSTRUMENTS—I'VE GOT A 'EADACHE."

THE ORIGIN OF A PHRASE.

[I have found it impossible to get the following letter into the Sunday newspaper whose readers are constantly explaining the derivation of popular clichés to each other; but this does not surprise me much, for I admit that it is long and further that it is couched in a narrative style which few newspaper letter-writers affect. I feel, nevertheless, that the facts it contains should be given to the world.]

To the Editor of "Punch."

DEAR SIR,—There was once a red-haired man named Arthur who lived in Wimbledon and kept a pet hake in a large metal tank in the back-garden. This hake, as might have been expected, was most unpopular with his wife, who used to pop out every now and then and hurl insults at it in a low trembling voice full of passion. The habit of the hake on these occasions was merely to rake her with a bilious eye and respond, "Shucks!" After which it would go on swimming up and down its tank.

When he had had the hake for some time Arthur began to suspect that things were not all they should have been, and spoke to his wife on the point.

"My dear," he began, "it seems to me that my hake's life is clouded by a great sorrow."

His wife grunted.

"Further," he went on, "I often notice that it is clouded by washing-up water. My dear," said Arthur, "it is unkind to pour washing-up water on top of my hake."

"If there is a tank just where I pour my washing-up water and a hake in the tank," his wife pointed out, sniffing, "that hake will get poured on top of;" so saying, she flounced into the house without a backward glance; for this dialogue had been proceeding just beside the tank in question.

Arthur said to his hake resignedly, "You see how it is, boy?"

But, disgusted by his inability to rule his wife, the hake had lost all respect for him and merely replied, "Shucks!" and with a flick of its tail it went on swimming up and down its tank, coughing slightly when it entered a belt of washing-up water.

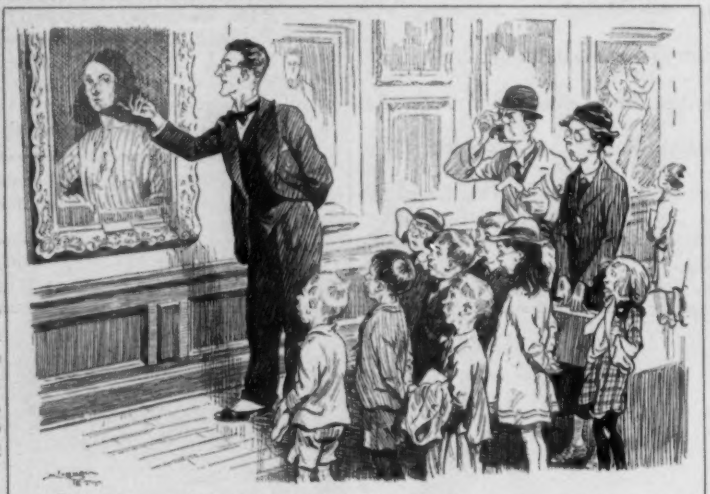
Arthur became worried by the way in which his pet was rapidly changing from a carefree, innocent young hake into a cynical fish-of-the-world ready at any moment to sneer at and find fault with all that right-minded fish hold most sacred. He therefore consulted a friend of his named Stanley, who had for some time enjoyed an ill-deserved reputation for curing fish.

"I can cure your hake, Art," Stanley declared when he had been apprised of all the circumstances. "It needs something to elevate its mind; for too long have its æsthetic emotions been starved. Your hake needs art, Art."

"Art?"

"Art, Art."

Thereupon Stanley went to the cupboard in which he kept his vacuum-cleaner and rummaged about in it. Presently he emerged with a large framed engraving of a picture by LANDSEER.



Lecturer (somewhat carried away). "NO DOUBT YOU NOTICED WHEN YOU WERE LAST AT THE LOUVRE——"

"There," he said, giving it to Arthur after rubbing it carefully with his sleeve; "first attract the attention of your hake and then hold this up so that the light strikes it."

Arthur took the picture with gratitude.

"But don't let the fish look at it for too long the first time," Stanley warned him. "Ta-ta, Art."

Impatient to try the cure at once, Arthur rapped on the hake's tank directly he got home. The hake looked up in some annoyance and Arthur held up the engraving in a favourable position.

The hake quickly looked away again, said "Shucks!" somewhat hoarsely and in a faltering voice and continued, rather unsteadily, to swim up and down its tank.

At this Arthur was nonplussed and stood pondering for some moments. But he said nothing to his wife, and the hake received its regular ration of washing-up water as usual.

The next day Arthur went to see Stanley again. It was Sunday and Stanley was still in bed, but with a generosity characteristic of him he gave Arthur a chair and lent an attentive ear to his narration.

When Arthur had finished, Stanley removed his glasses and said, "As I thought. The cure is beginning to work. Your hake, Art, is now ready for further treatment."

Getting nimbly out of bed and not even pausing to don his dressing-gown—pausing, however, to don his slippers—Stanley struck an attitude by the door, saying, "You have shown it Victorian art, Art; modern art comes next."

He then withdrew, returning some minutes later with a reproduction of PICASSO'S "Fishing Net," which he thrust into Arthur's hands.

Arthur hastened home with the picture and, after having some difficulty in attracting the attention of his hake (for the fish thought the sound of his repeated blows on the side of the tank was merely that of another church-bell), displayed the picture expectantly.

This time the hake, more wary, gazed upwards under its brows for a time and even swam to the surface of the water in order to get a better view before exclaiming "Shucks!" and proceeding to swim up and down its tank.

Shortly afterwards it died of a surfeit of washing-up water and, since a post-mortem revealed that its brain was three times normal size and of a bright green colour, the inconclusiveness of the experiment may be discounted; and, by Stanley, has been.

The whole affair, however, gave rise to the well-known phrase, "Art for Art's hake."

I have the honour to remain, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

ANTIQUARY.

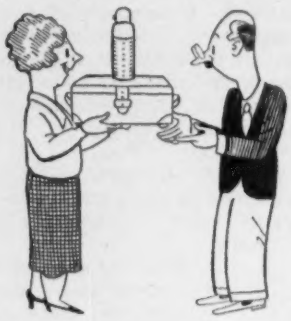
Laying in State.

"Poultry keeping, to be successful, must be carried on in a methodical, business-like manor."—*Birmingham Paper.*

"Workmen were testing a tax-spraying machine."—*Evening Paper.*

In preparation for deluging us with demand-notes?

TACT.



WHEN MRS. TOMKINS GAVE TOMKINS A PICNIC OUTFIT—



AND PAM GAVE HIM A RUG—



CYRIL, A SET OF ROAD MAPS—



PETER, FUR-LINED GAUNTLETS—



MAISIE, A DRIVING CUSHION—



AND THE TWINS A MOTOR MASCOT—



WELL, THERE WAS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING MORE FOR IT!

SIMPLE STORIES.

BINGSIFF.

Mr. Holocaust was a rich business man who had to do with companies and stocks and shares and all those things, and if anybody ever wanted to see him in private he always saw him even if he didn't know who he was, because he said he may be useful to me, there's no telling.

Well one morning a young man came to see him, and he said well young man what can I do for you? And he said you can make me your secretary. Mr. Holocaust laughed at that and said well I happen to have a secretary already, and he said that doesn't matter, you can easily employ two. And he said well you have got some cheek, and he said that is only one of my good qualities.

Mr. Holocaust was still amused, and he said what is your name, and he said Bingsiff. And he said well what can you do besides being cheeky, are you good at shorthand and typewriting and all that?

And he said no, I don't care about that sort of thing and would leave it to your other secretary. And he said how would you like to sit and twiddle your thumbs and receive a handsome salary for it? As it happens I am on the look-out for a young man who would do that.

And Bingsiff said oh no you are not, you are only trying to be funny and not succeeding. I can tell everything you are thinking of if I hold my tongue between my thumb and finger while I am looking at you, and I can tell what anybody is thinking of if I do that, so I could be very useful to you if I sat in the room while you are having business talks, because if you knew what the other people were thinking of you wouldn't have to pay so much attention to what they were saying, and it might not be the same.

Well Mr. Holocaust didn't believe him but he said I will give you a trial and he rang his bell for his secretary, and when she came in Bingsiff was sitting there with the tip of his tongue between his thumb and finger, and Mr. Holocaust gave her some instructions and she took them down in shorthand and went out again.

And Mr. Holocaust said well what was she thinking of? And Bingsiff said I don't practise on women, I am too delicate-minded for that, but I can tell you what *you* were thinking of, you were thinking how nice her hair looked now she has had it permanently waved, and that you would like to stroke it.

Well Mr. Holocaust went quite white at that because it was exactly what he had been thinking, but he said there is no harm in that, I like stroking young women's hair just as some people like stroking dogs and cats, but I don't often do it because it might be misunderstood. If I engaged you I should make it a stipulation that you didn't repeat anything you found out about what people are thinking outside this office.



"BINGSIFF WAS SITTING THERE."

And Bingsiff said you needn't be afraid of my telling Mrs. Holocaust about your secretary, and Mr. Holocaust shouted at him leave go of your tongue, I won't have you finding out what I am thinking about.

So Bingsiff let go of his tongue and it was agreed between them that he shouldn't take hold of it when he was speaking to Mr. Holocaust, but he should have quite a good salary for sitting in the room when he was wanted and telling Mr. Holocaust what other people were thinking of.

Well it didn't work very well at first because Mr. Acropolis who came to do business with Mr. Holocaust said who is that idiot sitting there holding his tongue between his thumb and finger? And Mr. Holocaust said oh he is my nephew who is suffering from a slight attack of lunacy, he won't do you any harm, and when we have finished our talk I am going to take him off to an asylum.

And Mr. Acropolis said I don't care about doing business with people who have lunacy in their family, good-morning.

So it was no good like that, but there was a little room next to Mr. Holocaust's private room with a telephone in it, and he had a pane of glass put into the door so that Bingsiff could look through it, and if he had occasion to warn Mr. Holocaust about the people who came to do business with him he telephoned to him, and Mr. Holocaust took up the telephone on his desk and said yes yes all right don't worry me now, and the people didn't know who he was answering, but if it was all right Bingsiff would tell him what they had been thinking of after they had gone, which was useful to him in getting the better of them.

Well that went on for some time, and then one morning Mr. Acropolis came in again, and he said to Mr. Holocaust I have decided to overlook your lunatic nephew, as you and I can do some business together which will make us both very rich. And Mr. Holocaust was pleased to hear that because Mr. Acropolis had the reputation of being very rich already, and he liked doing business with people of that sort.

So they began to talk about it, but they hadn't been doing that long when the telephone-bell rang on Mr. Holocaust's desk and he took up the telephone and said yes yes what is it? And Bingsiff said he is wondering how he is going to pay his fishmonger's bill. And Mr. Holocaust said yes yes don't worry me now, and went on talking to Mr. Acropolis. And soon after the telephone-bell rang again, and Bingsiff said he is thinking that if he can't get some money out of you he had better skip off to Spain, and he is wondering where the best golf-links are there.



Would-be Luncher. "I ONLY GET AN HOUR FOR LUNCH, MISS."
She. "I CAN'T DISCUSS LABOUR TROUBLES WITH YOU NOW."

So Mr. Holocaust didn't do any business with Mr. Acropolis, and soon after Mr. Acropolis went broke, and Bingsiff had saved Mr. Holocaust from going broke with him, and he was grateful to Bingsiff and raised his salary. And for some time it went very well and Mr. Holocaust made a lot of money out of what Bingsiff told him about what people were thinking, and what was nice about him was that he always gave Bingsiff some of it besides his salary, and they got on well together.

Well one morning Mrs. Holocaust came into the office, and she didn't often do that, but when she did she wanted to know about everything, and if Mr. Holocaust wanted to get on with his business he'd better tell her pretty quick or she would stay there all day until she had wormed it out of him. And of course she saw the pane of glass in the door and threw open the door at once, and she saw Bingsiff sitting there doing crosswords until he was wanted, and it didn't take her long to find out all about him.

Well she wouldn't believe what he could do at first any more than Mr. Holocaust had, but she said you can tell me what my husband is thinking of and we'll see. And Bingsiff said very well, but you must both shut your eyes because it doesn't work unless. And Mr. Holocaust knew that it did work but Mrs. Holocaust didn't.

So they both shut their eyes, and then Bingsiff said you can open them now, and Mrs. Holocaust said well what was he thinking of, no good I'll warrant.

And Bingsiff said I don't know what he was thinking of because it is in my agreement with him that I would never try to find out, but I can tell you what *you* were thinking of, you were thinking how nice it would be if you could divorce Mr. Holocaust and marry somebody younger and better-looking like me.

Well she was perfectly furious at that, but she had the presence of mind to say it was a lie, and she made Mr. Holocaust sack Bingsiff and then she flounced out of the office.

And when she had gone Mr. Holocaust said to Bingsiff is it true she was thinking that? And he said yes it is, and if she is like that it is just as well that you should know it. And Mr. Holocaust said perhaps it is, but I think you might have told her that I was thinking how good-looking she is this morning, it isn't true because I thought she was looking rather uglier than usual but it would have made things easier for me. And Bingsiff said well I might have done that but I didn't think of it, and anyhow you needn't be afraid of me making love to Mrs. Holocaust, so good-bye and good luck.

So that was the last that Mr. Holocaust saw of Bingsiff, but he had made a lot of money out of him and it wasn't so bad for him at home as it had been, because when Mrs. Holocaust was perfectly awful to him he could always remind her of Bingsiff and tell her to shut up.

A. M.

"The degree of pomp attending the judges' visits vary. . . . The horses were mettlesome, and as they pranced through the streets the roach rolled from side to side, much to the discomfort and apprehension of his lordship."
Daily Paper.

He ought to have eaten more bread with it.



Danish Rover (about to leave the coast of Britain). "BY THOR, FRIEND SIGURD, I'M IN A DEVIL OF A QUANDARY! FOR THE LIFE OF ME I CANNOT REMEMBER WHAT MY WIFE WISHED ME TO BRING HER WHEN SHE TIED THESE KNOTS IN MY WHISKERS."

MR. MACK.

Mr. JOHN E. MACK, when recently asked if he was likely to be nominated as Ambassador for London, answered "No"—and gave as his reason that he had "piano legs."

MEET Mr. MACK, JOHN E.,
A prominent person in the U.S.A.
Not that that goes for much;
If that were all, he could remain among
His prominent peers, for all I care, unsung;
The land is full of such,
It comes from being free.
But he is different. Asked the other day
If he were in the running for
The job of London's next ambassador,
He up and answered like a shot
That he was not.
It wasn't that he lacked the needful wit,
Devil a bit.
He did not trace the cause
To loathing of our alcoholic laws,
Nor did the thought of money put him off
(He may be quite a toff);
What really put the lid on his ambition
Was, as he frankly said,
That one who occupied that high position
Had to appear in silken hose and breeches,
While he, for all his charms of heart and head
(And maybe riches)
Possessed what he described as piano legs,
I'fegs.

He might have borne the test without a pang,
He might have faced them all
At Court, le-vee or ball,
And let the lot go hang.
Had some fly courtier seemed disposed to mock,
He could have ticked him off like one o'clock,
If he were on his own. There lies the snag.
Could he have seen his florid Eagle shamed
Through him, alack?
His very flags
With every star and every stripe brought low
Solely through those ambassadorial legs
So queerly named?
His native soil (in his own person, mind)
Drinking abasement's chalice to the dregs?
Not he. Not Mr. MACK.

And so, although
Quite ready to go,
He must—and can we marvel—have declined.

Acclaim him, Wash.;
Let every State from Con. to Cal. employ
Th' exclamatory Gosh,
The sounding Attaboy.
Let the high Eagle screech
"MACK" from the Capitol or from Palm Beach.
And yet who thinks of England? Answer, Who?
No one. You never do.

But come, Corinna, come
(I should say Mr. MACK)
Assuming that your legs are rum,
That needn't hold you back.
Our men of highest rank,
Got up in silken hose
Can show a wild variety of shank

To beat yours, goodness knows,
And then, as you say, some.
What's more, you shall be made a special case,
And, for your gladdest rags,
You shall endue, whate'er the time and place,
Your democratic bags.
Then come, for even at that price we yearn
To meet and greet you from afar,
Though, sadly be it said, we shall not learn
What piano legs precisely are. DUM-DUM.

MORE ITEMS FROM EVERYWHERE.

INTERRUPTING a gathering of egg-factors at Redditch, a hatless young woman shouted, "To —— with the ——!"

A pair of robins in Thuringia have made their nest on a villager.

A potato bearing an uncanny resemblance to a famous French politician was recently dug up by a Rutland small-holder and fried by his wife.

While urging the boys to "keep at it," at St. Snark's speech-day function, Sir Archibald Blowted fell off the platform, smashed a bust of the founder and crushed the head-prefect to death.

A man charged at Hull with administering slow poison to his great-aunt, habitually beating her with a poker, throwing stones at her in the street, and spreading false reports about her character, pleaded that she made his life a misery.

A Maidstone motorist who failed to stop for a policeman was later charged with ignoring a police signal, continuing when ordered to stop, failing to observe a police-signal, driving without due regard to police-signals, and using the public highway against the order of a police-signal.

A movement to paint the rules of croquet on elephants who are too old for carrying visitors was condemned by the Hamburg Zoo authorities as "unnecessary."

OLD CHARGERS IN EGYPT.

Mr. Punch feels that his readers will be as distressed as he was to hear that there remain in Egypt, often in circumstances of considerable discomfort, a number of horses which were sold there by the British Army at the end of the War. They are all over twenty-two years old, and as the majority of them are now the property of the very poorest natives, their work is extremely hard and their fodder of the scantiest. A responsible Committee has been formed in Cairo to buy them and put them humanely out of their unhappiness.

An English branch of the purchase fund has been opened as "The Old War Horse Fund" at Lloyds Bank, Fleet, Hants, at which contributions will be gratefully received.

"The Bishop of Sheffield Wednesday celebrated the 75th anniversary of his birthday."—*Local Paper.*

The Dean of Clapton Orient has sent his congratulations.



Father. "NOW, WILLIAM, I WANT TO SPEAK VERY SERIOUSLY TO YOU ABOUT YOUR FUTURE."
Son (looking at clock). "ALL RIGHT, DAD. I CAN GIVE YOU A QUARTER-OF-AN-HOUR OF IT."

THE BELLS; OR, SUNDAY SOUNDS.



WHAT a small world! Only three Sundays ago I said to myself, "I must do something about those bells"; and now to-night I see in the evening paper that the Crown Lands Commissioners (no less!) are doing something about those bells.

The Crown Lands Commissioners have stipulated that a certain new building in a new residential area shall not contain any "bell or bells . . . on any part of the premises."

Protests, of course, from what I may call the bell-world. But, really, the bell-world has asked for bell-trouble.

It is no use saying that every bell rung on Sunday has a noble purpose and must therefore be excused. What, for example, about the muffin-bell? Personally I regard the muffin-bell as blameless and even admirable—on whatever afternoon it sounds. It is musical, gentle and friendly. But many of the bell-world would condemn it severely, especially if it woke them from sleep at 4.30 on a Sunday afternoon. They do not, however, condemn the cracked, unmusical and dreary bell which wakes me from sleep at 7.30 on Sunday mornings (a far more proper hour for sleeping than 4.30 P.M.). That melancholy sound, they maintain, is blameless because it is made with a worthy purpose. I disagree. And so, I am glad to see, do the Crown Lands Commissioners.

Sunday bells (like Sunday films) are *not* all the same. There are the lovely bells of the village church which steal across the fens and valleys of our land at evening, make men write poetry and women repent. There are the deep and noble bells of cathedrals and colleges which cause the lightest heads to think and draw the godless undergraduates to chapel. There are the beloved, detested but unforgettable bells of school. And there is the sour, unnecessary, unkindly, raucous bell which clangs across our populous suburbs at 7.30 or 8.0 on Sunday morning, wakes weary Christians up and makes them swear. They swear, I maintain, with some excuse, if any swearing can be excused so early on a Sunday morning. But whether they may be excused or not, heavy must be the responsibility of those who make a Christian swear so early on a Sunday morning, however worthy their intentions.

The bell-world have never, it seems, given their minds to the moral problem adumbrated above. They have never distinguished between the various categories of bells, of which a few were mentioned above. They assume that all the noises *they* make on Sunday are admirable and must be suffered by the people without a word of protest. Any kind of bell, however awful, may be rung at any hour on Sunday, however early. Any body of virtuous persons may stand at any street-corner and sing any sort of hymn as loudly and hideously and as out-of-tune as they like, whatever discomfort they cause to residents and passers-by. And any band of small boys in uniform may march up and down the streets on Sunday playing brass musical instruments with maddening incompetence and a marked absence of co-ordination. Any "organist" (however bad) may murder any composition (however classical) on any harmonium or organ (however wheezy). Provided that all the above persons have a worthy purpose. Charity, so to speak, covers a multitude of dins.

But any other kind of Sunday sound is anathema in the bell-world. The laughter of children on the municipal swings; the sound of an organ, played competently, in a cinema; the language of SHAKESPEARE, the music of the world; the click of bowls and golf-balls; the whispers of lovers, the music of bands, in the parks; the friendly clink of glasses at the inns. Many of these sounds are made by persons with a worthy purpose—some would say all. The bell-world—the real bell-world—have lumped them all together as bad sounds, as they have lumped all their bells together as good sounds. None of them, however, wakes Christians up at 7.30 in the morning and makes them swear. None of them disturbs the peace in the public streets. All of them can be avoided without difficulty by those who do not want to hear them.

The same cannot be said of a certain bell hereinbefore mentioned. And this sad truth, it seems, has penetrated at last to the Crown Lands Commissioners (no less).

Well, as I said, the bell-world have only themselves to blame. When that fantastic measure, the Sunday Entertainments Act, was before Parliament they told us that the people did not really want cinemas on Sunday. "Very well," we said, we poor journalists, "let the cinemas open; if you are right the people will not enter, the cinemas will close again, and all will be well." But no, they must have an insane ritual of Borough Council meetings, electors' meetings, people's polls, Orders in Council and Heaven knows what-all in order to decide the simple question: "Should Smith, an adult Briton, be allowed to look at moving photographs on Sunday if he wants to?" We warned the bell-world that if once Smith was roused to answer such a question Smith would assert his views in no uncertain fashion. We warned them that the lunatic ritual prescribed by their Act would elevate this childish question to an importance far beyond its merits. They would not listen. But we poor journalists were right. Wherever Smith is given a chance to answer the question with his vote Smith breaks all records for local government elections, flocks to the polls and answers hotly, "Yes!"

This does not heartily delight me, for I hate to see Parliament make a fool of itself. Moreover, I would rather see the people sit at home and read my tragic poems than go to the cinema on Sunday. But it is necessary (though painful) to point out to the bell-world that we poor journalists were right, in order that next time a little more attention may be paid to what we say. For with all our faults, we poor journalists *do* really know a little about Smith's mind.

Some of the bell-world, I see, are relenting. At Croydon it is openly admitted that some cinema-sounds may be harmless and even worthy on Sundays. As I have gladly admitted that some bell-sounds are harmless and even delightful. The Crown Lands Commissioners, it seems, will not go so far as that. A pity. But it does not surprise me. Perhaps they are called Smith.

Why not a censorship of Sunday bells and boys' bands? A. P. H.

Juvenile Depravity.

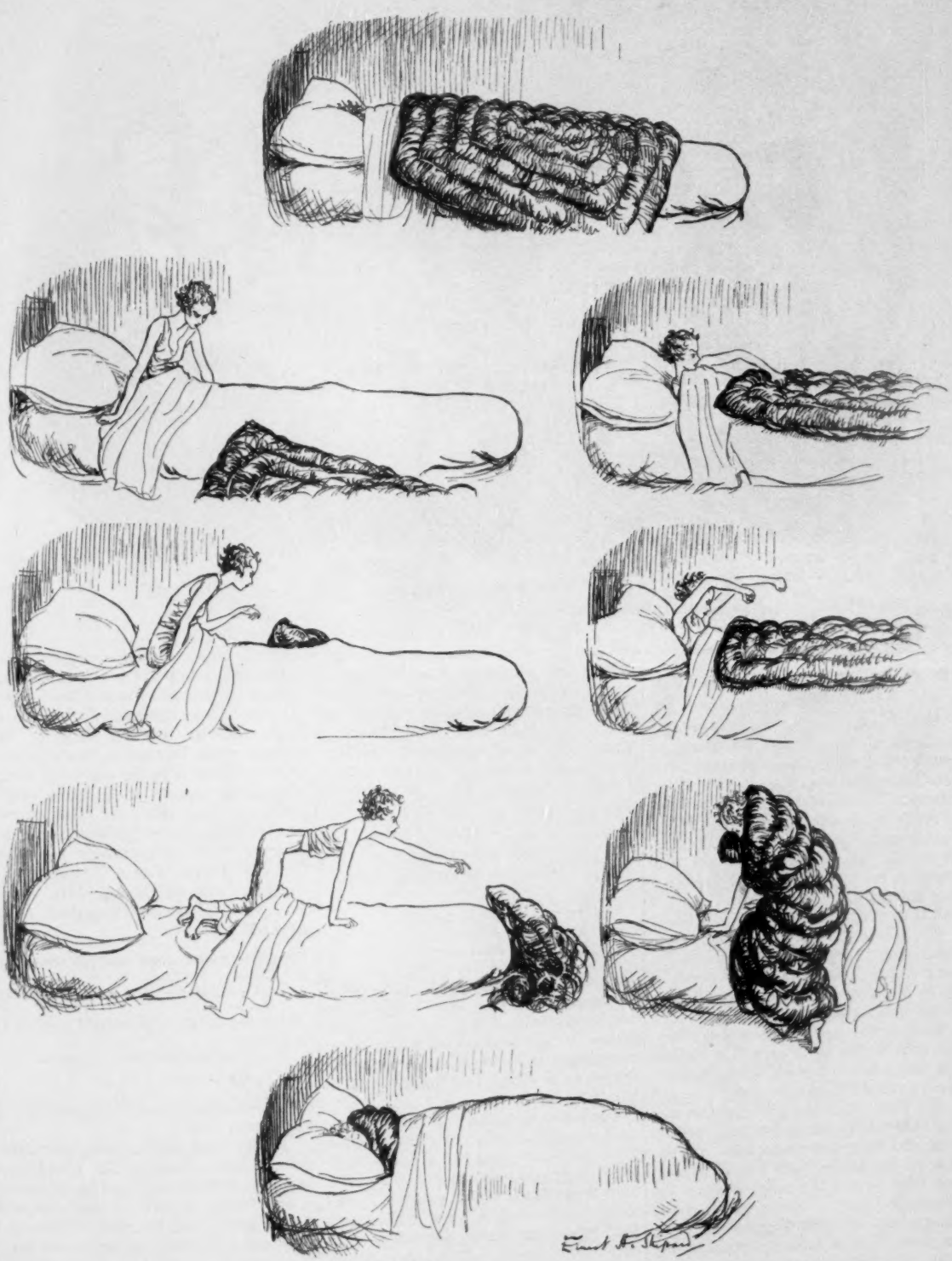
"ABANDONED BABY WINS A SWEEP."
Daily Paper.

"Each individual drawing of the cartoon series is hand-painted, and Disney has managed to include in his palate a number of colours."—*Daily Paper.*

He shouldn't suck his brushes.

"West Bromwich-Streetly.—Pipe playing at Royal Oak telephone box. One way traffic for 20 yards."
Road Information in Local Paper.

You have been warned!



THE ELUSIVE EIDERDOWN.



THE FAMILY TOAST.

Paterfamilias. "WELL, HERE'S TO ALL WE LOVE—ABSENT AND PRESENT!"
Kind-hearted Little Girl. "OH, BUT WE MUST DRINK AUNTIE'S HEALTH TOO!"

THE PASSING OF THE DRAWING-ROOM SONG.

IT saddens me to notice that outside his own bathroom and the arena of organised community-singing the amateur vocalist has almost ceased to function. Facing up to the grim realities of modern life, what do we find? Why, that you and I are seldom asked to sing, as our parents and grandparents were asked to sing. Speaking for myself, I can go further and say that I am not asked to sing at all.

Those fearless singers who used to take what they modestly called "a song or two" (*i.e.*, a couple of dozen or so in a stout music-case) round to a friend's or relative's house and, after a little pressing, work off a good fifty-per-cent for the sheer love of it—where are they? Gone, most of them; and we, alas! cannot take their place.

We know that the gramophone and the radio have furnished the modern host and hostess with an excellent excuse for not asking their friends to sing, but that is not the only or even the principal reason. After all, a really determined amateur singer could force his way over a trifling obstacle like that. It is the change in the form of the song and the method of singing that really handicaps us.

There are not many of us who, knowing the difference between an octave and a music-stool, could not stand up and sing "Daisy Bell" or "Friend o' Mine" with more or less ease and personal gratification and without blushing for the human race; but when it comes to something like this:—

I'll say I'll cry,
I'll say I'll die
For want of my
Gurl Ba-a-by;
There ain't no sun,
There ain't no fun
For want of one
Gurl Ba-a-a-by.

No amateur could *sing* that, and indeed he mustn't, because it isn't done. He has to throttle down his uvula and croon it in a voice that suggests an undertaker suffering from clergyman's throat or a dying cow's last word to her little child.

Could *you* sing like that? Could any uncle or grandfather of yours or mine have sung like that? Of course not. When they sang they sang, and Heaven help those at sea within range of them! Why, I have heard Aunt Edna boast that when my Uncle Jaspar used to sing "Long Ago in Alcala" there would not be a photograph standing up anywhere in the room.

What I want to know is: Why should we British amateurs be song-starved because we cannot moo and bleat about baby gurls and somebody's blues? Is there not in modern English life enough good bawlsome material for songs without harping upon the more lachrymose aspects of the black man's burden? Why can't we have cheery songs about sturdy present-day Englishmen such as plumbers and gas-fitters—"There Was a Plumber and his Mate, with an Oi and a Hi," etc.? Or a powerful restaurant-ballad in the good old style—

The wine-waiter stood 'mid the chattering throng,
And with glance that was anxious and keen
He looked for the woman he 'd courted so long,
But, alas! she was not to be seen.
Oh——?

(But naturally I cannot give away the whole song here.)

Or why can't we sing about laundry-girls, drysalters and public librarians? Or about ourselves? Good hearty songs in the singing of which a man can hold up his head, open his mouth wide, and stick out his chest. Songs about anything you like except the crooning nitwits of Alabama and Honolulu. Then see if a mere gramophone or radio-set will stop us!

D. C.



THE ALTRUIST.

SANTA CLAUS MACDONALD. "WELL, I'D BETTER BE GOING MY ROUNDS; I THINK WE'VE GOT EVERYTHING ON BOARD."

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN. "HAVEN'T WE FORGOTTEN THE PARCEL FOR GREAT BRITAIN?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, December 12th.—Most of us who wrestled with the classics in childhood recall the story of the aged Athenian philosopher who could find no seat in the theatre until a polite Spartan stranger offered him his. The audience applauded the courteous act, whereupon the philosopher observed that the Athenians knew what was good but the Lacedæmonians practised it. One recalled the remark on hearing Sir NICHOLAS GRATTAN-DOYLE present a petition from the citizens of North Newcastle-on-Tyne urging the House to secure an immediate reduction of the excessive taxation of beer. The British know what is good; the Northumbrians do something about it.

Mr. EDEN, in answer to a long question by Mr. THORNE, revealed that up to December 31, 1931, the Persian Government had received £11,265,000 in royalties from the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. The British Government had received in dividends on its holdings the sum of £9,977,344. It is satisfactory to know that each side will be able to afford at least one lawyer when the dispute goes to the Hague.

The sufferings of Britons at the hands of the Russian, Chinese and United States Governments wrung anxious inquiries from Conservative Members. In each case, it appeared, the Government was watchful, and in one case actually prayerful, but not, it seemed, to any effect. A subsequent inquiry by Colonel WEDGWOOD as to "whether it was normal to murder Jews in Poland" evoked no reply. After all, Ministers cannot be expected to know everything.

The thought that British farmers are assigning their wheat deficiency payments in settlement of arrears of rent and bank overdrafts instead of giving the creditor another nice clean promissory note cuts Mr. TOM WILLIAMS to the quick. Major ELLIOT admitted that out of 75,000 odd wheat certificates received by the Commission notice of assignment accompanied 142, but austerely declined to be embroiled in an argument as to whether or not it was all wrong.

Then in romped Sir CHARLES CAYZER with one of those searching questions as to why cheese is cheaper than last year, to which the MINISTER replied that Cheddar and Cheshire are both higher than in 1930. Sir CHARLES insisted that conditions in the cheese industry were just as acute as in the meat industry. Was nothing to be done about it? And if it came to that, what about potatoes? inquired Sir FRANK SANDERSON, Sir JOSEPH LAMB, Sir PERCY HURD and Brigadier-General MAKINS. Major ELLIOT explained that potatoes were cheaper this year because there were more of them. As for ungraded eggs, the MINISTER assured Sir GIFFORD FOX that the whole question was receiving the Government's attention. The problem of the ungraded or platform egg is clearly one that the Government will sooner or later find themselves called upon to face.



THE DUCK'S EGG.
MR. MAXTON AND MR. BUCHANAN.

Meat came next on the menu, and Mr. RHYS DAVIES asked how many Members there were on the Committee appointed by the Board of Trade to watch meat prices. "I had the pleasure of welcoming members of the Committee," replied Dr. BURGIN vaguely, "and they seemed a very large number." It is only fair to point out that anything over twenty is a very large number to a National Liberal.

The topic of the speed-limit for motors in the Royal Parks is the inevitable signal for a mild Parliamentary battle. Lieut.-Colonel MOORE asked if the MINISTER was aware that the twenty-mile speed-limit was not being enforced. Everybody knows it is not being enforced and also that it is next to impossible for the motorist to enforce it on himself.

Mr. ORMSBY-GORE said the police were "taking every practical step" to enforce the speed-limit. It must be obvious to everyone that even so competent a body as the Metropolitan Police are only able in the nature of things to nab the odd motorist who happens to be cruising along by himself when the Park is empty. He pointed out that there had been 3,871 convictions in the year ending last September, which must be about one in every thousand of the cars that exceed the limit. Mr. ORMSBY-GORE also told Mr. BERNAYS that he thought the police applied the law as stringently to the high-powered as to the low-powered cars. To this, owners of sports cars will assent.

Before public business Mr. BALDWIN assured Mr. LANSBURY that the House would be permitted to discuss the American Debt on Wednesday. There would be no Motion, however, and no voting. The House will be permitted to dissemble its love for Uncle Sam but not to kick his debt-collector downstairs.

Sir HILTON YOUNG moved the Second Reading of the new Rent Restrictions Bill, which he said directly affected between twenty-five and thirty million people in the country. Rent restriction was like the plug in a boiler which could only be safely removed when the pressure from within and without was equal. He went on to describe the three classes of houses dealt with in the Bill, and pointed out that far fewer of the lowest class—cottages built to be rented to the working-classes—had been built than of the others, of which large numbers were being built by private enterprise. It would be disastrous if the rents of this class of house were to increase by eighty-five per cent as the rents of decontrolled houses had done. The Bill proposed to keep these "C" class houses controlled, to decontrol "B" class houses gradually and to decontrol "A" class houses—moderately small houses built for sale and mostly occupied by the purchasers—altogether.

It was obvious, long before Sir HILTON was halfway through his speech, that the House was in for a riot of technical and legal expertise, and Mr. ARTHUR GREENWOOD's faint praise of the Bill, no less than Earl WINTERTON's attractive divagation into the problem of slum-clearance, merely heightened the impression. And by the time Mr. LLEWELLYN JONES

had finished addressing the House—one might almost say the Court—rent-restriction law, the most chancy and expensive brand of law ever devised, held unchallenged sway over the proceedings. When the debate got back to what the feature editors call "human interest stuff," as Mr. BATEY of Spennymoor and others brought it back at odd moments, it dealt with aspects of slum profiteering that the Bill is not in the least bit likely to touch.

Tuesday, December 13th.—The Visiting Forces (British Commonwealth) Bill provoked legal Peers to vigorous disagreement, the force of which was chiefly voiced by Lord ATKIN and Lord BUCKMASTER on that part of the Bill which appears to deprive a member of any Commonwealth Force visiting this country, or *vice versa*, of his ancient and incontrovertible right of *habeas corpus*. Lord HAILSHAM, for the Government, disagreed. The writ of Have-his-carcass, as *Sam Weller* called it, would still be available, but the Dominion soldier would have to seek it from a Dominion Court and the English soldier from an English Court.

Their lordships then discussed Traffic Congestion. Lord JESSEL put in a kind word for the horse, and Lord KILMAINE for the Thames steamboat. Lord ESHER had a hard word for the pedestrian, and Lord BUCKMASTER was amazed at the apathy of the Ministry of Transport. It was obvious, however, that with no Lord CECIL present to suggest digging humps in Oxford Street, only the fringe of the problem would be touched upon, and Lord PLYMOUTH concluded a somewhat lagging debate by declaring that all the points raised had received the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT'S earnest consideration.

There ensued a long and even more futile debate on the future of Carlton House Terrace—futile because, for good or ill, modern civilisation is upon us, many beautiful things must go, and first among them those lordly mansions with which neither the pocket of the modern householder nor the legs of the modern domestic can possibly cope.

The projected new Army uniform, and in particular the "softie" hat, is still troubling the martial bosoms of hon. and gallant Members. Mr. DUFF COOPER was able to allay the noble and puissant Brigadier-General NATION'S fears with the assurance that no alterations in Army uniform have yet been approved by the Army Council.

Some Members found food for questions as well as for thought in the discovery that the "hot sauce" provided in the House of Commons' dining-rooms is of United States origin. Only a few bottles, explained Sir J. GANZONI, and it would not occur again. "But does not tabasco sauce engender the consumption of British oysters?" asked the practical-minded Captain WATERHOUSE.

Questions by Mr. CHURCHILL and others elicited from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER the declaration that, while this country did not propose to collect any debt instalments from its European debtors until it became clear that the Lausanne Agreement could not be ratified, we are in a position to make a separate debt settlement, if the opportunity arises, with the United States. Further questions revealed that among the debts to this country on which nothing has been paid is an item of £1,510,000 loaned to the Persian Government.



THE SUPERIOR SALESMAN.

SIR ROBERT HORNE TRIES TO DISPOSE OF A CANARD WITH REGARD TO THE AMERICAN DEBT.

Mr. EDEN revealed that the Soviet Government had formally dissociated itself from any libellous statements appearing in the *Izvestia*, whose editor had explained that it had been misled by its correspondent in London, and had expressed his regret for having published them. The matter was therefore closed.

Further debate on the Rent Restrictions (Amendment) Bill resolved itself largely into a plea by Miss CAZALET and others for a determined slum-clearance campaign. Incidentally the debate was founded an on Amendment moved by Mr. BUCHANAN and seconded by Mr. MAXTON, but when the Amendment emerged from the Lobbies the tellers, Messrs. MAXTON and BUCHANAN, who, of course, could not both vote and be tellers, had the rare experience of announcing that the Amendment had been defeated by 326 votes to *nil*.

Wednesday, December 14th. — The Lords—somewhat belatedly, since on the previous afternoon the Government had declared the incident closed—discussed the *Izvestia's* maleficent utterances in particular and Soviet propaganda, political and anti-religious, in general. The gist of Lord LONDONDERRY'S reply for the Government was that trade with a nation of 180,000,000 people should not lightly be discarded and might ultimately exert a "beneficent influence" on the Russian state of mind.

Mr. EDEN informed the House that the British Government had asked the League of Nations to take up the Anglo-Persian oil dispute pursuant to Article 15 of the Covenant. The prospect of submitting such a dispute to a tribunal presided over by Mr. DE VALERA, whose honesty is unimpeachable but whose attitude on some forms of international obligation are, to say the least of it, queer and quaint, is fraught with engaging possibilities.

Mr. MACDONALD is an all-too-absent ghost—a heavy cold kept him from the House this afternoon—but the House can always find a *Hamlet* to conduct its soliloquies. To-night on the American Debt payment debate it had several, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, Sir ROBERT HORNE and Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN all joining, to a greater or lesser extent, in mutually recriminatory soliloquies on who was or was not responsible for our original settlement with America and for the sending forth of the Balfour Note.

Apart from this rather futile delving into the detritus of old and better-forgotten political dissension, the debate really served no useful purpose. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S résumé of the whole history of the Debt and of the steps to be taken for the punctual payment of the instalment due was all that it should be. Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS'S criticisms were all that they could be, coming from one obviously anxious to beat the Government with the twin cudgels of legism and Socialism. Sir ROBERT HORNE'S lofty championship of Mr. BALDWIN'S American Debt settlement was convincing if irrelevant, and Mr. CHURCHILL'S satisfaction that the French refusal to pay *their* Debt instalment to the United States left us completely free to put our own case for revision to America without reference to any other debtors was shared by the House. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE "muck-raked," if one may borrow an American expression, among the Cabinet Meeting minutes of the day for the where-



"NOW, GENERAL, TAKE MY ADVICE AND WISH IT AWAY."

withal to pelt Mr. BALDWIN and Sir ROBERT HORNE (who rather brought it on himself) for settling prematurely and too easily with the United States, and pleaded that our attitude on the American Debt should be "No parley, no pay."

Other speeches from different parts of the House made it clear that if it had been let the House would have voted overwhelmingly for payment. Its one objection was that at an impossible time a veritable snowstorm of Notes had been discharged at the American Government. We did well to settle, Members declared, and we were right to pay on the nail, but could we not just have paid up and looked pleasant instead of making such a lot of unprofitable fuss about it?

AVE CANIS!

(Suggested by the article in "The Times" on "Dogs as Christmas Presents.")

WHEN you 're faced with the choice of a present
And study the shop catalogues,
What gifts are so welcome or pleasant
As those of delectable dogs?

Be cautious, but don't let the hater
Of hounds seek to poison your cup
By hinting that sooner or later
Some dealer will "sell you a pup."

Still, a sense of proportion in all things,
Though needful, is often befogged
And houses constructed for small things
Are apt to become overdogged.

What 's the use, for example, of bringing
The gift of a dog to a flat
Without any room for the swinging
Of even the slenderest cat?

Some dogs are a prey to the fidgets,
And some are fastidiously fine—
The Pekes, those celestial midgets,
Are prone, if unpampered, to pine.

The record of agile Alsatians
Is clouded with charges of crime;
But cheerful and spotted Dalmatians
Are welcome at plum-pudding time.

Only those who are versed in the lingo
Which wielders of boomerangs talk
Are able to cope with a Dingo
When taking him out for a walk.

Some find in the Chow the uniqueness
Of pride from servility freed;
I confess to a powerful weakness
For Labrador's lovable breed.

"According to Cocker," the Spaniel
Belongs to the canine *élite*,
For, if failing to dare like a DANIEL,
His temper is perfectly sweet.

Last of all, though you search from Nairobi
To Burma, the best of the bunch
Is the bland and unbuyable Toby,
The friend and familiar of *Punch*.

C. L. G.

Just a Simple Lodger.

"ACCOMMODATION.

Retired, educated, middle-aged or elderly healthy gentlewoman, Victorian spinster preferred, in reduced circumstances, of quiet, retiring, refined, careful, clean and sober habits, must be a regular churchgoer and zealous W.A. member, for a moderate weekly payment may have use of a warm, simply furnished bedroom, southern aspect, with simple necessary home privileges (kitchen, dining room, laundry, etc.). Heating, electric light and continuous warm water included, 10 minutes' walk from street cars and stores, 15 from church. (No food, servants, telephone, gas, garage or radio.) Smoking, card-playing, lack of Sunday observance and gossiping forbidden. Apply first by letter. (Last lady stayed six years.)"

Advt. in Canadian Paper.



NEW TENANTS AT THE GRANGE.

"LOOK, HENRY, I'VE JUST DISCOVERED A FUNNY LEVER THING. I WONDER IF IT WORKS A SECRET PANEL SOMEWHERE?"

THE FILM TRADE CAPTURED

OR

LOOKING AHEAD.

Mr. Steven Shuter strode tremendously across his tiny office down at the Talking Screens Studios. "You can take it from me," he said, "that S.A. is a thing of the past; A.A. has superseded it."

I took it from him without a murmur, hoping that light would dawn later. Interviews with captains of industry are hardly obtained, and their success should not be prejudiced by interruptions.

"In the exploitation of accent-appeal, as opposed to sex-appeal," he said, "there are enormous possibilities. It was realised of course from the first that the British screen-fan could not stand his language being served up to him as he speaks it himself, but where the pioneers of the business over here made their chief mistake was in supposing that he insisted on the American accent. That they were wrong was proved when the guttural accent—Scandinavian and German—directly it was launched broke all box-office records."

"I follow you," I said; the GARBOS and the DIETRICHS—the way they speak is irresistible. And your plan, if I may so express it, is to go guttural?"

"It is not," said Mr. Shuter. "Talking Screens, Limited look ahead, Sir, not back. It is estimated that there are in the world well over a hundred distinct ways of pronouncing the English tongue. Who knows what appeal, such as may make by comparison the speech of GARBOS and CHEVALIERS seem commonplace and uninspired, may lie in any one of them?

"Our agents," he continued after an impressive pause, "are at present combing the world for varieties of brogue and broken English which, we have no doubt, will leave your Scandinavian and German charmers standing. We shall not of course put them before the public simultaneously, but one by one in super-pictures of progressive accent-appeal; by this means we are confident of capturing the film-trade of the world. If you will step across to the exhibition-room I will show you our working methods."

Marvelling at the stupendous scale on which captains of industry think, I followed him.

"The test-piece we have chosen," said Mr. Shuter, when we were seated before the screen in a private show-room, "is a short reel which opens with the leading lady in bed. She wakes up, turns over twice and says, 'My God, but I am tired—*so* tired!' A man is then seen gazing at her from a background of curtains. He comes forward, takes her own pearl necklace, which he has previously stolen, from his pocket and, handing it back to her, explains briefly that she represents the ideal woman for whom he has been looking all his life and that he therefore finds himself incapable of robbing her. She sits up in bed and, taking the pearls, says, 'I think that you had better go; I wish to be alone.' It is, in fact, just a typical sketch from everyday life.

"I shall show you this little scene," he continued, "with the words spoken by the lady successively with the Educated-English, the American and the guttural pronunciations; and then you shall hear the less familiar inflexions that we have picked up in different parts of the world. You may wonder how we overcame the practical difficulties of this experiment. Our agents had instructions when they came

across promising cases of A.A. to engage those who possessed it to speak the parts and to take gramophone-records of the results. The rest—application to the picture and synchronisation with its movements—are simple technical matters."

At a word from him the film started. My reactions to the different accents were shortly as follow: The Educated-English was deplorable; the American infused life into the part, but it was still unsatisfying; the guttural interpretation raised the tone of the part appreciably, the lady's "I tink tat you hat petter ko; I fish to pe alone" being genuinely moving; but when the British Guiana, Cyprian, Labrador-Eskimo and Zulu renderings of broken English were put into, or rather out of, the mouth of the lady, I found her with each increasingly appealing; and when finally the New Hebridean intonation was put on I could hardly hold myself in my seat.

"You see the scheme has possibilities?" Mr. Shuter remarked coolly.

"Possibilities!" I echoed, amazed at his modesty.

"Of course," he said, "in the scene you have just witnessed the maximum effect was not aimed at. You observed that the man spoke throughout in what we call the standard dialect—that is the American; but in the pictures we hope to put on the leading men, more especially for the entertainment of the lady film-goers, will also have original and enticing accents; and some very pretty combinations between theirs and the leading ladies' we hope to produce. For instance, a pure Spanish brogue spoken by a pleasant baritone goes well opposite to an Anglo-Singalese contralto; and the Philippine-American in juxtaposition to the Australian—that is, I need hardly say, the aboriginal—accent we have found particularly effective.

"Finally," he observed, having by this time conducted me to the gate of Talking Screens, Limited, "you may care to note that our men are at the moment experimenting on various freak-accents. Some of these, I understand—I have not yet heard them—are expected to put all the others in the shade. To name but two, they have just recorded the speech of a Parsee lady who spent the first fifteen years of her life in Karachi and has since lived in Glasgow; and that of a French-Canadian youth who has lately come under the phonetic influence of the B.B.C. The appeal in both cases has been described to me as annihilating."

"But suppose they have no talent for acting?" I asked.



Lady of genius. "YOU KNOW, WE WRITERS CAN LEARN SOMETHING EVEN FROM QUITE ORDINARY PEOPLE."

"We shall not ask them to act," he replied. "They will merely speak the parts handed to them and their renderings will be transposed to the pictures in the way that you have seen; or, if they are unable to speak with sufficient emphasis, the stars chosen to act the parts will study their manner of speaking from the gramophone-records taken. Fresh accents may be as readily acquired by accomplished actresses as fresh eyebrows."

After this epigram I felt that any remark of mine would be almost disrespectful. Perhaps Mr. Shuter thought the same, for with a curt "Good-day" he left me. C. B.

HUGHANIMITY.

From the Publishers' Lists.

GNOMES FOR GNURSERIES.
A Collection of Fairy Stories.
Illustrated by I. WRACKEM.

Mr. HUGH WALPOLE says: "This is without any doubt the best book for the young that has ever been published, and I am giving it not only to all my godchildren but to myself."

SCORBUTIC SADIE.
By U. B. BEASTLY.

Mr. HUGH WALPOLE says: "I have read every word of this ruthless docu-

ment three times, and I declare it to be, with a few exceptions, the best novel of our time."

JACOB'S BUSTS.
A Critical Estimate of EPSTEIN.

Mr. HUGH WALPOLE says: "Never has the work of a sculptor of genius been so faithfully appraised as in this fascinating work."

ALL ROUND THE CLOCK.
Choice Morsels for Readers at every Hour in the Day and Night.

Mr. HUGH WALPOLE says: "There is no anthology I have overlooked ever since I was a choir-boy, but this I have no hesitation in stating is the best of all."

FROM HAND TO MOUTH.
1,000,000 Cookery Recipes.

Mr. HUGH WALPOLE says: "This is far and away the best assortment of recipes that has yet been published. I am giving it to my cook, which means that I am giving it to myself."

THE BARCHESTER MURDERS.
By MARK ANTHONY.

Mr. HUGH WALPOLE says: "This is the best detective story that has come my way for many years. It grips and baffles and appals."

THE BEAUTY OF BUTTERMERE.
A Handbook to the Lake Country.
By X. CORNWALL.

Mr. HUGH WALPOLE says: "There is no lovelier or more richly storied district of England than the Lakes, and there has never been a better guide-book than this."

WHILE I CAN STILL INVENT.
By "NONAGENARIAN."

Mr. HUGH WALPOLE says: "I have been so enthralled by these reminiscences that I am prepared to defend the statement that no more attractive volume ever appeared."

THREE YEARS OF TASTE.
A History of the Book Society.
By THE COMMITTEE.

Mr. HUGH WALPOLE says: "As a record of unflinching public service this book is worthy of the deepest attention and the highest praise. I would go so far as to maintain that it amply and alone justifies the invention of pens, ink, paper and printing."

A. D. R.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" (OLD VIC).

ON points I should judge this to be the best *Merchant of Venice* I have seen. Mr. JOHN GIELGUD, producer-in-chief, has unquestionably found an effective and consistent formula for its presentation as a fantasia informed throughout by the comic spirit. Inherent absurdities are thereby mitigated, become merely the plausible incongruities of a fantastic world. *Shylock* takes his proper place as a Hebrew seen through unsympathetic Elizabethan eyes, a butt for the groundlings' rude mirth, rather than as a tragic figure playing impossibly for sympathy. True, the author cannot break himself of the habit of giving his absurd villain fine and dignified things to say, but Mr. MALCOLM KEEN did not allow himself to make too much of them. He drew very properly upon the caricaturists—fawned and lisped and shrugged and spread conciliatory palms, exploding occasionally into frantic snarling malice, a man obviously preparing for what was coming to him. Miss PEGGY ASHCROFT'S *Portia* was a lively, witty, sophisticated, mischievous maid, quite capable of conceiving and almost of carrying through her pretty prank. The "quality of mercy" speech was not given as a purple patch, but almost in confidential tone, hands behind back—theoretically no doubt a quite indefensible reading, but surprisingly effective.



A DEBT AND A SUGGESTED CUT.

Shylock . . . . . MR. MALCOLM KEEN.
Antonio . . . . . MR. CECIL WINTERBOTTOM.
Bassanio . . . . . MR. CHARLES HICKMAN.

Indeed, if it be the business of a Shakespearean producer and his players to give a fresh bite and savour to passages staled by custom, then this production deserves the very highest praise. If the *Old Gobbo* (Mr. MORLAND GRAHAM) and the *Launcelot* (Mr. GEOFFREY WINCOTT) did not persuade us (or perhaps I should more modestly say, me) that their text was a miracle of coherent wit, they performed an effective turn in "the style of the house." The casket scenes, if perhaps a little over-fantasticated, were robbed of a certain tedium that is apt to creep in by ingenious variation of action and setting.

The *décor* of the play was as cleverly contrived to speed the movement of the piece as it was admirable in its achievement of making a little in the way of material resources go a long way. One cannot perhaps claim beauty for it, but interest—certainly yes. Apparently the Sadler's Wells Society, hearing that Mr. GIELGUD had some notions he would like to test, took out a ducat from its slender treasury. With that Mr. GIELGUD seems to have bought at bargain prices yards and yards of the baser fabrics—calicos and hessians and butter-muslins. These and some odd slats, boards, lengths of gas-piping and pots of paint from store, mixed with the ingenious brains of MOTLEY, the Old Vic's scene-painters and costumiers-in-ordinary, gave us streets, hovels and palaces, courts of justice, doges' ermine



WHITE-SUITED BLACK SUITOR.
MR. ANTHONY QUAYLE AS THE PRINCE OF MOROCCO.

gowns, fops' bravery, lawyers' robes. We made the changes of scene easily in our minds with not so much as a hint from the programme or an informing notice-board.

I have sometimes had a feeling that at the Old Vic the audience does sometimes display a certain snobbishness in the key of: "This is SHAKESPEARE. *We* know and appreciate our SHAKESPEARE as no West-End popinjay possibly can be expected to know it, and our applause shall show the measure of our understanding." But there can be no doubt that this performance really carried the audience off its feet. There was an obviously spontaneous roar of appreciative applause when the curtain fell after three hours with not a tedious moment—and this broke into a thunder when the producer appeared. Mr. GIELGUD modestly tried to explain away his share in the success and pass on the laurels to his co-operators. Clearly, however, there was a single mind in control, and that his own.

Not everything in detail of casting, playing or of presentation was beyond criticism, but as a whole the thing is a genuine inspiration. I can imagine a certain distinguished ghost in the Elysian fields indulging in a gratified smile. T.

"THE AMAZED EVANGELIST" AND "JONAH AND THE WHALE" (WESTMINSTER).

It is fortunately a rare experience among seekers after holiday lodgings to encounter the Devil himself engaged in fortifying the black magic of the prospective landlady; though this is what happens surprisingly to *Will* and *Annie Fraser*, who were so bold as to apply for accommodation at a lonely cottage on the Clyde.

All things considered they stand up creditably to *Mrs. Snell* and her master, and are even prepared to bandy dialectics with them, forgetting that it doesn't pay to argue with an opponent who has the supreme advantage of being able to trump your ace of logic with an agonising fit of rheumatism, and who can discharge elemental crackers with a flick of his finger. But happily, as Mr. JAMES BRIDIE then shows us, it is all a nightmare, and we see *Will* and *Annie* starting off to a more congenial resort. *The Amazed Evangelist* is, I think, scarcely up to Mr. BRIDIE'S high standard, but as a curtain-raiser it is an amusing exposition of Glasgow philosophy, and it moves quickly.

Jonah and the Whale would be hard to criticise, so beautifully is it written and so skilfully presented. Mr. BRIDIE has strayed very little from the Old Testament version, and has made the most of the epic nature of the story. His *Jonah* is entirely sincere, childishly pompous about himself and charmingly pathetic when the bubble of self-esteem is pricked.

Jonah is inspired to go down to Nineveh and warn it of its impending destruction. *Bilshan*, a sophisticated commercial traveller, tries to convey to him what a tough proposition this is likely to prove, but he insists on leaving and refuses to take *Euodias*, who wants to go partly because she loves him and partly because she rather likes the sound of Nineveh.



Portia (MISS PEGGY ASHCROFT) AND *Nerissa* (MISS PATRICIA MACNAB)—TWO YOUNG WOMEN AHEAD OF THEIR DAY, ESPECIALLY IN THE MATTER OF THEIR VICTORIAN DRESSES.

We see him next on the Tarshish packet, sailing in the wrong direction. He has funked, and unfortunately *Bilshan* is on board to discover his apostasy with much irritating heartiness. A storm comes down, so realistically simulated with a canned hurricane and fleeing black clouds that even in the stalls one reached instinctively for one's lifebelt; and *Jonah*, suddenly heroic, insists upon being thrown overboard to placate his God.

The scene in the whale's belly is a joy. Knowing that it has got him for three days and nights, the whale unctuously delivers a scientific explanation of the universe in a booming club-bore voice (the loud-speaking mechanism required some slight adjustment), which, in his exhausted condition, is very upsetting to *Jonah's* somewhat rigid conception of the Creation.

At Nineveh they have never seen anything like him, and when he speaks as the guest of honour at a fashionable women's club he makes an instant impression. Nineveh repents with great thoroughness.

Confident in God's promise to destroy it, *Jonah* camps for forty days on a neighbouring hillside, waiting with *Euodias*, who has disobediently followed him. But God is merciful and Nineveh escapes; and at this, *Jonah*, feeling himself to have been made ridiculous, is prostrate with anger and humiliation. It is the moment for *Euodias*, and she seizes it as the curtain drops.

Outstanding from a cast which deserves high praise are Mr. EDWARD CHAPMAN, who makes a completely convincing *Jonah*; Miss JOAN WHITE, whose *Euodias* is a clever and delicate piece of acting; Miss GILLIAN SCAIFE, for her lovely take-off of the lady-chairman of the uplift club; Mr. DAVID HORNE, as *Bilshan*, the man of the world; and Mr. DRELINCOURT ODLUM, who played *Josibiah*, the leader of the village elders.

This play is exquisitely staged and dressed by Miss MOLLY MCARTHUR. Its conversation is made up of the wit which is not pyrotechnical but lasting. There is nothing tiresomely historical about it, and indeed much of the satire is effectively directed at ourselves. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that not a word of it could possibly offend the most reverent.

Mr. BRIDIE is to be warmly congratulated on his third success, which no one should miss. ERIC.

Harlequinade Down-Under.

"Jardine, after net practice, introduced a new phase of cricket training, with Variety as a partner, he ran at a sharp pace the full circle of the oval."—*Australian Paper.*

Non-stop, presumably.

A Thought After Speaking Foolishly.

I COMPARED myself with BALAAM'S ass, because
No one who knew that moke
Realised how great an ass he was
Until he spoke!

LETTERS TO AN EXILE.

DEAR ROONA.—Once again let me felicitate you on your proximity to the sun. The east winds that have been buffeting this island during the present month of December have tested to the utmost our hardihood—a hardihood which, if the punning advertisements that have become a feature of the London streets are to be believed, can be maintained only by the consumption of essence of beef. Professor HENRY DRUMMOND'S description of the ideal tropical life—sitting in one half of a melon, with the other half on your head, and eating the pulp—comes home to me now, I can tell you.

A partial solution of the problem as to what aged taxi-drivers used to be before they became taxi-drivers has been supplied by a friend of mine. While, the other day, he was on his way in a taxi to some London address, the usual block occurred and he found himself beside a mounted policeman whose horse, in spite of the converging traffic and every kind of startling noise, was a statue of immobility. After a few minutes my friend lowered the glass and asked the officer what was the secret of such discipline; but before he could reply, the venerable driver of the taxi, who had heard the question, cut in. "Simultaneous happlication of leg and rein, Sir," was his reply.

You see, at any rate, what this driver had been before he took to taxi work. A cavalry man.

By the way, you will find when you come back that London's taxis are a little, but very little, better than when you left, too long ago. But they are still very inferior to those of most other cities—particularly New York. There are actually some now with a handle to wind up the window. There is also a new and very comfortable model which is entered by a sliding door in front; but, so far as I can ascertain, their number is only fourteen, which for a big city like ours sounds inadequate. Meanwhile our omnibuses get longer and longer, so that the people in front are half-way there when they start.

As an example of shrewdness let me tell you of the reply made to another friend of mine, a clergyman, who has quite recently moved to a new parish. In conversation with his new but extremely venerable sexton-verger-cum-gardener, he said, "And there's one little thing I wish you'd do: I wish you'd let it be known in the village that I am short-sighted. I shouldn't like any parishioner I didn't recognise to think I was being rude."

The old man looked at him for some moments in silence. Then he said, "I'll do my best, Sir. I can see this isn't your first living."

A letter from Italy tells me that the custodian of PETRARCH'S house, as she shows the rooms, recites from the sonnets to *Laura;* and "do they," my correspondent asks, "recite SHAKESPEARE'S sonnets when they show you his birthplace at Stratford-on-Avon?" Not in my experience, and the fact that they do not and that the Italians do emphasises one of the differences between the two races. Anything less likely than to hear the kind of guide to a show-place in England murmuring—

> "O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
> By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!"

or,

> "Let me confess that we two must be twain,
> Although our undivided loves are one,"

I could not imagine.



"I SAY, WHO 'S THE VENTRILOQUIST?"
"WHAT DO YOU MEAN? THAT 'S MYSELF AND MY FATHER, TAKEN WHEN I WAS SIX."

But I recall an odd thing happening on one of my visits to ANN HATHAWAY'S cottage. It was on an afternoon in early June in, I think, 1922, and we were being shown round by an elderly housekeeper until she was suddenly called away by the telephone. ANN HATHAWAY'S telephone! On her return, wreathed in winning smiles, "Perhaps," she said, "you would be interested to know that Captain Cuttle has won the Derby!"

Someone suggested the other day a good name for a teetotal road-house—The Venus of Milo's Arms.

As it's too late to wish you a happy Christmas, I'll wish you a reasonable 1933. And don't you hope you may get it! E. V. L.

AMONG THE SHADES.

[Advertisements of silk stockings describe their colours as under.]

TIME was the poet swept the chords
Which moved the minds of lesser men,
But now-a-days commercial lords
Have stol'n the magic from his pen.

'Neath competition's awful strain
The merchant stoops to fashion's lure
And breeds in his fantastic brain
New maggots of nomenclature.

Illusion—there's a name to stress
The vanity of frail desire!
What maid in *Cedar-Glow* could dress
Nor wake some manly heart to fire?

On dewy lawns where songbirds haunt
Go dainty feet in *Linnet* clad;
Trim garden-wenches' legs may flaunt
Leaf-Mould before the stable-lad.

What rift within the silken loot
The name of *Vista* shows I dare
Not contemplate, nor from what boot
Springs *Java* with its sunlit air.

How fairy-like the nymph who buys
Moon-Beige to silver o'er her shins!
Does *Dago* mark the vamp whose eyes
Reflect a world of secret sins?

To poets of the hosiers' trade
Whose harps such notes of rapture strike
One question I could wish conveyed—
Now, what the deuce is *Tea-Time* like?



"HELLO, MAC—HOW LONG ARE YE UP FOR?"
"I DINNA KEN, DONALD, I DINNA KEN; MA TICKET SAYS IT'S AVAILABLE FOR FOUR CLEAR-R DAYS."

FLIVVERS' END.

THERE is a hideous hollow
Of sinister renown
Where navvies used to follow
Their task of digging down
For flints and grit and gravel,
Its secret to unravel
The curious must travel
Some twenty miles from Town.

Into this excavation
Slow surface-drainage seeps
Rank with the exudation
Of neighbouring garbage-heaps.
Its banks are grim and grimy,
Its waters dank and slimy;
The rustic, every time he
Goes near it, gets the creeps.

Here to their final parking
Decrepit cars are towed
That once went gaily harking
Down many a by-pass road,
When cushions had new repp on,
When drivers crowded pep on,
When gas was good to step on
And oil like water flowed.

Those golden days are ended.
By fitters judged unfit,
By owners unbefriended,
By lurid death-flames lit,
The sportsman's "Baby Seven,"
The "Family Eleven,"
Like Lucifer from Heaven,
Fall blazing to the Pit.

Their lords no longer love them,
So for a trifling fee
Hirelings are bribed to shove them
Into eternity—
Where chassis rust for ever,
Where engines warm up never,
Where even the liveliest revver
Has stalled and ceased to be.



Referee. "IF I HAVE TO WARN ONE OF YOU PEOPLE AGAIN I 'LL—ER—D-DO SO."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Prize Pig.

WHETHER the "PHIL" of "PHIL STONG" stands for "PHILIPPA" or "PHILIP"—and I should back the former hypothesis myself—there is no doubt whatever that she (or he) is a gain to American fiction. The old MARY E. WILKINS days of happy memory are renewed, with pleasing innovations of setting and spirit, in *State Fair* (ARTHUR BARKER, 7/6), a humorous, sensitive and accomplished handling of one of those homely *genre* themes at which the New England of last century excelled. This story, however, deals with the week's adventures of an Iowa family who are showing a magnificent Hampshire hog in the stock pavilion at Des Moines. *Blue Boy, Blue Boy* the titanic and uxorious, is the hero. Round *Blue Boy* cluster the ambitions of *Abel Frake*, his owner, the sympathetic aspirations of his delightful wife, *Melissa*, subsidiarily concerned for her own exhibit of pickles. *Blue Boy's* importance supremely overrides the hectic flirtations of *Wayne Frake* and his sister *Margy*, who both find at the fair a temporarily seductive partner. *Melissa* provides the philosophy of the story and—on the nocturnal journey to Des Moines, for instance—the poetry. She is of the supreme lineage of *Mrs. Poyser* and much more likeable.

The History of a Historian.

Herr LION FEUCHTWANGER continues to range the centuries. His hero is that *Josephus* (SECKER, 7/6) whom we all remember (if we do not often read) as an historian, but rather tend to forget as a man of action and affairs. In this book he figures in both capacities, but it is with a more essential duality, the idealist at war with the self-seeker, that Herr FEUCHTWANGER, here as elsewhere, is chiefly concerned. Out of a tangle of discordant motives he has achieved a human and convincing personality—how near to the actual it is for the experts to decide; and his *Josephus* moves, like later Jews whom this author has portrayed, in a sharply objectified world of intrigue and passion, cunning and violence. It may be that by some readers this tale will be deemed set in times too remote; yet the first century of the Christian era was an age, and the sack of Jerusalem an event, as momentous in any history, and NERO and VESPASIAN and TITUS, POPPÆA and BERENICE, are very familiar names. Both to the time and to the men Herr FEUCHTWANGER gives vivid life, and while I am uncertain whether he is or is not a great novelist I find in him the fundamentals of a first-rate historian. WILLA and EDWIN MUIR prove themselves, as usual, excellent translators; but they are only moderate proof-readers.

Flood-Light on the Bull-Ring.

Death in the Afternoon is the somewhat showy title of a complete guide to bull-fighting by ERNEST HEMINGWAY (CAPE, 12/6). The thing is done very thoroughly, all the finer points of the art being dealt with either in the text or in the full glossary of technical terms. Most English readers will find themselves very much abroad in this book, for unless they are able and willing to assume Spanish spectacles they are likely to be both bored and disgusted; but if they succeed in doing so they will be rewarded. The author is not concerned with questions of taste and morality; he is simply telling you about bull-fighting in the free idiom of his novels. The HEMINGWAY method is to be careless of grammar, parsimonious with stops, and then go right ahead. The one advantage of this style is that it maintains an illusion of actuality in a narrative. In explanatory passages it is merely an obstacle to comprehension. Fortunately several pages of vivid photographs illustrate the text. The book also contains short digressions on such subjects as El Greco, modern literature and rubber-heels, but we are soon brought back to the bulls,

and anecdotes of the ring are necessarily a little raw. For in the ring there is always cruelty, danger and death. The *aficionado*, or enthusiast, concedes and even welcomes their presence. Well, that is certainly a point of view.

Decline of a Mansion.

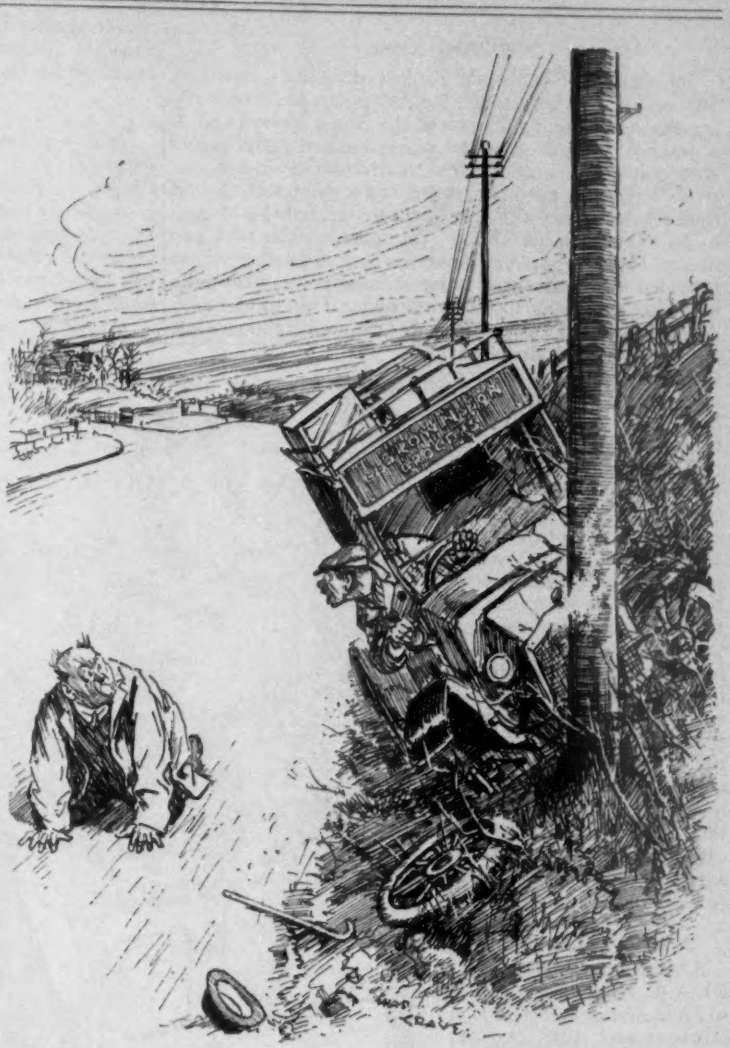
Belinda Grove (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) is to all intents and purposes a collection of short stories unified by a common but historically modified background, some overlapping of theme and a certain unity of atmosphere. The book undoubtedly constitutes a high-water-mark for its creator, Miss HELEN ASHTON. The woof and warp of period and personality she has indeed handled before, but here there is a far finer pattern than is customary on her fabric. A commodious Regency mansion is reared by a wastrel peer in the fields beyond Tottenham. Here he installs his mistress, *Belinda*, and here he plucks the pigeons who provide the first grisly and pathetic legend. The scene of his iniquities is subsequently purchased by a bourgeois family; and so, by a series of declensions, we arrive at its obliteration in 1932. The invention bestowed on the annals of the tenants is uneven, and I could well have spared the variant of JOANNA SOUTHCOTT'S notorious and sordid story which does duty for the 'sixties. But the characterisation of the attic-studio heroine of 1910, though equally sordid, strikes me as studied from the nude; and I reluctantly acclaim the chemist murderer of 1925 as a scandalously congenial figure.

Recent Shadows.

All the frothing top of the last few years of English history is compacted for us in *Just the Other Day* (HAMISH HAMILTON, 12/6). JOHN COLLIER and IAIN LANG have introduced in it serious well-balanced essays on recent movements in art and literature on level terms with their cocaine kings, Brighter Londoners, murderers and fallen financiers; yet for my own part I still find something too much of post-war psychology and post-Eden nudism in the record, with too complete a neglect of those dull millions who have continued to produce jellied eels and push-bikes, striped jumpers and wedding-rings throughout the frenzied years. And the writers have rather forgotten some of the cheerful things—Toc H, Rotary and the Oxford Group Movement among others. In matters political and international, as for instance in their account of the General Strike, they are usually notably fair, yet in their chapter on the Irish disorders they do seem to display a little anti-British bias. My most serious charge against this pungent volume, however, is that the authors' very real sharpness of faintly ironic phrasing is maintained so persistently that at times it seems to lose spontaneity. They forget that to be valuable an epigram must be precious.

A Spartan Helen.

Helene (BLES, 7/6) is not in my opinion so good a novel as the three of Miss VICKI BAUM'S which we already know in England. Actually it is an earlier work, and its construction lacks the dynamic simplicity which gives such strength and clarity to the others; there are *cul-de-sacs* in it which do not merit their inclusion in the scheme. But all the same Miss BAUM knows far too much about human behaviour ever to write a dull book. *Helene* is an orphan, studying chemistry in a South-German university. She is cruelly let down by a fellow-undergraduate who kills himself, leaving her an impending mother and suspected of his murder. Acquitted, she goes on after the birth of her child to another university where in a state of partial-starvation she contrives to obtain her degree. Even then there follows a terrible period in which she can find no regular work, but by sheer force of character she survives until finally her luck turns, bringing her fame and, we presume, happiness. Miss BAUM piles up the odds mercilessly against her, but not impossibly; and she treats the unmarried mother theme with a sincerity which completely saves offence.



"WELL, ANYWAY I AIN'T LIKE SOME O' THEM 'ARD-'EARTED BLIGHTERS YOU READS ABOUT IN THE PAPERS. I AIN'T DROVE ON AN' LEFT YER LYIN' IN THE ROAD."

Rolling Stone.

Mr. PENRYN GOLDMAN'S *To Hell and Gone* (GOLLANCZ, 16/- net), a title taken from the Australian phrase describing the ever-receding horizon of the Never-Never Land, is a practical exposition of the young modern's educational standpoint. The author went out to Australia in a steamship's forecastle, put in six months on a sheep station, and then set out to cross the continent by car, only just failing to do so through his "Baby" dropping asunder with two hundred miles to go. A chance meeting with another tourist provided a free trip back to his starting-point, whence he made his way back to England, taking California, South America and the Passion Play at Oberammergau *en route* and literally descending from the skies in time for the Eton and Harrow match. "The book," says Sir WILFRED GRENFELL in his Introduction, "is a record of a training which disregards conventions, comfort and even personal safety in search of character and wisdom." Whether this particular form of self-education would be desirable for the average young man or woman, as also whether the human brain can really digest usefully the impressions of so unusually comprehensive a world tour, are open questions. At any rate it makes a readable and ingenuous narrative which would be all the better for a few less capital "I's," and rather less about the internal economy of the "Baby."



"ONLY ANOTHER FIVE MINUTES, DARLING, AND THE BOOK SAYS THE MEAT WILL BE DONE."

A Great Showman.

Although the first words of Mr. A. P. HERBERT'S preface to *I had Almost Forgotten . . .* (HUTCHINSON, 12/6) are, "I can think of no good reason, as the Chairman says, why I should come between you and the next speaker," a most excellent reason exists. And it is that what A. P. H. says about Mr. C. B. COCHRAN puts readers in exactly the right mood to enjoy what Mr. COCHRAN has to say about himself. At the outset of these "random revelations" Mr. COCHRAN tells us, when someone apologized for calling him "a showman," that the greater part of his life has been spent in showmanship, and that the happiest moments of it have been when the public has appreciated his shows. With every justification he claims that he has been broad-minded in his taste and in the entertainments which he has provided. "The latter," he writes, "range from PIRANDELLO to the MARX Brothers, and from HACKENSCHMIDT, the wrestler, to the great tragedienne, SARAH BERNHARDT." To deal faithfully with such a whirlwind of a career is beyond my compass, but readers of these frank and vivid reminiscences will find that Mr. COCHRAN writes without bitterness of his failures, and that in describing his successes he is liberal in his appreciation of those who helped him to attain them. In short, both with letter-press and most excellent illustrations, he has again provided real entertainment for his public.

Fishing Philosophy.

Many experienced fishermen, I am sure, will read with delight Dr. T. E. PRYCE-TANNATT'S *Meditations (in an Arm Chair) of a Middle-Aged Angler* (BLACKWOOD, 7/6), for he is constantly recalling things which they like to read about, however convinced they may be that they know as much about the subject as the author. Even the most expert will come upon illuminating passages, for the Meditations range from warnings against fly-throwing on the lawn to a plea for the underhand cast; from advice on the "shepherd's crook" to hints on what you can do with worms. I doubt however whether the essays will win many new recruits to the art, for Dr. PRYCE-TANNATT, if not exactly a pessimist, is at least a very temperate optimist. He makes no pretence that fishing is a sport to be easily enjoyed or one without many baffling disappointments. Some people seem to have a sort of instinct for the successful line of attack, but he suspects this of being strictly applied knowledge, and as for luck the only thing which really has an element of chance about it is, he suggests, the weather.

In and Out.

Many of us will remember that in the summer of last year the B.B.C. organized a series of talks by prisoners who had made notable escapes during the War, and now (by arrangement with the B.B.C.) these thrilling tales, with two additional stories, have been collected in *Escapers All* (THE BODLEY HEAD, 7/6). Ably introduced by Captain J. R. ACKERLEY, the collection, quite apart from its record of adventure, is of great interest from a psychological point of view. To thousands of prisoners the idea of escaping scarcely occurred, while others were no sooner cut off from freedom than at all costs they resolved to regain it. These latter were "the naughty boys," and they had to solve three problems; first of all they had to break out of camp, and then the frontier must be reached and crossed. In "Through the Bathroom Floor," Major M. C. C. HARRISON discusses these problems, and leaves us to decide which of them was the most troublesome. The bravery of all these escapers, whether British or German, was limitless, and to read of their adventures is once again to marvel at the indomitable determination of mankind.

"Two are two year olds, which, running backward, have both been placed in good races . . ."—*Sporting Paper.*

They have yet to win by a tail.

CHARIVARIA.

THE EX-KAISER is said to have decided that he has no intention of settling down in Germany. This makes the decision unanimous.

* * *

A gymnasium-instructor reports that girls can increase their staying power by indulging in punch-ball exercise every morning. Many people are having one put in the housemaid's bedroom.

* * *

It is the opinion of a French astronomer that two brilliant comets are rushing towards one another in the heavens. It should be interesting to watch if they dim just before they pass.

* * *

In Glasgow a man has stolen twenty-three cushions. The police theory is that he was learning to skate.

* * *

Reliable evidence is given by an entomologist that he has seen a tortoiseshell butterfly, which ought to have been hibernating, on the wing in Epping Forest. The question arises: Do butterflies fly in their sleep?

* * *

A burglar for whom Scotland Yard has been searching is said to be the tidiest burglar in London. Peculiar difficulties in the way of arresting him are created by his habit of putting everything back just where he found it.

* * *

As a canine authority points out, the application of the Bertillon system to dogs' pad-prints makes it possible to identify your pet beyond doubt if he is stolen. Or if he steals.

* * *

Who's Who is now supplemented by *Who Was Who*; but arrangements are not yet complete for the publication of *Who Will Be Who.*

* * *

An American has sat on the topmost branch of a fifty-foot tree for a week. It seems hard luck on the postman who has to deliver his fan-mail.

"Judges Not Retiring," says a morning paper heading. Nor even reticent.

* * *

A fashion expert insists that a bridegroom should carry a walking-stick or umbrella with his hat and gloves, and complains that our younger men have adopted the habit of arriving at the church with as few encumbrances as possible. Still, they have to leave with a bride.

* * *

"HYGIENE" would like to hear of a simple exercise to promote warmth that could be practised in an office or sitting-room by a person of sedentary occupation and not particularly young. What about putting coal on the fire?

* * *

It is not the fault of modern novelists if one half the world doesn't know how the other *demimonde* lives.



THE BIRTH OF EMPIRE BROADCASTING.
DECEMBER, 1932.

Lively Scene in the House.
"GAS PRICES.

Sir F. Thomson, Treasurer of the Household (Aberdeen, S., U.), moved:—

That a Select Committee of five members be appointed to join with a Committee appointed by the Lords to consider and report whether, as one of the methods of giving effect to the basic price system of charge by gas undertakers in those cases in which a power to make a differential charge in respect of any part of the existing or intended limits of supply is proposed to be continued or granted, it is expedient to authorize a separate basic price in respect of each such part, arrived at by adding to the basic price fixed in respect of the area for which no differential charge is proposed a sum representing the differential charge as proposed to be authorized or continued, or as actually made.

The motion was agreed to."—*Parliamentary Report in Daily Paper.*

"Last night the College choir, accompanied by the mascot, a huge harlequin Great Dane, sang carols in Exeter, and will do so again to-night."

With interludes of BACH?

MR. PUNCH ON TOUR.

THE Collection of original Drawings by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, Sir JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER, and of reproductions of Famous Cartoons, Forecasts and other exhibits from *Punch*, is on view at Southsea until January 21; and will be at Eastbourne, from February 5 to April 2; at Hereford, April 19 to May 24; and at Liverpool, May 28 to June 11.

A separate Exhibition depicting humorous situations between Doctor and Patient will be on show at the Central Museum, Northampton, from January 7 to February 4; at Birkenhead, from February 18 to March 18; at York, April 1 to 29; at Gateshead, May 13 to June 10; at Burton-on-Trent, June 24 to July 22; and at Bolton, August 5 to September 2.

Invitations to visit either of these Exhibitions at any of the above places will be gladly sent to readers if they will apply to the Secretary, "Punch" Office, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.



WITH HORSE AND HOUND.

Our very sporting (and Naval) correspondent deserts the moors for the hunting-field.

Clip—Clop. Clip—Clop.

Hounds are meeting at Gorse Whin Bottom and I must be there betimes. "Come, Meadows, my jack-boots and hunting-flask and I will to horse. Is Prince bitted and snaffled? Ah! I see he is, the noble beast. Gather round, lads, and assist me in the mounting. Andrews, to his head and hold him still. Meadows, you will keep firm grip on the step-ladder and do not shake it. Masters, to assist me on this side: while do you, Henry, proceed to his other flank and be prepared to give me aid from that quarter.

"Steady, now, lads. All together! Nay, Henry, pay more attention to my directions. See, you have unseated me by your violence. Let us try again, and do you, Henry, use less force in your exertions on this occasion. Ah! that is better. Capital, my friends, capital. Release his head, Andrews, and I will be off. Meadows, my hunting-crop. No, it is too late. He has started to move. Stand clear, lads!" Prince will brook of no delay on a hunting morning; he is as keen to be with the pack as his master. No need to touch bridle or throttle to guide Prince to where hounds are meeting!

At the Meet.

See, there they are! What a gay scene! The black habits of the ladies make sober contrast with the pink faces of the male members of the gathering. The baying of hounds, the neighing of horses and the shrill notes of the hand-trumpet resound through the frosty morning air.

"Good-morning, Sir George. Think you the scent will run breast-high this morning?"

"Ay, that it will, and more. At times it is almost overpowering. But come, let Matthews give you a glass of sherry. You will need some refreshment before the exertion of the chase."

As we gather round the decanters I recognise the soldierly figures of Colonel Tallboy, the Master of Hounds. He greets me warmly, for we are old acquaintances, and I quickly arrange for a place in the front row when the start is made. In the background I see Captain Featherstonehaugh hanging around in the hopes of obtaining a word with the Master. But it is of no avail, for the Master knows as well as I do that the Captain has an uneasy seat. It is useless to give him a place in the front rank.

The Search Begins.

"Come, ladies," calls the Master. "Come, gentlemen, take your places for the start," and he sounds a sharp note on his hand-trumpet.

The hounds are already nosing out their prey as we line up on the springy turf. A loud snuffling from Primrose shows that she has already scented her enemy, and the rest of the pack are quick to take their cue from her. The air resounds with their excited whinnying.

A cry from Captain Featherstonehaugh turns all eyes in his direction. He points to a brown object which is rapidly retreating through the hedge-bottom, and a number of horsemen start at once in pursuit. The more experienced members of the Hunt, however, merely laugh shortly and recall their fellows. It is naught but a brown cat which has strayed on to the field of action. But Captain Featherstonehaugh is not a whit crestfallen by his mistake.

"Had you on properly that time," he calls out vulgarly to the returning horsemen.

The Chase is On.

But at that instant a large fox bounds into view and makes off rapidly across the fields.

The high notes of the trumpet resound above the shrill cries of the pack as we dart off in pursuit of our adversary. Prince has secured a good place in the leading row and is devouring distance like a racehorse. Tree and hedgerow flash past as if by magic! In front of me is a lofty hedge protected by a deep ditch, but I am not dismayed. I feel confident that I can clear it. With one hand I steady Prince for the spring, and the next instant I am soaring through space, high above the hedgetop.

I land softly in a ploughed field and look round to see that a yokel has caught Prince and is leading him through the gate by which the other members of the Hunt have passed on. He assists me to mount and we exchange a few friendly words, for hunting is perhaps the greatest of all levellers.

We Meet with a Check.

I thunder off in pursuit of the Hunt and am quickly overtaking the stragglers. I notice as I flash by that Captain Featherstonehaugh is mounted on a horse of entirely the wrong breed and is being hopelessly outpaced by all but the slowest horsemen. Soon I have regained my place in the front rank and am urging Prince to even greater exertions.

But a disappointment is in store for us. The wily fox, upon whom we have for long been rapidly gaining, springs suddenly aside and darts down a nearby drain-pipe. The pack assembles round the entrance with doleful cries.

For a moment we are nonplussed, but Colonel Tallboy has soon thought of a way to continue the attack.

"We will send Primrose down after him," he cries. "She will soon bring the rascal out."

Nothing loth, Primrose is urged forward and soon induced into the animal's lair. Tense with excitement we listen to her cries growing fainter and fainter as she moves into action.

An Unsatisfactory Termination.

"But what of the other end of the drain?" cries Colonel Tallboy suddenly. "Quick, gentlemen, or our prey will yet escape us. See, the drain leads to yonder house. We must send a party there with all despatch to outflank him."

"That is Captain Featherstonehaugh's country seat," calls a voice.

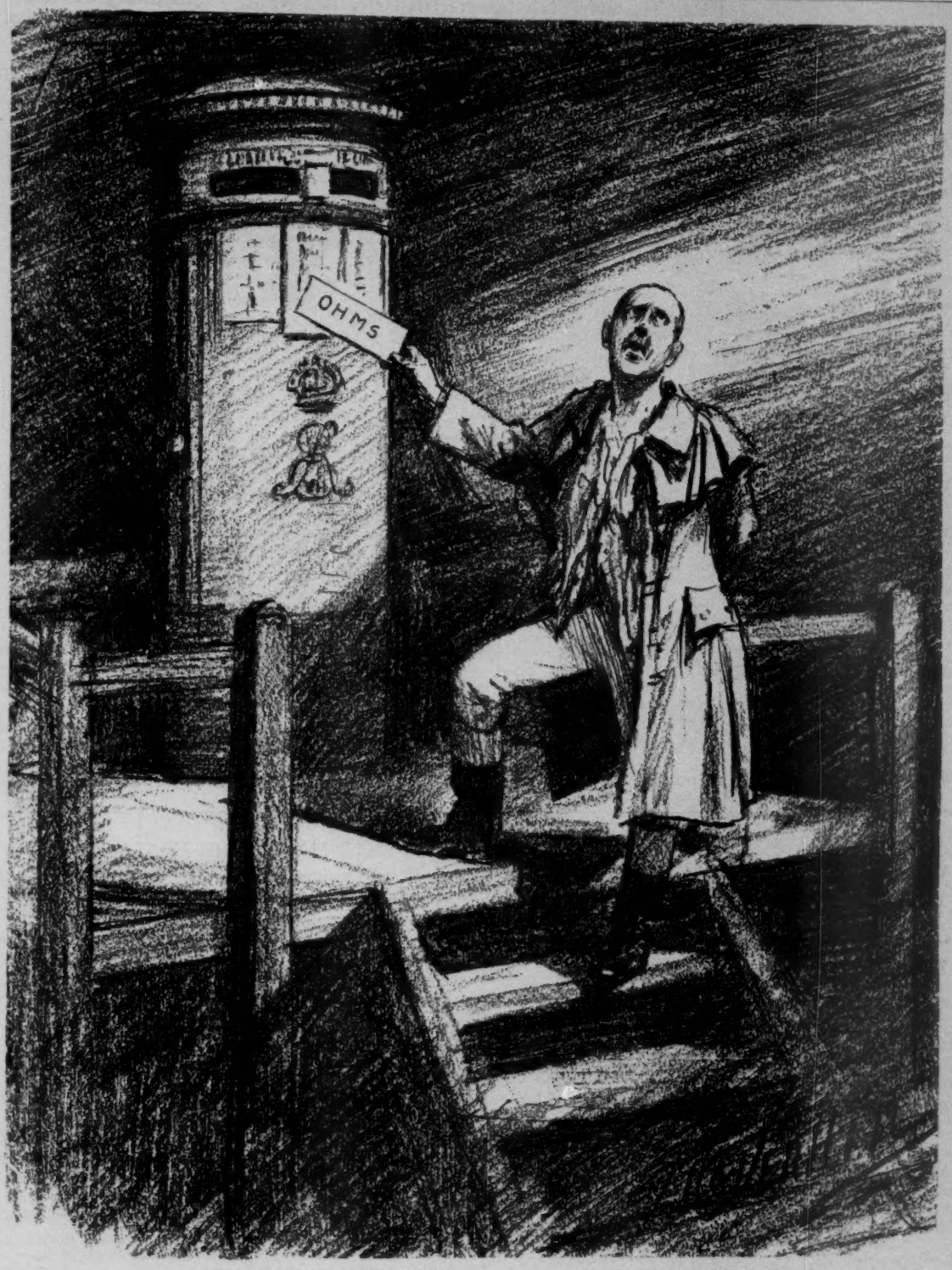
"Ah! and where is the Captain? He shall lead us there."

The cry is taken up on all sides, but no trace can be found of the Captain. We gallop off towards the house, and as we approach a loud baying is heard in the courtyard. We are met at the gate by Captain Featherstonehaugh himself carrying our quarry in his hand."

"See, gentlemen," he calls, "I have captured the fox with my pack of retrievers. With your permission I will now claim the skin as a trophy."

But Colonel Tallboy is little likely to fall in with so outrageous a suggestion. He dismounts and snatches the animal from the Captain's hands.

"Are you then so unversed in the traditions of the chase, Captain Featherstonehaugh," he inquires icily, "that you are able to desert the Hunt and employ hounds of the wrong breed in the capture of this creature. The skin will be presented to this gentleman, who is as active on the field as he is scrupulous in his observance of its traditions. You will have little chance of obtaining a trophy until you



THE USUAL WAY.

INCOME-TAX PAYER. "EVERY YEAR I SAY TO MYSELF, 'THIS IS A FAR, FAR BETTER THING THAN I SHALL EVER BE DOING AGAIN.'"



The Bereaved One (to girl sympathising on his wife's elopement). "VERY SWEET OF YOU, MY DEAR, BUT I'LL NEVER GET ANOTHER CHAUFFEUR LIKE HENRY."

have gained greater experience than you now appear to have."

With these words he turns and invests me with the fox-skin. I cast a scornful glance at the now dejected Captain as I ride back in triumph to the rest of the Hunt.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

But this unpleasant scene is quickly forgotten in the mutual congratulations which accompany my return. Hunting-flasks are produced and I recount over and over again my experiences of the day. You may be sure that Primrose is not neglected in the apportioning of credit for the day's sport. But at long last comes the time for the dispersal of the meet, and I wend my way homeward, well content with my outing and with the spoils which I have so hardly won.

The Autobiography of a Quinquemillipede.

"By kind permission of the President and Council of the Royal Geographical Society, Lieutenant-Colonel R. G. Munn, C.M.G., F.R.G.S., will show a selection of his Film 'Round the World on 5,000 Feet' at the Royal Geographical Society."—*Daily Paper.*

"Weston-super-Mare licensed victuallers and clubs were granted an hour's extension on Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve."

Mr. Henry Butt, chairman of the Bench, said the Weston licensees had conducted their horses in an exemplary manner."

Provincial Evening Paper.

May we congratulate them on their Weston-super-horse-manship?

THE MANNEQUIN-AT-ARMS.

(The newly-designed uniform for active service and manœuvres has been issued to two battalions for trial.)

I'M trying-out a uniform, the latest fighting dress,
Designed for comfort, hygiene and convenience—more or less.
They say we'll get a different one for Ceremonial
And walking-out. I'll want it, or I do not know my gal.

I think I'm going fishin' when I sees my blinkin' 'at;
My collar is a 'iker's, I am certain sure of that;
My Norfolk coat 's a poacher's or a sportman's on the moors,
But then I am a golfer when it comes to my plus-fours.

I'm just a little doubtful of the boots upon my feet,
But some'ow they remind me of a peeler on his beat;
And when I takes a general view of all of what I've told yer
I'm blessed if I know what I am—except I'm not a soldier.

"LONDON COMPLETES CATHEDRAL HONORING ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

With the removal of the last scaffolding from Lincoln Cathedral, the scheme of repairs is now completed."—*Texas Paper.*

A pretty gesture of ours, but seemingly wasted.

"Mrs. Mollison had been held up at Beni Ounif (on the borders of Algeria and Southern Morocco) by exceptionally heavy storms and violet rain."—*Evening Paper.*

But she didn't care, bless her heart, if it snowed ink!

LENDER AND BORROWER.

I HAD been reading about War Debts and I was feeling completely bewildered, although I had a vague idea that I was in favour of cancellation. Suddenly my little friend, Podgy McSumph, burst into the room.

"Dae ye ken whit auld Davie Stodge said?" Podgy demanded breathlessly.

"You mean Mr. Stodge, Podgy?"

"Ay," agreed Podgy. "But it's auld Davie Stodge that's his richt name."

"Well, what did he say?"

"He was readin' the paper and he said he wanted to be deid."

"Why did he say that?"

"He was readin' the paper and he said—he said, 'Everything's in a mess-up.'"

"Poor old Mr. Stodge!"

"Whit's a mess-up? Was it auld Davie Stodge that did it? Would the polisman let him get to be deid?"

"Well, Podgy, it probably means that old Mr. Stodge is worried because he has no money. A lot of people are worried just now because they have no money. Once upon a time there was a great war, and——"

Podgy hastily clambered up and seated himself on my knee. "Tell aboot it," he ordered, pressing the back of his head against my waistcoat and fixing his eyes on the fire.

"In this great war we spent a lot of money."

"My faither was in the war and he shooted the enemy."

"And as we had no money left——"

"It was wi' his gun he shooted the enemy."

"As we had no money left we had to get a lend of more money."

"I lended my knife to Willie Pilkie."

"That's it, Podgy," I exclaimed gratefully, as I concocted a little parable which, I hoped, would illustrate, to myself as well as to Podgy, the expediency of cancelling War Debts.

"Willie Pilkie 'll need to gie me back my knife," insisted Podgy.

"But you have another knife?"

"I've got three ither knifes," explained Podgy proudly.

"Exactly. Now I am going to tell you a story. Once upon a time three brave little boys set off to explore a tropical island."

"Maggie Stoorie's to get comin'," intimated Podgy.

"And Maggie Stoorie."

"I'm to be the heid yin."

"The leader of the expedition was called Podgy McSumph and he had four knives."

"Yin o' them's got three blades."

"The name of one of the other boys was Willie Pilkie."



Explorer. "NOW I WONDER WHERE I COULD PUT THIS LITTLE PIECE OF HOLLY FROM HOME TO MAKE THE PLACE LOOK CHRISTMASSY."

"I kent he would be comin'," sourly.

"When they landed on the island our brave explorers found that it was infested with fierce tigers."

"And I'm to be chasin' the tigers."

"They at once proceeded to make a camp to defend themselves against these wild animals. While the work was going on Willie Pilkie said to Podgy McSumph, the brave leader of the expedition, 'Will you lend me a knife, Podgy, because I have lost mine?' And Podgy McSumph, who was as good as he was brave, gave a loan of his knife to Willie Pilkie."

"But he'll need to gie me it back," reiterated Podgy.

"Shortly afterwards, to the surprise of all, Willie Pilkie was observed to be making off rapidly in the direction of the jungle."

Podgy stiffened. "Ye've went an' ye've let Willie Pilkie run awa' wi' my knife," he complained bitterly.

"Podgy McSumph immediately set off in pursuit. He ran as hard as he could and came upon a terrible sight. There in a clearing of the jungle stood Willie Pilkie, confronting a huge tiger that had been coming to attack the camp."

"Was Willie Pilkie fighting the tiger wi' my knife?"

"He was. And when he saw this the gallant Podgy McSumph called out, 'Well done, Willie Pilkie. By your bravery you have saved us. And when you have killed the tiger you can keep my knife for ever and ever——"

"I did not," interrupted Podgy. "I went right up to Willie Pilkie and I said—I said, 'If ye don't gie me back my knife the noo I'll bash yer heid aff.'"

I am now trying to stop thinking about War Debts.

RETURN OF THE NATIVE.

A RAILWAY-JOURNEY with Edmund is like a bullfight: it fascinates while it appals. Two examples spring to my mind: the time when he introduced a form of *chemin-de-fer* (with rules by Edmund) to a chagrined football-team whose sorrows were only three-parts drowned, and, secondly, the Great Oyster Scare.

"New game," he announced as we walked up the platform. "Called 'Oysters.' Prime Sport for Young and Old. Roars of Happy Laughter. Attend me, greybeard." He stabbed me with his thumb. "*You* don't know *me*——"

"I like that rule," I commented.

"—and *I* don't know *you*. *We enter severally and strike up a conversation, into which the drawing of any fellow-passenger scores one point.* Personalities, appeals by eyebrow and vexatious manipulation of windows barred. Highest total secures the prize, to be consumed in buffet at destination. Are you on?"

I was. Edmund's opinion of his own intelligence is one which constantly invites amendment. We entrained, taking opposite seats, and he lost no time in opening hostilities.

"Pardon me—have you heard the overnight score? Poppinge-Creese, I see, has completed his century."

He had not mistaken his audience. A human oyster in blue overalls gaped at once to remind him that Poppinge-Creese, whatever his merits as a trundler, had not made a hundred runs all told since his frying-pan days. It was, of course, Padds who had done the damage.

"A slip of the tongue," said Edmund airily. "Thanks, my man. Excuse me, Sir," he added gratuitously to me.

"Certainly," I replied, with my eye on a well-set-up mollusc with a military moustache. "This cricketing business is getting something of a fetish. After all, it's only a sort of glorified rounders."

"Piffle! Backbone of the country!" snapped my prey with the patent support of all the males present—excepting Edmund, to whom I was signalling my claim. I think they wondered why I didn't produce a bomb.

Soon I scored again with what I found later to be a promising gambit—a casual but stentorian reference to the city of Birmingham. A motherly oyster, sensing some vague inimicality in my companions, consoled me with the assurance that *she* knew dear old Brum if nobody else didn't. It was there, we learned, that her eldest had contracted whooping-cough (with complications); her second, fiddler's chin (in an aggravated form); and her third, p'eumonia (double, with bar).

This naturally slowed down the scoring. By the time the medical survey of Birmingham had been brought down to the present day, a fresh consignment of shellfish was awaiting the knife. Edmund's blunt methods served him well, while my more delicate thrusts were turned aside by the thick armour of reserve. In fact, as we neared our destination I found myself five points behind.

Then, I admit, I had a stroke of luck. A party of schoolboys tumbled in, and a moment later the train drew abreast of a clump of spidery steel masts. I pointed these out to Edmund.

"Those," I hazarded, "must be the mooring-poles of Mrs. MOLLISON's fleet of air-vessels."

Before he could open his mouth six fresh young voices in various keys of derision had corrected me. (It was a beam station.) Edmund's sole chance of drawing level now rested on a desiccated-looking old oyster whose gladstone, I noticed, displayed "Lagos" on its one decipherable label.

Edmund noticed it too. "I suppose," he flung at me, "you've never been to Lagos?"

To put it vulgarly, he clicked. "Eh? Lagos? Not in '07 by any chance?"

"No," smiled Edmund. "Let's see; it would be in '09, I believe."

"Ah! that was the year *I* was there." The stranger's voice took on an ominous sternness. "I thought I recognised you."

"I don't quite——" said Edmund weakly.

"You *shall*, Sir! What of little Nellie, the barmaid at 'The Jagged Tooth'? And what of her blind father, who was ruined for the sake of a couple of pinches of gold-dust?"

"Listen," croaked Edmund; "it's all a joke."

"A pretty joke indeed! What of poor old Mrs. Kelly that kept the drug-store? Answer me that!"

Before Edmund had time to think of an answer the train drew into our station, and his rapidity in alighting would have gained him the award for hop, skip and jump at any fairly conducted sports meeting. As I essayed to follow the stranger stopped me with his hand.

"It's not a new game," he whispered. "We played it forty years ago going down at the end of term. Don't tell him too soon."

I didn't till Edmund had paid.



Benevolent old Lady. "JENKINS, AS IT'S NEW YEAR'S EVE I THINK IT WOULD BE NICE TO PUT STILTON IN THE MOUSETRAPS."

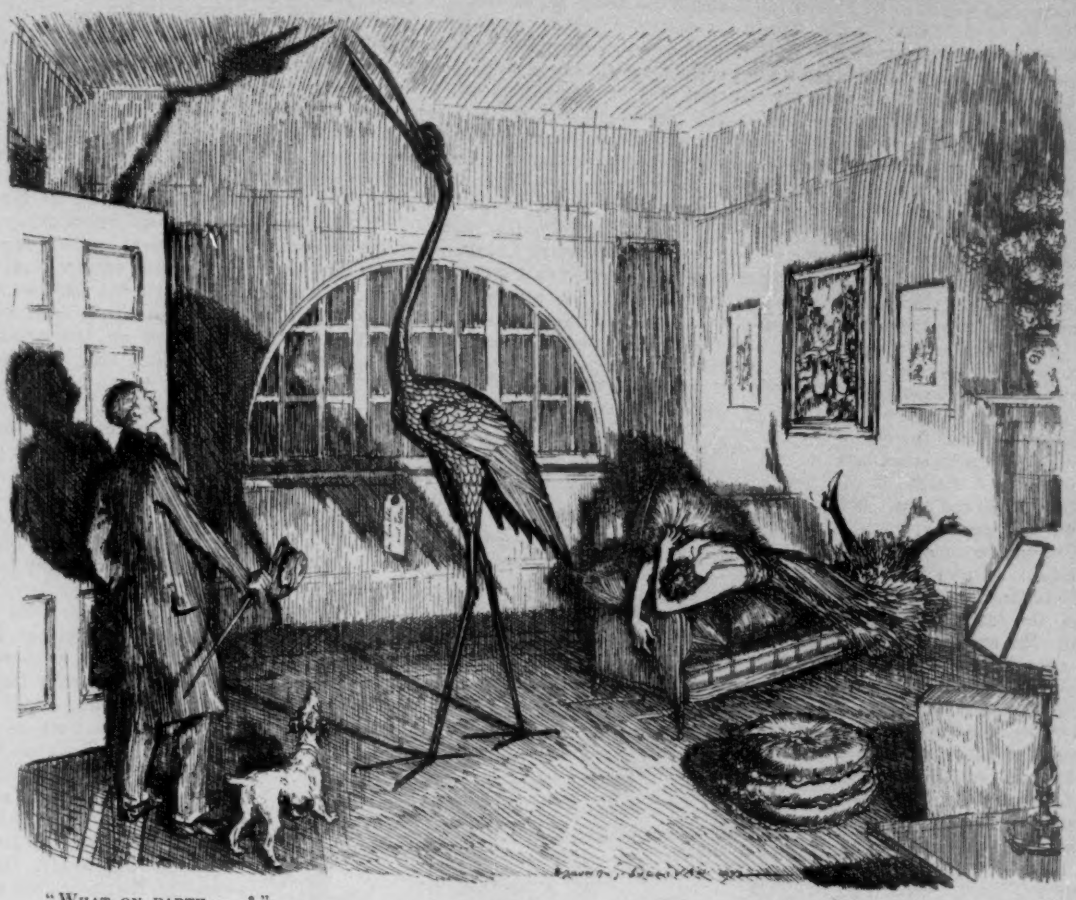
THE FANCY-SHOP.

I'd like to keep a fancy-shop—
I'd stock it full of fancies,
With hopes and schemes,
And happy dreams,
And love and lucky chances.

I'd have a stall for posy-rings
And valentines and lockets,
And sell the same
To all who came
With full or empty pockets.

I'd have a place for children too,
With fancies fine and many,
And grant them all
Their wishes small
And never charge a penny.

I'd love to open such a shop
And share the gay romances
Of old and young
Who chose among
My stock-in-trade of fancies.



"WHAT ON EARTH——?"
"IT'S UNCLE TOM'S JAPANESE BRONZE, 'WITH BEST WISHES FOR THE NEW YEAR'—AND IT'S COME TO STAY WITH US—FOR EVER."

THE LAW IS A HORSE.

No, the law is no longer a hass. It is a horse. No less a person than the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of England (not to mention AVORY and BRANSON J.J., concurring) has been required to devote much time, trouble and intellect to the question: "Is it lawful to bet on a dog-race by means of a Totalisator?"

And the answer may be divided into two, rather three—no, four sections:—

(1) It is lawful in England to bet on a horse-race by means of a Totalisator.

(2) It is lawful in England to bet on a dog-race by means of a bookmaker.

(3) It is not lawful in England to bet on a *dog-race* by means of a Totalisator.

(4) It is lawful in Scotland to bet on a dog-race by means of a Totalisator.

Let us, however, leave the wild country of Scotland out of it and concentrate on England.

So far as England is concerned the great Truth which lies hidden at the heart of the legal labyrinth is this:—

There is a vast moral and psychological difference between betting
(*a*) *on a horse, and*
(*b*) *on a Dog.*

What is this difference?

At first it might evade the casual visitor to these shores.

The Horse (*Equus*) is a four-footed beast of burden.

The Dog (*Canis*) is a four-footed beast—but not (in this country) of burden.

The Horse is A Noble Animal.

The Dog is The Friend of Man.

Both of them, morally, are generally admitted to be superior to the cat, weasel or giraffe. Both have fine characters and are essentially English, though spurious imitations have been found in foreign countries and even (in the case of the horse) among the barbarous Arabs.

Both of these animals are necessary for the pursuit and slaughter of the cruel fox. We have yet to breed a race of men swift and bold enough to chase the fox with the aid of hounds alone. On the other hand, all our efforts to breed smell-horses, which, unassisted by dogs, might track or, so to speak, horse the fox down and destroy him with their powerful jaws, have proved unavailing.

And therefore I do not think that I shall be contradicted when I say that the horse and the dog are equally necessary for the execution of the national purpose hereinbefore adverted to.

It is the same thing everywhere. We all like a man who likes dogs. We all like a man who likes horses. And if a man said that he liked horses but couldn't stand dogs we should look at him askance.

Morally, then, and socially, the dog is exactly on the same plane as the horse. Indeed, if it were possible or safe to attempt a distinction, I should say

that the dog was a more general favourite than the horse. The dog is invited into the home, the horse hardly ever—if we except my old friend, Lady Gallop, who always had a couple of three-year-olds about the house. Most disconcerting—one used to slip off to the billiard-room for a quiet read after tea and found a young gelding standing in front of the fire. With that exception it is safe to say that the dog is far more valued as a friend than the horse.

And yet, after about a hundred years of hard work by Parliament and the Courts, this odd juridical truth has now been established:—

It is lawful to bet on a horse by means of a Totalisator, but not on a dog.

And what, says the curious foreigner, is the spiritual significance of that?

Well, I will tell him. At least I will try.

No Englishman, as I have explained to him once or twice before, goes to horse-races for the fun of the thing. Not even to bet. We are very keen on keeping the breed of the English thoroughbred horse intact and pure, partly because if we don't do that we shall never be able to keep the fox in order, and partly because — because — well, we're just terribly keen on the English thorough-bred horse. That's why we arrange horse-races and give prizes to the best horses. But if people didn't come to the horse-races and bet on them we should never be able to give prizes to the best horses. Then the best horses wouldn't come; there would be no horse-races, and the best-bred horses would stop breeding because the only thing that reconciles a thoroughbred English horse to long periods of family life is the occasional publicity and excitement of a race-meeting. So that is why we bet on horses—to keep the breed of the English thoroughbred, etc.

And that is why our wise Parliament and Courts have decided

(*a*) that the place where a bookmaker bets at Epsom is not legally a "place" where the bookmaker is betting; and

(*b*) that an "approved" racecourse (where we may bet through a Totalisator) means a horse-racecourse and not a dog-racecourse.

But at this point the curious foreigner may utter a fretful cry: "*What about the breed of the dog?*" Since, as we have shown above, the dog is considered as worthy a member of society as a horse, why are we not equally keen to preserve the breed of the dog? And, if we are, why not permit the same steps to that end which have been shown to be necessary in the case of *equus*; that is to say, the organisation of speed-tests and mechanical facilities for betting thereon?

But if the curious foreigner expects a good answer to that question he will have to expect for a very long time.

He might also—the prying mutt!—inquire into the mystical distinction between course and off-course betting. The State considers it a comparatively worthy thing for me to bet on a horse (though not on a dog) if I am actually on the racecourse and can see the horse, but it is a less worthy thing to bet on a horse which is at Epsom if I am far away at Hammersmith. I have never followed the reasoning—it is like saying that I ought not to buy shares in an African gold-mine unless I go down the mine myself. I suspect that the argument is somehow mixed up with the breed of the horse. But there it is. And the comic thing is that the dear old State, which so disapproves of off-course betting, arranges special facilities for it. It allows my bookmaker—I beg his pardon, "commission-agent"—to have one of the King's telephones, to receive letters and telegrams through the King's postal service and to advertise himself as a bookmaker—pardon, "Turf Accountant"—in the King's telephone-book. And then if I go to the White City and strike a blow for the breed of the British dog (through a Totalisator) it tells me I am doing wrong. Gosh, what a nerve!

My attention has been drawn to a Bill which was presented to the House of Commons just four years ago by a Member of Parliament called Topsy. It is a pity it never became law, as it would have prevented most of the present trouble and brought in wads of revenue. Repeal *all* the existing laws on the subject, the girl said simply; make all forms of betting lawful, unless specially forbidden; but make every form of betting pay up to the State. "Legalise—Control—Tax!" was her motto, and a very salubrious motto too. Since then oceans of money have surged about the betting-world, but only a trickle of it has reached the Exchequer. There has been an Act of Parliament, a Royal Commission and various learned but conflicting decisions in the Courts. The net result to date is glorious muddle, no revenue, universal contempt for the law and hearty laughter from the watching world. If I were the HOME SECRETARY this would worry me a good deal at the opening of the glad New Year. And without waiting for Royal Commissions to wind themselves up I should introduce at once the admirable measure referred to above—the text of which may be found in the issue of a certain serious organ dated December 19th, 1928. A. P. H.



WHEN WAITS FALL OUT;
OR, A CHRISTMAS BOX FOR TWO.
SIR ROBERT HORNE AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

Sport in the Gloaming.

"During the last minutes of the game it became very dark, and it was impossible to distinguish the players from the Press Box."
Football Paper.

Perhaps the funniest moment was when the referee ordered the Press Box to leave the field and it wouldn't go.

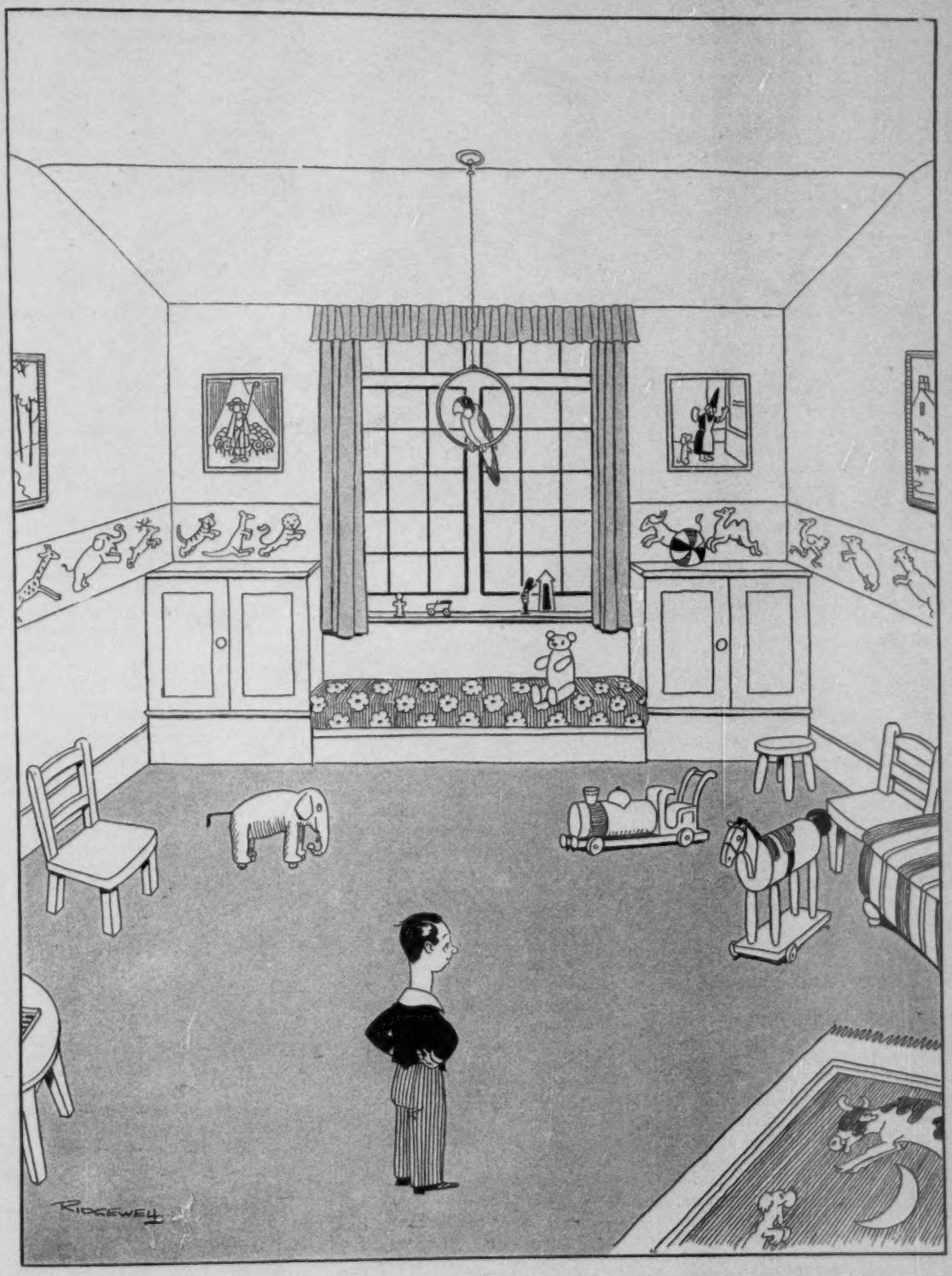
Tales of the Ex-Kaiser.

"He was at Kiel when the news was dispatched to him that the Crown Prince of Australia had been assassinated."
Overseas Newspaper.

And still the war went on.

"Breaking-Down Man, used with twins, friction feed."—*Colonial Paper.*

Poor, poor Papa!



"WELL, WELL! IT DOESN'T SEEM MANY YEARS SINCE ALL THIS WAS O.K. WITH ME."



PARTY RISKS.

"THERE'S NOTHING PARTICULARLY WRONG WITH ANY OF THEM, BUT ONE HAS SWALLOWED A THREEPENNY-BIT AND WE DON'T KNOW WHICH."

AN ADVENTURE IN INFLATION.

WHEN I came in my aunt was standing at the top of the stairs. My first impression was that she had been spending the afternoon growing a heavy red spade beard, but when she lowered her hand from her mouth the beard came with it. She remained, however, very red in the face.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" she said, panting; "it's this beastly air-cushion. I can't get any air into it. Neither can Cook or Sarah. So I don't suppose you can."

My aunt is like that. She never supposes I can. The very tone in which she asks me to telephone or buy a book of stamps implies a profound mistrust in my ability to do so. This time she was right. I couldn't. After I had become redder in the face than my aunt, though probably not so red as Cook, who starts with an unfair advantage—the thing still remained limp and lifeless.

"It's most annoying," said my aunt; "Agatha has sent me a lovely piece of work as a cover for it, and I particularly wanted to have it all ready when she comes to luncheon to-morrow."

'Do you know," I said, "I don't think you can blow this thing up with your mouth? It's got a bicycle valve. I'll borrow a pump from somebody in the morning."

"If you go playing about with things you don't understand you will go breaking it altogether. Give it to me. I shall have to take it back to the shop. But I am very annoyed, and Agatha will be most disappointed."

In the watches of the night I made up my mind to strike a shattering blow for my own prestige. Playing about with things you don't understand! I'd show them—aunt and Agatha and Cook and Sarah and the lot! They'd soon find out who could blow up a rotten air-cushion.

My aunt is a late riser and I was undisturbed next morning. My first care was to extract the cushion from Agatha's cover. This done, I unscrewed those two things you have on a bicycle-valve (if you remember) and gave a sharp tug at the bit that sticks out from the nozzle. It came away right enough, but try as I might I could not get it back. My boats were burnt with a vengeance, and I must seek expert assistance.

To anybody setting out to get an air-cushion mended I give one piece of invaluable advice. Hail a taxi and tell the man to drive you to the nearest bicycle-shop. This for two reasons. Firstly, because a naked air-cushion is an undignified thing to carry about in the streets. It resembles the inner parts of a debauched bagpipe, or one of the more obscene fish from the Aquarium, or the *pièce de résistance* of a dish of tripe; neither can it be conveniently folded and placed in the pocket, and it is embarrassing to be followed about by inquisitive dogs. Secondly, because by yourself you won't be able to find a bicycle-shop. I have discovered the mysterious truth that every year more and more bicycles are sold but *fewer and fewer shops sell them or have anything to do with them.* If you don't believe me, try for yourself. Start at Piccadilly Circus and see how long it takes you.

Concealing my noxious fardel as best I might, I entered a lordly garage. I would approach the man in charge as one sportsman to another—a deprecating smile; "So sorry to bother you about a thing like this, but you know what old ladies are," and so on. He

would be all tact and sympathetic understanding; rapid fingers would get to work; a coin would change hands and Agatha's cover would be reoccupied in five minutes.

There was no one about, so I rapped on the window of a sanctum and was confronted by a high priest. He took the cushion contemptuously, held it at arm's length and sneered at it. His lip had just curled so far back that I hoped the wind would suddenly change when a millionaire's car came in with a *swi-ii-ish* as of silken skirts, and I was left.

Only the thought of what my aunt would say kept me going for the next hour. In this city all conceivable human needs seem catered for at every turn save those of ordinary cyclists. I cried aloud for the sight of a gent's roadster in a window. If I had had an A.A. badge about me I would have demanded help from a passing scout. Were I a member of the R.A.C. I would have rung up the secretary. I would have waylaid Mr. DUNLOP himself. In my desperation I nerved myself to enter a car showroom where were gathered a number of sleek young men. Their demeanour clearly showed that even a fellow with a thing like that in his hand ought to know better than to interrupt a party of Old Etonians in their reminiscences about Bad Calx, but one of them was condescending enough to say, "Down the first street there's one of those kind of places." And round the corner I saw:

Cycles – C. HUCKLEWORTHY – *repaired.*

Blessed be the name of Huckleworthy! Yes, that was quite simple. A pleasure. Valve-rubber perished probably. Had I got the parts?—Ta! Wouldn't be a tick. He was as good as his word, and a few strokes from a pump demonstrated that the cushion was aunt-worthy once again. And then I had an inspiration. "I'll take a pump with me," I said. "It will come in handy in the future. How much?" Next moment I was speeding home in triumph and a taxi.

I crept upstairs. The drawing-room was empty. I was thrusting the cushion back into Agatha's cover when it struck me that C. Huckleworthy had not put quite enough air into it. Anyway I had my pump, and before the others came in a comfortable inviting-looking plumpness was filling one corner of the sofa.

"Yes," Agatha was saying, "it *is* a pity. I was hoping it would be a great comfort to you." And she crossed to the sofa. "But, see!" she exclaimed—"it's blown up after all."

My aunt looked at me. "Did you——?"

"Oh, *that*?" I replied casually. "Oh, yes; quite simple."

My aunt is one of the few people who can say, "Humph!" She did so, and continued. "Are you perfectly certain that it's all right?"

"Perfectly," I said. "Try it. Sit on it."

My aunt sat heavily down and the cushion exploded with a loud report.



"PROGRESS! YOU TALK ABOUT BEIN' ABLE TO TELEPHONE TO AMERICA AS PROGRESS. WELL, I CAN 'OLLER SO LOUD YOU CAN 'EAR ME A MILE AWAY, BUT I CAN'T PAY MY INCOME-TAX. IS THAT PROGRESS?"

An Impending Apology.

"The furniture beetle has made an invasion at St. Stephen's Church, Lansdown, and has attacked some of the beams above the choir. Professor —— was called in, and as a result a sum of about £60 will be required to make good the damage."—*West-Country Paper.*

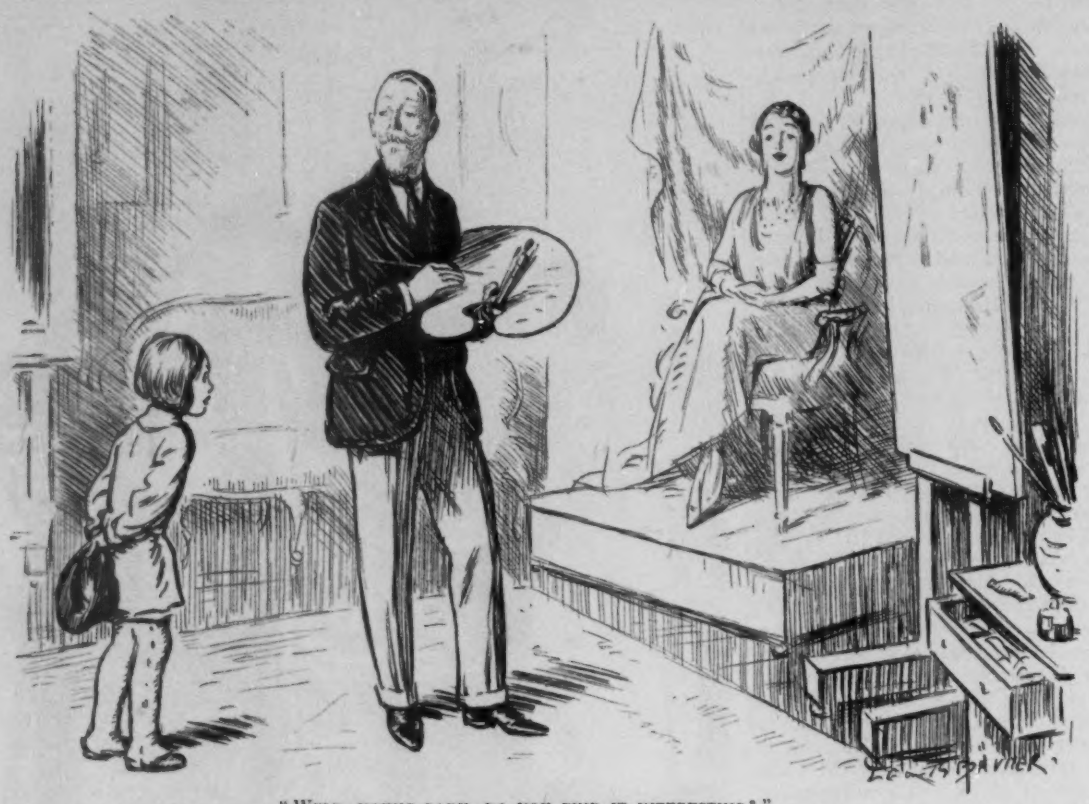
FLORA VICTRIX.

(To Miss BARBARA FLOWER, the first woman to win a Craven Scholarship at Oxford.)

ILLUSTRIOUS lady, keeping well in front
Among the followers of the Craven Hunt,
Long may you cultivate your studious bower
And wear your learning lightly, like a Flower!

"PRIME MINISTER AT RETFORD.
YO-YO CHAMPION AT WORKSOP."
Newsbill of Midland Paper.

They do see life in Notts.



"WELL, YOUNG LADY, DO YOU FIND IT INTERESTING?"
"OH, VERY. YOU SEE, I USED TO PAINT MYSELF ONCE."

MORE SHATTERED ILLUSIONS.

V.—GRETNA GREEN.

AS ONE IMAGINES IT.

First Onlooker. Ay. That makes the thurd this week—not counting the yin that was stoppit.

Second Onlooker. I was grieved for that lassie. She was a bonny wee thing, an' he was braw enough for a Sassenach.

First Onlooker. Losh! but theirs is a puir country, Jock.

Second Onlooker. Hoots!

First Onlooker. Havers!

* * *

Elizabeth. Is this the place? Oh, Robert, are we really there?

Robert. Within reach of Heaven at last, my angel.

Elizabeth. I'm almost frightened. Robert, you will be good to me?

Robert. Dearest, I want to banish everything ugly from your life.

Elizabeth. Are you sure there's no sign of Father?

* * *

Young Man. I want to be married, please. Can you do it at once?

Blacksmith. That wull I, Sir. But ye'll hae to get twa witnesses.

Young Man. Witnesses! I never thought of that.

Blacksmith. Aye. But dinna fash yerself aboot that, lad. There's oor Jamie feeding the pigs oot ben and the wife can always leave the bairn for a conseederation.

Young Man. Of course. Er—how much will it be?

Blacksmith. Well, how much hae ye got?

AS IT IS.

First Onlooker. I guess this place is slow, Wallie. How much longer do we have to hang around here before there's a wedding?

Second Onlooker. Aw, don't be a sap. This is the real stuff—hundred-per-cent. Old English custom. You can't expect it to be served up hot when the gong sounds.

First Onlooker. Waal, if there's no *bona-fide* altar date in another two hours I guess we'll make Bannockburn to-night.

* * *

Betty. I suppose this must be the place. How comic!

Bob. D' you think we can get a drink here, or shall we go to the pub first? I've got a fearful thirst on.

Betty. Let's ask anyway. Where do we go in?

Bob. Here, I presume.

Onlooker. That's the museum entrance, Sir.

* * *

Young Man. Supposing I want to get married, could you fix it for me?

Blacksmith. Aye, if ye've been resident in Scotland twenty-one days.

Young Man. And is there any more you can tell me about Gretna Green weddings?

Blacksmith. Ay. Ye can buy a wee book from my wife yonder, and here's a postcard of a marriage certificate—twopence.

Young Man. Thank you so much. Could I use your telephone?—Thanks. . . . Central 9000 . . . Hello, Menzies speaking. I find this place *does* exist. Keep me three-quarters of a column.



A NOT SO HOPELESS DAWN.

Mr. Pickwick . . . JOHN BULL. *Sam Weller* . . . THE NEW YEAR.

MR. PICKWICK. "WELL, SAM, STILL FROSTY?"

SAM WELLER. "WATER IN THE WASH-HAND BASIN'S A MASK O' HICE, SIR; *BUT THIS'LL SOON MELT IT.*"

THE DEAN.

I KNOW a dean, a learned man and grave;
An ornament to his cathedral cloisters;
His very gaiters make the rude behave
And shut the ribald up as tight as oysters.

He has two daughters, an attractive pair;
The elder superintends his house and table;
She has a smack of the parental air
(Much to her credit), and is very able.

She knows her sire's engagements day by day,
Sees that he's punctual, and sheds about her
A calm efficiency that makes him say
He wonders what on earth he'd do without her.

But if perhaps, as I've heard said by some—
Not a remark on which one loves to linger—
The elder has him underneath her thumb,
The younger twists him round her little finger.

There if you like there walks an imp untamed,
A fair-haired rascal, a blue-eyed barbarian,
Who roams her world serenely unashamed,
And is, I fear, a keen non-sabbatarian.

Mattins and vespers have for her no charm,
Though she supports her parent when he preaches,
And then she'll walk home, hanging on his arm,
And criticise the doctrines that he teaches.

It is her custom to address the dean
(Her elder sister always calls him "Father")
As anything from "Gaiters" to "Old Bean,"
And, I confess, he seems to like it, rather.

She bags his chair, she sneaks his cigarettes,
Talks of the awful books that she peruses,
And I believe acquaints him with her bets
And sometimes makes him pay up when she loses.

She has a weird attraction for the Cloth,
Though, as a fact, she rather seems to flout it,
And when some minor canon plays the moth
And gets well singed, she tells the dean about it.

A dangerous girl indeed. I understand
That once last year, about the Feast of Peter,
He had a most important meeting and
She'd run him out to golf in her two-seater.

That was a case that reached the bishop's throne,
And she'd have landed him in sad hot water
Had not His Lordship thoroughly well-known
And loved his dean's incorrigible daughter.

"Incorrigible." Maybe that's the word.
Many have tried, and vainly tried, correction,
Barring her sire, who, though it seems absurd,
Remains quite blind to any imperfection.

He should be stern, it's generally agreed;
He ought, they say, to jump on her severely;
And yet perhaps he knows her; and indeed
They seem devoted to each other, queerly.

In any case, while he's content to smile,
An old cat's frown or two need not depress her;
Oh, Mr. Dean, I'm with you all the while:—
She's such a darling. Such a darling, bless her.

DUM-DUM.



Small Son of House (to guests). "DADDY HAS GIVEN ME A COCKTAIL SPANIEL FOR A CHRISTMAS PRESENT."

A CALENDAR FOR COUSIN MARGARET.

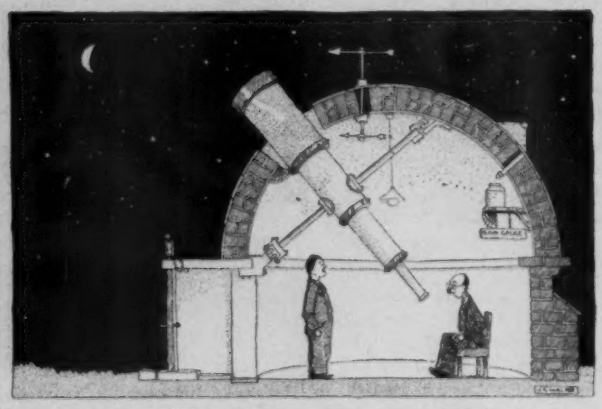
UNTIL this morning I thought that the lowest form of literature in the world was the publisher's blurb—that masterpiece of compression and distortion which meanders down the turned-in flap of the dust-jacket. Its use is apparently twofold: to repel the would-be reader—since it never fails to give the impression that the plot of the book is banal and the characters half-witted—and to mislead any time-pressed reviewer who may be rash enough to rely upon it. I do not know who writes blurbs, but it has always seemed to me that they represent the *ne plus ultra* of well-meant futility.

This morning's post, however, has changed all that; for it has brought me from some unknown firm a catalogue of calendars and greeting-cards which, as they say in Scotland, cows all. I was just going to throw it into the waste-paper basket when I remembered that I always find myself rushing out on Christmas Eve to buy a suitable calendar for old Cousin Margaret, whom, as usual, I have forgotten until the last minute. This year, I thought, I will send her one in good time to make amends, and I will choose it at leisure over my early-morning tea.

The first description that catches my eye is *"The Quality of Mercy:* a Pleasing Picture of a Young Lady Feeding a Horse. On art-tinted board with cord and tassel." The young lady in the small accompanying picture is of an indescribable archness; the horse, clearly a Derby winner, is standing behind her with its neck draped over her shoulder, and she is holding a very small red apple teasingly just out of reach of its nose. In a minute, without the smallest doubt, it is going to lay its ears back and give her a nasty bite. An excellent warning, no doubt, against the wrong way to feed horses ("Keep the palm *flat*, child," my father always said, "and mind your thumb's well out of the way"), but a pleasing picture—no.

The next one is called *"Childhood's Days:* a Handsomely-coloured Picture of Boy with Aeroplane. On buff board with selected texts for each day." Cousin Margaret hates aeroplanes. Next comes *"The Ministering Angel:* Girl attending Wounded Dog. With daily tear-off meditation." Cousin Margaret hates dogs. Well, then, what about *"Golden Treasure:* a Delightful Study of Little Child with New-Born Chicks. In beautiful colours on art bevelled board with green silk tassel"? Now if there is one thing Cousin Margaret hates more than dogs and aeroplanes it is new-born chicks; she lost all her money trying to run a poultry farm. Besides, she is superstitious about green. Equally useless is *"The Hand that Rocks the Cradle:* a Picture with an Appeal to All." It would have no appeal whatever to Cousin Margaret, who is unmarried and never did care for small babies.

I turn to landscapes; they seem safer and more impersonal. Here is one called *"Sea Harvest:* a Pleasant Study in Colour of Early Morning Activity at a Shipping Centre." The picture portrays a fishing village, very small and completely deserted; a couple of derelict dinghies are moored at the quayside; to one trained in scoutcraft it is obvious from the way the church faces that the sun is not rising but setting. I refuse to spend money on encouraging such inaccuracy.



Astronomer. "YOU MIGHT RUN OUT, TOMKINS, AND COUNT THE STARS; I THINK I'VE DISCOVERED A FRESH ONE."

At the price I am prepared to pay there remain only *"The Rocky Vastness:* a Magnificent Mountain Prospect with Daily Gem of Thought"; and *"Good Cheer:* a Delicately-tinted Colonial Landscape with Pond and Ducks in Foreground." The first of these worries me because I keep on wondering whether it is a misprint for "fastness"; and the second annoys because I do not see why they need label the landscape "Colonial" when it looks exactly like a bit of Kent. Even in the Old Country we can rise to ponds and ducks in the foreground.

There seems to be nothing for it but to return to livestock, and I finally decide on *"Imps of Mischief:* an Exceptionally Fine Study of Kittens, on old-rose board with bevelled edges."

I lean back on my pillows well-satisfied with my morning's work. Not only have I chosen a nice present for Cousin Margaret, but I have discovered an occupation for my literary second childhood. When all else fails and starvation stares me in the face I am going to write the blurbs for Christmas calendars.

JAN.

THE STAY-AT-HOME.

WHEN we reach New Year's Day with the sky leaden-grey
And the mercury falling to zero,
And Britain is not a salubrious spot
Except for a case-hardened hero,

Without more ado hypochondriacs who
Have wearied of Buxton and done Bath,
Ere winter's cold-shivers react on their livers
Rush off to the South for a sun-bath.

Some travel to Nice or the Islands of Greece,
Some sample Saharan oases;
The wealthier take a long cruise to Jamaica
And similar sunshiny places.

Now though the *train bleu* is *en règle* for the few
Exempted from earning a living,
What hampers myself is an absence of pelf
And relations not partial to giving.

No uncle sends *me* dough for trips to the Lido;
No aunt condescends to entrust a
Largesse from her purse to a scribbler of verse
Whose *res* is acutely *angusta*.

As matters stand so, he will have to forgo
The Canaries, the Cape, the Bahamas,
And try to keep warm by enshrouding his form
In thick vests and substantial pyjamas.

For a change he may spend a cheap day at Southend
And admire the historical sea-view,
Or, if quite on the rocks, he may voyage by proxy
One evening "With COBHAM to Kivu."

"CHINKS IN BRITAIN'S ARMOUR."
Morning Paper.

Another nasty bit of news for Japan.

"This remarkable hen was imported from England, both parents being good layers."
New Zealand Paper.

And so we lead the world in sex equality still.



GAYER LONDON.

LEAP-FROG NIGHT AT THE ROYAL BATRACHIAN SOCIETY.

WHAT ABOUT DOWN STREET?

A PETITION TO LORD ASHFIELD AND HIS FELLOW-DIRECTORS OF THE UNDERGROUND.

KIND SIRS,—If you have not irrevocably decided the fate of Down Street Tube Station, now closed but dear to so many Piccadilly-faring Londoners, perhaps you will be indulgent enough to glance through this letter.

Two rumours which have reached me—one that it is to be turned into a trout-farm and another that it is to be a new public-school for girls—I discredit as improbable. But what I fear is that you may intend just to seal it up and forget it.

I take a special interest in derelict tube-stations, for I happen to live above the only one in London which has come to maturity and yet has never been connected with the outer air. (I am prepared to be corrected on this point by one of my flat-faced friends who invariably, like surgeons, have inside knowledge.) It was almost finished, men with funny voices and a rich platform manner had been earmarked as porters, the menu for your opening lunch had even been agreed on as far as the bird, when it was suddenly discovered that the ground above was permanently unobtainable. Or so I have been told.

At all events, if you press your nose hard enough against the window, between two stations whose names I needn't tell you, you will see the ghost of the station, wreathed in cobwebs, standing by hopefully to welcome a horde of passengers who can never descend to it.

Well, the thought of all those seats and platforms and gates entombed below me has always proved so extraordinarily depressing that I am anxious to save Down Street, after all these years of useful service, from being corked up and left in a similar way to ferment.

I am prepared, gentlemen, to let the part above-lift, so to speak, go without a sigh. Architecturally it has never struck a single chord in my heart, and the soul of a veteran tube-station lies surely deeper than the ground-level. For all I care the super-structure may be bashed down and a gasometer or cats'-hospital substituted.

But I do mind like anything—and I venture to hope I may have the honour of carrying you with me—what happens to the dear old cavity itself. For there are so many important things you can do with it.

Setting aside the trout-farm and the girls' school, to which, I repeat, there must obviously be specific objections, there is still no proper retreat in London for the couple who are walking out. Under present conditions they are driven to waste their money on sticky films and stickier cakes, neither of which they want, in order to obtain a trifling degree of privacy. Why not stud the Down Street platforms with comfortable chairs, charge a small fee, issue season-tickets, replenish the chocolate machines, possibly add a simple tea-room and only admit couples?

If you did this I am confident you would find yourselves acclaimed the most public-minded Board in England. But if the scheme does not appeal to you there are any number of attractive alternatives. Have you ever spent a day in your own vehicles and marvelled at the number of middle-class young who are forced by circumstances to accompany their mothers tearfully on shopping expeditions, to the great discomfort of adult London? So far as I know such a thing does not exist in the West-End as a big service crèche where children can be parked for a few hours and refuelled. Why not this station of yours? It would be definitely a business proposition.

Or this. Isn't a pity that the Hyde

Park pulpits, easily the best entertainment in London, should be subject to the wind and the weather? Why not make Down Street a national cave of public oratory, where anyone could speak or listen as he pleased—having paid his gate-money, of course. Nice pulpits with floodlights and a few policemen and perhaps a bar would be the only additions required.

Or this. Nobody has yet had the enterprise to equip a great hall with all the indoor games, where one could go and play ping-pong and Corinthian bagatelle and darts and shove-ha'penny by the hour. Again an undoubted business proposition.

I know it's really your affair, but so often a mere member of the public is in the best position to discern the most urgent needs of his fellows. Before you turn good old Down Street into a siding or a school for hitmen or something dreary like that, *do* think it over.

With great humility I remain,
Your frequent Client, ERIC.

AT THE PICTURES.

LOOKING BACK.

THERE is one moment in *The Midshipmaid* which justifies all the money (a good deal, with help from the Admiralty) and care (not too much) that

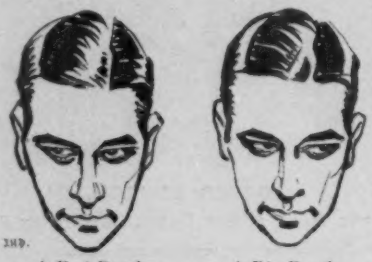


A SAILOR WHO RECITED.
A. W. BASKCOMB.

have been spent on it, and that is when CLAUDE ALLISTER, with eye-glass complete, falls into the sea. And the joke becomes the richer when you realise that no steps are being taken to rescue him. For the rest, what promised to be a very good film declines into a mere romp, almost a travesty of non-stop. At the beginning, however, there is much ingenuity in dotting the i's and crossing the t's, a pompous speech on the need of economy delivered by FRED KERR as a public reformer being illustrated by brief flashes, one of which takes us as far away as Zanzibar. To deal with an oration in this way is, so far as I know, a novelty.

It is upon FRED KERR and his daughter, JESSIE MATTHEWS, that the burden of the play rests, and for once Mr. KERR's irascibility becomes wearisome. As for the minx, she does her best with the improbable and her eyes, those startled luminous convexities, are never still.

The Midshipmaid was an excellent film with which to open the new immense and gorgeous Gaumont Palace at Lewisham, where, although the most expensive seats are only half-a-crown, luxury reigns. Whether the Tivoli



A Bad Break. A Big Break.

A FACIAL REGISTER.
GEORGE RAFT.

audiences will be quite so easily amused remains to be seen.

The much-heralded new he-man of the screen, GEORGE RAFT, who makes his first appearance in *Night After Night*, a racketeer romance, turns out to be a very capable actor, with resonant tones and an attractive figure; but whether he will exert a VALENTINO's charm I cannot pretend to foretell. To my eyes Mr. RAFT is, facially, not too alluring. But then my eyes have nothing to do with it; this is woman's affair.

Looking back in this last week of the year on the films of 1932, they all seem very like one. I can recall here and there an original setting, such as a shark-infested sea and the Tyrolese Alps under a sinister moon; here and there a *motif* not threadbare, such as the infatuation of a schoolgirl for her schoolmistress, while the perfection of the marriage of action and music in RENÉ CLAIR's *À nous la Liberté* cannot be forgotten. But the rank and file have been concerned almost wholly with crime, usually gangster crime in America, and with all the prelude to the crushing kiss. The very latest, the LUBITSCH film, *Trouble in Paradise*, could not exist if the Eighth Commandment was never broken, for both HERBERT MARSHALL, who is normally a gentleman of sweet character, and MIRIAM HOPKINS are thieves, and



NATURE IN THE RAW.

Mons. François Filiba EDWARD EVERETT HORTON.
Madame Colet . . . KAY FRANCIS.
The Major . . . . CHARLES RUGGLES.

thievery is the bond between them. Were oysters to be taken in hand by the medical profession and cured of the disease that produces the pearl, our film-writers would really have to think. But so long as there are pearls and light fingers there will be plays like *Trouble in Paradise* (and, incidentally, like *Never Come Back*). Mr. MARSHALL did not convince me that he was really a crook, but what does it matter when KAY FRANCIS is moving about in a picture and using her beautiful voice?

The chief fault of *Trouble in Paradise* is the meagre part allotted to CHARLIE RUGGLES. But that is a complaint I have had to make before. Perhaps one of the improvements of 1933 will be fuller measure of this admirable comedian? E. V. L.

Why Was the Senator Standing on His Head?

". . . Lord Stonehouse, whose first words caused the Senator's heart to sink trepidously into his throat."—*Serial in Provincial Paper.*

"RIGHT TO CANE.
TEACHERS THREATEN TO STRIKE."
Evening Paper.

In our experience they do more than threaten.



She. "THERE YOU ARE AGAIN. CONTRADICT, CONTRADICT, CONTRADICT! I BELIEVE IF I SAID BLACK WAS WHITE YOU 'D SAY IT WASN'T."

THE EMPEROR'S SECOND THOUGHT.

WHEN the Emperor Wang (says the historian) was still a very young man, he was betrothed by proxy to the Princess Jang of the Caledan Islands, who was celebrated for the magnificence of her attire no less than for the moon-like beauty of her complexion. The ceremony being completed, the Emperor, delirious with joy at the thought of his good fortune, slipped away from the ambassadors, who were feasting in the palace called Sentiment, and roamed on foot through Peking, every now and then looking up at the moon and comparing it unfavourably with his future Empress.

While passing a respectable merchant's house he heard voices, and being of an inquisitive nature, stopped to listen.

"Joy of my Life and Sunshine of my Existence," said a man's voice submissively, "they all seem alike to me."

"Pernicious donkey and putative father of despicable individuals," returned a woman's voice pettishly, "you are never any help. Address your alleged mind to the question and tell me: Does this red one suit me?"

"Inspirer of Poesy," replied the man, "in that red one you are more beautiful than the light of the dawn on the snowclad peaks of the Himalayas."

"But Bong, the wife of the coppersmith, has a red one just like this," complained the woman.

"Flame of Desire," answered the man, "the wife of the coppersmith resembles a crustacean which has escaped from the cooking-pot when but the half of the culinary process has been accomplished."

"Lascivious ruffian!" exclaimed the woman, "you must



Cheery Householder. "HULLO! ONLY TWO OF YOU TO-NIGHT?"
Mouth-Organist. "YESSIR, THE CHOIR 'S GOT 'OOPIN'-COUGH." (*Inset: Choir.*)

have been watching her closely. But no matter. We can go into that later. How do I look in this blue one?"

"Breaker of Hearts and Cause of a Thousand Marital Unhappinesses," replied the man, "in that blue one you are more lovely than the moonlight on the waters of the Yang-Tse-Kiang."

"Wretched sniveller!" retorted the woman, "do you not see that it is tight where it should be baggy and baggy where it should be tight? No doubt you would like me to wear it so that Tang, the wife of the baker, could giggle behind my back. Now compose your feeble wits and tell me if this green one suits me."

"Moon of Rapture," said the man, "in that green one you excel in beauty the verdant products of nature."

"What, debased driveller!" returned the woman, "would you compare me to a pumpkin?"

Here the Emperor Wang heard the sound of a hearty cuff.

"Let that settle your disordered intellect," said the woman with some heat. "Now tell me how you like me in this peach-coloured one."

"Enlivener of Imagination," said the man, "beholding you in that peach-coloured one I have no desire to gaze again on the blossom which adorns the Emperor's garden."

"Half-witted booby!" said the woman, "it is not six years since, seeing Fang, the wife of the boatman, in a peach-coloured dress, you said it impaired your appetite and caused your liver to rotate."

"True, Enslaver of my Heart," said the man, "but you are not Fang, the wife of the boatman."

"No, I daresay you wish I were," answered the woman. "How contemptible a thing is man! Now, treacherous reptile, gaze on me in this yellow one, and be extremely careful what you say."

"Miracle of Charm," replied the man, "that yellow one, when you wear it, is the most gorgeous vision that this disgusting sycophant has ever been permitted to feast his eyes on."

"Miserable shuffler!" exclaimed the woman, "you used to say you disliked yellow."

"Pardon me, Queen of my Affections," said the man, "but that was before I saw you in that yellow dress."

"Well," said the woman pettishly, "which do you like best?"

"Joy of my Life and Sunshine of my Existence," said the man submissively, "as I said before, they all seem alike to me."

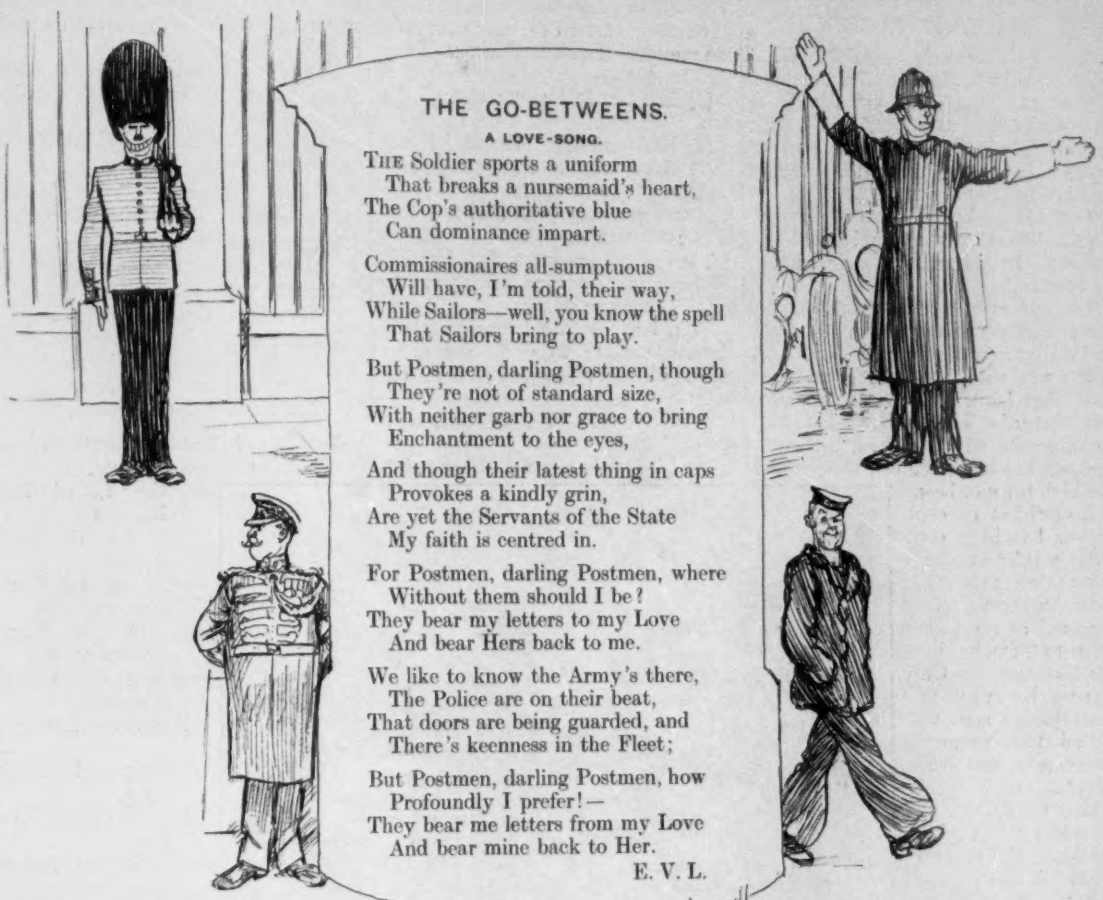
"Worthless pettifogger!" screamed the woman, and there was the sound of another hearty cuff.

Here the Emperor Wang roused himself from his meditations and returned to the palace called Sentiment, looking very thoughtful. The ambassadors were still feasting, but he did not join them. Instead he went to the jade retiring-room, called Introspection, and summoned Go Long, his Chancellor.

"Go Long," he said, "I believe the Princess Jang is justly celebrated for the magnificence of her attire?"

"That is so, Detector of Mendacity," replied Go Long. "It is currently reported that she has a dress for each hour of the day, and that the rainbow itself pales before her."

"Good," said the Emperor. "Decorate the ambassadors with the Order of the Peacock, First Class, and decapitate them. Then tear up the contract. Marriage—pah!"



THE GO-BETWEENS.

A LOVE-SONG.

THE Soldier sports a uniform
That breaks a nursemaid's heart,
The Cop's authoritative blue
Can dominance impart.

Commissionaires all-sumptuous
Will have, I'm told, their way,
While Sailors—well, you know the spell
That Sailors bring to play.

But Postmen, darling Postmen, though
They're not of standard size,
With neither garb nor grace to bring
Enchantment to the eyes,

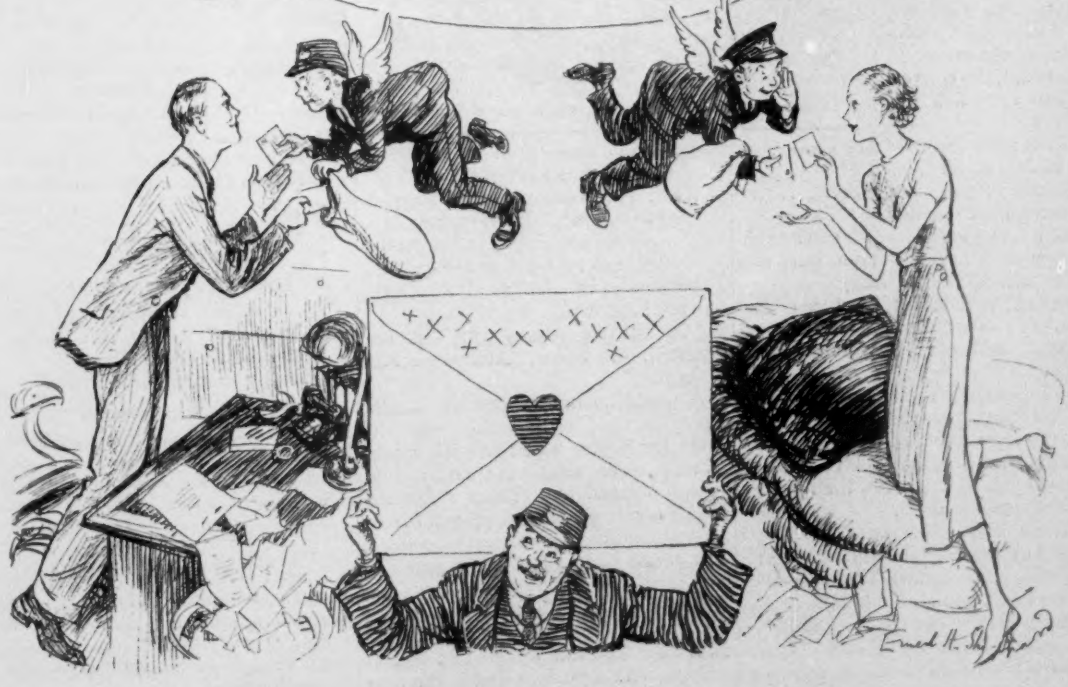
And though their latest thing in caps
Provokes a kindly grin,
Are yet the Servants of the State
My faith is centred in.

For Postmen, darling Postmen, where
Without them should I be?
They bear my letters to my Love
And bear Hers back to me.

We like to know the Army's there,
The Police are on their beat,
That doors are being guarded, and
There's keenness in the Fleet;

But Postmen, darling Postmen, how
Profoundly I prefer!—
They bear me letters from my Love
And bear mine back to Her.

E. V. L.



THE NEW AFRICA.

ONE feels sorry for Merrick. What reputation he had in the village is gone.

Hitherto I have enjoyed a visit to the "Red Lion" with him. He has been in the African Civil Service—a district magistrate or something of the sort, and he likes talking about it.

Our village knows little of LIVINGSTONE, less of STANLEY and nothing of SELOUS. In matters African we stood by Merrick.

We live only a mile apart, and he sometimes drops over with his dogs, and if the night is young I go back a bit of the way with him—that is as far as the "Red Lion." There we talk over last Saturday's football-match and commiserate with Radford, the landlord, on the low price of potatoes and the high price of beer.

No cricket or choir supper has been complete without some queer tale from Merrick.

His life among "them niggers," as the village refers to them, has been much discussed. Only young Harvey, the blacksmith's son, who served two years in Mespot, can, so to speak, meet him on level terms.

Last night there was obviously something in the air. The entry of Merrick and myself was no less welcome, but there was an atmosphere of challenge.

As usual, the conversational approach was indirect.



"WELL, OF ALL THE OLD-FASHIONED IDEAS! LOOK HERE, A 'YO-YO.'"

Old Harvey began: "Let's see—you was in Africa, Mr. Merrick?"

Merrick brightly admitted it. It was the recognised opening.

"It's a biggish place, they tell me," went on old Harvey. "What part was you in, Mr. Merrick?"

Merrick, still bright, answered "Nigeria."

"Ah!" said old Harvey non-committally

Thompson, the Vicar's gardener, who is a bit deaf, then broke the silence with the sage remark, "It's a coming country, that Niagara, so I've 'eard."

It was young Wilmot of the Kennels who came to the point.

"Them natives of yourn, Mr. Merrick—they was cannibals, I suppose?"

Merrick was horrified. The suggestion that he had permitted rampant cannibalism in his district shocked him.

"Good Lord, no!" he said. "Quite harmless good fellows."

The village seemed to regret this. Then they warmed to their work, and ten minutes' cross-examination elicited the fact that—

(1) Merrick had never strangled a lion.

(2) Had never met "TRADER" HORN.

(3) Had never fraternised with gorillas.

It was perfectly plain that the stock of Merrick was slumping.

Then came a facer for Merrick. "What was the biggest thing you ever shot?" someone asked.

"Oh, buck—and a hyena or two." Merrick seemed to sense something behind all this and spoke as if in self-defence.

"Buck!" said one. Somehow it sounded small.

"Ah!" said old Harvey. Disappointment at the show-up of Merrick as a local resident was manifest.

We drank up and went out. Merrick seemed to be pondering over something. On the corner he stopped and regarded the hoarding on the wall of the smithy. It belongs to the cinema at Slowleigh, our market-town.

"CATCH 'EM ALL ALIVE," it announced, and below, "AFRICA AT HER DARKEST."

A world he never knew lay before him.

On the poster a blonde with a permanent wave, shirt-waist and riding-breeches stood in a canoe defending with a revolver a cinema-operator from the red mouths of enormous crocodiles. The canoe was half over the brink of some rapids, with hippopotami waiting with open jaws to receive it. On the far bank of the river a tiger (that gave Merrick a jar) was locked in a death-grapple with a python, and in the near foreground a Falstaffian gorilla was apparently refereeing a native football-match.

The thing had been running since Monday, and yesterday was market-day.

"Ah!" said Merrick. I think he was aware that his sun had set.

LYRA LUNATICA

WHEN the purple polyanthus
Sounds her polyphonic note
And the voice of Rhadamanthus
Permeates the holophote,
Then, escorted by porbeagles,
Parasangs and paradigms,
I set out *not* for Gleneagles
But for Equatorial climes.

Heedless of the vile mosquito's
Dread anopheletic song,
Or the belted blue Bonitos,
Or the desperate dugong,
To the coasts of Coromandel
Where the oblong oysters grow,
Cantillating airs from HANDEL
Forth I resolutely go.

Swerving to Estremadura,
Land of ancient citadels,
I pursue the Angostura
To its lair amid the fells;
Or complacently I clamber
In the Mountains of the Moon,
Where arrayed in gold and amber
Reigns the immortal Macaroon.

Yet the eagle and the swallow
Need occasional repose;
Even SEELY and Apollo
Slack their strongest, longest bows;
And I'm glad to rest my pinions,
After many a fearsome thrill,
In delirium's dominions,
At my home in Dottyville.

C. L. G.

A Suggestion for Public-School Speech Days.

"FARMER ATTACKED BY COW.
Novel Entertainment at Marula School."
Rhodesian Paper.

"The offering of gratuities or brides to Customs Officers is a violation of law." *United States Customs Regulations as quoted by the New Brunswick A.A. Official Road Guide.*

And we had so hoped to get rid of Sadie this trip.



The Vicar. "WELL, DEIRDRE, AND WHAT GOOD RESOLUTIONS ARE *YOU* MAKING FOR THE NEW YEAR?"
Deirdre. "CAN'T *YOU* SUGGEST SOMETHING, PLEASE? I JUST CAN'T THINK OF ANY IMPROVEMENTS AT ALL."

THE SPORTING SPIRIT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—A few days ago one of your contemporaries published a challenge from a lady—at least it was really thirty or forty challenges. She offered to take on anybody at a tremendous variety contest, to include—amongst simply dozens of other things—whitewashing a ceiling, cooking a dinner, playing a sonata on the violin, jumping a frightfully high jump and running a frightfully long race, and making a frock.

(I'm sorry I can't remember if she wanted to fly across the Atlantic, tame a zebra and perform a major surgical operation, or not.)

Anyway, this kind of thing is going to spread, mark my words. From my own household alone the following suggestions have been put forward:—

FATHER will undertake to make use of the words "income tax" more often between now and the end of January, and with a greater variety of other words thrown in, than any two householders in the British Isles.

MOTHER is absolutely prepared to take on anybody in a speed-contest that shall include: Ordering dinner (*not* the Christmas dinner, which was settled by everybody simply weeks ago); speaking to the butcher, speaking to the girl, and speaking to a man at the back-door *without* buying anything; putting a button on Baby's shoe (not more than two broken needles to be allowed); writing a postcard to the Stores; answering Father's Christmas letter from old Uncle George and that tiresome schoolmaster we met abroad who *will* go on writing every year; standing the Christmas-cards up on the mantelpiece without getting in the way of the clock; letting out the dog, letting in the cat, and saying—on legitimate grounds—"*Don't do that, darling; it worries Daddy,*" not less than fourteen times—all in the space of one hour.

JOHNNIE issues a challenge to anyone between the ages of eight and thirteen to a question-asking competition. (Mother, not Father, as then it can go on much longer.) Competitors to be on their honour not to choose questions with answers that one can be told to look up in one of those ghastly books called *All About Everything for the Little Ones.*

GRANDMAMMA will gladly take part in a Good Advice contest. The participants to deliver a quarter-of-an-hour's monologue on as many as possible of the following subjects: The Younger Generation (*Bad*). The Elder Generation (*Splendid*). How the dear children *ought* to be brought up. All this Modern Nonsense. If I were you, dear. What have I always said? (*Candidate supplies the answer herself.*)

And really, dear Mr. Punch, although I do say it myself, it would be absolutely safe for anybody to put their shirt, as the saying is, on dear Grandmamma for this event.

Hoping so much that these challenges may help to brighten Christmas in the home, I am,

Yours very faithfully,
"SPORTSWOMAN."

"UNCLE BILL REPLIES.

Jean ——. Sorry to hear about your foot. Yes, claim it later on when the rush is over."
Children's Page, Daily Paper.

But won't it get pins and needles in the Lost Luggage Office?

"The welfare of animals is the object of an association which was registered last week under the name of Animal Welfare Association, Auckland."—*New Zealand Paper.*

In the circumstances a very happy choice of name.

"Your interior is the reflection of your personality. Consult a trained decorator."
Canadian Paper.

Or wouldn't a doctor do?



"ARE YOU GOING TO HELP WITH THE BELL-RINGING, AMOS?"
"NOT EXACTLY, MISS, BUT ABE AND JOSHUA AND OLD WILLUM, THEY BE GOIN' TO HELP ME."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A Modern Proteus.

HE is a lucky man who can deviate into a dozen interests while excelling in one pursuit, and an autobiography describing as many happy clutches at the skirts of Chance as that of Lord CONWAY OF ALLINGTON is bound to be good reading. True, there were more chances going in the Victorian heyday which saw MARTIN CONWAY emerge from Cambridge with a Third in History—acquired after six months' impromptu preparation in Paris, where he drew in the Louvre by day and read for his Tripos by night. But the historian was already a considerable astronomer, an authority on the early printed books of the Netherlands, had ascended Snowdon at seven and tackled his first snow-climb at sixteen. Having laid an ingenious trail of qualifications—which he describes with redoubtable gusto—he was elected Art Professor of Liverpool University at twenty-eight; and henceforth guided his oddly-matched team of occupations so adroitly that he was exploiting a Bolivian concession for rubber and functioning as Slade Professor at Cambridge during one and the same three years. Parliamentary activities, a side-line in one who had little use for parties, jostle the acquisition of Old Masters; and the restoration of Allington Castle, a passion only second with its proprietor to mountaineering, interposes between expeditions to Patagonia and Spitsbergen. All these *Episodes in a Varied Life* (COUNTRY LIFE, LTD., 15/-) are related as they occur to the retrospective mind; and their caprices of sequence and scorn of chronological fetters impart unusual vividness to exceptionally lively vestiges of an exceptionally exhilarating career.

Sea Pie.

A Yellow Admiral Remembers a wonderful number of things
Concerning the era of Spit and of Polish, and even of Sticks and of Strings,
And Vice-Admiral HUMPHREY HUGH SMITH, D.S.O., is every way fitted to mix
The tasty sea-pie of that name which is published by ARNOLD at twelve-bob-and-six.

From Esquimalt to Malta, Rosyth to Gibraltar
He's cruised both in war and in peace,
And work, fun and fightin' he's taken delight in
On the coasts of Peru and of Greece.

Of anecdotes humorous his repertoire's numerous,
Providing both spice and variety—
And I'm willing to bet that you will not regret
A trip in his lively society.

Cordial Intent.

The four-square old warrior of Leipzig and Waterloo, the often defeated but always indomitable original soldier of Prussia, who at seventy-two was still carrying on with his job while saving to take home to his wife the bullets that lodged in his sturdy person, is historically the most interesting figure in a volume that is compounded about equally of family tradition, political commentary and personal reminiscence, the *Memoirs of Prince Blücher* (MURRAY, 15/-).

The hoary legend that "Marshal VORWÄRTS" ever said of London, "What a city to loot!" is here unfortunately destroyed, though it remains established that he did like his foreign decorations to be jewelled so that they might be saleable. The late Prince BLÜCHER, his great-great-grandson, who in spite of crippling damage by frost-bite incurred in a youthful shooting trip in the Carpathians became a famous African big-game hunter, was one of the chosen few of a passing generation privileged to know and be liked by all the world in three countries—Germany, Austria and England. On every page these chapters tell of friendships between some Englishmen and some Germans, not obliterated, hardly even suspended, by the tragedy and the torment of the War. That Prince BLÜCHER's latest reflections should be quite unembittered by the stresses to which he and his English wife were inevitably subjected bespeaks a miracle of charity.

A Full Ruck-Sack.

I was prepared by the title of Miss BERTA RUCK's latest novel, *Sudden Sweetheart* (CASSELL, 7/6), for a certain jerkiness of plot, but was still able to be surprised by the almost acrobatic manœuvres of her prose. As a result, the book has a suggestion of JAMES JOYCE (suitably controlled for drawing-room needs); it also shows the spirit of "Aunt Somebody," domestic counsellor to a twopenny weekly. The plot itself is no less staccato and concerns the love-affair of a maidenly and efficient secretary, *Marjorie*, whose employer is her heart's idol. This young man was engaged to a very different sort of girl—a cocktail-drinking, scarlet-lipped minx, who jilted him on the very day when his grandfather's whim made it necessary that he should marry at once or lose a fortune. *Marjorie* (always punctual) was in the office at exactly the right moment, and the young man's "glance drew her face towards him." She accepted a proposal in a controlled and businesslike way, concealed her love and revealed even more capability. She was not the sort of girl to marry for money, so there were many complications, including love's blindness, physical blindness, self-sacrifice and a sprinkling of misunderstanding. The best that can be said of the book is that Miss RUCK is a most agile plot-juggler and that her story really *is* a story.



DECEMBER: THE INVINCIBLES.

C. F. S. at Her Best.

The very book for boys with a turn for the nautical is *True Tales of the Sea* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 5/-). Miss C. FOX SMITH is a safe guide to the ropes and gear of all types of sailing-ship, and conveys the true sense of adventure. She is so manifestly and genuinely enthusiastic that her spirit carries her through without any artificial pointing or false emphasis. She gets straight down to the business of narration, wasting no words, so that she is able to include seventeen stories in this volume of two-hundred-and-eighty-seven pages. Smugglers and pirates abound; escapes and escapades are numerous, and there is plenty of variety. Best of all I like the account of the Great Tea Race of 1866. The illustrations by ROWLAND HILDER are of the really romantic type. Altogether the book is marvellous value at a crown. The only thing about it to which I take exception is the thick spongy paper used to swell out the bulk. I think it is only a publisher's delusion that boys, any more than men, prefer a dropsical volume to a hard and taut affair which meets a firm grip without flinching.

Garden Glories.

To those ardent gardeners who spend their winter evenings and inclement days over the literature of their art, I enthusiastically recommend *The Story of the Garden* (MEDICI SOCIETY, 16/-). Miss ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE undoubtedly prefers the "formal" to the "landscape"

garden; and, seeing that terraced cultivation was going strong under the Ancient Britons, the "formal" is at least the indigenous variety. Both, however, are elucidated here, with their gardeners, botanists, patrons (saintly and financial) and chroniclers. There are fifty exquisite illustrations, chosen for charm, utility and humour, of which "John Rose Presenting the First Pineapple Ripened in England to Charles II." is not alone in exhibiting all three qualities. Miss ROHDE has an artist's palate for "character." The mediæval nurseryman who calls the savour of his apples "merry," the Regency matron whose method with slugs was "the simple and laborious mode of picking away the animal," are as dear to her as GERARD himself. She is solicitous for our vanished treasures, and it is a pleasure to reassure her that the cherry "Tradescant's Heart" survives as "Noble." Apropos of cherries, a delightful chapter by Mrs. FRANCIS KING on "American Gardens" reveals to us both WASHINGTON and JEFFERSON in the unaccustomed rôle of planters.

Memoirs of a Great Draughtsman.

In his *Phil May* (HARRAP, 30/-), a brief, workmanlike and candid memoir and critical appreciation of that brilliant black-and-white artist, Mr. JAMES THORPE advances his "enthusiastic worship" as his only excuse for undertaking a task so unaccountably neglected. He is too modest. He has others. He writes easily and unaffectedly. He tells a story well—and there are many amusing and not a few pathetic stories to recirculate of the lovable erratic Bohemian; while Mr. THORPE's own black-and-white work, which shows traces of his hero's influence (as *Punch* readers will recognise), entitles him to speak with some authority of the work of his distinguished subject. He rates him high—"the greatest humorous draughtsman since CRUIKSHANK," "a greater humorist if a lesser artist than CHARLES KEENE"; and his many specimens of MAY's work in general excellently reproduced and on an adequate scale are shrewdly chosen so as to show the evolution of that brilliant simplification of technique which expressed so much with such austere economy of means. PHIL MAY cut his initials on Mr. Punch's Table in 1895 and remained on the Staff till his death at the early age of thirty-nine. A man of many friends, good and not so good, and but one enemy—himself.



"I DO HOPE WE AREN'T GOING TO BE BOTHERED WITH THIS THING, CYRIL. THE PERIOD DOES CLASH SO."

Rowdy Farce.

The world of farce is large enough to embrace several types. *Royal Exchange*, by H. M. RALEIGH (METHUEN, 7/6), is of the rowdy type. The exchange by kidnapping of *Mrs. Augusta Gribble*, a puritan kill-joy, and *Queen Mirabelle of Braggadocia*, a Bright Young Thing, starts the riot of movement and there is no rest until the end. The author continually drives on his characters to ever wilder extravagances. There is the usual brainless young man of wealth, attended by the usual superior man-servant. One of the minor puppets is called *Baron Hedzoff*, and the local fortress bears the name of Cascara Sagrada. The dialogue is a mixture of grandiloquence and slang; where English colloquialisms fail American are drawn upon. Those who have laughed at this sort of thing before will find no difficulty in doing so again. It is all very jolly if you are in the right mood, but the right mood is more likely to occur in August than in November. Mr. RALEIGH has undoubtedly hit the mark with precision and violence, though some people will object that he has set his mark rather low for so accomplished an artist.

All the Year Round.

The "Week-End" Calendar (GEOFFREY BLES, 6/-) consists almost entirely of material which has already appeared in *The Week-End Review*, and I can readily believe the editor when he states that his task of selection was far from easy. Mr. GERALD BARRY, however, has conquered the difficulties that faced him. First of all he has divided the *Calendar* into four "seasonal sections," and then, proceeding with his division, has given us a sub-section for each week of the year. The idea of the book originated in a suggestion that the competitions and prize entries, which have always been such a pleasing feature of *The Week-End Review*, should be collected and published. Mr. BARRY has amplified this idea, and the result is that week by week stars of the literary firmament provide illuminating entertainment. But distinguished as the group at Mr. BARRY's disposal is, I must in fairness add that the contributions of the prize-winners in the competitions are not the least attractive part of this entirely successful collection.

En Route.

Mr. GRAHAM GREENE has selected a most curious assortment of people and has sent them journeying over Europe in *Stamboul Train* (HEINEMANN, 7/6). The medley includes a chorus-girl bound for Constantinople, a young Jew who is a specialist in currants, a vastly popular novelist, a bibulous woman-reporter and two law-breakers, one of whom is a political agitator and the other a criminal of the lowest type. Mr. GREENE loses no time in getting his travellers to grips with one another, and he can be relied upon, as occasions arise, to turn their contacts to amusing or grim account. I doubt if his powers of observation and attractively malicious humour have ever been used more effectively, but in one respect I find myself at loggerheads with him. In his desire to be "frank" he seems occasionally to overstep the mark, a transgression which, to the benefit of his art, he could easily avoid by crediting his readers with their fair share of imagination.

Smith Minor Shows Off at Home.

"The flight of Mahomet was the first step in civil aviation."
Schoolboy's Answer.



THE JOKER AND THE QUEEN.

A GREAT HISTORICAL EPISODE.

"WHEN the British Warrior Queen,
Suffering from the world's affairs,
Sought with a despondent mien
Someone to relieve her cares,

"Sage beneath a spreading oak
Wearing his accustomed hunch,
Always ready for a joke,
Sate the unperturbéd Punch."

"There! I made that up myself," said the mock-Druid complacently. "It's rather good, I think; don't you?"

"But it doesn't exactly do away with my difficulties," said the Warrior Queen, "which are many and variegated. Take gold."

"Not I," said the Druid (looking Arch), "America's doing all that. Besides, I haven't any great opinion of gold. It seems to travel all over the world doing harm. Has it ever occurred to you, Madam, what the wise men of the world have said and thought about gold? Gold has a bad Press. It is booed off the stage by the poets. It is hounded from the political arena by the essayists and philosophers. Accurséd thirst for gold, the last corruption of degenerate man, the plague of gold strikes far and near, poison is drunk out of golden cups, by gold all good faith has been banished, gold glitters most where virtue shines no more, to have it is to be in fear and to want it is to be in sorrow, can gold calm passion or make reason shine? O bane of man, seducing cheat, who steals my purse steals trash, a mask of gold hides all deformities—— I could go on like that for ages and ages if I had my Dictionary of Quotations at hand. My own idea about gold is that it seems to be made up in bricks and to be collected by America and France; but every time they take up a brick they drop one. You can't eat gold, can you? Midas couldn't. Midas longed for gold. He got gold, so that whatever he touched became gold, and he with his long ears was little the better for it. I steal that sentiment from THOMAS CARLYLE, an excellent man, though I don't know whether he studied my oracles as diligently as he might have done. I would implore you, Madam, not to trouble yourself too much about gold.

Princess, if our agèd eyes
Fail to weep about thy wrongs,
'Tis because we realise
Gold must go where gold belongs.

Gold shall perish: write that word
In the blood that men have spilt;
Put the foolish stuff on board.
Let it travel where it wilt.

I must alter that last line when I have leisure. But you understand my meaning, I am sure. Gold? A pest upon it! Beshrew the sorry stuff, say I. To-day must be the first time that the Governors of the Bank of England have been able to hold their heads up since the Bank began. Think of the enormous burden of this bane of man, this

separator of friendship, this destroyer of virtue, this saint-seducing substance of which they have managed to rid themselves and us during the last month. Don't you worry, Madam, about gold."

"I don't know that your economics are particularly sound," said the Lady rather petulantly. "I believe I could answer your string of quotations with another in exactly the opposite sense if I hadn't also left my Dictionary of Old Sayings behind. Anyhow, you don't comfort me in my other troubles. Unemployment and over-production, contraction of the world's markets—these remain."

"Recovering as we are from the most devastating peace that has happened for centuries——" began her counsellor.

"But are we recovering? That's what I want to know."

"Of course we are, my dear lady—

Markets COBDEN never knew,
Full of meat and full of grain,
Now his dictums prove untrue
Thy Imperial hand shall gain.

We're getting on very nicely with the verses, I think, and I hope you're feeling better already."

"There is still over-production to deal with," she suggested, "and I have never heard anyone really propose a safe remedy for that."

"The simplest way, of course," said the inspired optimist, "would be to create machinery which produced as slowly as possible and required the largest possible number of men to manipulate it. But you can't expect a world which is governed by brilliant financiers and brilliant scientists to adopt such an easy ruse as that. Nevertheless I don't despair. Perhaps credit will become easier soon. Perhaps there will be a new discovery which will change the whole course of economic history and make all our present inconveniences appear quite ridiculous. Perhaps our Government, which I believe, let me tell you, has been doing its level best in a very difficult emergency, may discover after a few more debates and a few more conferences——"

"If you say 'discover an avenue' I shall have hysterics," said the Warrior Queen.

"Perhaps my language *was* becoming a little too much like the official reply to an awkward question in Parliament. But you must give the Government time. Poor things, they've only had about a year to get us out of a terrible hole. And whatever may be said about avenues, my dear lady, they are far, far better places than holes to be in."

"But have you said anything about Disarmament?" she rather artlessly inquired.

"I haven't, and for a very good reason. I am not very much afraid of wars when, so far as I can understand the position, scarcely any country in the world is rich enough to run a peace. It seems to me that it will be time enough to trouble our heads about the possibility of a war when folk can begin to balance their budget without one. That is my final consolation to you, dear lady. Or no, not absolutely my final consolation. Perhaps you will allow me to arise, which indeed I ought to have done before, and declaim the peroration of my original and beautiful song?"

"I'm quite agreeable, I'm sure."

"Very well, then." He stood up. He did more. He sprang into her curricle.

"Thus the motley jester spake,
Proffering to the Queen a gift
Guaranteed at once to make
Clouds of melancholy lift.

"She with all a monarch's pride
Graciously received the boon,
Purposing, much gratified,
To peruse its contents soon.

"Still Britannia, fair and proud,
Stands among the nations free,
Empire is on her bestowed
And my

Volume One-Eight-Three."

